ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

BETWEEN THE SHEETS:
A LOVING LOOK AT
POPULAR POSITIONS

ANYONE FOR
ETERNAL YOUTH?

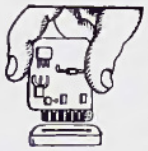
14 PAGES ON
SEX IN CINEMA '71

HENRY MILLER
ON HENRY MILLER

Still watching black & white TV?
RCA makes it a
WHOLE NEW BALLGAME!

# RCA announces XL-100. With circuitry designed for extended life!

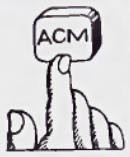
**RCA's XL-100 is 100% Solid State AccuColor.®**
XL-100 is made to last. We've eliminated all chassis tubes—prime reasons for service calls—and replaced them with solid state circuitry designed to perform longer with fewer repairs. Here are color sets you can count on...and they're backed by the best warranty program ever!



Each set is built with 12 exclusive plug-in AccuCircuit modules. These AccuCircuits control most set functions, so most repairs can be done in your home more quickly and easily.

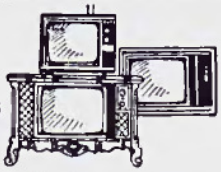
**Brightest, sharpest color in RCA history.**
Every XL-100 console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube for vivid lifelike color. You get color that won't shift or fade even after hours of continuous viewing. And you get that vivid color and sound the instant you turn the set on.

**The tuning's a snap.**




XL-100's advanced tuning system makes color tuning virtually foolproof! Even if the kids twiddle with the color dials, you just press a button and beautiful color snaps back, because XL-100 features AccuMatic, RCA's automatic color monitor that locks color within a normal range.

**Priced right for every budget.**



With over 40 models to choose from, there's an XL-100 that's just right for your place. And your budget. See them today, and start enjoying all the fun of color TV built to last!

**Backed by RCA's Purchaser Satisfaction warranty!**
Here are the basic provisions of our XL-100 "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty ("PS" for short): If anything goes wrong with your new set within a year from the day you buy it, and it's our fault, we'll pay your repair bill—both parts and complete labor. You can use any service shop in which you have confidence—you don't have to pick from some special authorized list.

If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, your serviceman will come to your home. Just present your warranty registration card and RCA pays his repair bill.

If your picture tube becomes defective during the first two years we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.)

In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

RCA

XL-100
100% Solid State AccuColor

# From the land of British Racing Green.

Only 24 of the top racing drivers in the world are eligible to compete in all International Grand Prix.
More than half of them are British.

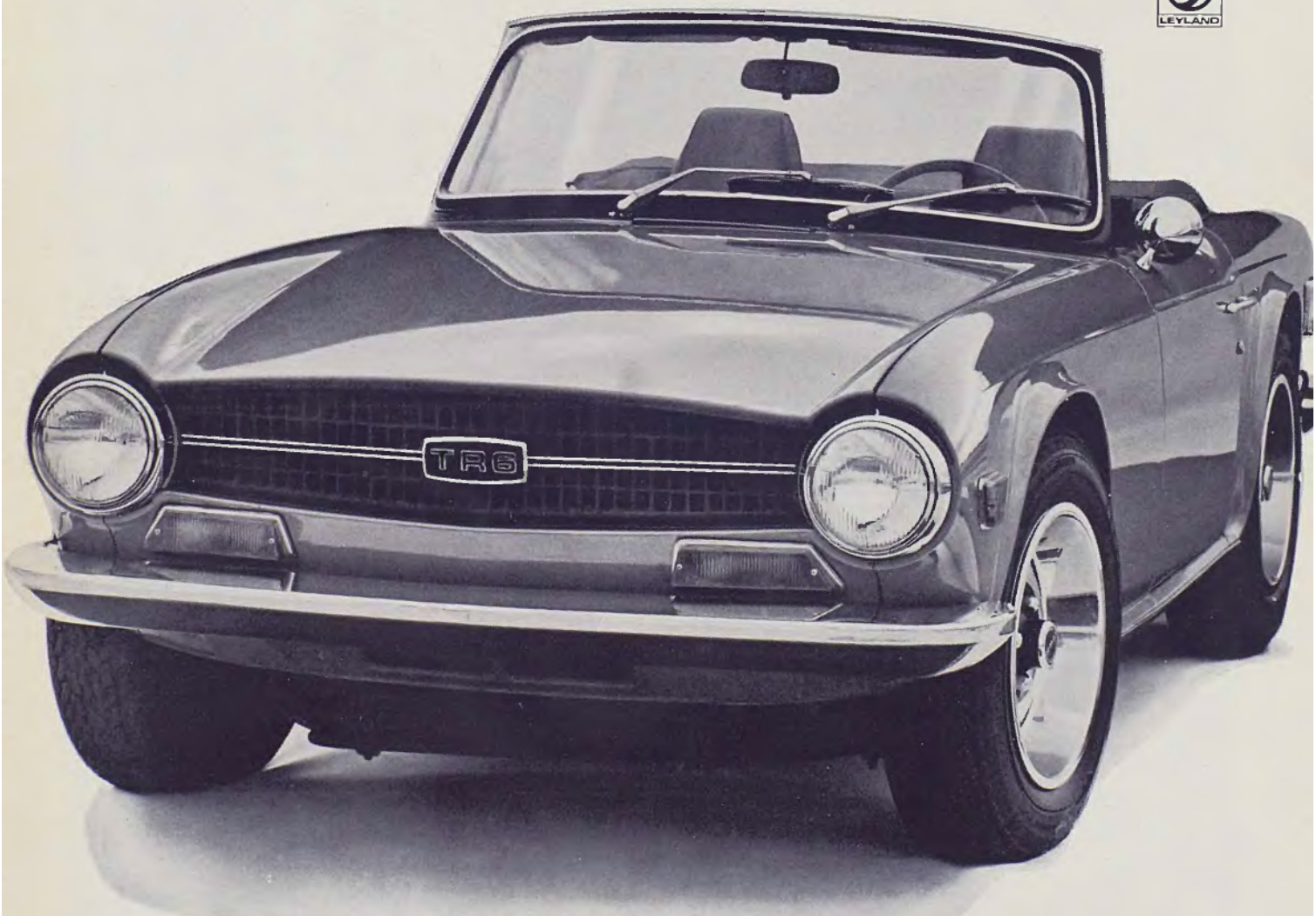
While for many nations, racing cars has become a national pastime, in England it has grown into a national passion.
For the English, cars are a very no-nonsense, unfrilly business. In a car, they regard beauty as a function of how beautifully it functions, and nothing reflects the English character more in this regard than the classically British TR-6.

It is English to the core.
In fact, it's just about all core—a big, beautifully engineered 6-cylinder motor, powering a sturdy transmission that slides solidly from one gear into another.
A heavy-duty independent suspension that can take anything that any road can dish out.
All tightly put together in a body with rugged, clean lines and topped off with a couple of comfortable reclining seats to sit in it with
(The only concession to excessive luxury in the car).

The classically British TR-6, is an utterly straightforward, square-jawed kind of car.
The kind they don't make anymore, anywhere but England.

## The Classically British Triumph TR-6

BRITISH LEYLAND




For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer, call 800-631-1971 toll free. In New Jersey, call 800-962-2803.
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Her first pair of skis. And he wants them just right.
The right length. The right feel. He won't have it any other way.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.
17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.
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**PLAYBILL** A decaying Italian city, now blighted by modern architectural ugliness and beset by snarling traffic, would hardly seem the place for self-renewal. But in *Thanksgiving in Florence*, educator-essayist John Clellon Holmes evocatively describes how Michelangelo's art reaffirmed for him the invincibility of the human spirit. *Thanksgiving*, along with Holmes's June 1970 PLAYBOY essay, *See Naples and Live*, will be included in a collection of memoirs about an extended tour of Europe in the late Sixties.

At the time Holmes found himself *Walking Away from the War*—which is the tentative title he's given his book—such apostolic revolutionaries as Daniel and Philip Berrigan were protesting Vietnam and the draft. Garry Wills, who's completing a book on changes in the Church, plumbs the reasons why otherwise doctrinaire Catholics have been engaging in radical activity. Wills's insightful analysis in *A Revolution in the Church* answers most of the questions we had hoped to raise in an interview with the Berrigans, until they were prohibited from speaking to us by Danbury prison authorities.

Fortunately, since September 1962, when we published our first *Playboy Interview* (with Miles Davis), we've usually had better luck. In this issue, we pass the centenary with our 101st interview: the Beatles' embattled manager, Allen Klein. Staff Writer Craig Vetter caught up with Klein on a 150-foot yacht off the coast of Spain. From Davis to Klein, Assistant Managing Editor Murray Fisher has assigned and edited every interview, dispatching correspondents to such far-flung places as Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa, to talk with Albert Schweitzer; a Harlem restaurant to meet with Malcolm X; and Penrhyndeudraeth, Wales, to converse with Bertrand Russell. After wading through all the resulting rhetoric—an awesome total of exactly 1,308,703 words, Fisher swears—he admits he's in need of some kind of therapy.

We don't know if Dr. Alex Comfort, director of gerontological research at University College, London, could give Fisher any advice, but Comfort does hold out hope for seekers of eternal youth. In *To Be Continued*, he explains how dramatic new methods for delaying the aging process could move man a few steps closer to immortality.

In this month's fiction pages, three highly acclaimed authors make their PLAYBOY debuts. England's Doris Lessing, who's currently writing her tenth novel, *The Summer Before the Dark*, provides us with the chilling *Report on the Threatened City*. Colombian writer Gabriel García Márquez offers a fantasy/parable, *The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World*, translated by National Book Award winner Gregory Rabassa. Also a winner—of the top prize at this year's Ninth International Science Fiction Festival in Trieste, Italy, for his novel *Hauser's Memory*—Curt Siodmak tells a grisly tale of *The Thousand-Mile Grave*. Already familiar to our readers, Paul Theroux makes his fourth PLAYBOY contribution with the ironic story *Dog Days*.

If dog days or your own shortcomings are slowing your climb up the corporate ladder, take a crack at *Playboy's Executive Quiz* and see if you really measure up for the management game. Top abilities in a basketball game, though, can be more of a drawback than an asset, observes former Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman in *The Tom McMillen Affair*. If the action on the basketball courts is fast and furious these days, it's more so in our courts of law, according to veteran film critics Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert in *Sex in Cinema—1971*. "With the growing number of 'obscene'-movie cases," says Knight, "I could probably make my living appearing as an 'expert witness.'" Another veteran of censorship trials, author Henry Miller, expresses his views on everything from pornography to ping-pong in *The Life and Times of Henry Miller*, which will appear in a memoir to be published this month by Playboy Press.

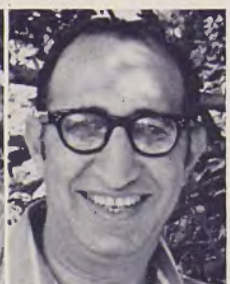
A sexplicit version of *Cinderella* has yet to hit the stands, but Dan Posin gives it a provocative new(s) slant in *And Now, Direct from Fairy Godmother Headquarters*, illustrated by Pat Dypold. And direct from a bluegrass festival, Staff Writer David Standish reports on a *Shenandoah Breakdown*. Add to all this an eye-opening pictorial of *Retiring Personalities*, photographed by J. Frederick Smith, plus much, much more, and we think you'll agree there's a great deal to be thankful for this November.

LESSING

MILLER

HOLMES

KNIGHT *and* ...


ALPERT

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vol. 18, no. 11—november, 1971

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"The taste."

"The taste."

"The taste."

"The taste."

"The taste."

*The more you know about Scotch, the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.*

**Be a Ballantine's Loyalist**

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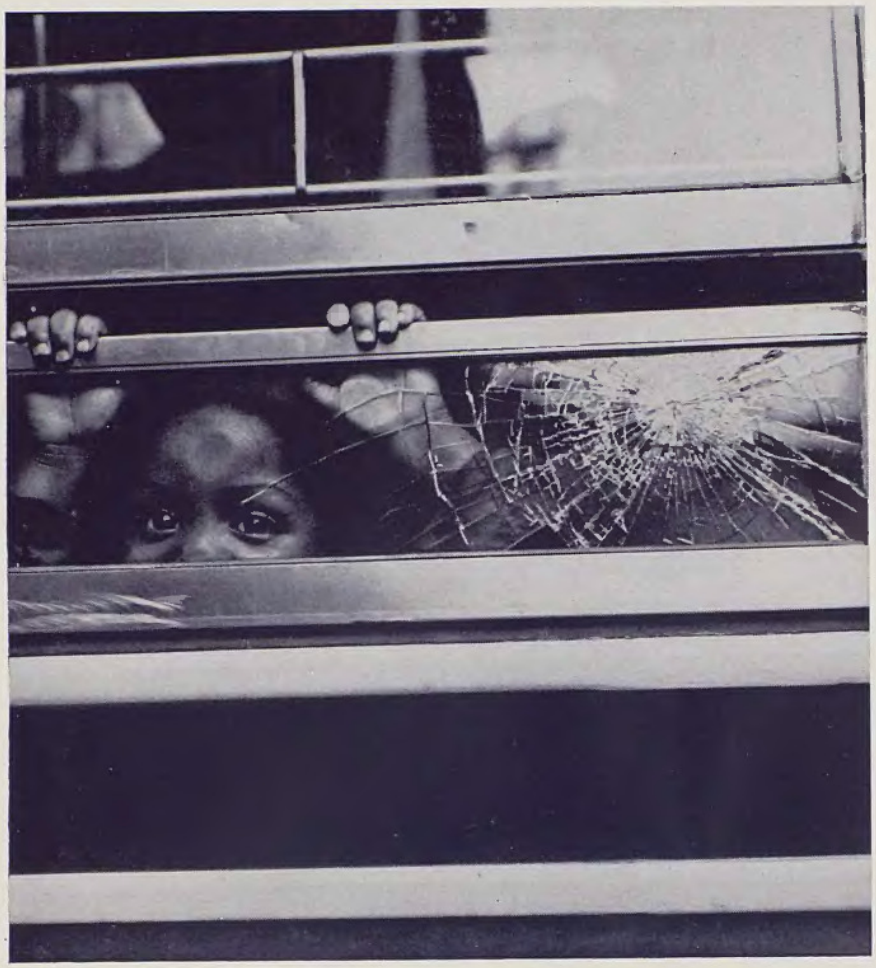


## *Picture by the artist.*

Robert Meehan's eye spotted the trolley only seconds before the picture was made. The broken glass attracted him first. Then the little girl came into view. Without taking his eye away from the viewfinder, he set the lens opening and the shutter at 1/500th second. When the trolley rumbled directly in front of him, Robert was ready. Click. Lighting: afternoon haze.

## *Portrait of the artist.*

An 18 year old freshman at the *School of Visual Arts* in New York City, Robert Meehan is basically a street photographer. For him people have more life than still-lifes. "Capturing people at the right moment takes a fast handling camera, fast thinking, and sometimes, a fast pair of legs".

## *Part of the artist.*

The Minolta SR-T 101 doesn't become an obstacle between you and your creativity. Both shutter speed and lens opening indicators are in the viewfinder. So you can frame, focus and adjust exposure without looking away. Nothing interrupts your photographic stream of consciousness. The Minolta SR-T 101 (shown) starts around $260, depending on normal lens. The Minolta SR-T 100 is priced around $220. The "M" tag attached to Minolta SR cameras assures you of a full two-year warranty, in accordance with the terms of the U.S.A. warranty registration packed with the camera. Find out more. Write to Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

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*Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 223.*


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**PLAYBOY,** *November 1971, Vol. 18, No. 11. Published monthly by Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.*

# 1972 Mercury Cougar XR-7.

## What other cars call "luxury extras" is everyday standard equipment with us.

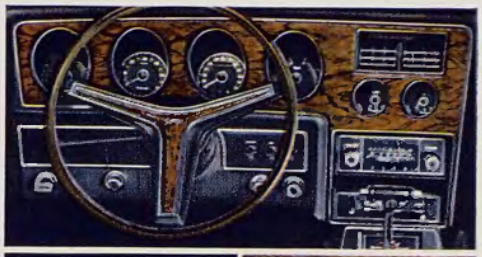
In Mercury Cougar XR-7, we don't relegote all the finer things in life to the option list.

Hi-back front buckets with natural groin leather seating surfaces are standard.

So are tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter, oil gauge, and toggles that activate auxiliary systems —all set into a fascia with the look of cherry woodgrain.

Performance standards include 351 cubic-inch V-8 engine and 3-speed floor shift. Plus racing mirrors and sequential turn-signals.

Cougar XR-7. The luxury-sports car that doesn't make all its best ideas extra-cost optians.



Other ideas,such as air-conditioning, radio, consale/clock and automatic transmission (shown),are optional.

**Better ideas make better cars**

# MERCURY

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# The Bedroom Brunch

Sometimes the soft, slow moments of life get buried in the work-a-day hassle. And it takes a private, slow-motion sort of day to dig them all up again. There's a Do Not Disturb sign out to the rest of the world, maybe the phone off the hook, and Salty Dogs for two. Salty Dog—an icy blend of Smirnoff and grapefruit and orange juices, with a pinch of salt.

Smirnoff
*leaves you breathless*

# DEAR PLAYBOY

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## LOVE AND *MARRIAGE*

Morton Hunt did a good job on *The Future of Marriage* (PLAYBOY, August). He writes well and he does his homework. He is familiar with scientific sources and his work combines good judgment with empathy. His resulting products are invariably excellent.

John F. Cuber
Professor of Sociology
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Hunt's article is a well-documented, objective account of some of the advantages and difficulties of nonmonogamous alliances. I am always amazed at his rare ability, as a professional writer, to equal and often surpass the standards of many sociologists, psychologists and other writing professionals.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
Institute for Advanced Study
in Rational Psychotherapy
New York, New York

Whether or not Hunt realizes it, American marriage is in trouble. His circumlocution suggesting that marriage is only changing is neither explanatory nor helpful. Most people enter marriage with the hope and expectation that the commitment will last a lifetime. Divorce represents a failure of that expectation and Hunt ignores the depth and range of the feelings of failure experienced by many millions of people who undergo divorce. When Hunt states that divorce is a "healthful adaptation," he shows limited recognition of personal dynamics.

Howard B. Lyman, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Psychology
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

*Hunt has written a critically acclaimed book on the subject of divorce, "The World of the Formerly Married."*

In *The Future of Marriage*, Morton Hunt demonstrates an astute ability for defining the intricacies of present-day marriages. Of particular interest is the manner in which he talks about that most "despicable" of transgressions—infidelity. Though infidelity often leads to divorce courts, for many a marriage it has been the preservative. Those who cling to the status quo interpret modernization of an institution such as marriage as an evil that leads to social decadence. But, as Hunt deftly puts it, monogamous unions will survive change —not in the same form but shaped to better serve future generations according to their needs of expressing love.

John P. Sullivan
Family Counselor
Scituate, Massachusetts

If one thinks of group marriages as embodying the kind of sexual sharing of an Oneida Community, one held together by religious precepts, or the shifting-sands situations that prevail in many contemporary communes, then Hunt's fear of the instability of group relationships is justified. Group marriages of this kind will disintegrate not only because of jealousy but because the individuals have sacrificed the deep intimacy and communion possible in the one-to-one sexual act. However, there is still an urgent need to explore marriage and group relationships, along with the dynamics of all kinds of interpersonal associations. But the only possible way to accomplish this is to provide the kinds of environments that would make it possible for such groups to function. If Masters and Johnson can study human beings copulating, we certainly should be far enough advanced to educate people to live in the kind of future that is knocking on our door.

Bob Rimmer
Quincy, Massachusetts

*Rimmer is the author of "The Harrad Experiment" and "Proposition 31."*

*Marriage* pretends to be scientific but is really a put-on for naïve readers. What Hunt is discussing is various types of settings for sexual fun and games. What's missing? Only the fact that marriage is—and historically has been—a cultural convenience for the status placement and socialization of the young. The fulfillment of a love relationship is a comparatively new historic development for marriage. If anything, what has changed marriage is the pill and the acceptance of clitoral orgasm. I surmise that none of these developments can be exactly pleasing to men; but it was *man* who wanted

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The kind of guy who uses it doesn't need it.

After Shave, After Shave Balm, Deodorant Spray, too.

the marriage contract in the first place —not to confirm love or cement relationships but to guarantee the legitimacy of *his* child, so that his offspring would inherit sole ownership of *his* worldly possessions.

Our social patterns are not necessarily based on our biological structure. Hence, it is sophomoric for Hunt to deal with sexual mores as the be-all and end-all of the institution of marriage. If we look for our sexual pleasures where we find them (as we have always done, in fantasy if not in fact), then marriage could be more insightfully discussed as a social invention that can transform a biological organism into a social human being. Hunt's article, by viewing marriage primarily as a facilitator for easy and eventually boring copulation, focused neither on form nor on process but rather on fad and fancy.

Dr. Edna O. Meyers
Chief Psychologist
City College of New York
New York, New York

*The Future of Marriage* deserves to be read by all who wish to be childish enough to enter a prolonged personal arrangement without ever bothering to discuss, define or specify the terms of the relationship as adult individuals. Though people are free to define the boundaries of their relationships, it is absurd to think that such an alliance *without* any mutually understood definitions of benefits and responsibilities is similar to one based upon a mutually agreeable contract of marriage.

W. Will
Santa Ana, California

Hunt's article is a breath of fresh air. As long as humans come in two sexes, marriage will endure. But the notion that a cohabitation contract suited to primitive nomads will also suit New York apartment dwellers or Iowa farmers is not merely silly, it's disastrous —a social Procrustean bed. To try to force everyone to use the same contract is even more painful (take a look around you) than it would be to try to force everyone to wear the same size shoe. Nevertheless, our legislatures and our churches keep on blindly insisting that there is one and only one "shoe size" in marriage—and I fear that they will continue to do so, despite Hunt's cool and judicial analysis. But this can be said for almost every sort of marriage: For most of us, it beats the hell out of living alone!

Robert A. Heinlein
New York, New York

*Highly regarded science-fiction writer Robert Heinlein has written the classic "Stranger in a Strange Land" and, most recently, "I Will Fear No Evil."*

**MURDER IN THE MIND'S EYE**

Ray Bradbury's *My Perfect Murder* (PLAYBOY, August) is a gem. I know of no other writer on the American scene who can conjure up the sights and smells of growing up in a small town as well as Bradbury. The scuttle of dry leaves down the quiet streets, the aching loneliness of adolescence, the rattle of pebbles against your windowpane announcing the arrival of friends—he remembers them all and, more importantly, makes you remember them as well.

William Harris
Houston, Texas

**MC GOVERN IN '72?**

In the August *Playboy Interview*, Senator George McGovern reveals himself as a sensitive individual who combines the logic of a scholar with the understanding and compassion desperately needed in these times of national despair, polarization and alienation. He addresses himself to the problems of the United States with great insight, recognizing the fact that the simplistic, misleading and often politically expedient approaches of the Nixon Administration are inadequate to the challenges that we face in the Seventies. As one who will be exercising the voting franchise for the first time in 1972, may I join with Senator McGovern in his belief—and my fervent hope—that one person can make a difference?

Randy Haddock
Culver City, California

Really, fellas, if you're going to do an interview, you should do a real one. To put someone up against Senator George McGovern as ideologically compatible as Milton Viorst only raises more questions than are answered. For example, the Senator is allowed to categorize communism as just "another economic system," voice sympathy for the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, indulge in the most banal kindergarten Marxist rhetoric and accuse the President of the United States of being a war criminal, without even the most perfunctory follow-up questions by your interviewer. When you invite Senator Edmund Muskie to be an interviewee, I'd like to ask the questions.

John D. Lofton, Jr.
Republican National Committee
Washington, D. C.

It is intriguing that Senator McGovern should evaluate his very formidable opponents J. Edgar Hoover and Richard Nixon from a psychological point of view. His statements regarding Hoover's "paranoia" and Nixon's background in a less than "compassionate family" puzzle me. Why doesn't he confine his opposition to politics? Why does he feel it necessary to attack the psyches of his opponents? McGovern appears to be a man whose faith in the substance of his own thinking is insufficient and who feels that by obscuring his antagonists' claims to membership in the well-adjusted and stable elite, he has somehow enhanced his own position. Amateur psychologist McGovern's perception of reality hurts him.

James Reichardt
Lombard, Illinois

I share the Senator's concern for the conduct of American foreign policy as well as for the quality of life in the United States, but my perspective on several matters differs with his. In 1968, President Nixon promised to end the war in Vietnam on honorable terms. Since his election, he has scaled down the number of U. S. troops in Vietnam from the 543,400 level under McGovern's Democratic President to 220,100 and has promised the withdrawal of most of the remainder by the end of 1972. In addition, through continuous negotiation, the Nixon Administration has helped prevent the Arab-Israeli conflict from escalating into a major war. Nixon's attempts to initiate an era of peace by bargaining from strength, as opposed to confrontation, has led to the SALT talks and the *rapprochement* with mainland China. I question the wisdom of McGovern's proposal to suspend ABM and MIRV deployment while the U. S. is operating so successfully in the international arena. The recent breakthrough in strategic-arms negotiations would not have been possible, I feel, if the United States did not have an arms system adequate to the Soviet challenge. Contrary to Senator McGovern's assertion, President Nixon is concerned about the poor. His concern manifested itself in his proposal for welfare reform. Furthermore, his economic policies have begun to decrease inflation, which especially puts the poor and citizens living on a fixed income at a disadvantage. Thus, he is also curing the major domestic problem left by his Democratic predecessors. If McGovern would keep to his Senate duties and offer more support to our Government, perhaps we could cure other problems in our society resulting from 40 years of Democratic dominance.

Representative Clarence J. Brown
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

McGovern's views on the European satellite nations are quite wise. A popular misconception in America is that the daily freedoms that are so commonplace there are denied to Yugoslavs and inhabitants of other Communist nations. For this reason, Americans have favored a tough foreign policy toward the Soviet Union. Senator McGovern is one of the few American leaders to realize the importance of peaceful coexistence between East and West. Yugoslavs want peace in which to enjoy the

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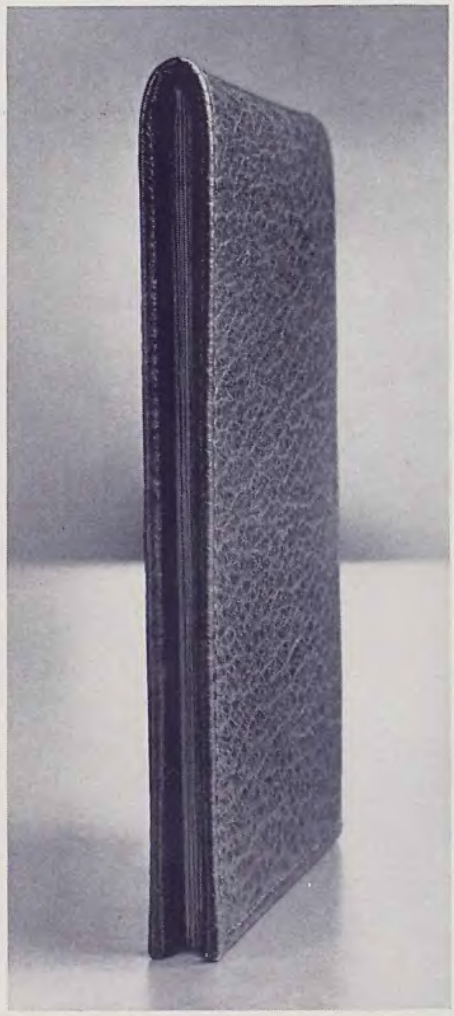

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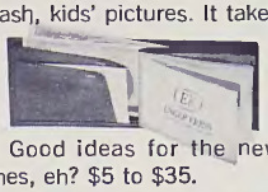

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freedoms we really do have. A good example of those freedoms is being able to read PLAYBOY.

Lario Casteja
Pula, Yugoslavia

As a former Special Assistant to President Johnson, I must take issue with an impression created by Senator McGovern. He claims that the former President was "isolated from reality by ambitious assistants" and accepts as gospel the interviewer's own statement that President Johnson isolated himself "from diverse opinion." Senator McGovern should know better. Certainly, an examination of the documents in the L. B. J. Library in Austin, Texas, would disclose that Johnson's assistants did provide him with diverse opinions on every imaginable topic. Moreover, many of them ensured that the President was informed directly by the holders of such diverse opinions. For example, a delegation of the leading members of the faculties of Harvard, MIT and Radcliffe went to Washington for a day to express their views on the war in Vietnam to the top people in State and Defense. They spent the evening in a two-hour session with the President. There he heard views critical of his policy and discussed his views candidly with this distinguished group of critics. Hundreds of journalists with opinions at variance with those of the President met with him informally and none of the sessions in which I participated reflected any desire by anyone to pull punches. In addition, the President met twice each month, on an off-the-record and informal basis, with small groups of ambassadors; and I can assure you that the discussions, although courteous and respectful, were often heated. Johnson was a continual watcher of news tickers and programs and an avid newspaper reader; he never canceled a subscription to a newspaper that criticized him. All of this and more should have been known to anyone as well placed as Senator McGovern. His suggestion that Lyndon Baines Johnson could be "corrupted" by flattery, helicopters, Secret Service and secretaries is too laughable for further comment.

E. Ernest Goldstein
Paris, France

After reading your interview with Senator George McGovern, I agree with him on two points. We don't need the SST and, yes, as he says himself, it would be nice if he had a few more exciting qualities. The interview was boring.

J. Bruce Monson
Denver, Colorado

### *BIKE* POWER

I read with great interest your August article on *The Bike Boom*. I have recently introduced the Bicycle Transportation Act of 1971, which would allow states and communities to use Highway Trust Fund moneys for the development of bicycle lanes and paths. The bill also provides for the construction of bicycle shelters, parking facilities and traffic-control devices. When running for mayor in 1965, William F. Buckley, Jr., proposed a bicycle lane running down Second Avenue in New York City. Time has caught up with his idea. We should implement it now and also add a lane running up another avenue for return. Bicycles are a clean, quiet, efficient mode of travel, and I am happy to see that your magazine devoted three pages to what could be a start to solving our massive transportation and pollution problems.

Representative Edward I. Koch
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

### SHEP STRIKES AGAIN

To all of us who have had the dubious privilege of attending boy-scout camp, Jean Shepherd's *The Mole People Battle the Forces of Darkness* (PLAYBOY, August) certainly brought back bittersweet memories. Whether it was the "automatic" second-class citizenship of a new Chipmunk or the "funny thing" in the lake with the suckers, his story had me clutching my sides in convulsive laughter while, at the same time, swatting at nonexistent mosquitoes. Many thanks for a nostalgic return to the poison-ivy, Kool-Aid, Lucky Strike, corned-beef-hash, Nabisco-wafer, four-holed-latrine world of summer camp.

J. Mike Laverde
Houston, Texas

### HADLEY'S VIETNAM

Arthur Hadley's commentary on men and their problems during the wind-down of this difficult Asian war, *Goodbye to the Blind Slash Dead Kid's Hooch* (PLAYBOY, August), was outstanding. Any man, from private to general, who has been in Vietnam will certainly appreciate this account from a man who obviously knows the score. These days, when the preoccupation seems to be with placing blame for the war or expounding on the futility of it all, it is refreshing to hear from one who empathizes with those most intimately involved. "This gentle obsolescent breed of heroes" appreciated Hadley's risking his own life during his search for truth and, more significantly, admires his accurate identification of the problems here.

1st Lt. Ken Howell
APO San Francisco, California

Regardless of the morality of the war, to see the whole picture of Vietnam from the eyes of the grunt forces one to feel compassion for everyone there. All



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I've heard is a condemnation of our involvement; I've heard very little sympathy for the grunt, who is trying to remain a human being, trying to see the right and wrong of things while he is there and trying to believe that what he's doing is eventually going to create something better for the Vietnamese. Meanwhile, it seems like everyone in the U. S. shits all over him and calls him a murderer. I know; I came back nine months ago.

Cpl. Robert A. Dresslar, U. S. M. C. R.
San Luis Obispo, California

It is impossible to read *Goodbye to the Blind Slash Dead Kid's Hooch* without sadness about the story told and respect for the teller. At a time when the news media are so much under attack, it is useful to have a reminder of what fine reporting can be.

Edwin Newman
NBC News
New York, New York

Arthur Hadley's article is a disservice to Americans and to the Army. I know: I was in Vietnam and Thailand for 18 months during the same period that he spent his limited time there. To make his point, Hadley used untruths and painted a picture that gives a very misleading impression of the situation and the military forces in Vietnam.

The caricature of the battalion commander at the fire base "deep in the jungle" is unbelievable, as is the reference to the company he took over in Korea—"in contact with the enemy . . . captain had simply disappeared . . . first sergeant was drunk . . . only one of the nine squads on guard awake." No such company in contact with the enemy existed in Korea. I know: I was there for 12 months.

And the colonel, whom the author said he had known since Korea: "A man torn . . . against this war since the beginning . . . relieved from one important assignment because of his opposition to the war. . . . Now he is finally on the list to make general." Ridiculous! Such people are not selected for promotion to general-officer rank in the military service, nor would they be selected for top rank under related circumstances in business or the professions, nor in the church or any other walk of life. And, quoting the colonel: "But Christ, it don't amount to no more than pissin' on a forest fire" and "Ain't doctors human?" Colonels simply do not talk like that—bad grammar is not used by individuals selected for top rank. Such a person normally holds a master's degree, is necessarily educated in military professional officers' schools, etc. Again, Hadley dishonestly paints a sordid picture of the military. Everyone he quotes is against the war—the "young general," the "colonel known a long time," the lieutenant colonels, the majors, the captains, the N. C. O.s, the enlisted men. Come, now—the great majority will talk just as strongly in the other direction. The author knew the impression he wanted to create before he wrote, then provided "quotes" to back this impression up. Why do we have journalism like this? Why can't we get an unprejudiced appraisal of what is going on?

Maj. Gen. J. F. Kirkendall, U. S. A. F.
Norfolk, Virginia

I read Arthur Hadley's article with great interest and found it a most extraordinarily accurate piece of reporting.

Robert A. Lovett
New York, New York

*Lovett was Assistant Secretary of War for Air from 1941 through 1945 and Secretary of Defense from 1951 through 1953.*

Having read and reread the article by Arthur Hadley in your August issue, I must express my admiration to the one writer who has captured the true feeling of the guys who spent the best years of their lives in a worthless cause. I spent 11 months as a tank crewman and eight months as a scout helicopter gunner in Vietnam, and I consider myself qualified to assure anyone who hasn't been there that Hadley has given a bull's-eye portrait of the soldier's war in Vietnam.

Sgt. David C. Decker
Fort Hood, Texas

The article on Vietnam is an excellent piece of reporting and most welcome in light of the plethora of inaccurate and biased reports that have surfaced as a result of My Lai. But I must take exception to one statement in the story. The "AK-47, a . . . major find that can be taken home" is somewhat deceptive, since it implies that any soldier who has one can take it home with him. Although it has been done, the military Customs and U. S. Treasury Department would object strenuously to possession of this fully automatic weapon unless you happened to be a licensed collector.

Robert L. Nields, Jr.
Ruidoso, New Mexico

Beyond the power of Hadley's story and the fact that one reader, at least, was deeply moved are implications concerning the well-being of GIs yet to serve. General George Marshall once stated that an undisciplined military is little more than a menace. As was reported by most major media, Colonel David Hackworth's resignation condemned the Army for its operational ineptitude and the senseless subjugation of "the tradition of the heroic leader" for the sake of producing military "managers" for "automated warfare." And in

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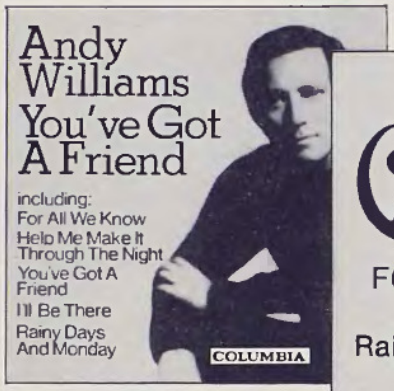


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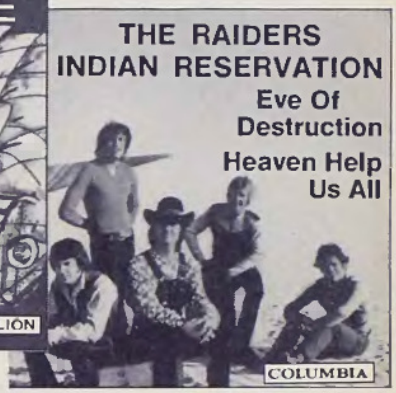


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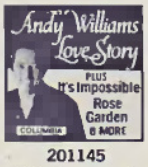


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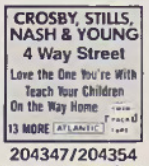


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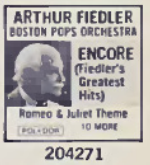


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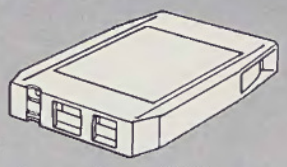

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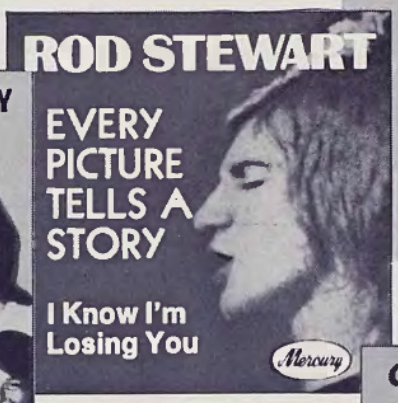


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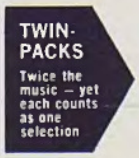

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the midst of the fraggings, drug abuse, needless battlefield losses and installation gangsterism, the best men die, resign or, perhaps, because of fear for life, limb or career, become something less than what history suggests they should be. The prospect of producing a military incapable of fighting anything other than a nuclear war is unacceptable.

Ken Breman
Canoga Park, California

### *VIN EXTRAORDINAIRE*

Joseph Wechsberg's *Champagne Country* (PLAYBOY, August) has done a superb job in furthering knowledge of the world's finest wine.

W. J. Schieffelin III, Chairman
Schieffelin and Company
Wine and Spirit Importers
New York, New York

Though Wechsberg's article provided an excellent review of French champagne, I feel that it slighted our American version. Champagne should not be judged solely on the basis of the label—and, unfortunately, some people are still misled into needlessly paying higher prices for mere prestige. The taste and quality of American champagnes have been proved at winetastings. Here we can supply quality wines at lower cost, because technological advantages not yet adopted by most foreign wineries provide more efficient ways of processing the grapes and greater control over the interblending of vintages; hence, consistency is assured in every production.

J. Myron Bay, President
Mogen David Wine Corporation
Chicago, Illinois

### *RASHOMON* REVISITED

*Three Sinners in the Green Jade Moon* (PLAYBOY, August) is one of the most adroit twists on the *Rashomon* theme that I have ever read. Robert Sheckley is a very clever short-story writer whose appearances in PLAYBOY I always look forward to. He has a sparseness of characterization and a smoothness of style—without being slick—that many writers must envy. If I were teaching short-story writing in college, Sheckley would get at least an hour or two of class time. The man's stories resemble the works of a fine Swiss watch.

James Wilson
Boston, Massachusetts

### RACQUET SQUAD

Pancho Gonzales' *Net Assets* in your August issue was quite informative. As a fellow tennis professional, I'm asked the same questions constantly and the great majority of them concerning equipment were certainly satisfactorily answered by Pancho. He has been, is now and always will be my idol (his temper notwithstanding), even though the last time we played, he won—which cost me $7500. He's the greatest player who ever lived.

Arthur Ashe
Washington, D.C.

### DISPUTED HORSE RACE

The article *$8884.42 a Second* by Richard Rhodes in your August issue is a masterful piece of in-depth reporting on quarter-horse racing, of the feel, the color, the glory, the intense emotions of love and disappointment—and why quarter-horse racing has its special fascination and will endure for a long time.

Nick Jemas
National Managing Director
Jockeys' Guild, Inc.
New York, New York

Rhodes's article vividly captured the most famous and the richest of all quarter-horse races—the All American Futurity at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. And, even more, he scratched beneath the surface to find the whys and wherefores of the people and even the horses involved. Rhodes did a commendable job.

Don Jones, Executive Secretary
American Quarter Horse Association
Amarillo, Texas

You recently published a marvelously incompetent tale concerning New Mexico, for which we are moved to express our deepest appreciation. We refer to the piece describing that annual fiasco—held in New Mexico for the benefit of Texas—the quarter-horse futurity at Ruidoso Downs. The account contained more inaccuracies about our state than we have been able to plant in Texas newspapers during several years of trying. It is our mission to convince the rest of the world that New Mexico is composed almost entirely of blasted deserts, scorched earth and barren mesas, with only a few billboards to break the monotony. But the author missed the high incidence of bubonic plague, the likely eruption of tectonic activity along the Rio Grande trough fault at any minute, savage Indians and highway bandits.

This is a fragile environment and the forested mountains and streams of the northern part of the state cannot support any more people. Texans are our worst enemies, as they descend on us annually in droves. We don't blame anyone for wishing to escape from that state, but we try to encourage them to vacation in Colorado instead. It is in this light that we express our considerable glee at your story. Many thanks and keep up the good work.

Arnulfo Arias C. de Baca
Castaneda Y Pino, Chairman
New Mexico Undevelopment Commission
Albuquerque, New Mexico

# The Dingo Man. He's no ordinary Joe.

Boots are his thing.
They're part of his image.
He knows just how to wear boots. With style.
He knows when to wear them too.
Whenever he feels like it. But don't try to con
The Dingo Man into a boot made
by a shoemaker. His boots are real.
The label inside all of them reads "Dingo."
If you don't believe us, ask any girl
Joe Namath knows.
For store near you, write:
Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. PL 91,
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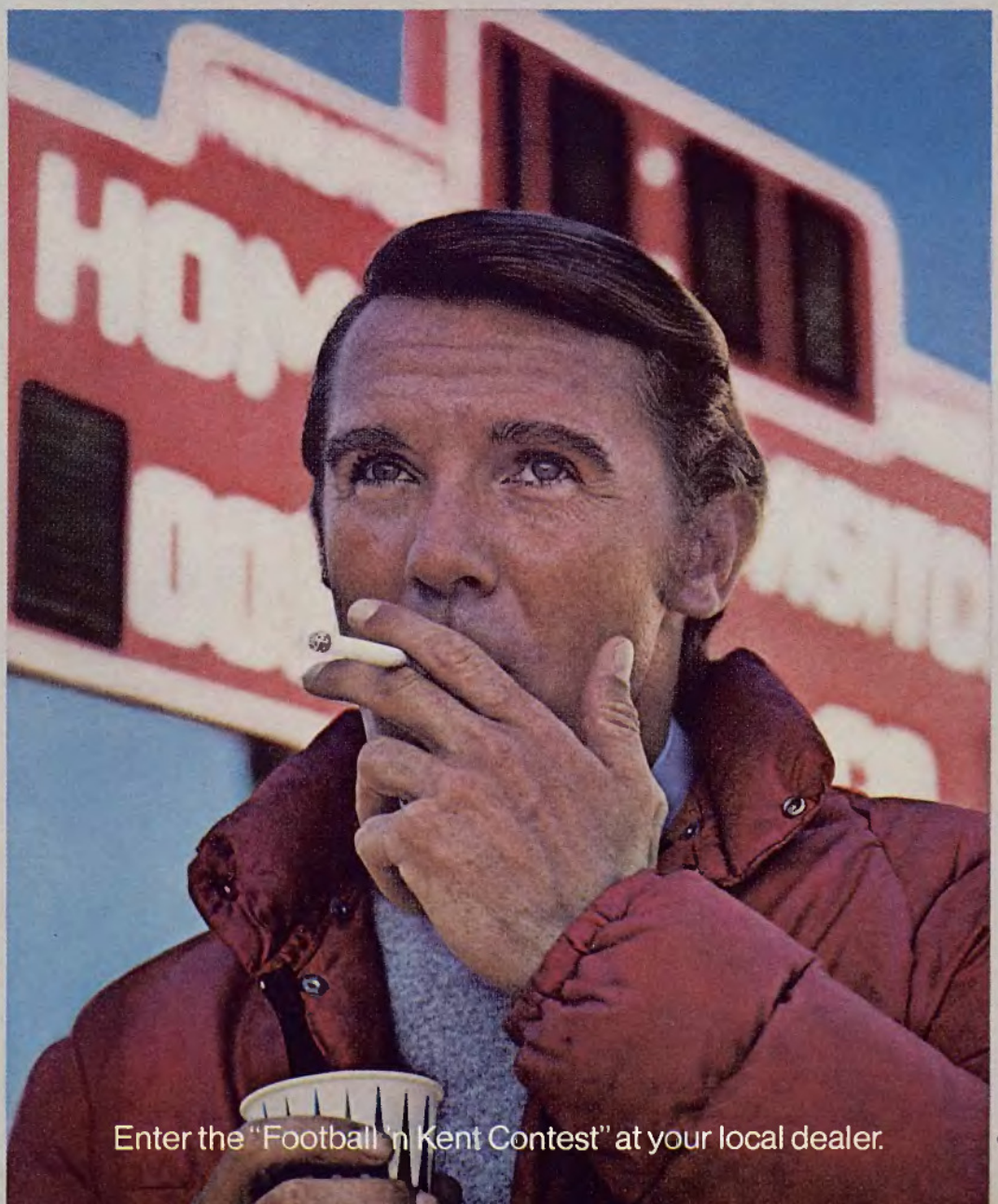
*From Acme.® The World's Largest Bootmaker.*

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.
Mild, smooth taste—exclusive Micronite filter.
King size or Deluxe 100's.

# Football 'n Kent!



Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

Enter the "Football 'n Kent Contest" at your local dealer.

© Lorillard 1971

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

One of the more dubious honors we've received is a lifetime membership in the John Dillinger Died for You Society—our reward for having published some letters from readers debating the supposed sexual prowess of that late, great bank robber. The J. D. D. F. Y. S. is, of course, mostly a put-on, founded about five years ago by a mysterious and no-doubt-pseudonymous Dr. Horace Naismith. But the society has supplied us with enough lore and literature to arouse our interest in the subject; so when we learned that a TV crew was in Chicago to film a documentary on Dillinger for CBS, we donned our best shiny double-breasted blue-serge suit, snapped down the brim of our spiffy gray fedora and sidled over to the old Biograph Theater, where the action was. For right outside the Biograph, on the sweltering Chicago night of July 22, 1934, Dillinger had been betrayed by Anna Sage (the "Woman in Red") and bushwhacked by lurking G men.

While the film crews were setting up, we collared Harry Hogan III of Wolper Productions and asked him why Dillinger, of all people, was picked to lead off a series of historical specials called "Appointments with Destiny," which was inspired by a successful special last season on Abraham Lincoln. Hogan introduced us to producer-director Nick Webster and the two, while shouting orders into walkie-talkies, put us straight. Dillinger wasn't simply a bad-ass gunman who finally got nailed by the Feds. To a few million Depression-weary Americans, his sensational bank jobs, his impossible escapes and his impudent style all combined to make him a popular antihero and a symbol of his times. And this, according to Webster, is what the series is all about. It's not documentary in the sense of relying solely on narration and old newsreels; it combines these with careful restaging of historical events as they would have been witnessed by onlookers and lucky newsreel cameramen, and Webster works hard at psyching his cast with all the realism possible. For the first "Appointment," *The Last Days of Dillinger*, scheduled for showing in mid-November, this meant a trip to Chicago and filming the death scene at the same time and on the anniversary night of Dillinger's violent end.

The entire Wolper company was sufficiently psyched merely at the prospect of staging a killing on the streets of Chicago. Memories of the 1968 Democratic National Convention had reinforced their image of Chicago as a city of irascible cops, Al Capone and the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre—a place where people on the sidewalks are in constant danger of being stitched by stray machine-gun bullets emanating from long black touring cars. They needn't have worried. Like other people, Chicago police are suckers for movie-making, and they did their gentle damnedest to control the crowd attracted by the klieg lights and the rapidly spreading news that it was Dillinger-shooting night at the Biograph. What surprised the Wolper people most, and pleased them, was the sizable contingent of young long-hairs—lining the curbs and scrambling onto buildings—who obviously dug Dillinger. Webster marveled at this but didn't accept our explanation that his spectators were undoubtedly youthful revolutionaries who revered Dillinger as an enemy of the establishment, a fugitive from the G pigs, a proponent of radical economic reform and a practitioner of the nonnegotiable demand.

There were the usual delays. A city bus invaded one scene, a spaced-out girl and an elderly gentleman wandered into others and at least one spectator toppled off a roof. But finally it happened. As old cars chugged past the cameras, William Wendt, playing a cocky-looking Dillinger in dark glasses and straw boater, strolled out of the theater with his girlfriend on one arm and his betrayer on the other. The latter started lagging behind. Dillinger, wondering where she was, glanced back and spotted three men rushing toward him through the crowd. He bolted toward an alley, groping in his pocket. Too late. The crack of pistols, Dillinger tumbled to the ground, two women fell screaming, wounded by stray bullets. The crowd scrambled for safety, then rushed back to see what had happened; the spectators applauded a scene well played. Then they cheered as Dillinger picked himself up off the ground—alive and well and, presumably, ready to knock off the Next National Bank for $100,000.

The scene had adrenalized everyone. "Look, here he comes, here he comes!" "Look out, John, they're right behind you!" they had shouted. Which was the kind of contagious excitement Webster sought to create. Before the shooting, we had chatted with William Shust, who played Melvin Purvis, the FBI agent who led the ambush. Shust had done his homework, and as we stood at the edge of the historic alley, he remarked, "You know, it's finally sinking in. Right now we're standing on the very spot where it all happened 37 years ago tonight." Later we talked to William Wendt, who looked enough like Dillinger to worry us a little. Despite his considerable acting experience, he found the role "spooky" and said he felt genuine panic when he turned and saw his killers closing in. "Method acting," joked one of the other G men, who spontaneously set his jaw and surveyed the crowd for suspicious-looking characters. We slipped quietly away to avoid being questioned.

•

Like the golden eagle, another threatened species is fast disappearing. The annual report of Britain's Family Planning Association states that it has been forced to abandon its traditional survey comparing virgins with nonvirgins because of "a scarcity of virgins."

•

Our sympathies are extended to the operator of an adult bookstore in Cincinnati who called the police when two loiterers refused to leave his establishment. Officers responded but refused to shoo them out. Both, it turned out, were vice-squad detectives copying book titles on assignment from the prosecutor's office.

•

Taking a cue from movie ratings, the minister of a church in Cedar Bluffs, Nebraska, posted the following sign on

the outdoor bulletin board: THIS CHURCH RATED GP. FOR GENERAL PUBLIC, WITH PARENTAL GUIDANCE REQUESTED FOR YOUTH. The pastor said that he also plans to post: OUR SERMONS ARE X-RATED—as in Xmas, of course.

•

Our Marcus Welby Award goes to Dr. Richard Bates of East Lansing, Michigan, who told his audience at a Heart in Industry banquet, "Most people don't have more than one fatal disease in their whole lifetime."

•

We're all against discrimination, but this is ridiculous: When an American news correspondent in Cambodia filed a story describing a thriving black market in Pnompenh, the government censor refused to pass the dispatch until it was changed to read "nonwhite market."

•

FYI: The jackets of most new LPs on the Chisa label bear this insightful message: FOR BEST RESULTS THIS RECORD SHOULD BE PLAYED.

•

For telling the true story about herself, we applaud *True Story*'s editor, Sue Hilliard. In an ad for her magazine in *Advertising Age*, she caught readers' attention with this announcement: "I'VE BEEN THROUGH A SEXUAL ASSAULT, AN ABORTION, A DIVORCE, AND AN AFFAIR WITH A MINISTER. NOT BAD FOR A DAY'S WORK."

•

Word has leaked out that Evel Knievel, the undisputed king of motorcycle daredevils, went to New York for the Auto Thrill Show last summer by truck. It seems that death-defying Evel is afraid to fly.

•

A youth counselor working with the Casanova Cobras, a Chicago street gang, was initially impressed that the poorly educated ghetto youngsters had chosen to adopt the name of that aristocratic 18th Century Italian lover. To his disillusionment, he soon learned that they had been trying to spell Cosa Nostra.

•

The bargain of the month was recently offered by Vancouver's Club Zanzibar: a 13½-hour floorshow featuring 18 lovelies on a trampoline—all for $2.50, including hot-and-cold buffet.

•

Honesty is the best policy: High school pupils who applied for admission to the University of North Dakota's last summer school program were required to write a brief explanation of why they wished to attend. One youth specified his reason as "a 36-24-36 now attending



Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 223.

# How to get about 20 more drops out of Johnnie Walker Red.

When your bottle of Johnnie Walker Red appears empty, place it under hot, scalding water, and more drops of the world's largest selling Scotch will appear. You can do the same thing with any empty bottle of whiskey, but when you do it with Johnnie Walker Red Label, it's worth the trouble.

## Johnnie Walker Red. The world's largest selling Scotch.

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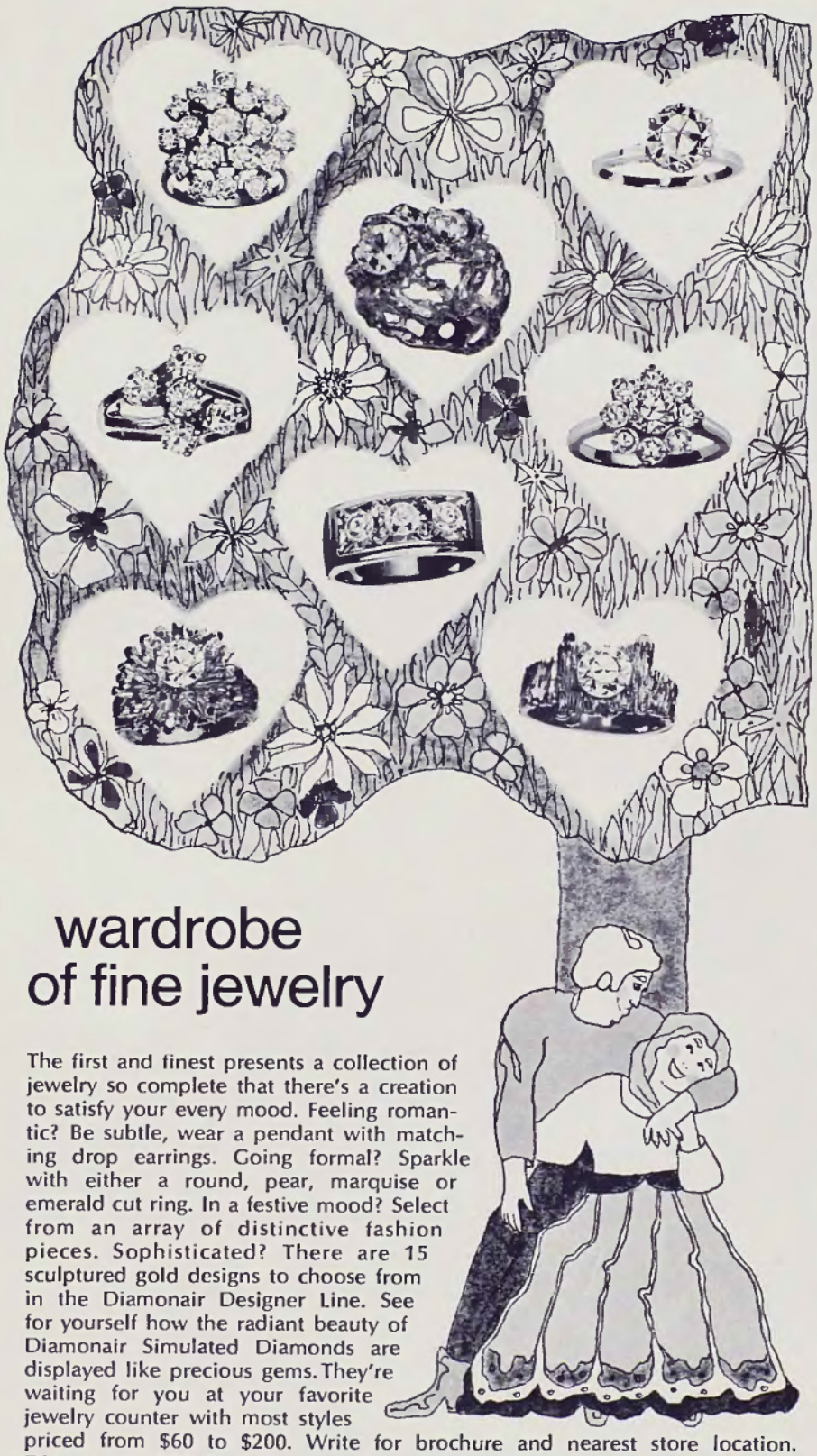

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summer school." Accepting his application, the registrar said he felt the boy's honesty might offset any possible lack of academic zeal.

•

*Incidental Intelligence, Lexicography Division:* The lunatic fringe of women's lib will be happy to hear that, according to *Webster's* unabridged, lib means "to castrate."

•

We hope this classified item from the Ellison Bay, Wisconsin, *Door Reminder* isn't a covert restaurateur's ad: "WANTED, dead and disabled cattle. Call immediately."

•

In Whitingham, Vermont, there's a historical marker that states: BRIGHAM YOUNG. BORN ON THIS SPOT 1801. A MAN OF MUCH COURAGE AND SUPERB EQUIPMENT. Considering that the famed Mormon leader was survived by 17 wives and 47 children, that seems a fair claim.

•

To whom it may concern: A survey of Indians on New York State reservations shows that 15 percent think Americans should get out of Vietnam, while 85 percent think they should get out of the United States.

## BOOKS

Washington columnists Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak, themselves moderate conservatives, have probed ***Nixon in the White House*** (Random House) and found *that* moderate conservative largely wanting. The indictments are familiar—a lonely, insecure President isolated from all but a few advisors and functionaries; a lack of direction by an Administration that, when it does have a clear sense of where it's going, pretends for political reasons that it's moving in the opposite direction; and a stunning lack of political astuteness on the part of those in the Administration whose only goals are political. From many interviews with necessarily unidentified sources, Evans and Novak show the methods of operation of such wielders of power as John Mitchell, Bob Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and Henry Kissinger. They are less successful at clarifying the nature of the man who presides in the White House—but then, so is Richard Nixon himself. There are, however, a number of remarkable vignettes. The President, listening to the educational goals being listed by James Allen, his new commissioner of education, responds: "I hope, Dr. Allen, that you can do something to improve discipline in the schools." At another meeting, with the presidents of 15 predominantly black colleges, Nixon is shown a series of photographs of the killings at Jackson



*Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 223.*

# 200 CLOSE SHAVES WITHOUT CHANGING BLADES.

Not too long ago, you were lucky if you got two close shaves out of a double edged razor blade.

One for each edge.

Then something happened. Blades started getting sharper. And sharper.

And today, it's no surprise if your trusty razor blade gives you a nice, clean, close shave 17 mornings in a row.

Well, Remington has also entered the sharpness race.

With blades that will give you a nice, clean, close shave up to 200 mornings in a row.

In case you haven't already guessed, the blades are made to fit into any new Remington® electric shaver.

Wait. We know you made up your mind a long time ago that electric shavers just don't shave close.

These new blades will change your mind.

They're four times sharper than anything we've ever put on the market. And they can give you the kind of close shave you never thought you could get out of an electric.

There is one catch. Like all truly sharp blades these will go dull. And somewhere around your 200th shave you'll have to replace them with a new set.

It takes about 20 seconds. And it costs about $1.95. That's a lot less than 5 or 6 months' worth of regular blades. (Not to mention shaving cream and styptic pencils.)

If we haven't sold you on a Remington with disposable blades yet, it's probably because you have one big question left.

How come Remington came up with such long lasting sharp blades? Why didn't the razor blade people think of it first?

Well, maybe it's because they're in business to sell razor blades.

And we're in business to sell shavers.

THE NEW REMINGTON

SPERRY RAND Remington Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Remington: Lektro Blade: Trademarks of Sperry Rand Corp. © 1971 SRC.

# Is life passing you by?

**Life doesn't stand still** for fumble-and-fuss picture taking. Grab for it with the first truly professional 35mm single-lens reflex camera you can just aim and shoot: the new Konica Autoreflex-T.

**Shift into "automatic exposure,"** which no other reflex camera permits, and the Autoreflex-T instantly makes all exposure decisions for you. You concentrate *only* on the subject as you fire away.

You never waste a second (and maybe lose a picture) while manually matching needles or making adjustments—unless you choose to shift into "manual."

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So get yourself a Konica. And stop missing out on life.

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State College by Mississippi state police. "Nixon leafed through the photos, then suddenly sat bolt upright and said: 'Look, what are we going to do to get more respect for the police from our young people?'" Evans and Novak venture no firm predictions as to the incumbent's fate in 1972, but they readily acknowledge that Nixon had gotten a leg up as a dove willing to fly to China and as the President who had come up with what he himself modestly described in his August 15 speech as "the most comprehensive new economic policy to be undertaken in this nation in four decades."

•

If, in the 15th Century, two kings had not quarreled about the gift of a white elephant and thus started a 300-year war, Siam's capital city might not exist today and thousands of GIs serving in Vietnam would be deprived of one of their most pleasant R&R posts. Such a blend of exotic fancy and mundane fact is typical of ***Bangkok*** (Little, Brown), according to its fond biographer, British novelist/essayist/travel writer Alec Waugh. In the best tradition of English-gentleman reminiscence, Waugh tells the story of the city from its founding by a warrior turned king, through the reigns of the Rama dynasty (including such famed monarchs as Mongkut, the king of *The King and I*, and his son-successor, Chulalongkorn), down to the less placid days of revolution that have given way to modern Thailand. Waugh picks his way casually through the complexities of Thai history, interweaving important facts with homely anecdotes. He interrupts his tracing of political developments to tell us of the changes that took place in the furnishings of his room at the Oriental Hotel as the years passed. Historians will no doubt cavil at Waugh's nonchalant treatment of official chronicles. But the book's defects are amply made up for by Waugh's flashes of emotional insight into the reverent, gay and noble spirit of the Thai people. Not travelog nor history, nor personal memoir, *Bangkok* frequently combines the best of all three.

•

A series of extraordinarily intimate interviews with a group of Englishwomen ranging in age from 25 to 50, Sandra McDermott's ***Female Sexuality: Its Nature and Conflicts*** (Simon & Schuster) makes a pioneering attempt to bridge the gap that still exists between the myth of female sexual passivity and the reality of female sexual behavior. Since the interviewees were contacted through advertisements placed in various British publications, it's difficult to know if they represent a significantly more exhibitionist or deviant

A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 x 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to cover cost of postage and handling to Department 6, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

# The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

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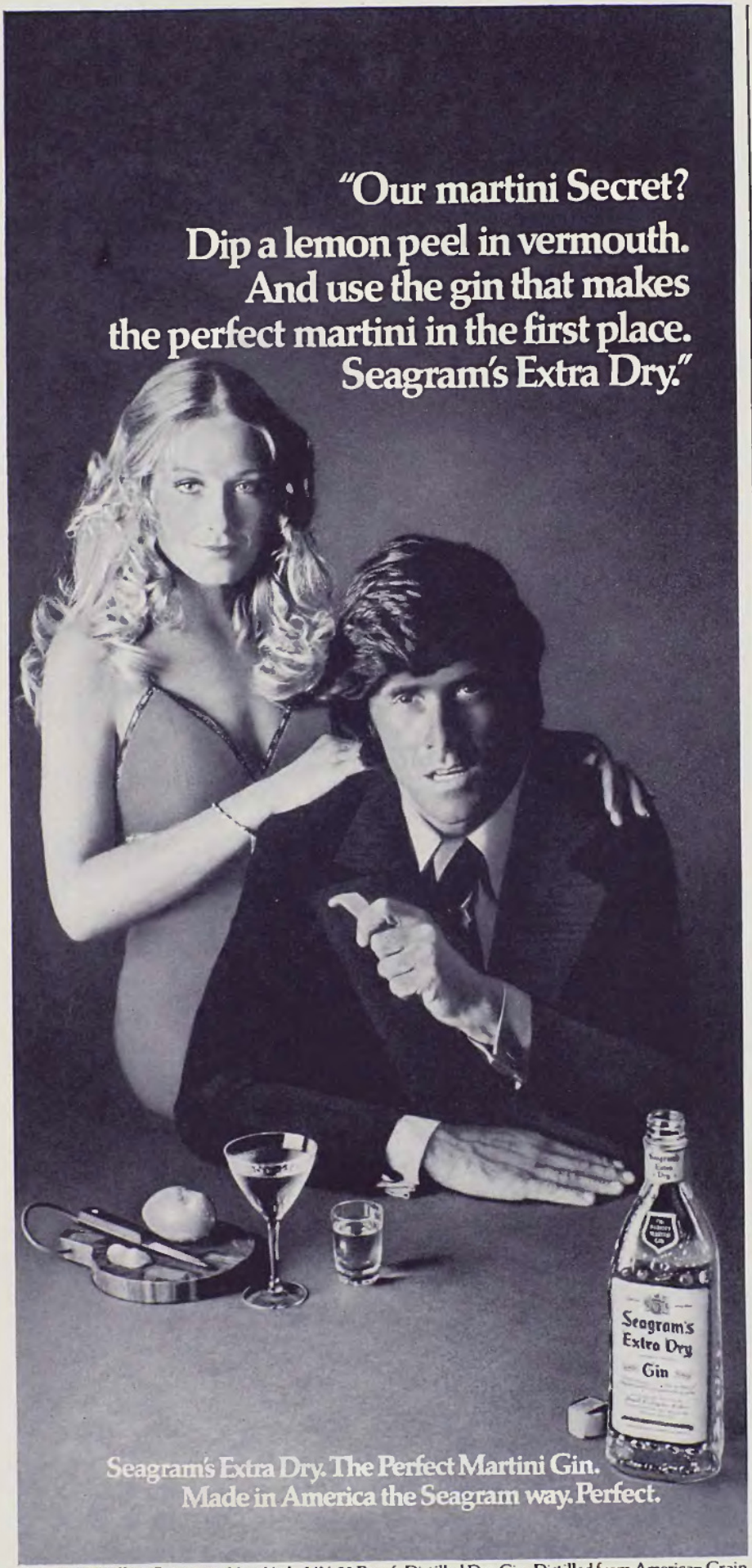

Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain

group than women in general. If, as the author claims, the respondents are representative, then everything heretofore written about female sexuality may be merely the artifact of a male-run society. Evidently, there are hearty and innovative sexual appetites even among women raised according to standards of Victorian morality. Masturbation was virtually universal among the sample and many of the women used visual display or fantasy to arouse themselves. They frequently initiated an active search for sexual innovation and sexual encounters, and most had less trouble achieving orgasm than current literature on females might suggest. Because the author has failed to provide any systematic analysis of her interview data, all evidence offered here is simply anecdotal. Nevertheless, it does provide a provocative glimpse into the private lives of a number of women.

•

The Jackal in ***The Day of the Jackal*** (Viking) is a free-lance political assassin with chillingly impressive credentials; it's hinted that it was he who dispatched Trujillo. In 1963, the leaders of the OAS, the French secret army organization, hire the Jackal to exterminate the president of France. Since we all know that De Gaulle died in his bed, why go further? We go further because Frederick Forsyth, a British newspaperman, has combined the elements of recent history with fictional events into a surprisingly full-bodied thriller. The strength of the novel lies in the details of the Jackal's craftsmanship—his elaborate scheme for procuring just the right gun, then smuggling it into France and the disguises he assumes. In only one place does credulity falter, and it may be worth mentioning. During the assassin's resourceful escapes from police dragnets, he assumes, as one evasive ploy, homosexual characteristics. And it is here that the author's obvious prejudices unintentionally reveal themselves: By taking it for granted that the police—and the book's readers—share his contemptuous hatred of homos, he allows the quarry to pass through police check points simply by acting queer, as if no cop could conceive of such a thing as a gay assassin. On several levels, this is an unfortunate flaw. The author splits his coverage between the Jackal's thrusts and the counterthrusts of Claude Lebel, a Gabin-type French cop, "a good cop, slow, precise, methodical, painstaking." The high comes as the Jackal closes in on De Gaulle and Lebel closes in on the Jackal—until the ultimate confrontation with the Jackal squatting, Oswaldlike, at the window, the general's imperious forehead in his cross hairs. The plotting is tight and compelling. The prose makes one long for Len Deighton. Book-of-the-Month Club and our own Playboy Book Club have selected this thriller, a rarity

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24 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.

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London, Paris, all over the world—King George IV is just as expensive as other top brands.

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for the genre and for a first novel. Bantam has paid more for its paperback rights than for any other first novel. Fred Zinnemann will direct the movie. It should be a stone gas.

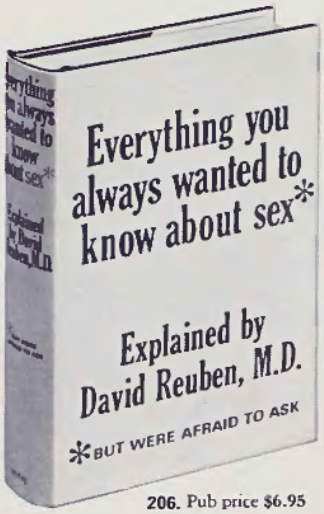
•

Movie buffs will find delectable food for thought in Pauline Kael's ***The Citizen Kane Book*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown), a profusely illustrated omnibus volume containing Miss Kael's lengthy *New Yorker* essay on the creation of an American film classic, along with "The Shooting Script" (by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Orson Welles) and "The Cutting Continuity of the Completed Film," a transcript of the movie as one sees it, frame by frame. While the *Kane* screenplay is eminently literate and readable—fascinating, too, when it can be compared with what actually appears onscreen, with all references to the late William Randolph Hearst excised—the book stands on the bedrock of Miss Kael's critique. As usual, the lady writes with relish, spewing gossip and stirring controversy, finally achieving a fine balance of discursive rambling, schoolmarm quibbles and perceptive analysis of Welles as "the greatest symbolic figure in American film history since Griffith." When she isn't divulging juicy tidbits about how *Citizen Kane* got produced and shown despite opposition from the jittery moguls who ran Hollywood circa 1941 under the thumb of such Hearstlings as Louella Parsons, Miss Kael skewers the so-called *auteur* theory of movie criticism, which holds that any bona fide cinematic masterpiece must be the triumph of one lonely, stubborn genius, usually a director. Giving credit where due, she assigns Welles his deserved place in the directors' pantheon, yet proves that *Kane* was a collaborative effort, largely the brain child of author Mankiewicz—renowned wit, compulsive gambler and chronic alcoholic whose tempestuous career in Hollywood reached the heights on this occasion. Whether or not *Citizen Kane* represents the Everest of achievement for American cinema, Miss Kael shows that Welles collected a formidable crew of talents to help him make the climb.

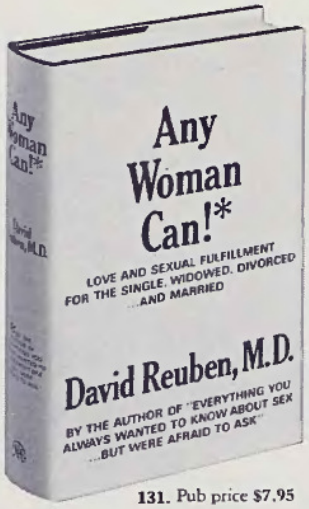
•

Writing humorous novels is a grim as well as a grin business; most practitioners of the form quickly fall to the publishing wayside. But ***Into Your Tent I'll Creep*** (Little, Brown) marks hardy Peter DeVries' 12th reach for the comic laurels he has snatched before. In this one, a young man on the way to nowhere meets his old high school French teacher, just five years his senior. They proceed to bed down, marry up, split up and rejoin. But as any DeVriesian knows, his plots are to his novels as librettos often are to operas: excuses to score satiric points. DeVries bowls over

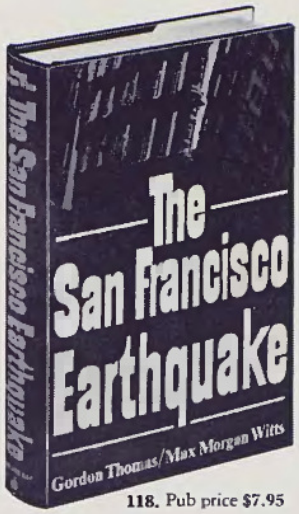
The Sound Machine
It's an fm/am radio
It's a cassette player
It's a cassette recorder
It's a boosted speaker
It's hi-fi to go
It's a blast.
It's Bell & Howell
BELL & HOWELL




**206.** Pub price $6.95




**131.** Pub price $7.95

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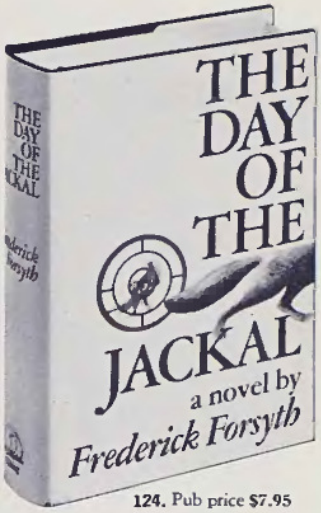


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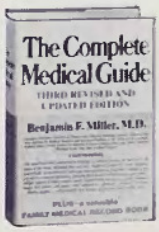
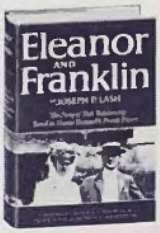



**140.** THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd rev. ed. Illus.
(Pub list price $9.95)




**177.** ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN *by* JOSEPH P. LASH Photographs
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**285.** BOSS: Richard J. Daley of Chicago *by* MIKE ROYKO
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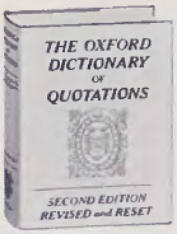
**130.** THE GRAHAM KERR COOKBOOK *by* THE GALLOPING GOURMET Photographs
(Pub list price $7.95)




**260.** THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS
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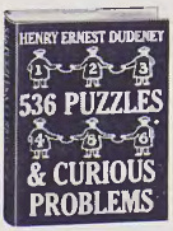


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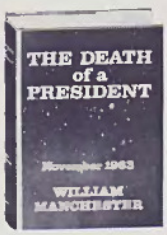


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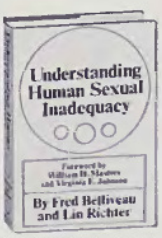


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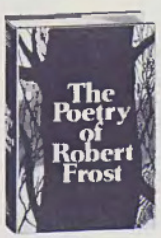


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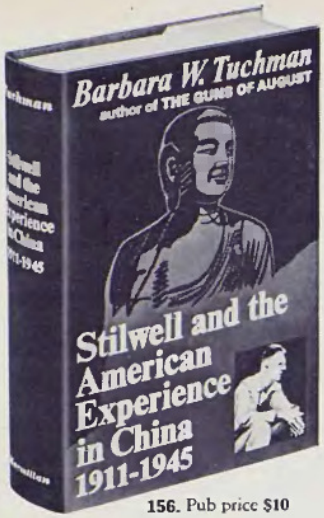


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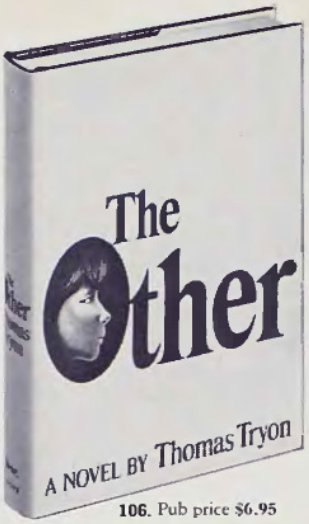


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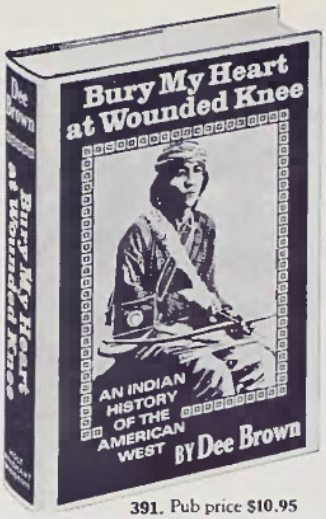


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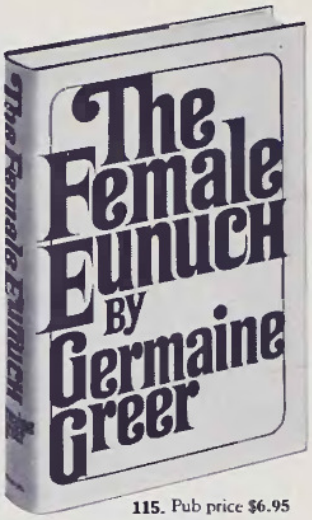


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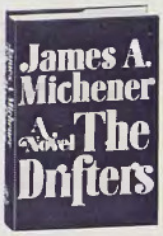


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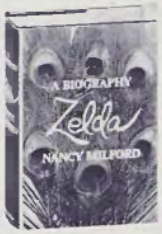


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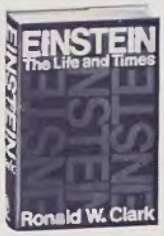


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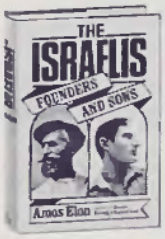


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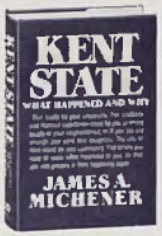


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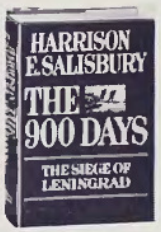


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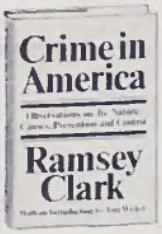


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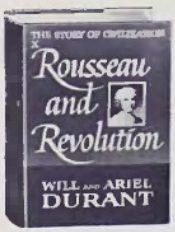


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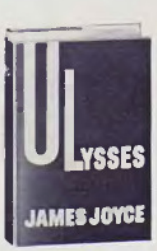


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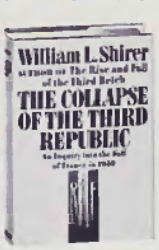


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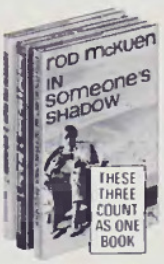


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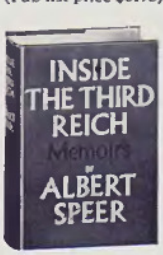


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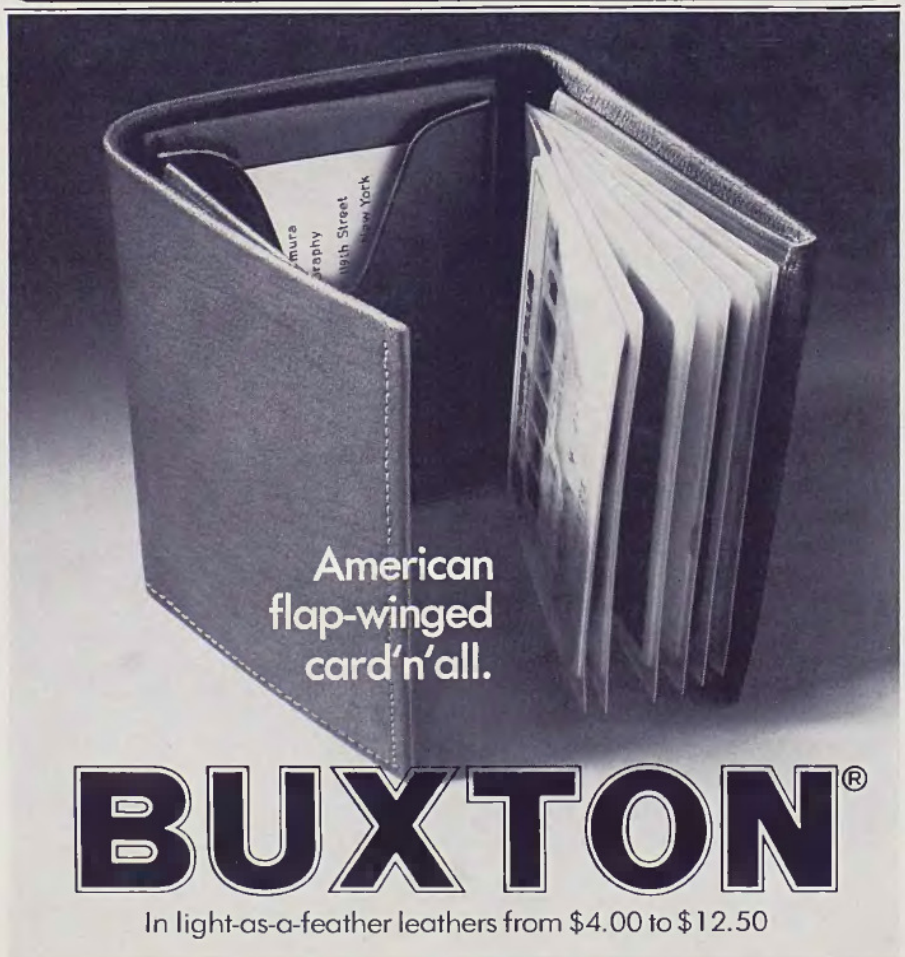


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such familiar targets as resourceful salesmen, ambitious medics, fancy restaurants and the appurtenances of suburbia. He also strikes out against trendy rock groups, "now" lyrics, conservationists, women's lib and old-line whoring. Unfortunately, too many of his turns are more shticks than probes, and this novel adds up to less than its laughs. Still, his wordplay is as dazzling as ever: A pimp prints business cards identifying himself as The Merchant of Venus; and a liberal church offers a double-ring divorce ceremony: "What God hath put asunder let no man seek to bind unduly."

•

Edmund Wilson, one of America's foremost all-round men of letters, inherited an 18th Century stone house from his mother. It is located in the foothills of the Adirondacks, in a region productive of religious sects, Tory political opinions and almost manorial dairy farms. Now it can also boast of Wilson's latest book, ***Upstate: Records and Recollections of Northern New York*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which not only tells us a lot about the tough-spirited farmers who live in this rather forbidding area but also about Wilson's frank desire to be a country gentleman among country gentlemen. If, for a writer, life exists in order to make books out of it, Wilson has won through brilliantly. Composed of odds and ends, bits of his diary, bits of history and politics, all sorts of chitchat—the kind of mishmash that in lesser hands would be a bewildering bore—Wilson manages to keep one interested, even fascinated, from first page to last. The old aristocratic country life is being pushed aside; the old inhabitants are thinning out year by year; and Wilson himself has learned not only "to read the papers calmly and not to hate the fools I read about" but also to be thankful that he "had some share in some of the better aspects of the life of this planet and of northern New York." A grim yet curiously happy book.

•

To run a corporation well, one must cultivate the natural order of things inbred in man by his earliest period as a hunter, writes Antony Jay in ***Corporation Man*** (Random House). Primitive man, he notes, survived by evolving highly disciplined but versatile hunting bands. Each member had special skills to contribute —tracking, scouting, spear throwing. A leader emerged. Survival depended on both cooperation and individual initiative. The hunt began with a strategy meeting and ended with a post-mortem. The hunting band numbered about ten men, Jay hypothesizes, and he observes that men today group together in similar numbers for commercial purposes. The smart corporation chief won't attempt to isolate them; he'll cultivate the "ten-group" production unit patterned

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on the hairy-chested hunt. Fifty or so ten-groups make up a corporate division of ideal size. In tribal groupings, primitive man assembled the pool of genes necessary to supply his progeny with the characteristics for survival in a changing world. In the corporate tribe, notes Jay, ideas are pooled for survival in dynamic business situations. The author, an Englishman who became a management consultant after a long stint as a producer with BBC-TV, takes his analogy up through the multitribe kingdom (the corporation itself) to the multikingdom empire (international business combines). Along the way, he discovers good "biological" reasons for such folkways of organization man as pep rallies and even company songs. Jay approves of the hunting band–*cum*–corporation way of life—a voice in a wilderness of whistle-blowing Nader's raiders. Not morally edifying, perhaps, but food for thought.

•

The posthumous publication of E. M. Forster's homosexual novel, ***Maurice*** (Norton), is the season's literary sensation. Although this rather dated novel (written between 1913 and 1915) does little to enhance the reputation of the author of *A Passage to India*, it contains any number of heterodox opinions that will create a stir in the academic world, which thought it had definitely "placed" Forster long ago. In his account of the Platonic love affair between two Cambridge undergraduates—Maurice, the hero of the novel, and Clive, the villain—the glory of Greece and its message of homosexual freedom proves, ironically, to be the element of fake emotion that destroys their relationship. And Clive, the more intellectual member of the duo, adapts himself more easily to the compromise of getting married and being a proper citizen precisely because his cleverness helps him rationalize matters more easily. Poor Maurice, more of a plodder in every way, can't knuckle down, falls in love with an illiterate gamekeeper (shades of D. H. Lawrence), throws up everything and goes off to live in the "greenwood," a vaguely idyllic spot whose address Forster doesn't bother to give us. It is a story of the achievement of happiness, according to the author's own note at the end of the book, but the paradox is that the novel itself perks up only when things are awry, tempers are flashing and the old Forster wit has a chance to show its flicking claws. Forster hoped for legal protection for homosexuals, but he had grave doubts that the Clives of this world, who sit in the legislatures and courts, will ever do anything to change the atmosphere of "familiarity and contempt" that surrounds the whole vexing problem.

•

Salvatore (Bill) Bonanno, eldest son of Joseph ("Bananas") Bonanno, was

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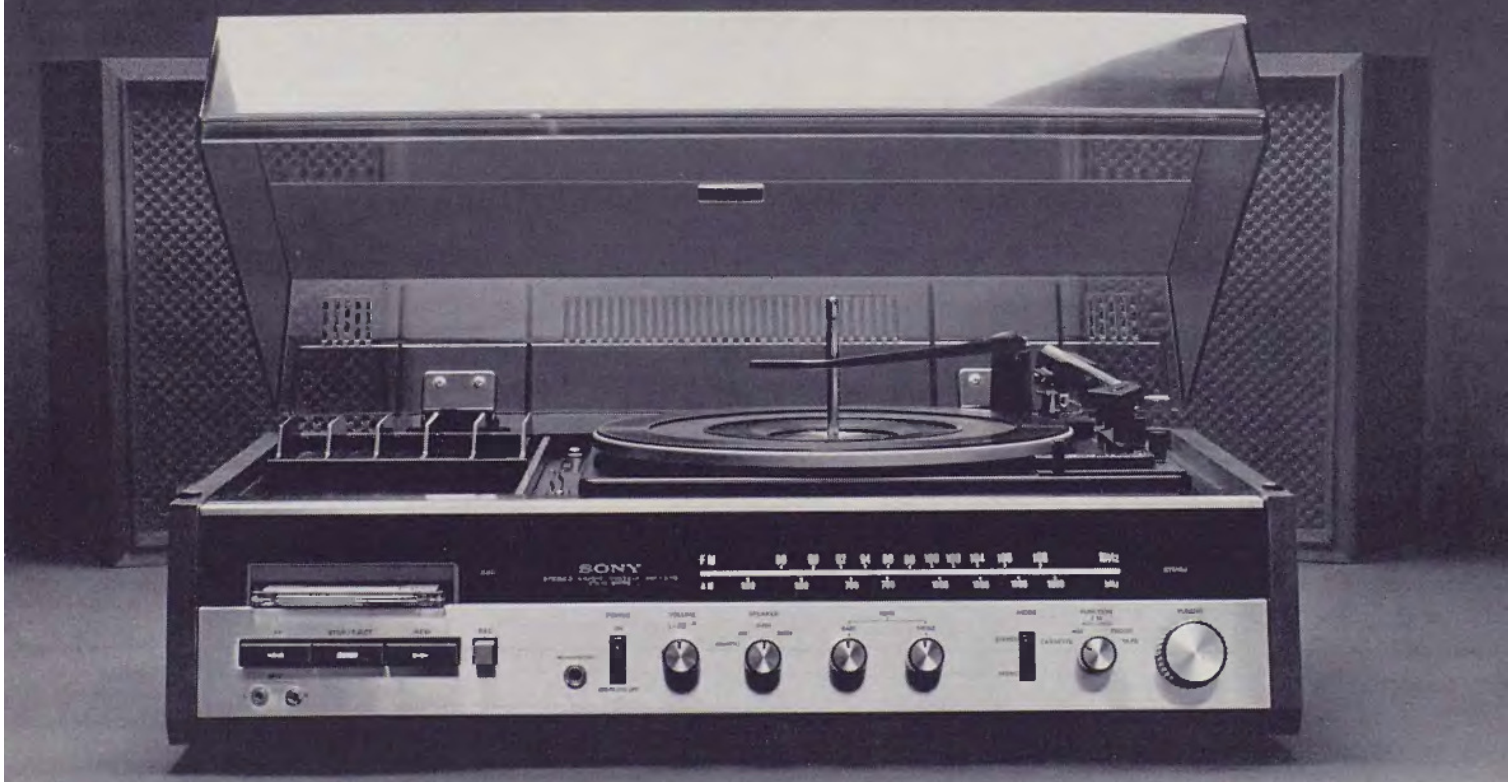


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Visitors in the Hollow say it beats anything from home. The reason, so say our sawyers who make the coffee, is water from Jack Daniel's limestone cave spring. And they're probably right. For 100 years, our limestone spring water has kept Jack Daniel's whiskey free of any iron taste. It likely does the same for coffee. If you're down our way and drop in for a visit, you might just ask if there's a pot on the sawmill stove.

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born in 1932. In 1956, after a three-year stint at college, he entered the family business—in this case, the American Mafia, in which his father was a top boss. For a short period, young Bill prospered, but then people began to shoot at him. Before being jailed early this year on a credit-card-forgery rap, he had become all too accustomed to "a routine of endless waiting, tedium, hiding, excessive smoking, overeating, lack of physical exercise, reclining in rooms behind drawn shades, being bored to death while trying to stay alive. With so much time and so little to do with it, the Mafia man tended to become self-consumed and self-absorbed, focusing on minutiae and magnifying it, overreacting to each sound, overinterpreting what was said and done around him, and he responded to it, believed it, preferred to believe it, for it made him larger than he was, more powerful, more romantic, more respected and feared." Unfortunately, much the same condition afflicts ***Honor Thy Father*** (World), Gay Talese's chronicle of Bill Bonanno's life. Talese, who in *The Kingdom and the Power* turned the stately corridors of *The New York Times* into Byzantine passages of intrigue, now in overstuffed prose makes the Mafia seem a grim, gray model of American propriety. He views the Mafia as a dying ethnic organization down to its last 5000 troops, its members more sinned against than sinning by a Government whose appropriations to fight it exceed the organization's gross. Then why write about it? Well, if Jewish-American sons can write about the crimes of their mothers, why shouldn't Italian-American writers turn to their fatherhood of crime? The Mafia may be fading in other places—but it's still flourishing in publishing.

•

The earliest identifiable North Americans located to date are women. The most authentic claimant to the title is the Laguna Girl, found in California in 1933. Her closest rival is the Midland Woman, found the same year in Texas. Next comes Minnesota Minnie, a teenager who may have fallen or been pushed into Lake Pelican some 10,000 years ago—that is, if she wasn't merely a Sioux lass buried in a much deeper grave than was usual for her day. Such is the kind of lore to be absorbed from a substantial and profusely illustrated book, ***The First American*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by C. W. Ceram (better known in Woodstock, New York, and in literary centers as Kurt W. Marek), who in 1949 gained fame with *Gods, Graves and Scholars*. Whereas the earlier work was a popularly written journalistic tale of archaeological adventure in many parts of the world, the new one is a sober, well-researched guide to the science of American archaeology. The moving history of

# ZERO 100

**Garrard's newest model, is the only automatic turntable achieving zero tracking error. Modestly priced at $189.50, this most advanced record playing unit is a fabulous array of imaginative, responsible innovations: Variable speed control; illuminated strobe; magnetic anti-skating (an entirely new principle); viscous-damped cueing; 15° vertical tracking adjustment; the patented Synchro-Lab synchronous motor; and Garrard's exclusive two-point record support. An engineering triumph, the articulating tone arm, is demonstrated below.**

## True Tangent Tracking

### First time in an automatic turntable!

The diagram over the photograph shows how the tone arm articulates, constantly adjusting the angle of the cartridge, and keeping the stylus perpendicularly tangent to the grooves throughout the record. Space-age pivotry and computerized design have made it possible to play the record at exactly the same angle as it was cut. Reproduction is truer, distortion sharply reduced, record life lengthened.

Consider that there are 3,600 seconds of arc in a degree — and that a conventional tone arm will produce up to 4 degrees tracking error—or 14,400 seconds at full playing radius. Compare this to the Zero 100 tracking error, calculated to measure a remarkable 90 seconds (160 times lower!) and you will see why this Garrard development obsoletes the arm geometry of every other automatic turntable.

☐ Test reports by some of the industry's most respected reviewers have already appeared, expressing their enthusiasm. These reports are now available with a 12-page brochure on the Zero 100 at your dealer. Or, you can write to British Industries Company, Dept. K-111, Westbury, New York 11590.

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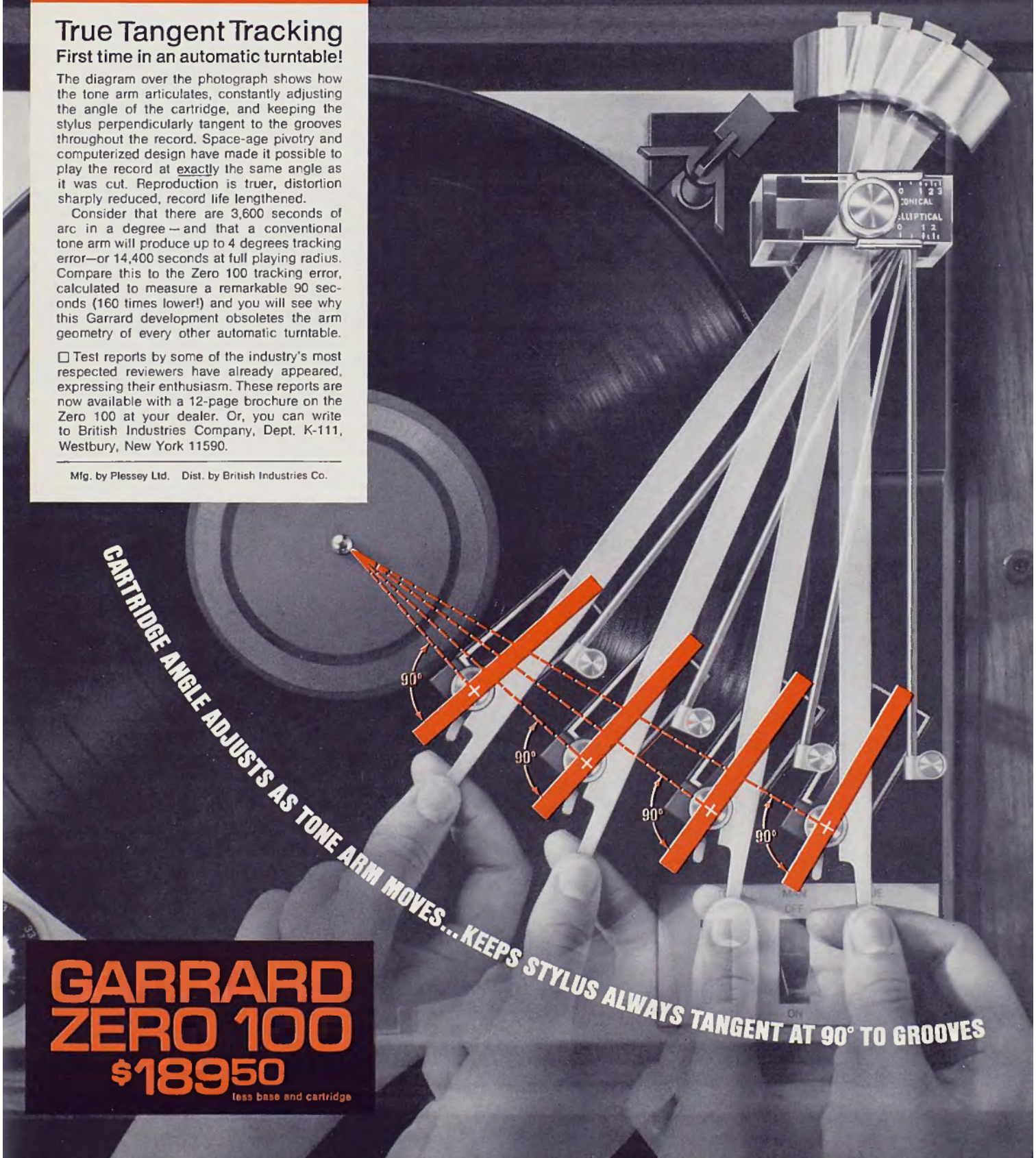


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Try a pouch of AMPHORA "Green" today. Discover why pipe smokers have made unbiteable AMPHORA Number One* in America.

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the Indian peoples throughout the centuries serves as a binding thread to the narrative. The grim, reproachful story of their ill treatment by the white man is told fairly and without passion. The early American did not have a highly developed civilization. In 2000 years, the Indians developed neither wheel nor plow, and the only animals they domesticated were the dog and the turkey. They did not develop a script nor an alphabet. But one tribe, the Natchez, had a social system that was an astonishing mixture of class consciousness and blood mingling. There were four classes subordinate to an absolute monarch. The king was the Great Sun and below him were the Suns, the Nobles, the Honored Men and finally—the Stinkers. But a Great Sun *had* to marry a Stinker, and there were rules for the Suns, Nobles, etc., which ensured that their children would travel systematically up and down the social scale. If a female Sun married a Stinker, he was not allowed to eat with her and had to stand in her presence, just like any other Stinker. If she decided that he no longer pleased her, she could have him obliterated and take a new Stinker to her hearth and bed. Squaws' lib. *The First American* is a good Ceram wrap-up. If Indians are your bag, have a look at John Upton Terrell's ***American Indian Almanac*** (World), a fascinating reference guide to the ways and whys of the red man.

•

Robert Penn Warren's new book, ***Meet Me in the Green Glen*** (Random House), is a night rider of a novel galloping out of the not-so-old South, stirring Faulknerian ghosts. Love, sin, remorse and race are mixed in a familiarly bitter brew. The style is nothing if not high, powerful when it isn't flamboyant, compelling when it isn't downright unbelievable. Cassie Spottwood, the unloved wife of brutal Sunderland Spottwood, sees an unknown figure coming down a Tennessee hill road in a drizzle of rain. It's Angelo Passetto, Sicilian with shiny black hair, recent fugitive from his own accidentally criminal past. Angelo brings love and sex, both of which Cassie seizes with passion but with a taciturnity bordering on aphasia. Between her hill-country muteness and Angelo's phonetically spelled-out dialect, there develops an annoyingly inaudible code that leaves the reader with his ear pressed tighter and tighter against the dialog, trying to catch some clue to the inner workings of these people. In vain. The story moves on in predictable fashion to murder, miscarriage of justice, madness, suicide—remorseless gothic patterns stitched into each chapter. There are moments in *Meet Me in the Green Glen* that ring with authenticity, where both cruelty and love are made human, and where the physical landscape is rendered with a fine brush. But too often for the success of this novel, the characters are jerked by the strings of the story rather than moved by the inexorabilities of their own natures.

•

It used to be the press that was called the fourth branch of government, but now, as Paul Dickson makes clear in ***Think Tanks*** (Atheneum), this title really belongs to an institution that barely existed 25 years ago. Researching, analyzing and advising on every imaginable subject, from megadeaths to the efficiency of New York City's fire department, these Strangelovian organizations, such as the RAND Corporation (where Daniel Ellsberg had access to the Pentagon papers) and Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute, have sprung up faster than back-yard marijuana plants since the end of World War Two. "They produce few tangible goods other than paper," writes Dickson. "Their major product is thought research usually reduced to written reports or studies that are policy alternatives, evaluations, designs, theories, suggestions, warnings, long-range plans, statistics, predictions, descriptions of techniques, tests, analyses, or, simply, new ideas." There seems no limit to the market for such expertise, with hundreds of millions of dollars being invested in it each year—too much, Dickson argues, for military purposes. From his visits to several of the bigger tanks, Dickson describes their personalities and projects—at any rate, those not hidden beneath SECRET stamps. Dickson does not deny that an overwhelmingly technological society needs its specialized problem solvers, but he makes a strong case that their role in determining the future is too great to allow them to play it without much closer public scrutiny. This book is a beginning. Perhaps the former fourth branch of government will take it from here.

•

Why now a book on the Attorney Generalship of Robert Kennedy? Mainly because when Victor S. Navasky began his research for ***Kennedy Justice*** (Atheneum) in early 1966, R. F. K. was alive and doing well enough to be considered an eventual successor to his brother. Credit is due to the author for sticking with his subject. As a nonpracticing lawyer (Yale, 1959) and practicing journalist (*Monocle, New York Times Magazine*), Navasky has examined R. F. K.'s role, style and administration in a conscientious and levelheaded way. He is especially revealing about the relationship between Kennedy and J. Edgar Hoover, whose FBI budget was slightly over 40 percent of the Attorney General's total. Kennedy got the FBI involved, against its inclination, in the civil rights movement and in the fight against organized crime. But in the process, says Navasky, R. F. K. enormously enhanced

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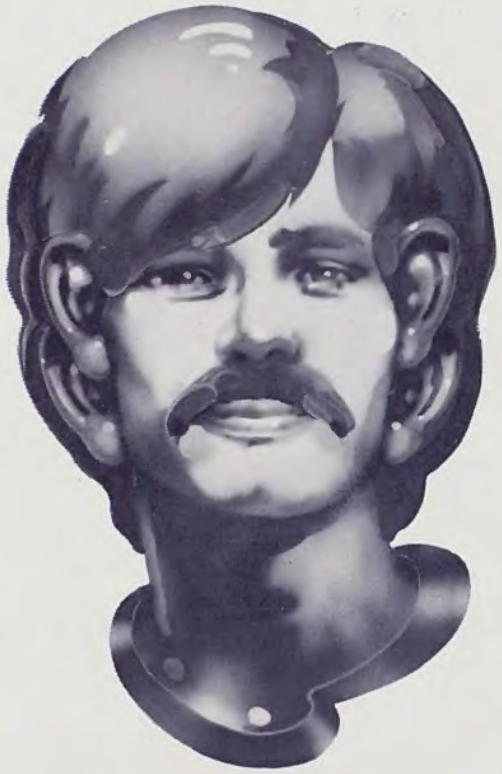
# If mono was for one ear and stereo is for two ears, then what's 4-channel for?



We first heard that classic misinterpretation of mono and stereo in the late 1950's.

The full version, as told to many a wide-eyed novice, went something like: "Sure. If you had only one ear, mono would be perfect. But you have two ears, so you're not hearing it right unless you have stereo."

Now that 4-channel sound reproduction is a reality, it's time to lay to rest, once and for all, this ear-counting fallacy. We at Fisher are particularly anxious to have every music lover understand the basic idea behind 4-channel, since we're the first to manufacture quality 4-channel equipment on a large scale.

So, let's get it straight:

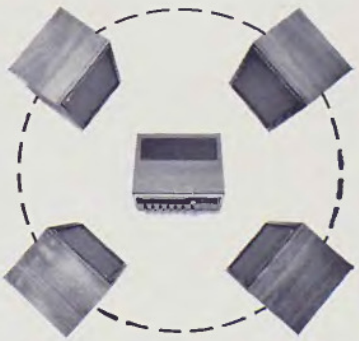
The number of channels in a multichannel system has nothing to do with the number of your ears. Theoretically, the more channels the better. There have been wide-screen movies with as many as eight channels on their sound track. But four channels, reproduced by four correctly placed speakers, seem to be the practical optimum for home use.

Other things being equal, 4-channel is an even bigger improvement over standard 2-channel stereo than the latter was over mono. The reason is that, for the first time, your ears can have complete directional information.

In any live listening situation (except possibly outdoors), sounds reach you from all directions, in a 360-degree circle. The direct sound of instruments or voices usually comes from the front, but reflections off the walls come from everywhere. Mono reduced this to a small point source; stereo opened up your perspective over a 90-degree arc from front left to front right. But with a 4-channel system as shown in the illustration, you get the full circle: all of the original direct sound and reflected sound, all from the original directions. You are *there*.

Complete Fisher 4-channel systems come in two price ranges: expensive and very expensive. But there's also a Fisher 4-channel converter that, for $299.95 plus the price of two speakers, will turn your present stereo system into a true 4-channel system.

In any case, if you care enough about music to have gone from mono to stereo, you'll sooner or later graduate to 4-channel. It's just a question of time, rather than the number of your ears.



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the power of the Bureau through a "Faustian bargain" that allowed it to function more or less autonomously. Confrontation would have been politically prohibitive. Navasky is tough on the quality of judicial appointments, many of which included segregationist judges, and on the passive theory of Federalism that guided the Justice Department's civil rights strategy under Kennedy. About two thirds of the book examines Kennedy's tactical and administrative approach to running the Justice Department; the tactics were idealistic-pragmatic and the administration was seat of the pants and often inspiring. The final chapters describe the family code of the Kennedys and how it affected politically sensitive prosecutions. (Mostly, it didn't affect them—except to build a stronger case; you don't lose cases involving friends or fellow Democrats.) In R. F. K.'s relentless pursuit of Jimmy Hoffa, the lesson to be learned is that righteous zeal is sometimes blind to higher priorities that the Government's chief legal officer ought to follow. On the whole, according to Navasky, Kennedy's impact on the department was beneficial, even uplifting. It was also intensely personal, charismatic—and transient.

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Somehow, novels about publishing seldom get off the ground. Even when jazzed up with sex, an editor's life consists chiefly of reading a lot of dull manuscripts. And his ministering to authors lacks the drama of, say, being a bartender. So film critic/novelist (and PLAYBOY regular) Hollis Alpert gets quite a few brownie points for his readable new novel about the magazine biz —***The People Eaters*** (Dial). Alpert sets off the staid complacency of *The New Yorker* (here disguised as *The Metropolitan*) against the brash muckraking of *New York* magazine (here *New York Scene*). He knows his circulation ABCs and his editorial galley slaves, and uses his expertise to illuminate a conflict of wills and libidos between the dedicated, self-effacing Morton Bellish—who gets the *Metropolitan* chair—and Robert Mackey, who gets the shaft and tries to catch up by publishing the sort of magazine real New Yorkers would read. Mackey enlists a swinging stable of scribblers: No addict of the late-late talk shows can fail to recognize Tom Wolfe, Judith Crist, Rex Reed or John Simon. From board-room baccarat to boudoir athletics, from sneak previews to literary strip teas, the action seldom stumbles. A tip-topical entertainment.

•

For many centuries, sickness and death were accepted as punishment from the gods for sins that only the guilty themselves knew they had committed. Modern man is free of such superstitious ignorance—except in the case of venereal disease. As Theodor Rosebury makes clear in ***Microbes and Morals*** (Viking), syphilis and gonorrhea are still viewed, by the public at large and the medical profession as well, as justice meted out to copulating sinners. Dr. Rosebury, emeritus professor of bacteriology at St. Louis' Washington University, documents the price society has paid, and is still paying, for clinging to such myths. The idea that Columbus discovered not only a new land but a new disease, which his sailors took back to virginal Europe, is demolished by detective work on documents going back to the Old Testament and ancient China. The smug middle-class notion that V. D. afflicts chiefly the ignorant poor is punctured by Dr. Rosebury's long list of the educated, the renowned and the rich who have suffered and died from the corkscrew-shaped spirochete of syphilis or the deflated-balloon gonococcus of gonorrhea. And the contemporary belief that soaring V. D. rates can be traced to a fornicating younger generation proves to be nonsense when statistics are carefully evaluated. As the author states, not until society takes a less judgmental and more clinical approach is there any hope that venereal disease can be detected and treated on a large enough scale to encourage the hope of its eventual elimination.

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All those parentheses in the title of James Beard's ***How to Eat (and Drink) Your Way Through a French (or Italian) Menu*** (Atheneum) are to let you know that the book is primarily a translation of typical French menus into simple English—Italian food and French and Italian wines are discussed almost as an afterthought. One of the *doyens* of the culinary world, Beard keeps his alphabetically listed descriptions of dishes and ingredients both lively and free of semantic fat; he calls *Bouillinade des Pêcheurs*, for example, "A version of fish soup with a very fancy name, but it's a simple, honest mixture of fishes." This no-nonsense style of writing makes *How to Eat* immensely easy to read for pleasure as well as for reference. And its 5″ x 9″ size will slip nicely into a suitcase (or even a roomy coat pocket) right next to your *Michelin* red guide.

•

Also noteworthy: Three of our favorite funnymen have come up with books this season. ***Getting Even*** (Random House) is Woody Allen's collection of inimitably Allenesque reflections on the world around him, some of which have enlivened these pages. In ***How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*** (Putnam), Paul Krassner gives us "a collection of stuff I've done during the first ten years of *The Realist*." If you're acquainted with *The Realist*, that's sufficient reason to get this book; if you're


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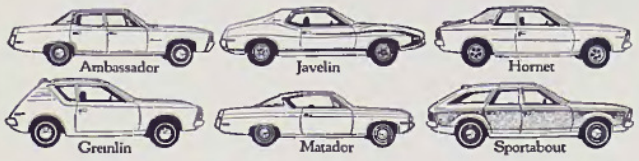


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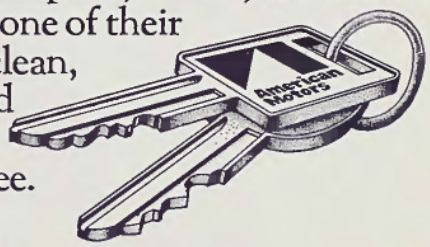


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not acquainted with it, that's an even better reason. And P. G. Wodehouse, 90 years old and eternally youthful, offers us ***Jeeves and the Tie That Binds*** (Simon & Schuster). Humor, indeed, bridges all generation gaps.

Jack Newfield, who contributed *The Death of Liberalism* to the April PLAYBOY, has put together a collection of several years' worth of articles and titled it ***Bread and Roses Too*** (Dutton). Most of these examples of "advocacy journalism" first appeared in *The Village Voice*.

## DINING-DRINKING

***Shandygaff,*** at Polk and Washington streets in San Francisco, is an impeccable example of a new culinary phenomenon—gourmet natural-food dining. To protect his friends against smog, tension, high blood pressure, cholesterol and chemical contamination, Rubin Glickman, the young lawyer who is the Honored Founder of Shandygaff, realized that great cooking, spring water, organic veggies and freshly baked breads are not enough. His secret added ingredient for a happy, healthy life—beautiful girls. The delicious creatures of Shandygaff rival those of the Trident in Sausalito for groovy smiles, shining macrobiotic teeth and braless deportment under their ballast of yoghurt, omelets with mushrooms cultured by pure hearts, and even—Shandygaff is not autocratically vegetarian—clam, fish and shrimp dishes. If tie-dyeing and whole-grain cereals can do it for these ladies, they also seem to do it for the tennis players, dope lawyers, hip bohemians, dealers, entertainers, artists, rolling stones and greedy gurus who in ever-larger numbers have discovered the lunch-and-dinner happenings at Shandygaff. This is no franchise operation ("Have decorator, will travel"). The banners of imaginary nations that hang from the ceiling, the verbal-pun mural in the men's room, the colors and lettering and menu are all the result of earnest, inspired tinkering. But those seeking a bastion of hip dogmatism should seek elsewhere. Squares are not turned away: A regular clientele of Little Old Ladies, chortling with vigor, gobbles Raw Fresh Vegetables in Season seated next to rock-band strays. (Of course, no ashtrays are offered. But you can smoke behind the green door that says ROOMS and nobody will object.) Shandygaff believes in wine, however, plus loafing, relaxing and herbal teas. Unfiltered honey, soy delights, fertile eggs, raw milk and the omnipresent yoghurt—oh, how to explain the hedonism of it all? Here, the name Shandygaff refers to a wine-and-orange-juice combination: juice squeezed on the spot; Chablis, alas, unstamped by the healthy, loving feet of the attendant ladies. The place has become a treat and

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## MOVIES

Columnist Pete Hamill wrote the scenario for ***Doc***, a myth-debunking Western shot in Spain by director Frank Perry as if he wanted to make sure the myth were dead. Characters named Doc Holliday, Kate Elder and Wyatt Earp are played, respectively, by Stacy Keach, Faye Dunaway and Harris Yulin—all speaking a brand of dialog that sounds like a New York newshound's parody of John Wayne on the *Late Show*. "Beans make ya fart" is a fair sample of Faye's contribution to gracious living in the American West, as interpreted by Hamill and Perry, whose theme seems to be that all our mythic heroes were sick, dirty, violent, decadent and otherwise far-from-perfect creatures. So that's why the nation's values are screwed up. Though Faye struggles valiantly to simulate normal human behavior, director Perry overwhelms her with his determination to make everyone act a legend come to life as a waxwork. He succeeds in spades with Keach and Yulin, who utter each line in measured cadences, *sotto voce*, their eyes fixed in the middle distance, where a man can see Destiny, seems like, if he remembers not to blink. Somehow they even manage to *walk* in slow motion, which is plumb crazy. Made crazier by a strained "modern" view of Holliday as a consumptive opium addict, probably the object of Earp's latent homosexual desires. John Wayne won't like any of this, nor do we. Too goddamn boring.

•

Working in a more conventional mode, Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan and Lee J. Cobb project magnitudes of star power that all but vanquish ***Lawman***, a slight Western about a proud marshal (Lancaster) trying to bring some bad guys to justice in a frontier town where the sheriff (Ryan) has been bought and paid for by a rich, powerful rancher (Cobb). It must have sounded like *High Noon* to British producer-director Michael Winner, a competent craftsman who evidently relished the opportunity to work out West with a trio of important American actors. Lancaster remains expressionless throughout, while his costars perform well-practiced tricks that could easily be spliced into a dozen other pictures frown for frown. Only

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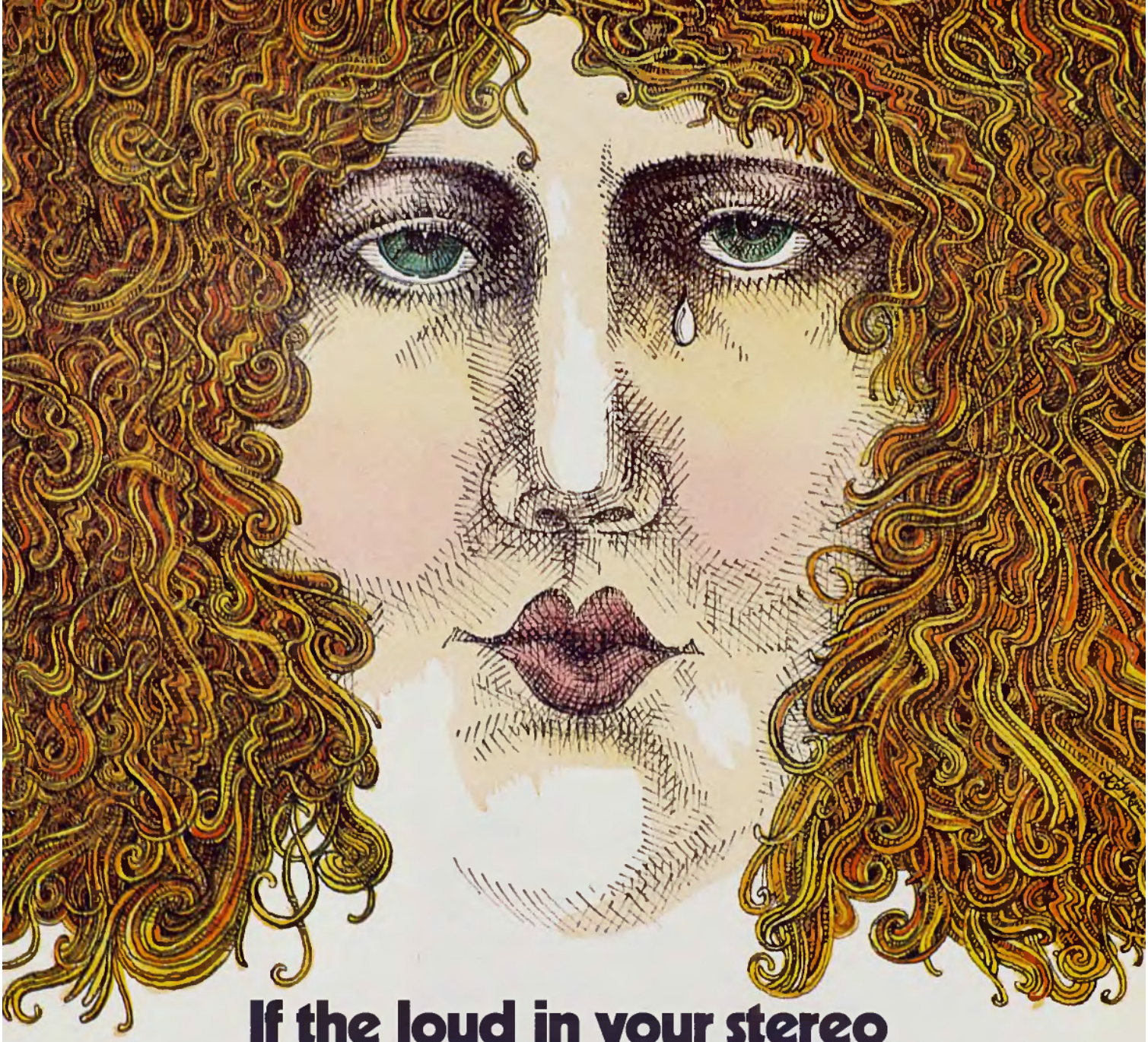
blonde Sheree North (remember?), playing an old flame who confronts the marshal with a plea for mercy, manages to transform her allotment of clichés into a moment of truth.

•

What writer-director-producer-narrator Bruce Brown did for surfing in *The Endless Summer*, he does for motorcycle racing in *On Any Sunday*. On several counts, *Sunday* is even better, because Brown and a dozen diligent cinematographers stop at nothing that might inhibit the vicarious thrill of crouching between the handlebars of a bike that burns up track at 165 mph. Brown's narration has the same gee-whiz tone as before. "You guys are nuts!" is his typical response to the spectacle of men who saw the casts off their fractured limbs or wrap a scarf around broken noses rather than give up another chance to bust themselves up on wheels. Why do they do it—when the prize is apt to be nothing more than a tinny trophy? *Sunday*'s answer is drowned out by the roar of a revved-up motor, followed by a steady, spontaneous hum of enthusiasm. Thrills, spills and unfailing good humor characterize the simple pleasures of cycling as Brown sees them, whether at the grueling Six Day Trials in El Escorial, Spain, or at the 100 Mile Grand Prix that annually draws 1500 amateur and professional racers to tiny Elsinore, California. Contributing to all this good clean mayhem are such acknowledged easy riders as Mert Lawwill, grand national champion of 1970, and Malcolm Smith, a virtuoso whose swinging style in the saddle may remind viewers of a bike-borne Fred Astaire. Financial backing for *On Any Sunday* was provided by Steve McQueen, the star of *Le Mans*, featured far more effectively here as an amateur speed demon who holds his own in several bruising events. Brown's slow-motion gimmickry and a musical score that reeks of *A Man and a Woman* are forgivable attempts to make motorbike racing look as lyrical as ballet; at best, he achieves a kind of raw physical poetry in spite of himself. But *Sunday* is never dull.

•

Bacteriological warfare between Russia and China has decimated the world's population and left Los Angeles—sometime after 1975—a dead city. At first the only recognizably human survivor is Charlton Heston, as a scientist who managed to immunize himself against the global plague. Pitted against him, because he represents the destructive power of a modern technological society, is a tribe of hideous mutants led by a night creature named Matthias (Anthony Zerbe), who declares the scientist guilty of "medicine, weapons, machines, electricity," and says: "We mean to cancel



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the world you civilized people made." Though sluggish in sections, ***The Omega Man*** is an unusually intelligent science-fiction thriller based on Richard Matheson's novel *I Am Legend*, adapted with care by John and Joyce Corrington (who also wrote the screenplay for *Von Richthofen and Brown*, reviewed below). Heston gives a dynamic, thoughtful performance—underscoring his patented virility with a touch of wry detachment as he talks to himself, rages at fate or sits disconsolately in an empty theater watching (obviously for the 100th time) the dear departed protagonists of *Woodstock*. He subsequently finds some provocative companions in misery and hits it off best with black actress Rosalind Cash, as a girl whose charms instantly dissolve all color barriers. First-class photography can be taken for granted in a major Hollywood film with money to spend, yet cinematographer Russell (*The Misfits* and *Spartacus*) Metty doubles and triples *Omega Man*'s impact with his powerful images of L.A. as a still-glittering, ghostly metropolis suddenly returned to the Dark Ages.

•

Lean, handsome John Phillip Law, whose clean-cut profile has so far excused him from really serious acting, plays Baron Manfred von Richthofen, Germany's World War One flying ace, in ***Von Richthofen and Brown***. Opposite Law, Don Stroud has the better role and makes the most of it as Canadian fighter pilot Roy Brown, who supposedly shot down the Red Baron. The Corringtons' absorbing but wildly uneven screenplay shuttles back and forth across the English Channel, collecting glimpses of the two sworn foes as they move toward their fateful hour of combat: Brown, the cool technician whose skill and detachment presage the inhuman efficiency of modern warfare; Von Richthofen, the old-line European aristocrat for whom war was a tournament, an airborne joust, the supreme test of a gentleman's courage and gallantry. There's a basic intelligence in the film's conception that makes up for much hokum concerning an incidental character named Hermann Goering and some forced sexual cuteness among the Red Baron, a blonde (Karen Huston) and a Fokker triplane. Director Roger Corman, his reputation inflated by a series of stylish horror films before he cracked the big time, hasn't yet kicked some of the low habits he picked up on the shock circuit. *Von Richthofen and Brown*, however, is loaded with promising signs for his future.

•

For the first half hour or so, the film version of Jacqueline Susann's ***The Love Machine*** (adapted by Samuel Taylor) looks and sounds like one of those good-bad movies that audiences love to



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hate, or at least to hoot at. The impulse to just lean back and enjoy author Susann's vulgarity proves almost irresistible when Robert Ryan, as the sober chief of a TV network, weighs a major programming decision in his sumptuous executive suite, finally wheezing, "Look at those pictures on the wall . . . Picasso, Matisse. You think *those* fellows played it safe?" Few recent movies have offered such pearls of dialog. Unfortunately, *Love Machine* soon lapses into a boring board-room melodrama about a showbiz barracuda named Robin Stone (John Phillip Law again), who pumps "guts and excitement" into TV and is kept busy producing similar results with the girls he takes to bed. Dyan Cannon, as the network chairman's restless wife, casually performs her predictable acts of bitchery, and Jackie Cooper is effective as a scarred warrior in the struggle for corporate power. But *Love Machine*'s cleverest stunt is a dry performance by David Hemmings as a homosexual photographer, the hero's one-and-only friend. Hemmings escapes the pervasive air of mediocrity by keeping himself aloof, coolly projecting disdain for his lines, his colleagues and the movie as a whole. That attitude seems just right.

•

Hamming it up as two rascally representatives of Her Majesty's government, John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson make great sport of their roles in ***Eagle in a Cage,*** an otherwise insignificant movie about the last days of Napoleon's exile on St. Helena. As the doomed captive eagle, Kenneth Haigh shows a remarkable resemblance to Rod Steiger in *Waterloo* and acts accordingly, spouting axioms about war and peace and man's infinite corruptibility for the benefit of his aides and mistresses (Billie Whitelaw and Georgia Hale perform very well as the latter). One would swear, by the sound of it, that the whole show was adapted scene for scene from a stodgy English historical play, but writer-producer Millard Lampell and director Fielder Cook evidently brought down this flapping *Eagle* on their own. Though Gielgud and Richardson try everything short of straw hats and tap dancing to knock a semblance of life into it, they arrive too late.

•

In ***The Red Tent,*** Russian and Italian film makers unite with an English-speaking cast to re-create a real-life disaster based on accounts of the 1928 polar expedition led by Italian general Umberto Nobile, an ambitious but inexperienced man who set off a tragedy of errors when he tried to fly a dirigible over the North Pole. The mighty airship crashed in an arctic wasteland, ultimately cost the life of Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen (lost while searching for survivors) and occasioned a nasty



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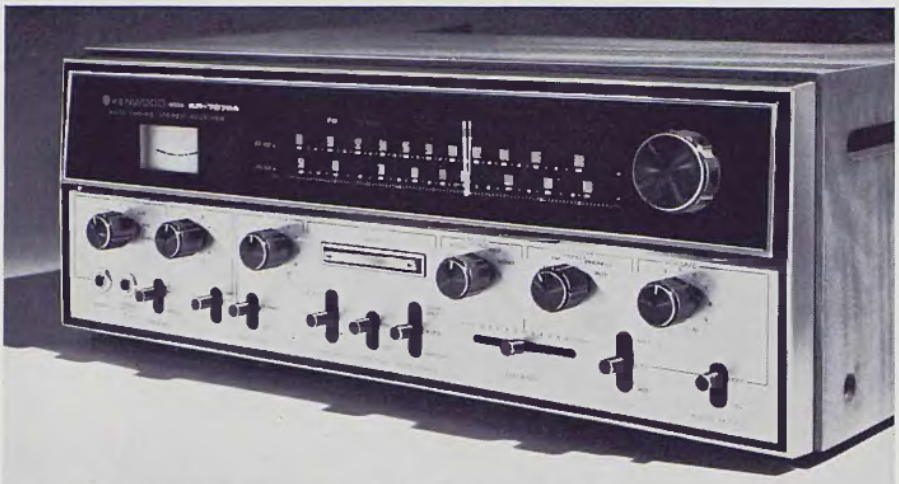

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scandal. Though the actual events retain their fascination and were filmed in desolate northern snowscapes where tales of incredible hardship are easy to believe, the movie itself is as much a wreck as that dirigible. Peter Finch miscast as Nobile. Sean Connery subdued as Amundsen and Claudia Cardinale as a girl who refuses to give up hope for her fiancé are moved around like cutouts by Soviet director Mickail K. Kalatozov (remembered in the West for his poignant *The Cranes Are Flying*). Already handicapped by its academic rhythm and trite dialog ("He's *not* dead. If he were, I would know it," pines Claudia.), the tale unfolds in the shaky dramatic structure of a trial scene —a recurring fantasy staged 40 years later in the mind of the weary, dishonored Nobile, who summons ghosts from the past to decide his guilt or innocence. Guilty—all of them!

•

***Billy Jack*** exploits sex and violence while ostensibly preaching peace and love, yet director T. C. Frank and his scenarists cannot be accused of cynicism. In fact, utter sincerity is the saving grace of *Billy Jack*, a disarming drama starring Tom Laughlin in the title role as a half-breed Indian war hero who doffs his Green Beret and comes home to Arizona to defend the ancient rights of his forefathers. Billy also stands tall against small-town ignorance and prejudice on behalf of a prairie school, where troubled teenagers with longish hair and hippie manners try to work out their hang-ups with touch therapy and that sort of thing. As the determined schoolma'am in charge, newcomer Delores Taylor (Mrs. Laughlin in private life) also takes complete charge of the movie itself. With a prematurely aged face that doesn't match her supple, athletic body, Delores is plainly an amateur, but an inspired one, whose simple sense of truth carries her to emotional peaks that a more experienced actress might give an arm to achieve. She is beaten, raped and humiliated in sundry other ways before *Billy Jack* runs out of dastardly deeds for a passel of bigots and bad guys. While the general level of perception remains low to medium, the movie occasionally generates something like the freshness of street theater—improvised on the spot by people who believe in what they're doing, even when they don't do all of it well.

•

The credits for ***The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*** promise a kind of satire that never materializes in the movie, based on a novel by Charles Webb, author of *The Graduate*. For his debut as a director, Lawrence Turman (who produced *The Graduate*) hired Richard Benjamin to play the hero, one of those contemporary young clods with a rebel's heart thumping away inside his stuffed shirt. As the

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restive wife, lissome Joanna Shimkus finds her California-modern home a trap and would like to run off to New York to enter modeling school. In addition, she takes a rather dim view of her husband's slipping out the bathroom window with binoculars to play Peeping Tom. Turman's standard direction does little to freshen up a series of more or less obligatory scenes—the impromptu interlude with a turned-on blonde at the beach, the lonely auto ride with a pop tune whining on the sound track, the provocative moment or two with wifey's meddlesome sister and, of course, the visit with an asinine lady psychiatrist. What it all comes to in the end is the rediscovery that an upper-middle-class marriage arranged around tennis-club membership and a retirement plan leaves much to be desired.

•

Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine, crudely disguised as hippies, double up on a motorbike and pull a series of bank robberies in ***Bunny O'Hare***. The movie's central idea—if you can call it an idea—appears to be a senior-citizen spoof of *Bonnie and Clyde*, with Bette cast as a lunatic little old lady who has been cruelly mistreated by her grasping children and heartless banks. Set in the Southwest, *Bunny* even manages a smidgen of social significance in the figure of a reactionary police lieutenant (Jack Cassidy) who vows to stop the crime wave by arresting every goddamn hippie in the state. This brand of antiestablishment comedy is apt to embarrass young and old, rich and poor, radical and conservative. *Bunny* also marks a setback for die-hard Davis fans, who must grieve over Hollywood's insistence on catering to the worshipers of youth by exhibiting its classiest *grande dames* in gargoyle roles.

•

Somewhere in Arizona, courageous sportsmen gather for the fine fun of shooting down helpless buffaloes that are herded into a pen and destroyed as a form of population control. Nearby, half a dozen confused city kids from a camp ("You send us a boy, we'll send you a cowboy") plot a dawn raid to set the animals free. Of course, their well-meaning prank ends in tragedy. Can a young, idealistic outsider ever hope to win against gun-slinging middle-aged fascists? Thus goes ***Bless the Beasts & Children***, Stanley Kramer's version of a novel by Glendon Swarthout; and let no man say that Kramer limits himself to piddling themes. Unhappily, his intentions once again considerably outweigh his directorial skills, for he is a most conventional storyteller, as well as a pop moralist who shrinks from understatement as if it were the plague. *Beasts & Children*, photographed on location, is competently overacted by six young

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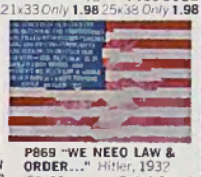

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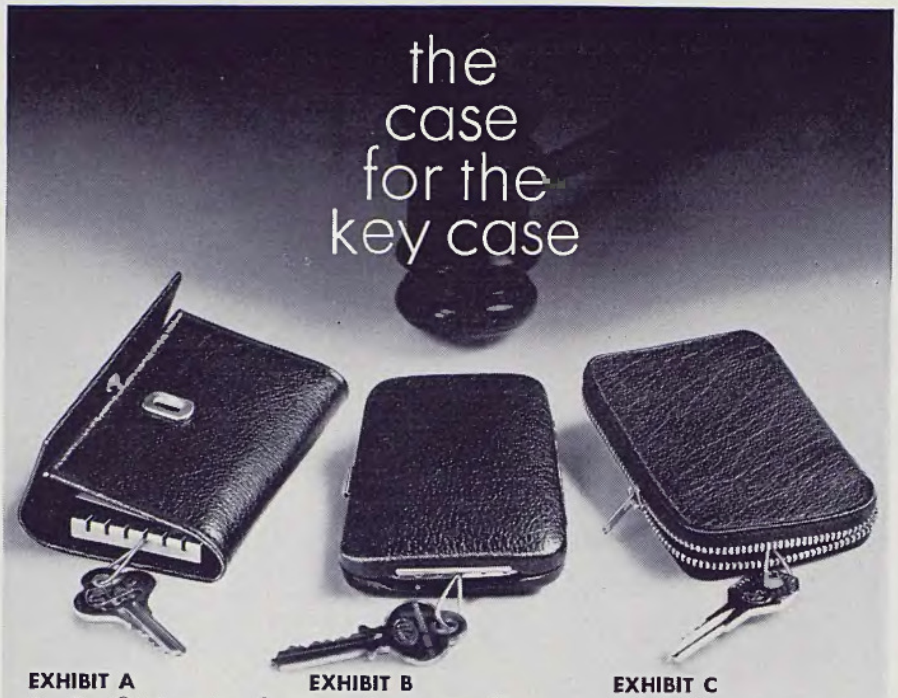


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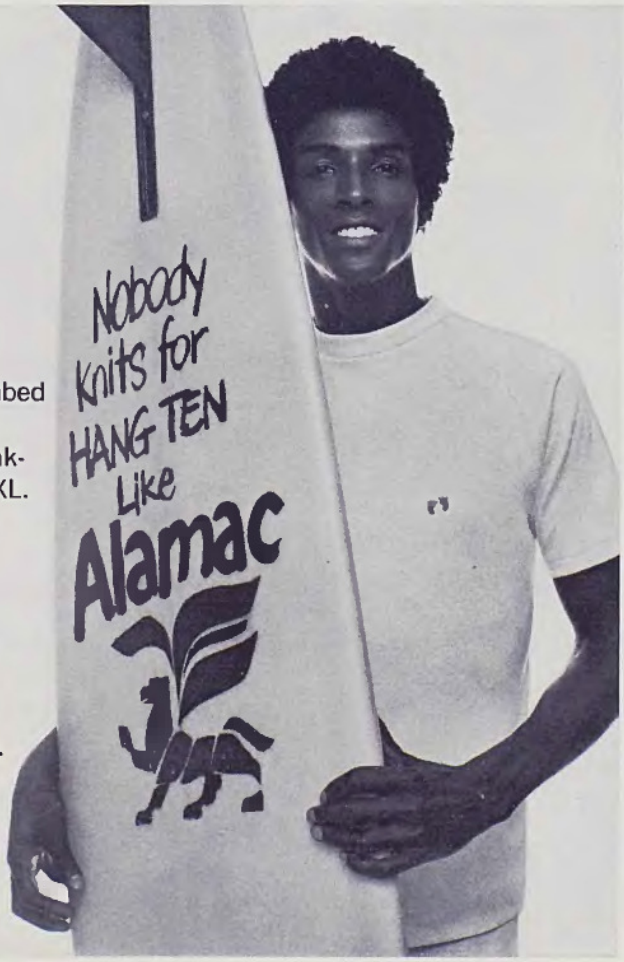


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performers in roles that could have been worked out on a computer: There's the Jewish comedian's son, the son of a Jew-baiting bigot, a couple of sibling rivals, a fatherless child of divorce and a sensitive boy whose parents fear he's a fag. At moments, Kramer's absolute conviction about the importance of what he's saying gives his film some forward drive; but more often, he seems merely a journeyman moviemaker trying to turn exploitation into art.

•

Completed in France in 1966 and banned for two years by the French Ministry of Information, ***The Nun*** is based on Diderot's 18th Century classic, *La Religieuse*. Anna Karina, in the title role, has a modern sensual quality rather at odds with the inviolable virtue of Diderot's heroine, Suzanne Simonin, but her passionate performance nonetheless makes the film exhilarating. Stylistically, it's an awkward piece—lifeless at the beginning, hasty at the end—yet Diderot saves the day with his fascinatingly true, cruel tale of a nun who petitioned through the courts to be released from her vows, lost the case and was hounded by Church, state and family for the rest of her life. Though *The Nun* is an attack on the abuses of absolute power rather than an antireligious work, its offensiveness to Catholic pressure groups comes as no surprise, for there are scenes of stolid nuns viciously humiliating their sister under a Mother Superior's approving eye—plus a celebrated episode set in a convent populated by flamboyant Lesbians and ruled over by a nymphomaniac. To a 1971 viewer, Sister Suzanne's views of morality, freedom and justice may seem slightly square: but very few squares have had her instinct for spectacular controversy.

•

French cinematographer Raoul Coutard, whose brilliant camerawork has enhanced the reputations of such directors as Godard, Truffaut and Costa-Gavras, produces equally helpful results for himself as writer-director of his first feature, ***Hoa Binh***. The title is Vietnamese for peace, and the movie would be interesting if only because so few contemporary films have attempted to convey the feel of life in the war-ravaged villages of Vietnam. Yet, despite the fact that it was showered with European prizes and earned a 1971 Academy Award nomination as best foreign film, *Hoa Binh* remains little more than a colorful illustrated essay. The format is the day-by-day chronicle of a pitiably young boy—one of war's innocent victims—who must fend for himself and a baby sister when Daddy marches off to join the Viet Cong and his dying mother is taken off to a hospital. Thus, political issues are shunted quietly aside, as if there were no arguable question about a man's



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obligations to his sick wife and starving children taking precedence over his duty to fight the American imperialist pigs. The end comes, however inconclusively, when father and son run to embrace each other outside the nursery walls. As joyful-reunion scenes go, Coutard's is well done on a level of drama that reduces devastating human problems to a simplistic party line.

•

There ought to be a special citation —perhaps a bronze phallus with oak-leaf cluster—for virginal GIs who have nobly sacrificed their innocence in Army comedies. As hero of ***Welcome to the Club***, newcomer Brian Foley plays a morale officer and practicing Quaker who ultimately loses his cherry to blonde, busty Lee Meredith. Lee is referred to in several scenes as "a stacked WAC," evidence that *Club* takes place during the postwar U. S. occupation of Japan. Though ostensibly set in Hiroshima, the high-jinks at H. Q. were actually filmed in a Danish hotel, which bears no more resemblance to Hiroshima than *Welcome to the Club* bears to *M. A. S. H.* Except for Jack Warden, cast as a jauntily obscene general and flying so high that the script can hardly touch him, the film's verbal japes about sex, race and religion beg for dishonorable discharge. When the Quaker hero is driven to curse, for example, he says, "Up thine."

## RECORDINGS

Because she possesses an abundance of talent, Joni Mitchell has always tried to respond to new musical challenges. ***Blue*** (Reprise) is her most ambitious undertaking so far, and it includes everything from pop folk ballads to what used to be called art songs. Not all of it works; Joni seems unable to resist cute whimsical images, and *My Old Man*, for instance, contains some pretty bad musical clichés. Yet there are great songs here, such as *Carey*, splendid accompaniments by Stephen Stills, James Taylor and Sneaky Pete, and Joni's capricious, beautifully expressive voice—full of a kind of hip sadness, telling of traveling and loving.

•

Last year, Loudon Wainwright III was considered something of a find. His first Atlantic album displayed a plaintive, highly personal style of modern folk balladry. Wainwright's cracking, sliding tenor voice wrapped itself around vividly conceived fantasies, childhood memories and satiric observations in a way that made some of us suspect we'd discovered a new Dylan, one of sentiment and deep feeling. Yet the album was frequently detached and monotonous in mood and manner. ***Album II*** (Atlantic) shows how far Wainwright has come in human perceptions and musical depth. The crazy, oblique vision that pervades *Me and My Friend the Cat* is the opening clue to his approach of forming an alliance with unlikely people and objects. *Nice Jewish Girls* provide a fateful attraction for a "country gentile" such as Wainwright describes himself; *Be Careful, There's a Baby in the House* admonishes how babies puncture adult sham and fakery; in *Samson and the Warden*, hair is the issue as Samson, busted for pot, cries for mercy at the hands of the warden; in *Plane, Too*, a childlike selectivity of observation conveys all you'll ever need to know about air travel. Loudon Wainwright III has developed his crabbed style to maturity, and *Album II* is a delight.

•

The Jazz Crusaders are dead. Long live The Crusaders. The group debuts its shortened name on ***Pass the Plate*** (Chisa) and it's a smashing bow, indeed. Messrs. Henderson, Hooper, Sample and Felder have their funky sound so totally together, the interplay is uncanny. Guitarist Arthur Adams has been incorporated into the proceedings, as has the dancing of Philemon Hou on the *Tap 'n Shuffle* segment of the extended title number. An LP destined for many replays.

•

Of all the female vocalists around, Nina Simone is perhaps the most moving. Nothing she has done could be considered surfacy or shallow, and ***Here Comes the Sun*** (RCA) is no exception. The title ballad, *Just like a Woman*, *Mr. Bojangles* and *New World Coming* are sterling examples of her hauntingly evocative, strictly Simone approach to a song. The large studio backing doesn't do very much to help Miss Simone's cause, but, happily, this is a case of artistry triumphing over overproduction.

•

***Tarkus*** (Cotillion), by Emerson, Lake & Palmer, is a frustrating collection by a very capable English rock group—frustrating because there is much good music here as well as lots of overblown, empty stuff. Side one contains a rock tone poem whose program is described in the fanciful pictures decorating the inner sleeves. Tarkus, it seems, is born in a volcano and emerges, half armadillo and half armored tank, for a series of encounters with other primordial, armed monsters. Oh, wow! What a dynamite, killer idea! Side two redeems things somewhat with fine piano on *Jeremy Bender* by Keith Emerson, a happy Fifties-style *Are You Ready Eddy?* and the rhythmic interest of *Infinite Space*.

•

Bring together Woody Herman's hard-driving young band and the rock guitar of Mike Bloomfield and you have something ***Brand New*** (Fantasy), a mind-blowing session of jazz-*cum*-rock-*cum*-blues. One of the most astonishing

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features of the recording is the contribution of pianist-composer-arranger Alan Broadbent, whose tunes and charts are superb. Bloomfield has no trouble at all getting into the Herman groove and the other soloists are first-rate (Bobby Burgess' bonework on Broadbent's *Love in Silent Amber* is a thing of absolute beauty reminiscent of Bill Harris at his best). Hail the still-thundering Herd.

•

The revival of Charles-Valentin Alkan proceeds apace. A French contemporary of Liszt and Wagner, Alkan was a scholarly eccentric who composed copiously and imaginatively for the piano despite an almost total lack of recognition in his lifetime. Today his foremost advocate is Raymond Lewenthal, the performer, annotator and narrator of a collection titled ***Funeral March for a Papagallo and Other Grotesqueries of Alkan*** (Columbia). The atypical title piece is a dullish nonsense dirge for voices and woodwinds, notable chiefly for its anticipations of Erik Satie. Otherwise, the album surveys the mordant and mellifluous keyboard music that was Alkan's specialty. Pianist Lewenthal serves it all up with dazzling virtuosity.

•

The Byrds may be flying again, but don't bet on it. Since they have always been a derivative, yet entertaining, group, it's hard to tell where they're going next. ***Byrdmaniax*** (Columbia) contains Fifties rock, happy Jesus music, political and film satire, country hoedown music and pretty-pretty rock—none of it terribly memorable. The best things are *Tunnel of Love*, a satiric fantasy on death and the bomb, and *Kathleen's Song*, one of Roger McGuinn's nicer ballads. The album's cover shows the four Byrds in metal life masks. What that signifies is anybody's guess.

•

Vivid instrumental and vocal textures abound in ***The Yes Album*** (Atlantic), the third by this British group. The close-harmony, upper-register singing will remind you of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, but it's generally more competent, certainly more ambitious. In fact, during one or two of the long numbers, Yes's ambition borders on pretension. When the blend of texture and structure is right, as in *I've Seen All Good People*, they make beautiful music.

•

The vocals of Jimmy Rushing are like old friends—familiar, warm and dependable. On ***The You and Me That Used to Be*** (RCA), Rushing is given stalwart backing by the likes of Ray Nance, who teams up with Zoot Sims, and Al Cohn, who is paired with Budd Johnson, both duos working with pianist Dave Frishberg, bassist Milton Hinton and drummer Mel Lewis. The tunes are oldies, but, oh, my, are they goodies: *Fine and Mellow, I Surrender Dear, My Last Affair, More than You Know, Thanks a Million* and others of that lustrous ilk. It's good to have Rushing around to remind us what swinging singing is all about.

•

***Redwing*** (Fantasy) had its origins as a group in Sacramento seven years ago and, in various guises, has been fighting the music business and looking for the Big One ever since. Now it's got Andrew Samuels playing grand lead guitar and seems to have discovered a unique style and voice—somewhere between The Band's and the Grateful Dead's. This is hard-nosed electric country music, suburbanized, amplified and sanitized. Yet it's powerful stuff: Listen to *Hogtied*. Redwing has served its apprenticeship well.

•

We can't take the title of Ramsey Lewis' new LP, ***Back to the Roots*** (Cadet), too seriously. Lewis has never really been away from the roots. He and his trio (drummer Morris Jennings, Jr., and bassist Cleveland Eaton, Jr.) have always put forth ample helpings of funky soul filled with exuberance, feeling and technical skill, if not innovation. The trio is augmented by organist Charles Stepney, guitarist Gerald Sims and the top-drawer harmonica of Bobby Rush on the title tune and *Up in Yonder*. Lewis and Company are uniformly outstanding throughout.

•

Tom Paxton has remained true to the folk traditions of Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger and Burl Ives. He has also improved his own singing over the years to the point where he can combine humor, satire, pointed seriousness and pathos in a variety of good songs. His latest collection, ***How Come the Sun*** (Reprise), does just that. Paxton often superimposes a modern point of view on traditional material: Particularly effective here are *I Had to Shoot That Rabbit* and *General Custer*, which make, respectively, a serious and a humorous point about Vietnam military psychology.

•

Blood, Sweat & Tears finally redeems the promise of its first album (and compensates for some of its intervening disasters) with ***B, S & T; 4*** (Columbia). The disc is well produced, for a change; the arrangements are sophisticated and biting, the musicianship of a high caliber. David Clayton-Thomas is outstanding, both singing and playing guitar on *Go Down Gamblin'*; while Fred Lipsius, who did Al Kooper's *John the Baptist* and Steve Katz's *Valentine's Day*, is probably the best arranger in the band. Blood, Sweat & Tears is nine men who have learned how to develop instrumental patterns in a considerable variety of

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•

It is an article of faith among the avant-garde that contemporary music has no significance other than to give meaning to the glut of sounds that surround us in everyday life. In accord with this dubious dictum, Mauricio Kagel has composed ***Der Schall*** (Deutsche Grammophon), meaning "The Sound," an exercise wherein five dexterous players pluck, blow, whack and otherwise manipulate a bizarre assortment of 54 instruments. These implements run the gamut from tortoise shell to telephone. It's a moot point whether the resultant din is better suited to starting or stopping a conversation.

•

***Orville Stoeber / Songs*** (Uni) is an interesting recording, indeed. The words and music are by Stoeber (except for Ronald Tavel's lyrics to *No More Masterpieces* and two e. e. cummings poems) and the voice is distinctly Stoeber's—a trained tenor that seems right at home with the cummings poetry or his own raunchy *Seventh Avenue*, rocking *Annabelle Lee* and melancholy *Like an Ocean*. Stoeber also plays guitar and is helped by Harry Palmer on guitar, Ray Barrett on piano and organ and George Duvivier on bass. A compelling talent, Orville Stoeber.

•

Gary McFarland, an erstwhile jazz musician who has broadened his musical spectrum considerably in recent years, has teamed up with Peter Smith—vocalist, lyricist and designer (he did the cover art for the LP)—to produce ***Butterscotch Rum*** (Buddah), a lovely album with more than a strong hint of Randy Newman in its nine McFarland-Smith songs. The tunes —with McFarland and Smith sharing the vocal chores—deal with contemporary and classic themes (love, loneliness, drugs, religion, creativity) and the back-up group is made up of crackerjack jazzmen and studio musicians.

## THEATER

If there's anything more pretentious than relevant opera, it's rock opera. And if there's anything that shares the worst of both worlds, it's ***Jesus Christ Superstar.*** Expecting the worst, we caught the authorized Robert Stigwood production in Highland Park, a Chicago suburb, and were only slightly disappointed. Not long ago, some underassistant West Coast promo man discovered that a rock band could string together half a dozen isolated songs by theme, *segue* them neatly with background *musique concrète* or tamboura drone and present them as an electric-wrapped nickel bag for the stoned listener. Ever since, most of the intelligence and professionalism in rock music have been thoroughly hyped and windbagged, until, finally, the inevitable *Jesus Christ Superstar.* And, regardless of what your sideburned clergyman says, *J. C. S.* is neither rock nor relevant. Skimming off the style of other artists' more original substance, *Superstar*'s writers, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, "sear your senses" (in the publicist's words) with a little derivative Hendrix here, a pinch of early Motown and Gospel there, some Paul McCartney neoragtime and, of course, just a tokenful of ad-agency soul with the obligatory screaming Negroes. There are few bars in the whole production, ambitious though it is, that bear any resemblance to good gut-funky, churnin', bubblin', git-down rock. To feel how sexless, middlebrow and masscult this stuff is, just turn on the Stones—full volume—for comparison. Part of the problem is that rock has no business associating with opera; onstage, in concert or on record. Opera embraces themes somewhat larger than life, with a score, and counts on vocal power beyond the range of ordinary men. Rock at its best celebrates the spontaneous in musical interaction and exults in the free play of natural, common emotions. Given the overwrought frippery of which they are prisoners, the Stigwood *Superstar* troupe —featuring a cast of 20 singers, a 32-piece orchestra, six-man rock band, plus musical and lighting directors—puts on an impressive, if not quite unparalleled, show. By theatrical standards, the production is well engineered and musical director Marc Pressel keeps orchestra, band, chorus and soloists together, nicely mixed and moving. Bass Bob Bingham (Caiaphus) and tenors Alan Martin (Herod) and Lyle Countryman (Pilate) not only have fine voices but, because they have some sense of dramatic craft, they steal the show. Jeff Fenholt, as Jesus, is so Christlike that we were tempted to mount him on our dashboard. As an actor, he's almost as plastic, although he sings well enough. Carl Anderson, a black Judas, brings to his role as the agonized betrayer exactly what the script calls for —unbridled hamminess—and Yvonne Elliman (Mary Magdalene), as the archetypal "hooker with a heart," re-creates her cast-album hit *I Don't Know How to Love Him* with all the spirituality of a night-club chantootsie. It's doubtful, however, that we've seen the last of *Jesus Christ Superstar* nor of the hordes of lesser imitators currently being mounted by cashbox carnivores who delight in the quick buck, the big sell and the cheap shot. Jesus was no Jumpin' Jack Flash, he was the Prince of Peace. And though the Stones might dubiously claim that rock holds out its greatest sympathy for the Devil, we hope that the form will eventually do better by the gentle prophet than this.

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A pothead friend has assured me that if grass is kept in the freezer, it will increase in potency. Right or wrong?—J. B., San Francisco, California.

*Wrong—keeping pot in the freezer will not increase its potency. On the other hand, one researcher for the National Institute of Mental Health keeps his stash in a freezer to prevent a loss of potency, which he believes may gradually happen. Some researchers contend, however, that while grass may lose some of its punch initially, it quickly stabilizes. Probably the safest place for grass is where it is cool and dry.*

I've always considered myself a red-blooded American, with all the normal desires of one; but at the age of 26, I have to acknowledge a major failing. After achieving an orgasm with a woman, I'm usually incapable of performing again during the same evening. Friends my age tell me they're good for two, three and sometimes four go-arounds. Not long ago, a bed partner quoted some sex statistics by way of questioning my manhood. I'm afraid she may have been right. What's wrong with me?—M. A., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Only your definition of manhood. There are no norms for sexual performance, and bedroom comparisons are usually based on bullshit, lack of knowledge or inability to capitalize on one's sexual strengths, whatever they may be. If you can go only one round, then make it a good one, a round that is not only satisfying but memorable, even ecstatic. If you sense that your partner prefers a longer program, add more preliminaries and perhaps a bit of postplay. Just don't measure yourself by the lies of others.*

Dancing has always interested me and I would like to go into it professionally. Unfortunately, my parents are dead set against it, primarily because my father is convinced all male dancers are "fags," as he puts it. Despite his opinion, I intend to enroll in a ballet school this winter; but I would like some arguments to help change his viewpoint. Any suggestions?—A. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*You might ask your father how many professional dancers he's known personally. You might also take him to a performance of Edward Villella of the New York City Ballet. Villella has been both a champion welterweight boxer and an award-winning baseball player. Though a dancer obviously should be judged for his terpsichorean talent rather than for his sexual preferences, Villella himself has this to offer on the subject: "I think the homosexual element is kind of a tired old idea and it's diminishing." The muscular skill and sense of timing required of a good dancer is shown to best advantage in modern ballet, which has an explosive masculinity when compared with the delicate grace of classical ballets such as "Swan Lake" and "Giselle"; your father's opinion of dancers is probably based on the latter. But to consider a man effeminate because he dances for a living is like considering a woman masculine because she's a doctor.*

The man I'm thinking of marrying is divorced, intelligent and handsome, and I am very strongly attracted to him. However, he has been leading a life involving heavy drinking, sex orgies, wife and date swapping, nudism and the like. I'm not involved with any of this and he doesn't want me to be. His notion is that after we're married, I'll remain faithful while he continues to play—perhaps keep a mistress—if he feels the need. He says he can't live any other way, but the thought of a marriage like this is something I just can't accept. Is my attitude outmoded?—Miss C. S., Birmingham, Alabama.

*No, your boyfriend's is. His double-standard ideas are a throwback to the Victorian age. Based on what you've told us, we feel that his values are so different from yours that we can't recommend your marrying him.*

Having finally decided that since I don't love America I would be better off leaving it, I have made up my mind to emigrate to Australia. What worries me, aside from whether or not they'll let me in, is what the job situation is like there. What's the scoop?—C. P., Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Australia, with a scant 12,000,000 people to fill the entire continent, is hungry for immigrants and has an annual immigration program with a target for the fiscal year 1971–1972 of 110,000 newcomers. Requirements are good health, good character, enough money to live on while you're job hunting and a skill that Australia can use—which is practically any skill. No sponsor is required nor is a promise of a job necessary, since chances of finding one are excellent; Australia has enjoyed full employment for the past 25 years. Consular officials interview potential immigrants and discourage those who they feel will not fit into Australia's primarily "European community"; this means that, while all races with needed aptitudes will be considered, unskilled whites will be discouraged and unskilled blacks and Orientals stand virtually no*


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*chance of permanent residence. The Passage Assistance Program will pay at least $375 (U.S. dollars) toward the fare for each family member (economy adult air fare from California to Australia is $531) after arrival; if you stay less than two years, you must repay the loan. In fiscal 1970–1971, 5500 Americans emigrated to down under, up from 3847 the previous year.*

My girl, who is French, told me that she could no longer bear to be my girlfriend and that she didn't wish to continue our sex relationship. She insisted, however, that she really valued my friendship and invited me to accompany her to Europe next summer; she has many friends there with whom we could stay at no expense. She excites me. The proposed trip excites me. But the idea of a Platonic friendship with her does not excite me. Should I go to Europe with her?—H. F., Dubuque, Iowa.

*If the girl and the trip turn you on that much, you have little to lose by going. A summer without sex—which is the worst that can happen—won't be the end of the world. Meanwhile, don't accept the finality of the Platonic plateau and, above all, don't carry on like a puppy who's been put out of the house. Prove yourself on her turf, in Europe, and you may find a future together.*

Recent press reports about vitamin C frequently mention rose hips as an excellent source of the vitamin. What are they and why are they so good?—T. K., Little Rock, Arkansas.

*Rose hips are the swellings at the base of the flowers that enclose the seeds. In the fall, rose hips are bright red and can be harvested for food. The vitamin-C content of a cup of pared rose hips is equal to that of 10 to 12 dozen oranges; in countries that have few citrus trees, such as Russia, the collecting of rose hips for their ascorbic acid is a large industry.*

For almost a year, I've been a confidant and advisor to a buddy's girlfriend. They are currently having serious problems and she has been leaning more and more on my counsel. Unfortunately, I've fallen in love with her. I've been careful not to let her know it, because of her deep involvement with my friend. Now that things are cracking up, however, I'm tempted to make my own pitch for her affections. You can see the difficulty of the situation and why I need advice on how to proceed.—M. W., Akron, Ohio.

*As to proceeding at the moment—don't. You'd be taking unfair advantage of privileged information and you'd probably lose your buddy's friendship. Also, the girl may very well look upon you solely as a friend and would not appreciate the added complication at this time. After the breakup, however—if they do break up—it's another story. You should then advise your friend of your intentions and inform the girl that you are changing your status from confidant to contender.*

I hope to start college soon, but money is somewhat tight. Some friends tell me that it's still possible to get a Government loan, while others say the program has been discontinued. I read about such loans in the May 1969 *Playboy Advisor* but wonder if you would fill me in on the current situation.—M. B., Topeka, Kansas.

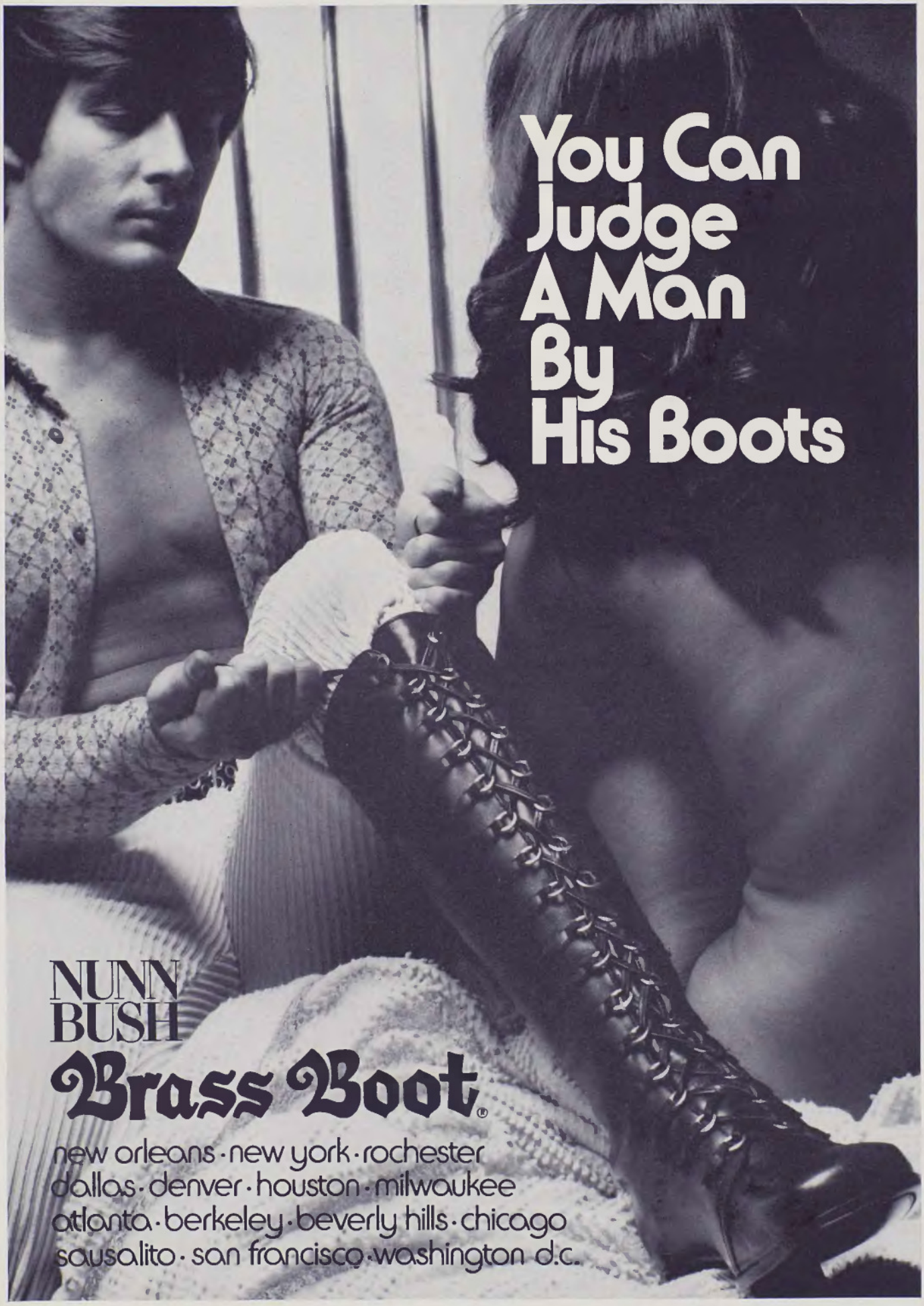
*The National Defense Student Loan Program is still operating; but you're right, money is tight and it may be difficult to borrow the maximum allowed by law. In practice, the Government lends the money to the school, which in turn lends it to the student, so the amount may differ somewhat, depending on the school. A maximum of $1000 per year may be borrowed by undergraduates (graduate students may borrow up to $2500 annually) at three percent interest; repayment schedules, which usually run from $15 to $25 per month, begin nine months after graduation (or dropping out). If you go on to teach, you can deduct ten percent of the loan per year for five years, for a total of 50 percent. It may also be possible to borrow the money from the state, under somewhat different terms; information about this and the money itself is available through your local bank.*

On my third date with an attractive girl, she told me that I was the guy. On the fourth date, she said she wanted us to become engaged on her birthday, two months hence, and married six months after that. I dig this girl and admit she's taken over my thoughts, but I'm confused now that she's taking over my life as well. I'm wondering if things that work so fast can work so well. I need help with a decision because I may find myself totally committed to marriage before I'm sure about what I'm doing.—D. M., Phoenix, Arizona.

*Why not stop being a listener and tell the girl that a few dates do not constitute a proposal of marriage? Let her know you like her and want to continue seeing her, but that it's not a license to chart your future as if it were a moon shot.*

I am planning to take a trip soon and will be flying for the first time. Is it safe to pack aerosol cans and glass bottles containing alcohol and cologne to be transported in high-flying jets?—Mrs. J. P., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*It's quite unlikely, but in the event of a sudden change in pressure, the items you mention could explode. The contents of your cans and bottles are under some strain as it is, since the plane is pressurized*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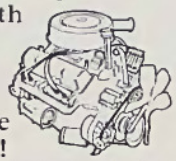

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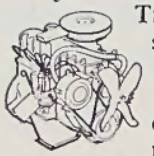

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**A** friend recently told me that the best applejack he has ever tasted was made in France and that it was, in fact, a popular drink over there. Was he putting me on? Do the French really make applejack and, if so, does it differ in any way from the American version?—T. W., Seattle, Washington.

*The French do, indeed, make applejack, or apple brandy—which they call calvados. Both applejack and calvados are made from distilled apple cider and are aged in wood. American applejack is usually aged two to five years, French calvados at least ten. Both are bottled at under 90 proof.*

**I**'ve heard that in the near future it may be possible to produce offspring asexually—indeed, even artificial insemination will not be needed. This sounds like science fiction to me, but a friend insists that it's a possibility. Can you give me the word on this so I can tell my friend it's nonsense?—D. B., Chicago, Illinois.

*The process, called cloning, is not nonsense and has already been tried with frogs. It consists of replacing the nucleus of an ovum with the nucleus of some specialized cell from a donor's body (the donor can be male or female but must be an adult). The offspring is then an identical genetic duplicate of the donor. Among the possibilities is that parents could have children that would be genetic duplicates of famous people—if the celebrities were willing to be donors—or they could make genetically exact duplicates of themselves, if they so desired. There are, of course, many moral and scientific questions to be answered—it has yet to be tried on human beings—including the right of a person not to be "manufactured" and the intriguing question of what would happen to the process of evolution if each new generation were identical to the last. For a fictional presentation of cloning, see "Nine Lives," by U. K. Le Guin, in our November 1969 issue.*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo 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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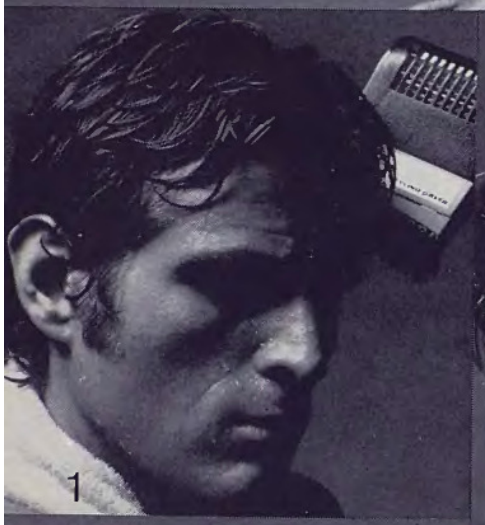


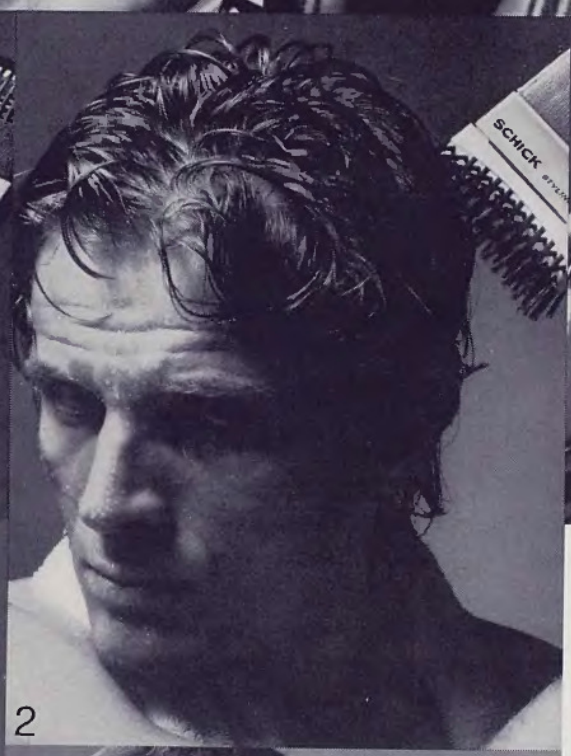

This guy starts with a lot of wet hair. So do you, probably.

Now, if you have a low-power styler, what happens?

If you're in a hurry, your hair won't be dry enough to get the natural look you want.

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Don't ruin the whole natural thing with a stiff spray. Get Schick's new Dry Styler. It has protein. Protein is the real key here. It helps give you that good control, without giving you that stiff, strawhead look.

# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### GOVERNMENT GOON SQUAD

Kenyon F. Ballew was a law-abiding citizen of Silver Spring, Maryland, with a spotless record; however, hearing from an informer that Ballew's apartment contained illegal weapons, two dozen or more minions of the law broke down his door with a battering-ram. When the bewildered Ballew tried to defend himself with an 1847 revolver, they shot him in the head and pushed his wife, dressed only in her panties, into the hallway. They then proceeded to wreck the apartment. There were no illegal weapons.

One might expect to read of such things in a history of prewar Nazi Germany. It is horrifying to learn of it happening here.

C. D. Prewitt
Mt. Sterling, Kentucky

The recent Federal law-'n'-order movement has backfired to the point of teaching even conservatives the virtues of due process and the dangers of the police-state tactics. Many condoned storm-trooper attacks on Commies, hippies and dope fiends, but recently, an innocent citizen, Kenyon F. Ballew, of Silver Spring, Maryland, got a bullet in the head for trying to protect his apartment with an antique muzzle-loader: His front door was crashed in by a mob of beaded, bearded hippies who turned out to be enforcers of the 1968 Gun Control Act searching for hand grenades. The grenades that Ballew had were harmless and legal, the man was a law-abiding citizen and the agents of the IRS Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division were acting on rumor instead of information. So what happens? The conservatives are in a snit because a law-abiding gun buff got himself drilled by trigger-happy cops dressed like hippies and the liberals are enraged that Federal officers acted in such an irresponsible and unconstitutional manner.

I'm writing to *The Playboy Forum* because this incident has received so little publicity despite its seriousness and its implications. The Federal Government is capable of abusing its power and using Gestapo-like tactics, which should be a warning to those who think our law enforcers have been handcuffed by Supreme Court decisions concerning warrants, searches and the rights of the accused. The case also points up the helplessness of the private citizen who becomes the victim of a police blunder. Naturally, the Treasury Department is defending its actions by pointing out that the man did have guns in his apartment (mostly muzzle-loaders and all legal) and did confront the A. T. F. D. agents with one of them (a cap-and-ball revolver). At a grand-jury hearing, the agents testified only under a grant of immunity from prosecution and no one expects any indictments to be returned. The Montgomery County police who, without a warrant of their own, accompanied the Feds on the raid, have reportedly charged the wounded man with aggravated assault and attempted murder because his muzzle-loading revolver discharged as he fell to the floor with a bullet in his brain. Meanwhile, the victim lies in a hospital bed paralyzed for life—if, indeed, he lives—and neither he nor his wife has any effective legal recourse against the agents, the A. T. F. D. or the Government, whose combination of negligence and stupidity has ruined their lives.

Ironically, just a few weeks later, some newspaper reporters paid a late-night call on U. S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger, who opened the door with a pistol in his hand. He's lucky his visitors weren't agents of the Federal Government.

Wayne Billings
Washington, D. C.

### A POT-SMOKING GRANDMOTHER

I am a grandmother who is well educated (having obtained three degrees—two of them at night, while supporting my daughter and my baby sitter) and fairly conservative. I'm a product of very old New England and Southern families with lots of blue blood and even some money.

I have enjoyed marijuana off and on for 17 years. I've never forced anyone in my company either to smoke with me or to do anything else they didn't want to do. I've never used so-called hard drugs —they scare me silly. I haven't tried to foist responsibility for any of my actions on the fact that I was high and couldn't help myself. I don't believe I've ever seen a violent act committed by anyone in a group with which I was turning on. My daughter has tried pot, with my approval and cooperation, and doesn't care for it. I believe it's much less habit-forming than cigarettes, coffee, bromides, laxatives or chewing gum—and it's a

lot less harmful than many of them.

Another point: I am asthmatic. One time when I was in the mountains on a hot muggy day without my medication, I started to wheeze. A friend handed me a pipeful of pot, saying that it would help. It did. Since then, I've checked with an M.D. I can trust. He says that pot is known to be helpful in asthma attacks.

This enjoyable substance could put me in jail. Could it be that I might have to pay with years of my life because some other person was so afraid of what he might do with his inhibitions relaxed that he made it a crime for me to relax mine?

(Name withheld by request)
Charleston, South Carolina

**THE ALIENATED**

I would like to thank PLAYBOY for its efforts to have the punitive aspects of our marijuana laws repealed.

I was serving, until paroled, a four-year jail sentence for possession of one ounce of marijuana. Now that I'm out of prison, every day brings a new problem to light. On my first day of freedom, I asked about a job that had been promised to me. Apparently, there is an ordinance against parolees working on certain jobs until they've been off parole for one year. So, I'll have to wait until 1973 to do the kind of work for which I'm qualified. As an alternative, I tried enrolling at a university, but this plan was stopped in the admissions office. I've also found that it is nearly impossible to get automobile insurance.

I expected these problems and I try not to let them bother me much, but I do feel alienated from this society and its Government. I'm on the verge of detaching myself completely. The longer it takes to change the marijuana laws, the more rebels those laws will produce.

(Name withheld by request)
Denver, Colorado

**A CRIMINAL**

I don't want this letter to appear as a plea for sympathy, since I am old enough to take responsibility for my actions and their consequences; nor do I wish it to seem an attack on the establishment, the Government or the country as a whole, because I've spent two years in the service of my country and, depending on the outcome of my trial, I hope to remain in the Navy another two years. I ask those who read this letter not to dismiss it as the ravings of a "dope-crazed hippie protester," as some people have actually called me.

I have been arrested for possession of four marijuana plants. As a result, under Mississippi law, which is lenient compared with that of some other states, I face up to five years in prison and up to a $2000 fine. To that fine, add the $1500 I've already spent for lawyers. For what am I being penalized? Even if I were

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

**BABY CORRUPTION**

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND—*William R. Baird, Jr., persistent crusader for population control, has chalked up another arrest for publicly promoting contraceptives. Because he violated no specific state or local birth-control law, Huntington police arrested him on the charge of endangering the welfare of a minor—a 14-month-old girl whose mother couldn't find a baby sitter—by "exposing" her to the sight of birth-control devices during a lecture. The mother was also arrested and charged. At the police station, the baby was exposed again to contraceptive devices seized by the officers as evidence, but no charges were filed against the police. Baird had been arrested seven times previously and has spent a total of 42 days in jail in four states for lecturing on or dispensing contraceptives. With the support of the Playboy Foundation, he successfully challenged the anti-contraceptive law in Massachusetts, although the case has been appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court; he is presently attacking similar statutes in Wisconsin.*

**JAILING THE WIZARDS OF OZ**

LONDON—*After Britain's longest obscenity trial, lasting five and a half weeks, a judge has incurred the wrath of the country's youth as well as some Members of Parliament by sentencing three underground-newspaper editors to prison terms ranging from nine to fifteen months. The three editors of* Oz, *which has a national circulation of about 10,000, were found guilty of publishing and mailing obscenity—a "school kids' issue" devoted largely to sex and radical politics—but the prison sentences were unexpected. A motion by 13 M.P.s stated that the sentences discredited the British system of justice and would be regarded by the young "as an act of revenge by the Establishment against dissenting voices." The National Council for Civil Liberties termed the sentences "savage and vindictive." One of the defendants told the judge, "You will show the world that your generation, which appears to be listening with every courtesy, is, in fact, deaf."*

**PROMISCUITY CAMPS**

LONDON—*A British geneticist with a special talent for alarming sexual conservatives has now proposed children's camps where youngsters can enjoy as much sex as they feel like. Dr. Martin Cole, a lecturer at Aston University, told a religious conference that such camps —dubbed "promiscuity camps" by the newspapers—would help teach children sexual responsibility, starting with the requirement that they bring their own contraceptives. Asked about the distress this might cause unliberated parents, he explained that parents are distressed by their children anyway. Dr. Cole launched his career in controversy with a sex-education film, "Growing Up," which included a masturbation scene.*

**ABORTION-LAW CONFLICT**

*California's abortion law is under a new round of attacks. The state Court of Appeals in San Francisco has ruled that "a woman has the constitutional right to terminate her pregnancy subject only to reasonably imposed state restrictions designed to safeguard the health of the woman and protect the advanced fetus." The court struck down the law's requirement of prior approval by a committee of doctors and decided, in effect, that abortions may be performed in hospitals by physicians any time during the first 20 weeks of pregnancy. In a Los Angeles case, however, another appellate court upheld the present law. The contradictory decisions probably will be appealed to the state supreme court.*

*The California supreme court is also expected to receive the case of Dr. John S. Gwynne, a 29-year-old Santa Ana physician who operated an abortion clinic in open defiance of the law; and a San Francisco attorney, Zaide Kirtley, is planning to challenge the law by means of a class action on behalf of several "fertile women and others similarly situated," asking the court for a declaratory judgment that any legal restriction on abortion is an unconstitutional infringement of individual rights.*

**V. D. PREVENTIVE**

CARSON CITY, NEVADA—*Some 200 prostitutes working in about 40 of Nevada's legal brothels are being asked by state health authorities to test the drug Progonasyl for the prevention of syphilis and gonorrhea. Progonasyl has been used for the past two decades in treating vaginal inflammation and ear and nose infections, but it has never been tested systematically as a venereal-disease preventive. Amerex Laboratories in San Antonio, Texas, is donating $15,000 worth of the drug, and participation in the six-month experiment is voluntary.*

**BAIT BITES BACK**

DETROIT—*A city policewoman has been fired for refusing to pose as a decoy prostitute. The police board based its action on willful disobedience to an order, but*

*the woman's attorney claims the order was unlawful because to follow her instructions—lure potential customers by means of appearance and gestures—would constitute entrapment. Her dismissal is being appealed.*

**REJECTED AS G-WOMEN**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*J. Edgar Hoover is under fire from a new direction: Two women have sued him and the FBI for court costs and damages of at least $10,000, alleging sex discrimination in turning down their applications to become special agents. Cynthia Edgar, an aide to U. S. Representative Bella Abzug of New York, and Sandra Nemser, a Denver attorney, petitioned a U. S. District Court to declare the FBI's male-agents-only policy unconstitutional.*

**OPERATIONS WITH COMPLICATIONS**

*After a music teacher underwent a sex-change operation from male to female, the school board of Bernards Township, New Jersey, first sought her dismissal, then offered a compromise: She could continue teaching at her old salary if she formally resigns (thereby losing 14 years' tenure), obtains a new teaching certificate under her female name and switches from elementary to high school. Because an untenured teacher can be dismissed at any time, she turned down the offer and said she would fight to keep her old job and privileges.*

*In Santa Ana, California, a woman has sued her spouse for a divorce and $1,500,000 in damages because he changed his sex from male to female, which, she charges, has deprived her of a husband and caused severe emotional suffering. The doctor who allegedly performed the operation has been named as codefendant.*

**HORMONE CONTROL**

WEST BERLIN—*A drug that sharply reduces male sex drive is being studied by West German law-enforcement and health officials as a possible means of treating certain sex offenders, especially child molesters and rapists. The chemical counteracts the hormone androgen, which in males controls sexual arousal, sperm production and potency. It is reportedly effective up to six months after treatment, but causes no permanent changes. A U. S. pharmaceutical firm is experimenting with the same drug, but for the purpose of controlling excessive male hormone production in women, which can cause abnormal hair growth and masculinization of the body.*

**BELL GETS WRUNG**

SAN FRANCISCO—*The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company has agreed to list a homophile organization in its San Francisco Yellow Pages and to publish an advertisement inviting homosexuals to contact the group to learn their legal rights. The agreement follows a three-year legal battle during which the company had refused to list the Society for Individual Rights on grounds of taste. S. I. R., in its appeal to the state utilities commission, pointed out that the P. T. & T.'s sensibilities were not offended by advertisements for strip joints, sex-movie theaters or a café called Magnolia Thunderpussy.*

*Despite the phone company's capitulation, S. I. R. said it intends to continue pressing for a state-supreme-court decision that would legally establish its rights.*

**TWO FOR TEA**

SAN FRANCISCO—*The San Francisco Committee on Crime, which earlier urged police to concern themselves more with violence than with vice, has stirred up further trouble by recommending the repeal of laws against marijuana. In its final report, the prestigious but controversial committee argued that while society should work to discourage pot smoking, "criminalization has failed."*

*Independently, the American Civil Liberties Union in San Francisco announced it will sponsor a state bill to legalize the sale and use of marijuana.*

**POSSIBLE ADDICTION CURE**

NEW YORK CITY—*The scientific director for the Institute of Applied Biology has reportedly developed a drug that safely and quickly cures physical addiction to narcotics, barbiturates and even alcohol. According to the "Addiction and Drug Abuse Report," use of the new drug, perselenide, developed by Dr. Emanuel Revici, eliminates the usual withdrawal symptoms and ends physical addiction after a week of treatment without creating new drug dependencies. In tests, perselenide has been claimed 90 percent effective, although some subjects have reverted to their former drug habits because of psychological dependency or social pressures. One researcher has claimed that two perse pills will sober a drunk in 15 minutes.*

**BLACK LIST WARMED OVER**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Subversive Activities Control Board—dormant for some 15 years—has been reactivated to investigate radical groups that Attorney General John N. Mitchell believes should be officially designated as subversive. The SACB was revived by an Executive Order from President Nixon giving it new powers to update the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations by means of hearings similar to those held by Senator Joe McCarthy in the Fifties. (See letter titled "Burying the Bill of Rights" in this month's "Playboy Forum.")*

found guilty of this so-called crime, I have harmed no one. If anybody can explain why years should be taken out of my life or why anyone else charged with possession of marijuana should be treated as a criminal, I'd like to hear it. Before attempting the explanation, however, please make sure you understand the meaning of the word freedom.

Kenneth L. Vnuck
Meridian, Mississippi

**CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS**

James and Connie Eye, a young couple from Woodsfield, Ohio, have received 20- to 40-year prison sentences for selling five dollars' worth of marijuana to a neighbor. The Eyes did not actually own the pot, they were holding ten dollars' worth for a friend. The Eyes' next-door neighbor, invited in for a friendly dinner and a toke, promptly tipped off the local sheriff, who gave the neighbor a marked five-dollar bill to try to make a buy. The couple refused to sell, but the neighbor pleaded and was finally successful, whereupon the Eyes were immediately arrested. The lawyer whom they hired persuaded them to plead guilty (to avoid the ill will of the court), to pass up a trial by jury and to place themselves at the mercy of a three-judge tribunal. Upon their conviction, the lawyer stated that he had no plans to appeal the sentences.

End of case. The couple are now in prison and their son is in the hands of relatives, not to enjoy the company and guidance of his parents until (barring their parole) well after his majority. The sheriff, who considers the sentences too lenient, is proud of this successful entrapment and basks in the congratulations of the local FBI for "breaking" the case. One of the sentencing judges has been quoted as saying the case would be a good lesson to the youth of the community, and we may assume that—since there was no public outcry against the sentences from the community itself—the vast majority of the citizens agree that the sentences were right and proper.

If anybody wants to know what's wrong with the country, there it is in a nutshell—Costa-Gavras could use the case as the script for another Z. It is impossible not to hate such a country as ours that has so little actual regard for human decency and justice while pretending to have so much. When the time comes to burn it down, the number of helping hands will be legion.

James Abel
New York, New York

*The same judges who sentenced the Eyes later ordered Connie Eye released from prison on two years' probation and said they would hear a motion for James*

*Eye's release. This possibility was suggested by Bob Greene in a* Chicago Sun-Times *story that brought the case to national attention:*

> *The lawyer who defended the Eyes . . . apparently feels the couple may be pardoned and released from prison at some future date, "after things die down around here. They're kind of being used as an example for other young people."*

PLAYBOY *received a number of letters on the Eye case, of which James Abel's was typical. Bob Greene states that he has received more mail commenting on it than on any other story he has ever covered; as with* PLAYBOY*'s correspondents, the letter writers were sickened by the sentences. "They're providing a lesson for others in our area," Greene quotes one of the judges as saying. When will these judges learn the lesson they so badly need? As William Robinson's letter (following this one) points out, scientists are continually accumulating evidence proving the virtual harmlessness of marijuana. The information is available to all, and no competent or conscientious judge could fail to be aware of it. In the light of this, the treatment of people such as James and Connie Eye is inexcusable.*

The number of establishment publications finally publishing the truth about pot continues to grow. The latest is *Medical World News*, which published a summary of preliminary findings by marijuana researchers, all of whom were approved of and supplied with grass by the National Institute of Mental Health. The findings, of course, are familiar to most readers of the underground press, in which similar information was published years ago.

The article itself comments that the present group of researchers has debunked the myths about pot being addictive, causing antisocial behavior or leading to hard-core heroin addiction. The research includes the following fascinating facts: In a preliminary report dealing with the ability of alcohol drinkers and marijuana smokers to drive cars, the smokers made far fewer errors than the drinkers. A computerized examination of over 700,000 hospital admissions in Los Angeles between 1961 and 1969 revealed that only nine were for possible marijuana psychosis and that most of these did not prove out or were mild cases. As with social drinkers, it was observed that social smokers usually know when they've achieved the high they want and then stop smoking. Medically speaking, pot may be a better muscle relaxant than reserpine and might be useful in treating hypertension. It may also act as a painkiller and be useful in controlling migraines, as well as a potential antiasthmatic and local anesthetic. The deleterious effects may be summed up in the comments of Dr. Edward F. Domino, professor of pharmacology at the University of Michigan Medical School: "Perhaps more than any drug, it is a social irritant that elicits rather remarkable behavior reactions in both users and nonusers."

Of great interest are the Army studies conducted between 1955 and 1959 (see *Forum Newsfront*, July) and only recently declassified. The implication here is that the Government knew the truth about pot all the time but, despite this, persisted in the persecution of users and condoned the often outrageous prison sentences handed down rather than risk a political backlash from the silent majority by refuting one of its favorite myths. After the Pentagon papers, of course, the fact that our Government of political hacks and gutless wonders conceals the truth from its own people should come as no surprise.

William Robinson
Los Angeles, California

### POT AND PERJURY

I was quite interested to read Barry Wittman's letter about "Dr." Louis Sousa who claimed that marijuana leads to genetic damage (*The Playboy Forum*, May). I was even more interested to discover that Louis Sousa is not a doctor but a former laboratory technician at a hospital in Paterson, New Jersey, who disappeared after he was indicted for perjury.

Here in California, a religious group called Ambassador College Press is distributing a pamphlet titled "New Facts About Marijuana." The source of facts about marijuana causing birth defects is given as "Dr. Luis Souza of St. Dismas Hospital in Paterson, New Jersey."

Funny coincidence.

William R. Fiedler
Biggs, California

*Ambassador College Press might be embarrassed to learn some new facts about its alleged marijuana expert. In order to be certain that there is not more than one "Dr. Louis Sousa (or Luis Souza),"* PLAYBOY *called St. Dismas in Paterson, New Jersey. The only person whose name resembled Louis Sousa ever connected with St. Dismas was the lab technician referred to in Wittman's letter, who is not a doctor and who was discharged in 1965. St. Dismas is not now a hospital but has been a drug rehabilitation center for six years.*

*A cat has only nine lives. A lie has 9000.*

### THAT A. M. A. POT REPORT

I've been fascinated by the controversy about the Kolansky-Moore marijuana report published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* and, accordingly, I wrote a letter to the *J. A. M. A.* editor pointing out three major scientific defects in the Kolansky-Moore study. My criticisms were quite lengthy, but to some extent similar to those in the August *Playboy Forum*.

To my astonishment, I received a reply from *J. A. M. A.*, which thanked me for my "scholarly critique" and then stated frankly that the Kolansky-Moore report was offered as "purely anecdotal and not, as you rightly state, an example of 'scientific research.' "

Michael Knapp
Southern Oregon College
Ashland, Oregon

### THE DANGER OF POT

For those of us who fancy the weed, *The Playboy Forum* is coming to have the emotional impact of flashing red lights and pounding on the door at three A.M. The occasional good news from such places as the Netherlands or Nebraska is far outweighed by the dreary catalog of 20-year prison sentences from elsewhere. There's no doubt about what's happening: A significant number of policemen and judges consider themselves to be at war with the growing number of Americans who like to smoke a little grass now and then.

Having been arrested myself something like 16 times during the past three years, I've had good reason to think very seriously about this subject. It seems to me that the people who survive best psychologically are cats who do not trivialize the meaning of their practice by arguing that pot is harmless. Pot is profoundly dangerous—not to those who use it but to those with a vested interest in the status quo.

The psychedelic life style is a religious revolution. The liberal imagination is too limited to understand what this means and, hence, cannot understand the severity of the official punishments. The fact is that the cops and judges have more in common with the average head (or with Charles Reich, author of *The Greening of America*) than does the ordinary liberal. At least, the law-enforcement people understand that something big is happening, even if they think it is also something bad.

The partial radicalizing of Berkeley by young people and freaks in the April 1971 election is just a straw in the wind. Unless they put us all in jail, within five years every major university center (which means every major urban center) will be in the hands of starry-eyed trippers and African shamans. This is inevitable, because the essential pacifism of the new religion will not allow it to be perverted by those elements (Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, et al.) who have tried to turn this spiritual revolution into another stupid, bloody civil war.

Let me add that I regard PLAYBOY as

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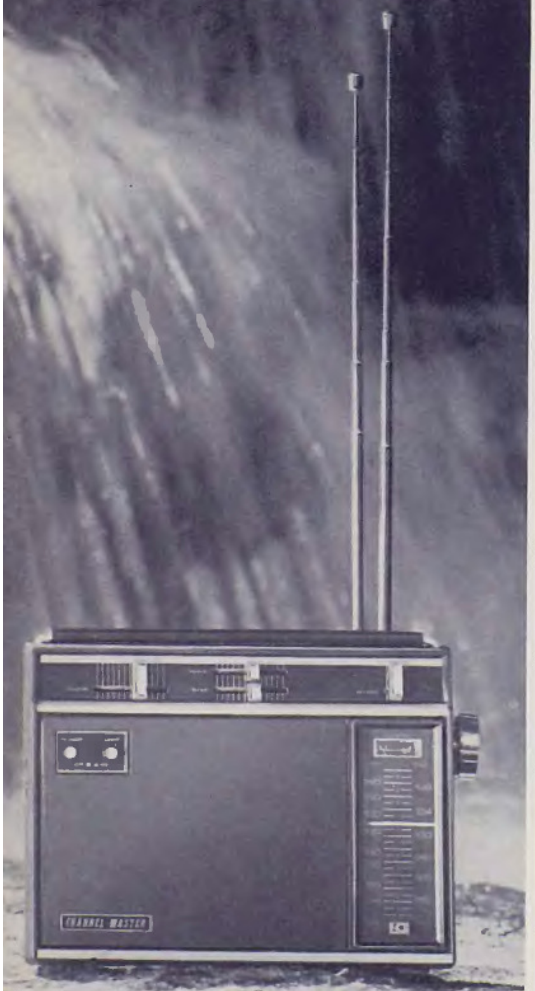

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a hell of a lot more revolutionary than William Kunstler. Why Hefner should be obliged to fly in an ordinary airplane is beyond me. He should be conveyed through the air by choirs of angels.

Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo
The Neo-American Church
San Cristobal, New Mexico

**NO NEED FOR FACTS?**

In our last Presidential election, I voted for Richard Nixon. Furthermore, I have often supported and defended his actions, on the grounds that he has had broad experience in government and has the country's best interests at heart; however, I was amazed and shocked by the August *Forum Newsfront* item titled "No Need for Facts." If reported accurately, your statement that "President Nixon has declared he will continue to oppose the use of marijuana and any efforts to legalize it, regardless of the findings of the present Federal drug commission or any recommendations the commission may make after completing its studies" leads me to believe that perhaps I should reassess the man's competence. The marijuana problem, involving the jailing of our youth, is serious enough, but who knows to what greater issues such bias might be applied?

Our country is in great peril, indeed, if its fate is in the hands of a man who apparently feels that his own omniscience supersedes facts and justifies unyielding prejudice.

Benjamin C. Taylor
Silver Spring, Maryland

**THE WINTER SOLDIER'S LESSON**

Very early in my ministry, I observed the difficulty of relating Christ's radical concept of love to my congregations. They seemed not only to misunderstand but to be actively hostile to the ethic that teaches one to love his enemies and to turn the other cheek. Many thanks, therefore, for publishing "The Voice of the Winter Soldier" (*The Playboy Forum*, August), which tells us where we are as a result of our refusal to love. Hopefully, John Forbes Kerry's candid statements will help many to see America as something other than the mythical "One nation under God."

I'm wholly unable to understand how conservative America can judge PLAYBOY to be immoral, while at the same time tolerating and even supporting the Vietnam war and its unspeakable crimes against humanity. Will we ever understand what the Gospel stresses? Christ died for *all* men!

The Rev. Ben Rogers
Pensacola, Florida

**PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD CHAPEL**

On May 22, 1968, our eldest son was killed in Vietnam. That August, my wife, our younger son and myself started constructing the Vietnam Veterans' Peace and Brotherhood Chapel, dedicated to veterans of the fighting in that nation, particularly the maimed in body and spirit, and most especially to those who gave that most precious gift of all—life itself. When people ask us why we did this, we reply, "We, who must, will do what we must to encourage mankind to preserve rather than destroy."

On May 22, 1971, the chapel was dedicated and John Forbes Kerry spoke at that dedication. His remarks were addressed to an audience of some 300, yet he spoke as sincerely, as eloquently and as meaningfully as he had earlier to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the nation (as published in the August *Playboy Forum*).

Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sanchez of Mora, New Mexico, have visited the chapel with their three surviving sons. In June 1971, they, too, lost their eldest son in Vietnam. They expressed no bitterness even though, in this supposed winding down of the war, they were called upon to supply one of the last sons to die in that war-torn country. Philip Sanchez noted that the staff for displaying the American flag was a temporary one and he offered to replace it with a proper pole. Was this act of faith typical of the American people? Will this kind of voice be heard above the torrent of deception to which we have too long been subjected?

Perhaps the balance is delicate right now, but the good people of our land must tip that balance the right way.

Victor Westphall
Springer, New Mexico

**ANOTHER OFFICER FOR PEACE**

As a responsible member of society, a citizen of the United States and an officer in the Armed Forces, I am asking that my fellow citizens join with me in demanding that our Government end the murder of innocent men, women and children, indiscriminate bombing and napalming of defenseless villages and similar atrocities against decency in Southeast Asia. There should be no more laying down of American lives to defend the unpopular, totalitarian and corrupt regime in Saigon. The price we have paid for this travesty so far is over 50,000 American lives, probably many times that number of wounded and 100 billion dollars, not to mention the 30,000 returning American veterans who have become drug addicts.

Lt. C. F. Jamison, U. S. N.
FPO San Francisco, California

**MILITARY JOURNALISM**

Sergeant Richard J. Stivers, in the September *Playboy Forum*, instructs us that the proper role of a post newspaper is to be the voice of the base commander. To paraphrase the last sentence of Stivers' letter: It is little wonder that there is an ever-widening communications gap in

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the Services, when they are burdened with sycophants of Sergeant Stivers' ilk, who find it easier to attempt to suck the system rather than report news.

Jim Seymour
Austin, Texas

### UNIFORMS OF THE MIND

A letter in the August *Playboy Forum* mentions the current attack on the peace symbol by various right-wing groups. A column by Glenn Hovemann in the *Gainesville Sun* has some very pertinent remarks to make about that controversy. Hovemann wrote:

> The peace symbol doesn't deserve such pitiful assault. It originated in England in 1958 for the occasion of the first large public demonstration at Aldermaston, the site of Great Britain's nuclear-weapons research plant, in favor of unilateral nuclear disarmament. Since "unilateral nuclear disarmament" happens to be a rather ungainly, tongue-twisting phrase, the protesters needed a bit of shorthand. And they came up, ingeniously, with the peace symbol, by representing those words with a circle and the semaphore (or signal-flag signs) for N and D, which are at positions four and eight on a clock face for N, six and twelve for D.

To this account, Hovemann added a comment on the general shortcomings of blind attachment to symbols—or blind opposition to them:

> It would be unfortunate for the peace symbol, too, to become an object of hatred as a "broken cross."
>
> But the most unfortunate thing about all these highly charged signs and symbols, whether flags, crosses, peace symbols, swastika, hammer and sickle, or whatever, is that they become substitutes for thought even while they serve as a rallying point for their adherents. Ralph Waldo Emerson once referred caustically to the "prison uniform of the party to which we adhere." Similarly, the symbols to which we adhere are most often the prison uniforms of the mind.

Andrew P. Grose
Gainesville, Florida

### BURYING THE BILL OF RIGHTS

Americans have always displayed a peculiar genius for creating voluntary organizations to bring about political change. Some 130 years ago, Alexis de Tocqueville noted: "The most natural privilege of man, next to the right of acting for himself, is that of combining his exertions with those of his fellow creatures, and of acting in common with them."

Since the McCarthy era of the Fifties, this freedom of association has been the

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prime target of those seeking to silence dissent. Condemnations and punishments on the basis of guilt by association were developed in many institutional forms, such as the quasi-judicial Subversive Activities Control Board, which was created under the 1950 McCarran Act to rule upon the right of nonconforming groups to exist, and the Executive Orders of Presidents Truman and Eisenhower establishing the Attorney General's Subversives List of organizations to which Government employees could not belong.

After two decades of litigation, a long series of Supreme Court decisions effectively dismantled much of this repressive apparatus as incompatible with our Bill of Rights. One result of this renascence of our right to dissent has been the massive challenge that developed during the Sixties to the foreign and domestic policies of the Government.

As a first step in a counterattack against his critics' freedom of expression, on July 2, 1971, President Nixon quietly —almost secretly—issued Executive Order 11605 to accomplish the following objectives:

1. Invest the moribund Subversive Activities Control Board with new powers to proceed against a variety of dissenting organizations by officially labeling them subversive.

2. Restore to life the Attorney General's Subversives List, which, as a result of Court rulings, had not been updated for 15 years.

3. Set the stage (if accompanied by a supportive act of Congress) for a new plague of nationwide hearings to which troublesome critics and protesters could be subpoenaed and subjected to the choice of turning informer against friends and associates or going to Federal prison for contempt. Armed with the new immunity statutes that strike down the protective shield of the Fifth Amendment, the SACB would possess powers never enjoyed even by Joe McCarthy or the House Un-American Activities Committee at the height of the Fifties witch-hunts. Executive Order 11605 eliminates the need to adhere to such long-established norms of criminal justice as the requirement to submit legal evidence of wrongdoing or proof of individual guilt for any illegal act.

The people directly and immediately affected by Nixon's order are the millions of present and prospective employees of the Federal Government. However, the rationale that such measures are needed for our national security extends to any field of employment relating to national defense and sharply increases the pressure to enact such statutes as the Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act (HR 819), which covers even privately employed persons who dare to express their dissent.

In a legal analysis of Executive Order 11605, Harvard law professor Vern Countryman notes that the standards of the earlier Executive Orders upon which the present order is based were already "hopelessly vague." The earlier formulas, however, were intended to define only associations with or sympathy for communism. Since the Government today is confronted with numerous native dissenters whose beliefs and grievances cannot be related remotely to communism, Countryman suggests that Nixon found it necessary to broaden the definition of subversive to reach virtually anyone who challenges the status quo. The accused employee has little or no opportunity to challenge the black-listing of any organization; he is limited in his defense to proving that he did not belong to or sympathetically associate with the organization. Such a defensive posture, if successful in saving the man's job, will almost certainly stifle his further expression of criticism of the Government.

Senate critics of the Subversive Activities Control Board (Senators Proxmire and Ervin particularly), after failing by a narrow margin to kill the SACB appropriation, tried but failed to pass an amendment forbidding the SACB to implement the President's Executive Order.

Those who believe that a free society is worth fighting for have several courses of action against Executive Order 11605. One obvious course, previously suggested by the American Civil Liberties Union, will be that of massive legal challenges. The progressive weakening of the Supreme Court on civil liberties issues, however, suggests that such actions should be accompanied by others directed to the Legislative branch.

One immediate priority must be the defeat of S.2294 and HR 9669, which would empower the SACB to issue subpoenas and punish for contempt. A more basic, if long-term, remedy is to support passage of legislation to repeal Title I of the Internal Security (McCarran) Act, thereby abolishing the Subversive Activities Control Board altogether.

Richard L. Criley, Midwest Director
National Committee Against
Repressive Legislation
Chicago, Illinois

### *TITICUT FOLLIES* REVISITED

Over three years ago, the state of Massachusetts forbade the showing of *Titicut Follies*, a documentary film depicting the depressing and often inhuman conditions of life at Bridgewater State Hospital for the Criminally Insane (*The Playboy Forum*, March, April, June and September 1968). The ban, it may be recalled, was based on a claim that the film invaded the privacy of the hospital's inmates.

Apparently, state officials feel that the ban alone is not a sufficient means of suppressing the film. Consequently, the state courts have appointed legal guardians for those inmates whose privacy supposedly was violated, making it possible to sue the film's maker, Fred Wiseman. The latest of the suits against Wiseman is a $5,500,000 civil action.

The film, which won several awards, still cannot be shown here, a fact that, together with the intensity of the government's attempts to punish Wiseman, leads one to believe that the state is much more interested in protecting *its* privacy than that of the inmates of Bridgewater.

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

### Y. A. F. NOT INVOLVED

In the August *Forum Newsfront*, your item on the election of Jack Baker to the University of Minnesota student-body presidency contained two serious distortions. The conservative who opposed Baker in the election was a member of the Young Americans for Freedom but was not a Y. A. F.–sponsored candidate, as you implied. The Y. A. F. does not endorse candidates for any office. Moreover, the student who wrote to the *Minnesota Daily* calling Baker a "filthy queer" was in no way a spokesman for the Y. A. F.; he belonged to this organization at one time but his membership was revoked because of his racist and anti-Semitic attitudes. It is not in the ethic of a true philosophical conservative to advocate the abridgment of any individual's human rights because of personal characteristics (racial, religious or otherwise).

James A. Newman
Minnesota State Chairman
Young Americans for Freedom
Minneapolis, Minnesota

### CONSCIENCE OF A CONSERVATIVE

I read the John Wayne interview with great interest (PLAYBOY, May), but I was even more interested when I subsequently read this story in the New York *Daily News*:

> Movie actor John Wayne and Senator James Eastland (Democrat, Mississippi) and hundreds of other wealthy farmers have legally reorganized their businesses to avoid the impact of a $55,000 individual limit on Federal farm subsidies, *The Washington Post* said today. Wayne and his partners will get about $218,000 compared with $810,000 last year, but other investors leasing the actor's cotton allotments in Arizona will get more than $500,000, the *Post* said. Eastland reportedly has reorganized his 5200-acre cotton plantation in Mississippi and will

*(continued on page 228)*

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALLEN KLEIN

## *a candid conversation with the embattled manager of the beatles*

*Not long ago, John Lennon and Yoko Ono decided that the walls in Allen Klein's new offices needed decorating. The view out the windows was fine, even beautiful, 41 stories down to the Hudson River, and the floor plan of Abkco's offices was interesting enough: labyrinthine hallways, through which a visitor literally needs a guide. But the shiny-yellow papered walls were boring. So John and Yoko began hanging golden records (over 100 of them, mostly albums) that the groups Klein has managed have picked up over the years. Down the first hallway are "Beggar's Banquet," "Let It Bleed" and "Out of Our Heads"—all 1,000,000 sellers by the Rolling Stones—and on a post at the end is "All Things Must Pass," by George Harrison. "Let It Be" is just to the right, along with "Plastic Ono Band" and "McCartney" and "Ram," and farther on are walls filled with shiny platters by The Animals, The Kinks, Herman's Hermits, The Dave Clark Five, Donovan and Bobby Vinton. On and on, until it's possible for a visitor without sunglasses to go nearly blind from the glare by the time he's led through a door into the corner suite that Allen Klein, rock 'n' roll's only supermanager, occupies with a curious sort of magnificence.*

*Like so many of the rock stars he now represents, Klein has come a painfully long way. His childhood was pretty awful: He spent six years of it in a New Jersey orphanage and the rest with grandparents who had only the barest kind of income. After high school came the Army, and then, with the GI Bill and odd jobs, he worked himself quickly through Upsala College in New Jersey, graduating with an accounting degree. After toiling at one or two short-lived and tiresome accounting jobs, an old school friend began introducing him to performers like Bobby Darin, Connie Francis and Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé, and soon he began to offer to do audits for them to find out if their record companies were paying them the royalties their contracts called for. When he found a company shorting the artist —and he always did—he took a percentage of the difference as his fee.*

*As his involvements and ambitions grew, he went to Hollywood to help produce a movie so bad that it was never released and, deep in debt, he returned to New York—and to audits. In 1963, he met the performer with whom he was to have his first fully managerial relationship: Sam Cooke. The association, which lasted until Cooke was shot to death in a Los Angeles motel in 1964, began to build Klein's reputation as the rough-and-tumble enemy of record companies; one of the most hated and feared—and successful—men in the music business.*

*Klein then met Mickie Most, who produced and managed a string of groups including The Animals and Herman's Hermits, and he moved easily into the then-new English rock-'n'-roll scene. He began negotiating record contracts for the young stars and acted as financial manager to Most; then, in 1965, came a long-awaited break: a chance to manage financial affairs for Andrew Oldham, who was then personal manager to the Rolling Stones. Two years later, Oldham was fired—and Klein took over his job. The word got around; in January of 1969, while he was still managing the Stones, John Lennon hired Klein to be his financial manager and shortly after that, George Harrison and Ringo Starr signed up, too. Paul McCartney was conspicuous by his absence, and an explosive situation soon developed in which Klein and Paul's father-in-law, Lee Eastman, and his brother-in-law John, fought for control of the Beatles and their company, Apple. The fight climaxed in England's High Court of Justice, where Paul McCartney initiated proceedings to dissolve the most brilliant musical partnership rock 'n' roll had ever seen. Even today, maneuverings and power plays continue between the two factions, and the case has not yet come to trial. When it does, if it does, Klein will be prepared. He is the veteran of almost as many lawsuits as he has gold records.*

*Staff Writer Craig Vetter, who conducted this interview, spent nearly a*

*"The music business is about 99 percent no-talent losers who can't stand a winner in their midst. I'm a winner, and if they want to sour-grape my success by calling me names, let 'em. I don't give a shit."*

*"Don't talk to me about ethics. Every man makes his own. It's like a war. You choose your side early and from then on, you're being shot at. The man you beat is likely to call you unethical. So what?"*

*"If Paul McCartney doesn't get his way, he bitches. He may have a choirboy image in the press and with the fans, but I'm here to tell you it's bullshit. If anybody broke up the Beatles, it was him."*

*month on and off with Klein going through the Abkco files in New York, trying to untangle the business and legal spider webs of his professional relationships with the Beatles and the Stones. Research done, Vetter then flew to Almeria, Spain, where Klein was on location producing a spaghetti Western called "Blindman," co-starring Ringo Starr. Vetter reports:*

*"Nothing about or around Allen Klein ever stops moving. I met him first in his New York offices and sat across a semicircle desk from him while he swiveled, tipped and rocked in a black Naugahyde chair with a tall straight back. He is short, 5'6" or so, and has a round face that has almost no lines in it, which makes him look ten years younger and more innocent than his 39 years. He has a debater's mind and style that picks at every sentence and every thought of whoever he's talking with and is so fast that he steps on the last three words out of your mouth, no matter what the conversation. And with his disturbing speed comes the drama of surprise that he likes so much and uses like a jousting pole on everyone he deals with.*

*"At our first meeting, in which he and I were to meet alone and talk casually about the possibility of an interview, he shuffled some papers and said, 'We may as well go ahead with lunch. John and Yoko won't be here for about an hour.' When they did arrive, John looking thin but happy with his hair cut short and Yoko looking strong but nervous and skeptical, the four of us sat for the afternoon and talked about the trouble the Beatles were having and about Klein's role in it. He showed John a tax opinion that McCartney's lawyers had prepared and, without looking at it, Lennon asked, 'What does it say, Allen?'*

*" 'The same damn thing we said a year ago,' Klein told him.*

*" 'Wonderful,' said John, in the accent that's always going home to Liverpool. 'Then I don't have to read it.'*

*"Later John told me, 'Allen's really beautiful. He handles everything, and I can trust him. Before he came, I was going mad with this stuff.' Across the room, Yoko agreed. She was on and off the phone, looking for an apartment in New York, and when she told John she'd found one on the Bowery, he said, 'Oh, no, luv, not there. I don't want to walk out me door and see people dying in the gutter; really I don't.'*

*"The scene in Spain, on the tip of the Costa del Sol in July heat, was madness. Klein had chartered the 150-foot yacht Aventura to accommodate the press he had brought in from England and France to cover the making of the movie. But the Spanish navy was in Almeria harbor, so the yacht had to moor outside the breakwater in heavy seas for almost all of the seven days we were there. At the opening-day press party Klein held aboard ship, journalists from four countries reeled seasick over the decks of the heaving ship, unable to focus their cameras or write in their notebooks. And Ringo sat on the afterdeck telling stories about his five horrible weeks in the merchant marine and prefacing his advice to the guests, 'Keep your knees apart and loose . . . focus on the land . . . ,' with a lilting phrase, 'Take it from an old sea dog, mate. . . .' The captain, the first mate and Klein's wife, Betty, were the only ones who made it through the three hours of rocking and rolling without turning the pale-green shade of the Mediterranean in summer. Even Ringo, as he climbed into the shore launch, said, 'Two hours of that's enough for anyone, innit?'*

*"We taped most of the interview on the movie set, 30 miles from town in the hot Spanish desert. A small bad-guy part had been written into the script for Klein and all week he grew a light stubble in anticipation of the two days' shooting that would become two minutes in the film. Between rehearsals and takes, Klein and I would scramble for Ringo's air-conditioned trailer, to the tape recorder, my notebooks and some Spanish wine, which I sipped as he talked (Klein doesn't drink). Ringo came along for two of the longest sessions, because he wanted to be out of the sun and because, as he said to Klein before we began, 'I'd like to hear what you have to say, too.' Ringo sat quietly as Klein answered questions about the business hassles, the lawsuits, the personal moments he'd had with the Beatles; but then, as I asked if he thought they would ever play together again and he hesitated before answering, Ringo came into the conversation for the first time.*

*" 'You must say yes, Allen,' he said, 'because there's no reason we shouldn't all play together again if we want to.' Then he leaned toward the microphone on the table. 'But don't no silly d.j.s go putting it out that we're thinkin' of getting together, 'cause we're not. Still, there's nothin' stoppin' us if we ever want to.' Ringo talked about his first face-to-face meeting with Paul in many months, on a plane, on the way to Mick Jagger's wedding, and then said, 'I luv Paul, you know, I really do,' and for a moment, all the neatly printed legal statements I'd pored over, so formal, signed by all the Beatles, one against another, and entered in evidence in the English High Court, numbering the reasons the partnership should or should not be dissolved, seemed strange and distant. Even Klein, in Western gear, a prop holster and six-gun on his waist, the toughest, fastest wheeler-dealer in town, any town, sat there stuttering a moment when Ringo was finished. The drummer's eyes were moist.*

*"Klein and I taped all week and never got much closer to the complicated truth of the affair than at that moment. There were other moments, though, when Klein was tired or in a reverie (always when the recorder was off), when I sensed why John Lennon and he are such close friends and why he and Mick Jagger were so close for many years. He had kept saying that he wanted me to meet Ringo, John and George, so that I could see for myself that they were happier with their careers and their lives than they had ever been. I missed meeting George in New York just before his Madison Square Garden benefit with Dylan in August, but John and Ringo both told me what Klein had said they would about the good place their heads were in, and they told me they wanted Allen Klein to get a big part of the credit for that. But for all the charm and wit and even tenderness he was capable of displaying when he was with one or another of the Beatles, Klein's reputation in the music business is still that of a rude, ruthless, nasty man who acts as if he were at war with the world. I began the interview by asking him a question about that."*

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**PLAYBOY:** How did you get the reputation as the biggest prick in the music business?

**KLEIN:** Maybe I am. And if I am, it's because the music business is about 99 percent no-talent losers who can't stand a winner in their midst. I'm a winner, and if they want to sour-grape my success by calling me names, let 'em. I don't give a shit. I represent artists, not record companies. I made a philosophical decision and I went with the artists: they're the ones who need my services most. That might not make you many friends, but it gives you a clearer conscience. You can't deal. I mean really *deal*, with friends. This business is just too tough for that, and I'll tell you, one on one, I'm as rough as anybody in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have to be rough?

**KLEIN:** Only if you want to survive. That's the nature of the music business, or any business, really, where there's a lot of money that gets made fast. Look, a kid comes in, all he knows is music. He cuts a record, doesn't know anything about contracts, taxes, the business, and there are a lot of people who can fuck him. But if he's got somebody good dealing for him, somebody who knows how to give these guys some of their own shit back, it can save the kid a lot of grief. Talk about *my* reputation, what about the record companies? It's not like I was in church kicking over statues. I deal for the little guy, the artist, because that's who I identify with. And I'm damn good at it. That's how I got my reputation.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you identify with artists instead of businessmen?

**KLEIN:** Because I think I'm as creative at what I do as Mick Jagger and John

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Lennon are in their way. Everybody thinks business runs by some kind of formula, right? Well, I got news: There are no formulas. Every time out is different and every artist is different. I've done things in this business that nobody ever thought of doing before me. It's the only way to get anything good done. I ask an artist, "What do you want?" Then he tells me what he wants. And if I agree with what he asks for, then it's Gang Busters. The artist comes first, and I'll do whatever it takes to get what we want. And I mean *whatever*.

**PLAYBOY:** Regardless of ethics?

**KLEIN:** Don't talk to me about ethics. Every man makes his own. It's like a war. You choose your side early and from then on, you're being shot at. The man you beat in a head-to-head negotiation is likely to call you unethical. So what? You got to live with yourself, that's all. When I started in this business, I was an accountant. I'd go to an artist and say, "Let me go to your record company and do an audit for you." To see if they were really paying him five cents on a record or whatever the contract said. I'd go over the books and I'd find that the companies were always short. Whenever I caught them at it, I'd take 50 percent of whatever I found for the artist. Which was fine with the artist—but I was making the record companies look like crooks even if it was an honest mistake on their part. They hated my guts. Said I was an unethical bastard. I don't know if what I did was ethical or not; it was just my hustle. A way to get into the business. Now, there are moral people and immoral people in this business, just like every other one. But this is the environment I have to fight in and I use the tools available to me. I think of myself as moral. I wouldn't kill anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** That's big of you.

**KLEIN:** Do you think so? You can murder a man economically, you know. It's brutal. He's still walking around, but he's dead. That goes on. But I've never done that. And I never will. Vengeance is a waste of energy and time.

**PLAYBOY:** Short of destroying a man that way, would you do literally anything to accomplish what you felt you had to for a client?

**KLEIN:** Yeah, I think so.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you lie?

**KLEIN:** Oh, sure.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you steal?

**KLEIN:** Probably. Look, you have to survive. You do whatever it takes, because if you don't stay alive in this business, you can't help anybody, and then all the discussions about ethics and morals don't mean a thing. Yoko told me that when she and John came to me, they were looking for a real shark—someone to keep the other sharks away. Now she says sometimes I'm *too* moral.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find your morals in conflict with those of the people you deal with?

**KLEIN:** I really don't care what others do. I do what I want and what I believe. It would be nice if everything could be clinical and clean. But you'd have to be pretty naïve to believe you could live your life that way. I don't think I'm dishonest with myself or the people I represent. I get called everything: unethical, immoral, rude. I get things done the only way I know how.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you rude?

**KLEIN:** I guess I'm abrupt, sure, but that's just me. I don't have the time to be polite. When I'm in a negotiation, I want to get to the point. I don't want to sit around making chitchat and be bored by these people. I'm like that about everything. Most 30-minute conversations could take one minute; well, I can *use* the other 29. I guess that makes me rude. If it puts people off, too bad.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your tough-guy image give you an edge when you sit down with a record company to work out a contract?

**KLEIN:** There's only one thing that gives me an edge: I'm the best. I know more about this business than anybody else. I'm always better prepared than the guy across from me. Everything else is bullshit. I go into a negotiation knowing everything I can about the situation, my artist, who he is, what he wants, who the guy I'm dealing with is, who his company is and what *they* want. Then, if it gets heavy, I hit him with whatever he doesn't expect. If he's up for a big fight, then I just play it cool, let him have a couple of things he doesn't expect. Then, when he's off guard, I get my shots in. It's really like chess, knowing all the moves. It's a game, for Christsakes, and winning is everything. It's a shame it has to get nasty sometimes.

**PLAYBOY:** How nasty has the game with the Eastmans become?

**KLEIN:** Very damn nasty, I'll tell you. With Lee Eastman ranting around a hotel room in London calling me the lowest form of scum in the world. He did that in front of the Beatles, called me everything he could think of. I just sat there and let him come out of the woodwork. He showed everybody who he was: emotional, pedantic, patronizing. He had the Beatles, and he could see he was losing them and that I was going to get them. That's when the trouble started.

**PLAYBOY:** Paul claims you started the trouble.

**KLEIN:** I'm sure he does. The Eastmans are his in-laws, for Christsakes. But it's not true. The whole thing had been building for years, really. When I got to Apple, things were a shambles: The Beatles and Apple had nothing; they were broke. That's the situation I walked into. There was friction and misunderstanding and nobody was doing anything about it. I know I get cast as the villain, but if you ask Ringo or George or John, they'll tell you I got them *out* of trouble, not into it.

**PLAYBOY:** Before you took over as their manager, John told friends he was afraid to go to you. Why?

**KLEIN:** Oh, he'd heard all the stories and lies about me, like everybody else. And he knew I'd said years before, when Epstein was still managing them, that I was going to have the Beatles one day. That scared him, I think. It was like I was clairvoyant, you know; here he was, thinking of coming and asking me for help after I'd said I knew he would. He told me that made him nervous as hell.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you want the Beatles?

**KLEIN:** Because they're the best.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you feel you'd have them?

**KLEIN:** Because I'm the best. I can even tell you the moment when I knew for sure I was going to be their manager. I was driving across a bridge out of New York and I heard on the radio that Epstein had died and I said to myself, "I got 'em." Who else *was* there?

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get in touch with John or did he call you?

**KLEIN:** I called John. Sometime in early 1969, I read that he had made a statement to one of the papers saying that if the Beatles didn't do something soon, Apple would be broke in six months. That was my opening. You can deal with people who are aware of impending disaster. The Apple accountant had written all four boys a letter saying they were on the verge of bankruptcy. So I started having people I knew tell John I'd like to talk.

**PLAYBOY:** When you met him, what did you propose?

**KLEIN:** Nothing. I didn't propose anything. I don't work that way. When I meet with an artist, it's never to say, "Look, you got a dollar, let me get you two." I just asked him, "How can I help you?" That's all; and after we broke the ice, it was a very personal sort of meeting. Yoko was there and we talked about John's music and his life and mine; we even talked about Biafra. We were trying to get to know each other.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you discuss his money problems at all?

**KLEIN:** Of course. He was scared to death about the money situation. He said, "Allen, I don't want to end up like Mickey Rooney." How would *you* feel, sitting there damn near broke after having made millions and millions of pounds and about to end up with nothing—except memories?

**PLAYBOY:** How is it possible to blow that much money?

**KLEIN:** You mean how does it get blown *for* you. He made more money for the

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parasites around him than he made for himself. Between bad advisors and a situation at Apple that just let the money flow, and taxes, it's easy to wind up with nothing. And John's very generous with his money. Too generous.

**PLAYBOY:** Was he giving it away?

**KLEIN:** Sometimes, yeah. And there were houses that he bought—and never saw—with his friends living in them. I think there's still one of those. He bought it and a friend moved in 'cause he needed a place to live and just never moved out. And John doesn't know how to ask him to leave. And there were cars he bought that disappeared and times when he's given away like £25,000 out of his own pocket. Because of taxes, he's got to make £250,000 to give away £25,000, you know. And that's just too damn generous. But John does this kind of stuff from the heart. He gives things to people he cares for. You can't fault somebody for wanting to believe everybody and love everybody. That's just John Lennon. That night in the Dorchester Hotel, he wanted somebody to take the financial burden off his back.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Paul and George and Ringo feel the same way?

**KLEIN:** I don't know. They knew John was coming to see me, but he made it clear that he was there for himself and Yoko, period. He told me then that the Eastmans were handling the Beatles' financial affairs and that he was interested only in someone to look into his own problems. And I said I would.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get something in writing?

**KLEIN:** No. They asked me if I wanted them to sign something, and of course I did. But I didn't want to appear too anxious, so I just asked them to write informal letters to the people I'd have to see to get information about his money. So Yoko sat on the floor at three in the morning and typed the letters. And the next day, John called all the people who were getting them, so that it wouldn't appear too sudden. So no one would get nervous. We wanted it to be gentle.

**PLAYBOY:** How did John go about breaking it gently to Paul, George and Ringo that you were going to be involved?

**KLEIN:** It happened the next day at lunch. All four of them, plus Yoko and Linda Eastman, were there, and one of the Apple employees came up and said that he had just heard from their record company, EMI, that I was representing John. And without missing a sip from his soup John told them, "He does."

**PLAYBOY:** Did everybody know that this was your foot in the door to managing the Beatles?

**KLEIN:** Come on. Sure they knew. But it didn't have to mean anything more than my looking into John's finances. We hadn't signed anything then; there was no contract. I guess Paul and Linda were upset, sure, because the Eastmans represented the Beatles then. Somebody told me that when Linda heard about it at that lunch, she said, "Oh, shit." But Paul was pretty cool. I don't think he'd really made up his mind about me.

**PLAYBOY:** How did George and Ringo feel about it?

**KLEIN:** Well, we all had a meeting the next night. I wanted to show them what I could do. The Eastmans had proposed a deal and I wanted to discuss it with them. I suggested to Paul that it would be better if the Eastmans were there when we discussed money, and he agreed and said he'd set up a meeting and then he left. Then George and Ringo and I just talked. They asked what I was going to do for John and when I told them, they asked me if I would do the same thing for them. I said sure. Ringo said later, "We had too many people in nice suits with nice manners looking after us. Klein was a hustler, emotionally involved with the band, and I figured it was about time I had someone hustling for me."

**PLAYBOY:** What happened when you had the meeting with the Beatles and the Eastmans?

**KLEIN:** That was when the shit started to fly. At that meeting, everybody, including Paul, agreed that I should look into their financial positions and Apple's. I could see that John Eastman was sulking, so, as a political move, I asked him if he'd act as their lawyer. Well, he refused—said he did more than a lawyer—but the guys put pressure on him and finally he said he'd think it over. Paul called him up the next day and talked him into it. Paul needed help, too, you know, and he wanted to see what I could do as much as the other guys did.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Paul know at that point that you were trying to force the Eastmans out?

**KLEIN:** I wasn't trying to force them out. They could have stayed on as lawyers if the boys had wanted them to. But they wanted to continue to manage the Beatles, which they had been doing for a month, so it became a question of who was to do what. And all four boys agreed that I was going to look into the finances and that Johnny Eastman should act as a lawyer. But that became impossible after a while. There was too much friction. I couldn't get anything done, and that was what the Eastmans wanted.

**PLAYBOY:** How much did you contribute to that friction?

**KLEIN:** It was just two sides wanting the same thing, you know. Lee Eastman got upset and said I was sending his son to do menial errands for me. I was just giving him jobs that I thought he should do as lawyer for the Beatles and for Apple. Then John Eastman did a very silly thing designed to simply obstruct anything I was doing. I had to put out a press release saying

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that my company, Abkco, was involved with the Beatles. It's a public company and you have to tell the stockholders what's going on. It was a very bland statement; I didn't play it up and say that Abkco had the Beatles or anything. I just said we were looking into things for them. Well, Eastman got very upset that he wasn't mentioned in it and ran off to *Billboard* magazine and gave them a completely bullshit story. The goddamn story was something like, "JOHN EASTMAN TAKES OVER BEATLES, ALL OPERATIONAL BUSINESS WILL FLOW THROUGH HIM." As soon as I saw that, I knew things were going downhill. It was obvious that he knew he'd blown it and would try anything to hang on, no matter how outrageous. His ego was hurt, that's all. And he was striking back the only way he knew how: emotionally.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever sit down with him and ask why he was acting that way?

**KLEIN:** We had meetings with both the Eastmans. But you can't talk to them. They just start calling names. There was one meeting with everybody there and Lee Eastman really let go. And I mean you don't want to fight with Paul's in-laws if you can help it. It was embarrassing as hell. I didn't mind it for myself—sticks and stones, you know—but for the boys, it was sad. I think everybody saw exactly what was happening and who the Eastmans really were.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you push them to it?

**KLEIN:** All right, look, I'm not innocent. I engineered a situation in which I hoped the boys would see that the Eastmans were really doing nothing more than interfering. And I think they did see that. All I wanted was what was good for the group—*all* the boys, not just Paul. And sometimes what's good for Paul isn't always good for the other three. It was as simple as that. I represented John, George and Ringo and they had asked me to take over Apple. The three of them had signed a contract with me. Paul hadn't. I was negotiating for him because he was one of the Beatles; but when there was a conflict, it was up to me to protect the interests of the three I personally represented. And that's what I was doing, the best way I knew how.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you fire the Eastmans?

**KLEIN:** We did, or rather John, George and Ringo did. They sent him an official letter of termination on behalf of the three of them and Apple Corps Ltd.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Paul have anything to say about it?

**KLEIN:** Nothing. Lennon, Harrison and Starkey represent a majority, and they wanted the Eastmans out. That was it. But the Eastmans still represented Paul, of course, so firing them didn't really solve everything. Because of their family relationship with Paul, they were still in a position to disrupt the negotiations I was arranging for all four boys.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Paul feel about you at that point?

**KLEIN:** He was in a tough position. I was putting together deals, good deals, and he liked them. But his father-in-law and brother-in-law were doing things I considered bad business judgment. For instance, we were trying to get control of Northern Songs. That was the company that owned all the past songs of Lennon, McCartney and Harrison and all the copyrights of Lennon-McCartney songs through February of 1973. The problem was that the Beatles never controlled Northern. All John and Paul had was 15 percent each. A man named Dick James, who'd been involved with Epstein, owned 35 percent and most of the rest was held by the public.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't Lennon and McCartney own the rights to their own songs?

**KLEIN:** I don't know. Ask Brian Epstein. He made the deal. Not me. That's typical of the mess they were in when I arrived.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Epstein a poor businessman?

**KLEIN:** Yes. He was a great promoter; that was his contribution. As a businessman, well, it was a new business when he came in and nobody knew anything about it. He listened to some bad advice, I think; he had bad business advisors around him, and the result was disaster. I mean, the Beatles were almost broke and didn't even have control over their own songs, or even their records. So I was trying to free them; get the past back for them and free the future. I wanted to get John and Paul their songs back or else to just get rid of their involvement in Northern altogether. The problem was compounded because, without even offering his shares to the Beatles, Dick James sold his interest in Northern to a big English conglomerate called ATV. So I started to work out a deal with the head of ATV, Sir Lew Grade. He's a winner, by the way. Dealing with him was straight and tough and we worked out a good deal. Good for everybody. But the Eastmans didn't like it. They didn't have any logical reason for opposing the deal except one: They wanted Northern for themselves. That would have been great for Lee Eastman, who already holds a very impressive catalog of music copyrights. And it would have been good for Paul, maybe. But everybody else would have gotten screwed. We had meetings with some bankers who were involved in the deal, and the Eastmans blew up and called them crooks. It was incredible. The bankers refused to meet with them after that and I had to go back and offer our shares in Northern to Sir Grade.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were you interested in selling out of Northern?

**KLEIN:** We couldn't afford to be minority shareholders, and neither could ATV. So I worked a deal where we were to sell to Grade and make a lot of money for the boys and retain some of the rights and ATV was going to get Northern and some rights to songs. It was the best deal I think we could have made then. Paul knew about it and was happy with it. He'd been talking directly to Grade and he liked the deal. Everybody was happy. The board of ATV was going to meet to approve it and Grade was going to call a press conference; everything was set. Then, on the morning of the ATV board meeting, Grade got a letter from John Eastman saying, "Klein has no right to deal for Paul McCartney." And it was bullshit. Paul didn't know anything about the goddamn letter. Eastman had written it without telling Paul a thing. I called McCartney and we had a meeting. Then we called John Eastman, who blew up again and said we were all crazy. Paul told him, "I don't care, I'm going to do what Allen says." And then he told Johnny Eastman never to send another letter like that unless he showed it to him first. We called Grade, but it was too late. The board had already decided they couldn't take a chance that the deal might break down.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Paul unhappy that the deal didn't go through?

**KLEIN:** Yeah, he lost, too. It was all so damned stupid. Eastman shot that one out from under all of us, and I really felt down. You know, you can fight something you can understand, but his letter was just so damned irrational. Paul knew that. I went back to New York and he called me there and said, "Look, Allen, I'm sorry. It won't happen again." He told me he wanted to sit down and really get Apple going. Those were the best moments I had with Paul.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think then that the two of you might have a close relationship?

**KLEIN:** I don't know if we ever could have been good friends. I'm not sure that's possible with McCartney. But around that time, regardless of the shit that had gone down between me and the Eastmans, he and I were reasonably close. As a matter of fact, he told a friend later, "Klein almost had me. He could have had me."

**PLAYBOY:** What finally happened in the Northern Songs negotiations?

**KLEIN:** We finally just sold our shares to ATV. We made a lot of money, but it wasn't the best we could have done.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Paul sign the deal?

**KLEIN:** Hell, yes, he signed them all. All the deals I worked out. The Eastmans were running around saying I didn't represent him, but he was signing all the deals. It was just the worst kind of obstructionism by John and Lee

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Eastman. And these were not easy deals to put together; the financial tangles the Beatles were in were incredible. I was in there working my ass off to get them what they deserved; but it didn't matter how good a deal I'd put together; it was just pure ego from the Eastmans.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you negotiate a new recording contract for the Beatles at that time?

**KLEIN:** Yup, and Eastman tried to fuck that up, too. It was a beautiful deal. EMI, the record company the Beatles are contracted to, owns Capitol in America. The Beatles' contract ran to 1976; but after we got the Northern thing and some others straight, I wanted to go after the big one: A new contract was what we needed to guarantee income for Apple and the Beatles.

**PLAYBOY:** What justification did you have for a renegotiation, if the contract ran to 1976?

**KLEIN:** What do you mean, justification? We wanted the best act in the world to have the best record contract in the world, that's all. A contract is just a piece of paper. Two parties sign it in good faith, hoping it indicates what they both want out of a relationship. But situations change, so contracts get changed. We went to EMI and said that the boys had misunderstood the contract when they signed it. You can read a contract and think you know what it says, but without really good advice, you can make a mistake. The contract said that the Beatles owed EMI nine years *and* 70 sides. The boys thought it said nine years *or* 70 sides, whichever came first. They'd already done 70 sides, so they thought they were out of that contract. But they weren't. So we approached Sir Joseph Lockwood, the head of EMI, and said, "As a moral point, the boys thought the contract said something else, so let's redo it to everyone's satisfaction."

**PLAYBOY:** What was Lockwood's response?

**KLEIN:** It was cool, firm and unfriendly. But we had EMI over a barrel. The boys had already done the 70 sides. They could have just sat on their asses and not done another song for the period of the contract. And they had us over a barrel, too, really. If we didn't work for them, we couldn't work for anybody. Everybody would have lost. But EMI had no choice. We had 'em. So we worked out a new contract. We got the boys increased royalties, but more important than that, we got them total control and ownership of their product in America. The final documents were drawn up—and then Eastman sent another letter. This one to Capitol, with whom we were dealing in America, reiterating that I didn't have the authority to deal for Paul. So I called a meeting—all four boys, Eastman and some others, and had the contract read out loud to all of them. And you know, finally, even Johnny Eastman said, "Allen, I don't know how you did it, but this is the best record deal I've ever seen." And then they all signed it—including Paul, under the Eastmans' advice. That's about the last time the four boys really got together on anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Were they growing apart?

**KLEIN:** They were hardly even talking to one another. John had given up on the group, almost; he was trying to straighten out his personal life, and Paul had by then taken over musically and was trying to run George and Ringo like they were his sidemen or something. It was pretty terrible, and both George and Ringo were very disgusted. And none of them would sit down and tell the others how they really felt.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't your feud with the Eastmans responsible for all that?

**KLEIN:** Categorically, no. It wasn't me who caused their personal problems. It had started years before. Paul's just a selfish person and if he doesn't get his way in everything, he bitches. That had always been true. It was the same with Brian Epstein. John told me Paul fought with Brian all the time. Paul McCartney may have a choirboy image in the press and with the fans, but I'm here to tell you it's bullshit. If anybody broke up the Beatles, it was him.

**PLAYBOY:** You make it sound as if they were never really close.

**KLEIN:** I can only tell you what John said when I asked him who he would call among the Beatles if he was in trouble—you know, if he had a real problem. He said he'd call George. That surprised me. Then I asked him if he'd ever been really close with Paul and he said no. Not that he didn't love him; he did. He just said every time he let his guard down, McCartney hurt him.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he say how?

**KLEIN:** Not specifically. But you know, it's the kind of hurt where you open up to someone, really reach out, and then they're just not there. A couple of times I thought Paul and I really had something going and then the next day, it was like it all just slipped away.

**PLAYBOY:** John has said that around that time, you had him sit down and figure out exactly which lyrics he'd written and which ones Paul had written. Why?

**KLEIN:** I thought John was losing confidence in himself, and I really didn't know who had written exactly what, so I couldn't give John the encouragement he needed. If Paul was really the main factor in the making of records—I mean, if things were really going to fall apart without him—I needed to know that and be able to deal with it. It turned out, of course, that John had written most of the stuff. He'd forgotten a lot of what he'd contributed and had assumed, say, on *Michelle*, that because Paul sang lead, Paul had written it. Well, John wrote the entire middle eight for *Michelle* and 60 or 70 percent of the lyric on *Eleanor Rigby*. He just didn't remember till I sat him down and had him sort through it all. And he pointed out a lot of things that George had contributed that no one knew about. Everybody thought McCartney was this genius songwriter who did it all by himself, and it just wasn't true. Not that Paul isn't a good writer; he's a great writer. But he wasn't the Beatles. They *all* did it—John, George, Paul and Ringo. And I just thought we ought to get that straight. I wanted to cut through the bullshit and get to the substance, so that when it got nasty, there would be no surprises.

**PLAYBOY:** When *did* it get nasty?

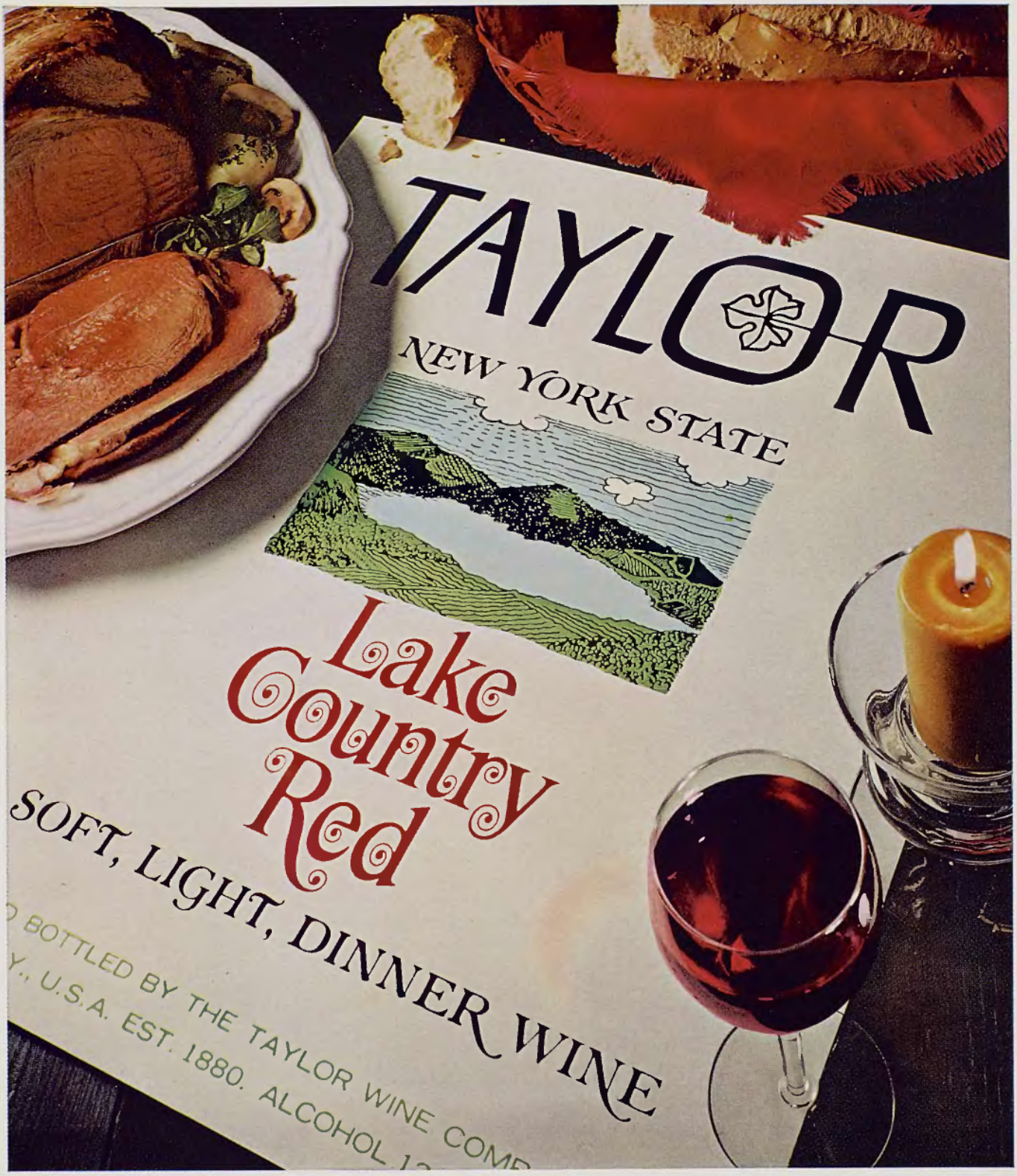
**KLEIN:** In the early part of 1970, the Eastmans told Paul that we were going to try to hold up the release of his solo album *McCartney*. We wanted the *Let It Be* album to come out at the same time as the movie, in May, and it didn't make sense for Paul to release his album at the same time. A McCartney album is a Beatle album in the public's eyes. And when you confuse them by bringing two out at the same time, all you do is hurt sales. The Eastmans told him that the film wasn't really coming out, that we were using it as a ploy to delay his solo thing. Paul believed what they told him.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did the Eastmans think the film wasn't coming out?

**KLEIN:** I don't know. We'd been dealing with United Artists about a third film they said they were entitled to under the contract that Brian Epstein had negotiated with them. At that point, it was becoming troublesome, because U. A. was giving Ringo hassles about being in *The Magic Christian* and it was clear that they were going to withhold permission for any of the boys to be in other films until their agreement was met.

**PLAYBOY:** And you wanted *Let It Be* to be their third film?

**KLEIN:** Sure. Originally, the boys—mostly Paul, really, because it was his film—had intended it to be a TV film. But I had some of my people look at a rough cut and we decided it would work as a general-release motion picture. Then I showed the print to the boys and John, George and Ringo agreed. Paul didn't like the idea, but he said, "You have a majority, so go ahead." Then the Eastmans sent another of their famous letters, this one to United Artists, saying I didn't have the authority to deal for Paul. They thought that would kill the deal, but U. A. loved the film and we finally signed it with a provision in the contract to cover the possibility of the Eastmans' suing. Then Ringo went to ask Paul to hold the release of his solo

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album until after the *Let It Be* album came out, so there wouldn't be confusion. Paul told Ringo that since there was no definite release date for the film, he was going ahead. Ringo told him that the release date *was* set and then Paul really let him have it. He said he was going to ruin Ringo, that he was going to talk to *Rolling Stone* and really get him. Incredible shit. Ringo was really down about it and he phoned me that night and said, "Look, Allen, it's been ten years. Let's just give him what he wants." I said fine. So Paul's album came out and then it really got petty. He put that tasteless self-interview into the British copies, saying that I didn't manage him and, "My plan is to grow up," and on and on.

**PLAYBOY:** Paul said later that although you and the other three had nothing whatever to do with his solo album for Apple, you put your company's label on the cover.

**KLEIN:** Look, Abkco is a public company. I didn't want the stockholders to think that we weren't managing Apple anymore. I *had* to put that on there. He was making all kinds of confusing statements. You gotta protect yourself.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction—and that of the other Beatles—when Paul filed suit to break up the partnership?

**KLEIN:** I wasn't surprised. John and George were very surprised, because they were all supposed to meet in England in January, and he didn't even call. Paul didn't call any of them. He just went ahead and did it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were they angry?

**KLEIN:** No. I think just very sad and disillusioned.

**PLAYBOY:** What did the suit demand?

**KLEIN:** It was an interim action to put the partnership of the four into receivership until a trial could be held to determine if the partnership should be dissolved. And a receiver has been appointed.

**PLAYBOY:** What effect does that have?

**KLEIN:** It's a legal nuisance, that's all.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not disrupting any transactions, negotiations, the flow of cash, productions or your managership?

**KLEIN:** It may affect the flow of cash, but so what—Apple has plenty of cash. It doesn't affect the rest of it. Whatever artists Apple has, other than the partnership, aren't affected by the receivership. And I manage Apple, not the partnership.

**PLAYBOY:** So what does the receivership gain for Paul?

**KLEIN:** Nothing, not a damn thing. He's in exactly the same nowhere position as the other three. It gets him the same frustration and annoyance it gets them. Which goes to prove that sometimes even when you win you lose. In my judgment, the entire action was brought for the sole purpose of trying to embarrass me. It's an attempt to force me out and to gain what the Eastmans wanted: control of Apple and the Beatles.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think they really want the partnership dissolved?

**KLEIN:** No, I don't. In fact, they said in court they didn't want the partnership business to be ended—which is usually the point of receivership. Our main reason for opposing the dissolution was that the tax consequences would be horrendous for all four. They knew that, too. That's why they asked that business continue.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think the outcome of all this will be?

**KLEIN:** There's no telling. It probably won't come to trial for another two years—if it ever does.

**PLAYBOY:** Paul said in his affidavit that one of the reasons for the suit was that he was tired of having to get permission to do an album, that he felt his creative freedom was heavily impaired.

**KLEIN:** That's bullshit. I don't think he really meant that—if he said it. I think that was in an affidavit written by a lawyer to sway the judge. He didn't have to get, and never really did get, any approvals on anything. What was made out to him as a big problem was whether or not the *Let It Be* album should come out in front of his own individual album. If he had asked them for it, if he had asked any of them, he would have had it. They love him, you know, they really do—no matter what. But Paul McCartney can and does do whatever he damn well pleases, from an artistic and creative point of view and from a business point of view. He just thinks differently about the democratic philosophy of partnership—this partnership in particular—than I do.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were on Paul's side, what would you tell him to do?

**KLEIN:** I'd tell him that if he wants to win, he'll have to make the others believe that what he wants is reasonable. All he needs is for one of them to agree with him and it would be a 50-50 deadlock. I'd also tell him to go back to thinking for himself.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything to prevent Paul from dealing directly with the other three Beatles?

**KLEIN:** Nothing. Not a damn thing except advice from the Eastmans. They think it might be bad tactically, that it might harm their position. I've certainly never stopped the boys from talking to *him*. In fact, right before the court action started, I had John and George and Ringo call him. It would have been so much simpler if they worked it out instead of the courts. But Paul's attitude was, "If it takes two years, I can wait it out." I still think it would be better if the four of them would just talk to each other about it. I've wanted that from the beginning. But getting together personally is their problem, not mine. If they were all to sit down around a table, and the truth were known to all of them, I think they could solve it in a minute. The sad thing, really, is that the Eastmans are using them as the ball and bat to fight *me*. A lot has gone down. I'm sorry they didn't sit around a table and get it done in front. I think the airing of all this in public was an unnecessary waste of energy. It's like a war where no one wins.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the Beatles will ever play together again on records or on tour?

**KLEIN:** I really don't know. It's up to them. Completely. There's nothing stopping them.

**PLAYBOY:** You take 20 percent as a commission for doing most of what you do for them. Isn't that a lot? Wouldn't most managers do it for ten percent?

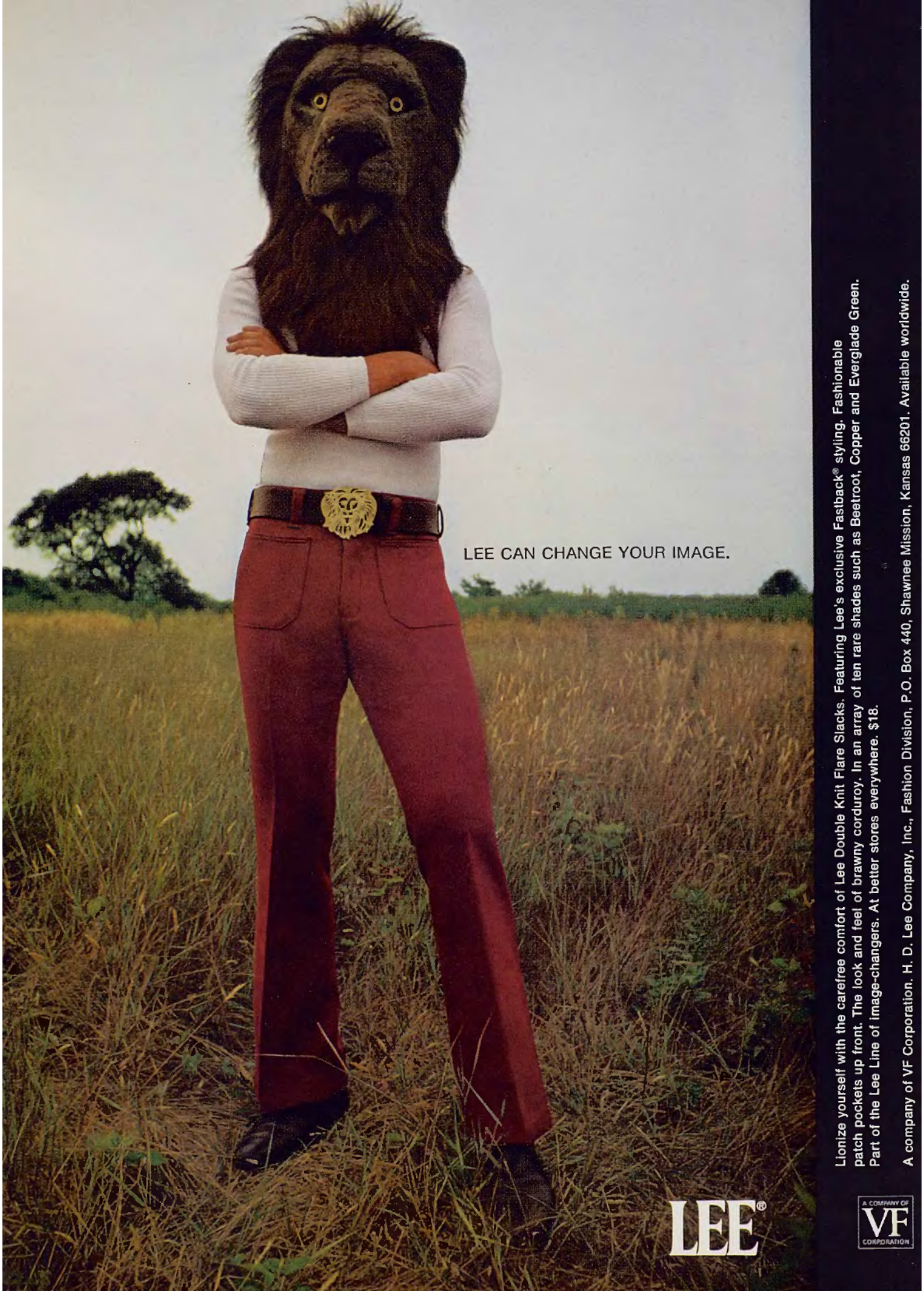
**KLEIN:** Some people would do it for *five* percent and some would do it for nothing. But not me. You get what you pay for, and vice versa. Remember, no one has to sign with me if they don't want to. I'm not a doctor with all the penicillin when there's an epidemic.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do for your 20 percent?

**KLEIN:** I'm their business manager. I invented that term. Nowadays, everybody calls themselves that, but it's my invention. It really started when I managed Sam Cooke. Sam Cooke was my age. You know, these performers aren't children; they're not delinquents who don't know what they're doing. They're grownups; they don't need personal managers, like a parent or a warden. But they're not businessmen. Being an artist and being a businessman are opposites. They just don't want the constant involvement of handling the business as well as the music. It's not that they don't have an awareness of it; they certainly are aware; don't ever think they're not. George Harrison, to use him as an example, really reads every damn document. And he understands them. And if you think that Ringo and John don't know what they're doing, you're crazy. Ringo knows exactly what he has in the bank. But he doesn't want the day-to-day intricacies. None of them do. They just want to work. That's what they all want to do. The business thing is a bore for them. It always has been. That's why there's a need for a business manager. I'm the best, and that's why I can charge the Beatles 20 percent.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you feel you've really accomplished for them?

**KLEIN:** I'll tell you. Under Epstein—by the way, he took 25 percent—when they were touring, selling millions of records, making movies, they made £6,500,000

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in six years. With me, they've earned £9,000,000 in 19 months. How's that?

**PLAYBOY:** Is money your only object?

**KLEIN:** Absolutely not. In the last 19 months, they've also put out more albums than they did in those previous six years. That's productivity, and it comes from freedom. Artistic freedom. Getting the money straight allows them to do whatever the hell they want. No decision ever made during my managership of the Beatles has been done with money as the prime concern. I'm after freedom for my artists. That's what I got them—and that's why I can charge 20 percent.

**PLAYBOY:** When you managed the Rolling Stones, did you also take 20 percent?

**KLEIN:** For five years.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have fewer headaches with the Stones than you've had with the Beatles?

**KLEIN:** Just a different kind of headache. At first, though, it was a snap. I started out as financial manager to Andrew Oldham, who was their manager on a personal day-to-day basis. He was a fantastic savings for me. I didn't have to spend any time with them. But then he got fired. By the way, *they* wanted him out, not me.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that when the headaches began?

**KLEIN:** And how. Mostly because Mick Jagger and Keith Richard got busted for having "dangerous" drugs, and for a whole year they weren't in any mood to work.

**PLAYBOY:** How close were you to them personally at that time?

**KLEIN:** Very. I was in California and I got this call that Mick and Keith had been busted. They'd both been busted for pot and Jagger had been charged with having some speed in his jacket pocket. It wasn't even his. It belonged to Marianne Faithfull, who he was going with at the time. But he took the rap. Anyway, I flew back for the trial.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Jagger cool about the whole thing?

**KLEIN:** How can you be cool about that? He was nervous as hell. Scared to death. He didn't want to go to jail. They got sentenced to a year. But I got them out on bail and we appealed the thing. Then I got a call that Brian Jones had been busted for pot. And I thought, "Oh, shit, here we go again." It wasn't easy. Those hassles shot a whole year.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever tell Jagger and Richard that you thought they ought to lay off drugs?

**KLEIN:** It's their business, you know. But I got pissed the day I got them out on bail, when Mick and Keith and Marianne got back to my hotel room and she pulled out a hash pipe and lit up. I mean, how goddamn stupid can you get? I grabbed the thing away from her and fucking threw it out the window. She stood there saying the law was unrealistic; well, I don't give a shit if it is. I didn't want them to go to jail. And it's not the money; I don't care only about that. It's just that if I'm involved, then I'm responsible. It becomes my cross to see that they stay out of prison. Their problems are mine, and let me tell you, I worked my ass off. Got them the best lawyers, sat in the front row at the trial every day. I was thrilled when they got off. I can't do this job any other way than to get completely involved with my artists. That's why I got so mad at Marianne; I was just afraid she was going to blow it for everybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she and Jagger have a good relationship?

**KLEIN:** Oh, yeah. I think she made Jagger a man. She's a real woman.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get along with Jagger?

**KLEIN:** We got along fine. There were times when we were very close. I wasn't around too much and that used to piss him off. But we got along. He's a great talent, you know. There's really no one like him as a performer. But he wasn't the creative power in the Stones.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was?

**KLEIN:** Keith Richard; he's the writer, the creator of the group's music. If he doesn't produce, the Stones have nothing. During the past few years, with the drug trouble and all, they really haven't produced much. I kept them going by repackaging their old stuff—for which I got shit from the press, by the way. But I did a hell of a job for them. I made more money for them in the United States than the Beatles made, even though the Stones sold fewer records.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised when they fired you?

**KLEIN:** Yes and no. I knew Jagger had been talking to other people, but we'd been working closely for three months on a deal with Decca, and I was spending a lot of time with him, so in that way it was a surprise. I guess I should have expected it. He was jealous of the Beatles. It was a question of ego—and how little time I had for the Stones. I can't really fault him for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you giving most of your time to the Beatles?

**KLEIN:** Yes. I didn't know what else I could do for the Stones. I mean, I could have made them more money, but the Beatles were the ones in money trouble. I told Jagger, "I was there when you needed me, what's your bitch?" The Beatles needed me then. The trouble with Jagger is that he's like a chick sometimes.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say he's like a chick, do you mean his bisexual image is more than an image?

**KLEIN:** I better not say, or he might lose some of his appeal for his male fans. Or his female fans.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the two of you fight?

**KLEIN:** No. We didn't fight. It ended formally. That's all.

**PLAYBOY:** What control do you still have over their old records?

**KLEIN:** Well, we're the publisher and the manufacturer of all the old product. But we do whatever they want, since they create the product.

**PLAYBOY:** How is it that you retain so much if you're no longer their manager?

**KLEIN:** I get 20 percent of the deals negotiated within the term of my contract. That's the contract they signed.

**PLAYBOY:** How long does that last?

**KLEIN:** Forever.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why they've filed suit against you?

**KLEIN:** No, they want me to pay some money as a guarantee, that's all. It's suicidal for them from a tax point of view.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do so many of your business relationships end in lawsuits?

**KLEIN:** That's not fair. There are lots that get worked out. But remember, nobody sues a failure, they only sue a success.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why Apple is suing James Taylor?

**KLEIN:** That's a completely different thing. Apple *made* James Taylor, gave him the exposure, the charisma of the Beatles' company. And then he just picks up and walks out on his contract. Didn't ask anybody, didn't talk to anybody, just went and signed a contract with Warner's.

**PLAYBOY:** He said he felt stifled at Apple.

**KLEIN:** Well, I got news: Peter Asher, an Apple employee, handled him while he was at Apple, and Peter Asher handles him now. They walked out together. So if Taylor was getting stifled at Apple, it was Asher who was doing it. It's funny, you know, when people sue me, it's fine. Nobody says a bad word. But if Apple sues somebody for breach of contract, we're sons of bitches, right? Bullshit. Taylor didn't even make an attempt to work it out, so we're suing Taylor and Asher for $5,000,000 damages—the money we would have made had he honored his contract. That's it. The man didn't try to sit down and talk it out, didn't say, "I'm unhappy, let me go." Nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you try to sit down and work it out with Jagger?

**KLEIN:** I tried, but he wouldn't answer my call. His lawyers told him not to see me.

**PLAYBOY:** So a five-year personal relationship turns into an exchange of subpoenas instead of a discussion man to man.

**KLEIN:** Look, you do what you have to. There are a lot of greedy people in this business and asshole lawyers who want to stir up trouble. But I don't think it's any worse than any other. How about *your* business, how about yellow journalism, how about politics or Wall Street or

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The machine created to measure whiskers.

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### The First Test

After using a new Tripleheader two weeks, 112 men—mostly blade users—shaved one side of their face with the Tripleheader, the other with a new blade—a leading chromium or platinum one. Then the men compared the shaves. Blades couldn't beat Norelco for closeness. On comfort and lack of irritation, Norelco beat the blades.

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**Men's Preferences**
**Norelco vs. The Leading Platinum and Chromium Blades**

| | Closeness | Comfort | Lack of Irritation | Preferred Overall |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Norelco preferred | 35% | 69% | 64% | 60% |
| Blade preferred | 24 | 20 | 23 | 26 |
| Norelco and blades equal | 41 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
| (Norelco equal or better) | (76) | (80) | (77) | (74) |

### The Machine That Had To Be Invented To Measure Whiskers After Shaving

We combined a microscope and a special lighting system cool enough not to affect the skin. We added a special rotating mirror for the lens end to see and measure the full length of each bristle. Finally, a camera to photograph each one at 210 times life size.

This machine was the basis for...

### The Third Test

One by one, 24 men got under the microscope. Whisker by whisker the camera photographed the blade-shaved side and the Norelco-shaved side.

*These remarkable photomicrographic measurements showed the stubble for the 24 men tested was an average of 10.8% shorter on the Norelco-shaved side than on the blade-shaved side!*

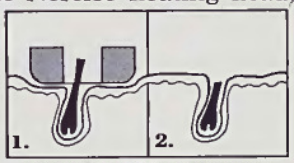
How did we deliver this shaving performance?

### The Unique Norelco Principle

The genius of the Norelco idea is 18 self-sharpening blades that continuously *stroke* whiskers away without a nick or a pinch. Inside floating heads, they *nestle* into the curves of your face, cutting smoothly, more evenly *overall*. A Norelco shave feels smoother because it *is* smoother. But what's new is what we've done to the shaving heads themselves.

### The 1971 Breakthrough— The SUPER Microgroove™ Head

Most men think you can't get a close shave with an electric shaver because of the metal screen between the blades and your skin. But in the revolutionary design of the Norelco floating head, the metal literally presses the skin down around each whisker (1) and gently lifts the hair up to the rotary blades. (2) So the whisker can actually be shaved off below skin level! Close, but still comfortable.

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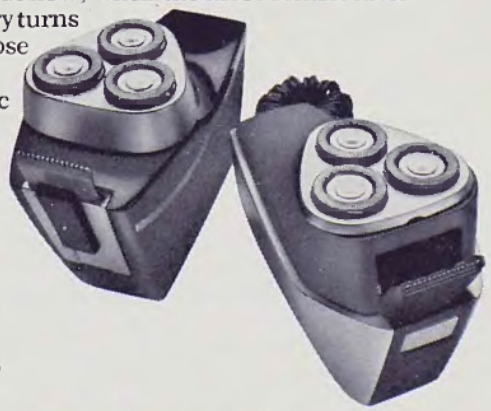

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the garment industry? There are good people in this business and there are scum. And when there's a lot of money involved, there are bound to be suits. Lawsuits are tools of the trade and you use the tools you have to survive. And if you're one of the survivors, innuendoes start flying that you're crooked or you're screwing somebody. You just learn to live with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of innuendoes about being crooked, would you mind explaining your recent tax conviction?

**KLEIN:** Well, in the first place, that case is under appeal. And it's interesting that charges were brought in 1966 over something that happened around 1960. I had a partnership that was required to file Federal payroll tax returns. There were several C. P. A.s who were working for me and it was their job to do it. I had never prepared those forms myself and I've never prepared them to this date. Someone in the organization was supposed to do it and our records indicated that we had. The Government has no records at all, by the way, to indicate whether the forms were filed or not. There was never a charge of failure to pay, because the money *had* been paid. The charge was failure to file the return itself. I think it was the first time ever that anybody had been tried and convicted for that. And it strikes me as kind of ironic that all this finally came to trial after ten years, just exactly at the time the Beatles' partnership action was occurring in London.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you make any connection?

**KLEIN:** I just think it's ironic, that's all. At that point, it was just one more thing. I sat and watched the press make all kinds of statements about me during that Beatle court action. At the time, I didn't think defending myself was the best thing to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the press has treated you badly?

**KLEIN:** In England, yes. I'm an American, you know, and I had *their* Beatles. That gave them a bias against me. But I don't talk to the press much, so when they write stories from clippings and just repeat the lies, I can't blame them too much. Except for being lazy. *Rolling Stone*, on the other hand, is a misinformed, ill-guided publication that's generally sensational and attacks anyone who is not aesthetic in their terms. They think business and money are bad. And that's what I represent to them, so they've taken it upon themselves to do a job on me. It's really interesting, you know, with all the words that have been written about me and the Beatles and me and the Stones, how negative the approach has been. Take somebody like Al Grossman. He was personal manager to Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary and a bunch of others, and when they left him, I didn't hear one word. But when the Stones decided to go on their own, there was a flood of stories about me. I guess it would be better if I talked more myself, but I've never made many press statements.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**KLEIN:** When I first got the Beatles in 1969, the only defense for the problems they had would have been that they were brought about by Epstein prior to my being involved. But I didn't want to say, "Look, it was all Epstein." He was dead and I figured it would be wrong. And the McCartney thing was sensitive and too much was getting said in the press as it was. I thought for a long time that if I let the shit fall on me, it would have been easier on Paul with his family problem and better for Epstein's image. I wouldn't offend Paul and he might come back and accept the situation and me.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you change your mind and decide to talk to the press now?

**KLEIN:** I think the time has come to do my laundry. I want people to know my side. I've been in this business a long time. There have been bad times, but there have been good times, too, you know.

**PLAYBOY:** When were the good times?

**KLEIN:** Let me tell you about Sam Cooke and maybe you'll see something about the humanity in this business. Sam was really the first artist I had that I got completely involved with the way I did later with the Stones and the Beatles. In 1961, I was very broke when I met a black disc jockey, "Jocko" Doug Henderson, who used to run the shows at the Apollo. A wonderful man, and he wanted to have a theater down in Philadelphia, so we became partners. I arranged to buy it and have him put on shows. I figured it would be a great way to meet the acts. They would come in to work and I could sit right there and, you know, meet them as they came and went. And the act that opened the theater was Sam Cooke. I knew his music, but I had never met him. Well, he came in and I got to him. We really hit it off. And the incredible thing was, he had no money. This great artist, this great songwriter had nothing, and he was under contract to RCA Victor at the time. So I went in to see them and we tried to negotiate a new contract diplomatically, but it didn't work out. So I went back to what I knew best, which was to do an audit for him on RCA. We used that as leverage, and finally we arranged a new recording deal that gave him the same control of his product that the Beatles have now. That's how I formulated it back in 1963. We renegotiated the deal, got all the old stuff as well as the new and we went ahead. The first album out was called *Good News* and I gave him a check for $250,000, which was good-faith money from RCA. Then he wrote me a check for 20 percent.

**PLAYBOY:** You were charging 20 percent back then, too?

**KLEIN:** Yeah. I was embarrassed to ask him to give it to me, but he thought it was terrific. He was really happy. Then he asked me if I would be his business manager. I didn't know whether I wanted the involvement, so I said, "We'll talk about it." When he came to New York a few months later, I said OK. Then I told him to go home and take a rest, get off the road and find out what he really wanted to do. I convinced him to take his time and make an album that he believed in. I wanted him to stop doing other people's material. They were trying to make him into Nat King Cole, for Christsakes, and he was singing songs he didn't understand. The album covers were like crap; everything had been wrong. I told him to do what he felt, which is what I thought he really needed in order to find himself. I wanted people to know who he really was. I knew when that happened he'd get the recognition he deserved and wanted so much. At that time, he was king of the blacks, and they loved him. And he loved it—but it didn't make him any money.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you want him to start performing for white audiences?

**KLEIN:** Yeah, sure. I got him into the Copa, but he didn't want to go. He'd played there in 1957 with someone like Myron Cohen during Lent, you know, hair slicked down, singing bossa nova. Awful stuff. He didn't even last a week. He packed up and said he wouldn't ever play a white club again. But I felt it was really essential, so I got him this date and although he kept saying, "I want to do it," I knew he really didn't. So I took a 70-foot billboard on Times Square with his picture from the album cover saying SAM'S THE BIGGEST COOKE IN TOWN. Then he knew he had to do it. He went in and killed 'em! Absolutely dead. He was fantastic. I went every night, every show. Women, white women, loved him.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you managing him when he was killed?

**KLEIN:** Yeah, it was right around my birthday, in December, and it was 1964 and my career had really taken off. I was handling records for The Animals and Herman's Hermits and The Dave Clark Five, which were just money deals for me. And I had just worked out a new record contract for Bobby Vinton, who's a good friend, and Sam was at the top of his form. I was really flying. I was going back to the orphanage where I grew up and I was going to take Vinton and Cooke and do a little show for the kids, take some records, all that stuff. Everything seemed perfect and I got a

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call from L. A. saying that Sam had been shot to death in a cheap motel, and I couldn't believe it. It was so fucking senseless. I flew to L. A. for the inquest and about a week later I was going into the Beverly Hills Hotel and I saw the hooker Sam had been with that night coming out on some guy's arm. I damn near went after her. It was really a hard time. When you do what I do, you're two kinds of animal: You're a businessman and you're a human being involved with artists who have a life style that's harder than most other people's. It takes its toll on you.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think it is that makes life so hard for performers?

**KLEIN:** Everything. First of all, they're supposed to be creating all the time. That's a bitch. Every time you go into a studio, you gotta top what you did last time. And there's the money. All of a sudden, a kid who has nothing has $1,000,000—and fans turn him into a superhero and ask for all kinds of things. Christ, when the Beatles started out, their dressing rooms were full of cripples who came to see them as if they were going to get healed. It's really crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there groupies then, too?

**KLEIN:** Yeah, sure, that's all part of the scene.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics call you "the ultimate groupie."

**KLEIN:** That's silly. Artists fuck groupies. According to my reputation, I fuck the *artists*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get involved musically with the groups you handle?

**KLEIN:** Yes. That's one of my strengths. Sometimes John or George or Ringo will come in and want to play a song for me that they've just written. And I'll tell them what I think. They like to test things out on me, and I think I can pretty well judge what's good. I even gave John a line for one of the songs on his new album, *Imagine*. He was trying to work it out and we were together. Just fooling around, you know. We were playing snooker in his house, and it was late, and we were laughing and being silly, and he was trying to work out some lines for a song called *How Do You Sleep at Night?* It's about McCartney and all the shit that's gone down. There's a line that goes, "The only thing you did was yesterday," and the line that he had following was: "And you probably pinched that bitch anyway." I thought it was too strong, not worthy of him, so I suggested, "Since you've gone you're just another day." And he loved it. John's music is very personal, and so is our relationship, so there's an involvement that way. Shit, I love the guy.

**PLAYBOY:** What does John think of Paul's solo music?

**KLEIN:** In a funny way, it inspires him. He was really anxious about McCartney's first album, and then he heard it and said, "I can do better than that." And he has. He's been disappointed in Paul's stuff, mostly. There were a couple of good songs, but I think maybe people are expecting too much from Paul. He's really working in a vacuum at this point. George and John and Ringo all have each other to try things out on and to get criticism from. Paul's alone, and I think that hurts his music.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think is ahead for him?

**KLEIN:** I'll tell you, I think things are going to get worse for McCartney before they get better. People are going to start finding out that he's not "poor little Paul." You know, before George did his benefit for Pakistani refugees in Madison Square Garden last summer, he called Paul and asked him if he wanted to come and play. Paul said, "Sure, I'll come—if you'll dissolve the partnership." What kind of shit is that?

**PLAYBOY:** How did George react?

**KLEIN:** It made him sad. Just sad.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of plans does George have now?

**KLEIN:** He's got the confidence now to do anything he wants. You know, I'm really proudest of what I did for him. Nobody knew he was a songwriter, nobody knew the talent that was there. And I encouraged him to do *All Things Must Pass* and look what happened. Beautiful. He wants to go on tour now, after the show at the Garden came off so great. By the way, so does Lennon. And so does Bob Dylan. But George is really the sweetest and gentlest of the boys and I was very proud he got his chance. He plays on John's new album, you know, and he's fantastic.

**PLAYBOY:** What about John? What's he going to do?

**KLEIN:** Lennon is Lennon and he can do anything he wants. He's a leader. He's involved trying to get Yoko's child back now. Her ex-husband has custody of her daughter and it's been very difficult for her to see the child. John wants to work that out before he does anything else. After that, well, he can do just about anything he wants. His head is in a very good place now.

**PLAYBOY:** And Ringo?

**KLEIN:** He just finished making a movie called *Blindman*. It's a Western with Tony Anthony, and Ringo plays a bad guy. Really nasty.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that a little out of character for him?

**KLEIN:** It's a real role. In most of the other movies, he just played himself. But I'll tell you something; Ringo's not all sweetness and light as a person. There's meanness behind those eyes if you cross him. And he has a tremendous amount of natural strength. If I want a true reading on a situation, a straight reaction with the most thought and the least emotion in it, I go to Ringo. I don't think many people know that about him. He's a very powerful and serious guy.

**PLAYBOY:** Does he have a future as an actor?

**KLEIN:** Yes, he's a professional. He works very hard. He's a talented natural comedian, but we found out on this new movie that he can play *any* role when he gets down to work. I don't think he'll ever give up his music—he loves that too much—but he's got a strong second career now. And I'm proud of that, too. I'd done the least for Ringo before this flick and before his 1,000,000-seller single. And now, well, it's just great. He's working and he's happy.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you expect your relationship with the Beatles to continue despite the trouble?

**KLEIN:** Yes, I do. Paul's the only one who's got trouble. Look at the rest of them. They're producing—more and better than they ever did before. They're all happy and they're with their families. I think I've contributed a lot to that. It's not how much money I make for them; they're the Beatles, for Christsakes. They'll make money no matter what. That's not important. I just wish people would look at the three of them right now and understand why I'm proud. I've been through a lot of shit for these guys. But it's been worth it.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it an ambition of yours to see the Beatles perform again?

**KLEIN:** Yes, I'd like to see it, just so that the stigma of their split wouldn't be with me. Even if it's just one time. I'd like that.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do for an encore after having managed the Beatles and the Stones at the same time?

**KLEIN:** Ringo suggested that maybe I ought to manage America. And right now, I think I might do some good there. I don't know what I'll do next. There are plenty of talented performers I'd like to help. I especially like the ones they say are difficult. That's a challenge.

**PLAYBOY:** Who would you like to handle?

**KLEIN:** Dylan, Joe South, Keith Richard, Paul Simon, John Fogerty. Heavy talents. All of them create the music that's really moved this generation.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you'll get any of them?

**KLEIN:** If I work hard.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you ever get tired of how hard it all is?

**KLEIN:** Sure I do. Sometimes I get so disgusted I don't think it's worth it. I think I can't take any more. But what do you want me to do? This is the business I know, the one I'm good at. If it gets me down sometimes, hurts my personal life, takes over my whole being, drains me, that's just the way it is. If I didn't love it, I'd get out.

# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A free-spirited young guy with a lot of drive. One whose inclination to enjoy the best things in life —such as the car of tomorrow today—is matched by his ability to acquire them. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by more than 1 out of every 2 men under 35 in the U.S. with a personal income of $15,000 or over. And of all the men in the U.S. who earn $25,000 or more, one quarter are PLAYBOY readers. Want to put your sales in high gear? Test the power of PLAYBOY. (Source: *1971 Simmons.*)

**New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo**

ILLUSTRATION BY OAN CLYNE

*from another world, they came to warn of impending disaster, and yet—incredibly—no one listened*

# report on the threatened city

*fiction*

**By DORIS LESSING**

PRIORITY FLASH ONE

*All coordinates all plans all prints canceled. As of now condition unforeseen by us obtaining this city. Clear all programs all planners all forecasters for new setting on this information.*

PRIORITY

*Base to note well that transmission this channel will probably be interrupted by material originating locally. Our fuel is low and this channel therefore only one now operative.*

SUMMARY OF BACKGROUND TO MISSION

Since our planet discovered that this city was due for destruction or severe damage, all calculations and plans of our department have been based on one necessity: how to

WEINSTEIN CO.
WEINSTEIN

reach the city to warn its inhabitants of what is to come. Observing their behavior, both through Astroviewers and from our unmanned machines launched at intervals this past year, their time, our commissioners for external affairs decided these people could have no idea at all of what threatened, that their technology, while so advanced in some ways, had a vast gap in it, a gap that could be defined, in fact, precisely by that area of ignorance—not knowing what was to befall them. This gap seemed impossible. Much time was spent by our technicians trying to determine what form of brain these creatures could have that made this contradiction possible—as already stated, a technology so advanced in one area and blank in another. Our technicians had to shelve the problem, as their theories became increasingly improbable and as no species known to us anywhere corresponds even at a long remove with what we believed this one to be. It became, perhaps, the most intriguing of our unsolved problems, challenging and defeating one department after another.

### SUMMARY OF OBJECTIVE THIS MISSION

Meanwhile, putting all speculations on one side, attractive though they were, all our resources have been used, at top speed and pressure, to develop a spacecraft that could, in fact, land a team on this planet, since it was our intention, having given the warning, offered the information available to us but (we thought) not to them, which made the warning necessary, to offer them more: our assistance. We meant to help clear the area, transport the population elsewhere, cushion the shock to the area and then, having done what we have, after all, done for other planets, our particular mental structure being suited to this kind of forecasting and assistance, return to base, taking some suitable specimens of them with us, in order to train them in a way that would overcome the gap in their mind and, therefore, their science. The first part we achieved: That is, we managed, in the time set for it, to develop a spacecraft that could make the journey here, carrying the required number of personnel. It strained our own technology and postponed certain cherished plans of our own. But our craft landed here, on the western shore of the land mass, as planned, and without any trouble, seven days ago.

### THE NATURE OF THE PROBLEM

You will have wondered why there have been no transmissions before this. There have been two reasons. One: We realized at once that there would be heavier demands on our fuel than we had anticipated and that we would have to conserve it. Two: We were waiting to understand what it was we had to tell you. We did not understand the problem. For it was almost at once clear to us that all our thinking about "the gap in their mental structure" was off the point. We have never understood the nature of the problem. So improbable is it that we delayed communicating until we were sure. The trouble with this species is not that it is unable to forecast its immediate future; it is that it doesn't seem to care. Yet that is altogether too simple a stating of its condition. If it were so simple—that it knew that within five years its city was to be destroyed, or partly destroyed, and that it was indifferent—we should have to say: This species lacks the first quality necessary to any animal species; it lacks the will to live. Finding out what the mechanism is has caused the delay. Which I now propose to partially remedy by going into an account of what befell us, step by step. This will entail a detailed description of a species and a condition absolutely without precedent in our experience of the inhabited planets.

### AN IMPOSSIBLE FACT

But first, here is a fact that you will find hard to believe. We did not find this out at once, but when we did, it was a moment of focus in our investigation, enabling us to see our problem clearly. *This city experienced a disaster, on a fairly large scale, about 65 years ago, their time.*

A thought immediately suggests itself: Our experts did not know about this past disaster, only about the one to come. Our thinking is as defective in its way as theirs is. We had decided that they had a gap, that this gap made it impossible for them to see into the immediate future. Having decided this, we never once considered another possibility, the truth—that they had no gap, that they knew about the threatened danger and did not care. Or behaved as if they did not. Since we were unable to conceive of this latter possibility, we did not direct our thoughts and our instruments back in time—their time. We took it absolutely for granted, an assumption so strong that it prevented our effective functioning as much as these creatures' assumptions prevent them from acting —we knew (since we are so built ourselves) that it would be impossible for a disaster to have occurred already, because if we had experienced such a thing, we would have learned from the event and taken steps accordingly. Because of a series of assumptions, then, and an inability to move outside our own mental set, we missed a fact that might have been a clue to their most extraordinary characteristic—the fact that such a very short time ago, they experienced a disaster of the sort that threatens again, and soon.

### THE LANDING

Our unmanned craft have been landing on their planet for centuries and have taken various shapes, been of varying substances. These landings were at long intervals until one year ago. These intervals were because, except for its unique destructiveness and belligerence, this species is not the most remarkable nor interesting of those made available to our study by our Technological Revolution in its Space Phase. But 12 times recently, during each of the periods their planet was at full light potential, we have landed craft, and each time close to the place in question. This was easy, because the terrain is semidesert and lightly populated. We chose material for the craft that would manifest as their substance light—which is why we always used maximum their planet light as landing times. These craft were visible, if at all, as strong moonlight. The craft we are using on this present mission, the 13th in this series, is of higher concentration, since it is manned.

We landed as planned. The sky was clear, the light of their moon strong. We knew at once that we were visible, because a herd of their young was near, some 50 or 60 of them, engaged in a mating ritual that involved fire, food and strong sound, and as we descended, they dispersed. Tapping their mind streams established that they believed our machine was extraterritorial but that they were indifferent—no, that is not an exact description, but remember, we are trying to describe a mind state that none of us could have believed was possible. It was not that they were indifferent to us but that indifference was generalized throughout their processes, felt by us as a block or a barrier. After the young creatures had gone, we surveyed the terrain and discovered that we were on high land rising to mountains, inland from the water mass on the edge of which stands a city. A group of older specimens arrived. We know now that they live nearby and are all varieties of agriculturalist. They stood quite close, watching the craft. An examination of their minds showed a different type of block. Even at that early stage, we were able to establish a difference in texture between their thought streams and those of the young, which we later understood amounted to this: The older ones felt a responsibility or a power to act, as members of society, while the young ones were excluded or had decided to exclude themselves. As this area of the planet turned into the sunlight, it was clear to us that our craft ceased to be visible, for two of these older creatures came so close we were afraid they would actually enter the concentration. But they showed an awareness of our presence by other symptoms—headache and

*(continued on page 250)*

*"Can he be re-enchanted? As the hairy beast, he used to drive me bananas."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

# TO BE CONTINUED

*the prospects for multiplying our years of youthful vigor are bright and imminent*

*article* By ALEX COMFORT HOWEVER SUCCESSFULLY we dodge the misfortunes of life, however cautious, heroic or lucky we may be, the mere passage of time kills us. And before doing so, it impairs us, which is worse. Our chief defense against the awareness of death is that it can be put forward in time—it will happen, but not yet. Set a time limit and the defenses crumble—which is why cancer, the best-known terminal disease, inspires such horror in modern man. It is the most recognizable counterpart of that unpleasant skeleton that taps king, merchant and reveler on the shoulder in medieval paintings of the dance of death. The rarity of untimely death, thanks to modern

medicine, sharpens our awareness of our other enemy, aging.

Aging means that we can name a year in which we shall no longer be alive. And there is another date, perhaps 15 or 20 years sooner, when, if things stay as they are, we shall be alive, but not fully. Death is bad enough, but before death there is, as Yeats puts it:

> *the death of friends, or death*
> *of every brilliant eye*
> *that made a catch in the breath.*

This death before death will begin, for most of us, around 65 and will continue until it kills us. It's not strictly a disease; one may hope to avoid diseases. But age we cannot avoid. It's the only disease we've all got, and, like cancer patients, we know roughly when we may expect to fail and die of it.

If, that is, things stay as they are; and that depends largely on decisions now being made. Adults alive today between the ages of 20 and 50 are the first humans to stand a fighting chance of seeing science begin to bring the process of aging under control. If this happens, as it easily could, within the next 10 to 15 years, they may share that benefit. A relatively small investment now could make the accomplishment nearly certain. What amazes workers in this field of medical biology is that so few of the beneficiaries—and, indeed, so few scientists—realize how close we are to this achievement.

In his article *The Immortalist* [PLAYBOY, May 1969], Alan Harrington rightly interpreted the mood of our culture: The present generation cannot, in fact, be immortal, but it is not prepared to go on being mortal on the present time scale. If Harrington's view seems brash at first, it still represents a ground swell of feeling that is about to be implemented in science. We can now begin to offer hard predictions, both as to what is possible in the prolonging of life and as to when developments will take place.

Speed in attaining a scientific possibility and minimal disturbance of society by it depend on technological forecasts. In 1938, Hahn and Strassmann demonstrated uranium fission and showed, though they didn't know it, that atomic energy was a feasible project. The first atomic bomb was used in warfare only seven years later. In 1961, John F. Kennedy was advised that, in the present state of the art, an American could be put on the moon by 1970, given enough Government support. That this was technically possible had been known since before the first Sputnik. All that was needed was the decision to go ahead.

Students of the future call the moment at which a major possibility is seen to be practicable the Hahn-Strassmann point. Often it passes unnoticed, except by the men on the job. This has happened with the control of human aging, less dramatically than with nuclear fission but just as definitely, over the past decade. We know that human aging can almost certainly be slowed and we know how to set about trying. The necessary research, moreover, is cheap by AEC and NASA standards. The whole project would probably cost as much as one Saturn rocket or one big-dish antenna. The prestige for the achievement of a "first" would be, in political terms, not far short of a moon landing. One can infer from this that even if aging research is not promoted as a priority, it will happen, and if it is so promoted, it will happen fast. With the present research investment, it is likely to happen in America, with a fundamental backup from world science.

Science has two ways of making people live longer: It can stop their dying before their time or it can try to slow down the figurative clock that controls aging, so that old age and death take longer to arrive. So far, it has done the first, and brilliantly. Now, with some Governmental funding, but with strikingly little public awareness of what's afoot, it is about to tackle the second.

In any of the privileged countries, you can *expect* to become old. This in itself is new—one generation back, your chances of doing this would have been far less secure. Medicine and surgery, prosperity and welfare, have ensured that—war, accident, pollution, suicide and bad luck aside—most of us can hope to die of old age. We shall not, that is, die as young adults of appendicitis or tuberculosis, or as mature adults of pneumonia or childbirth infection. We are most likely, in fact, to die of heart and vessel disease or of cancer. When we do, unless we overeat, smoke cigarettes or inherit a bad hand of genetic cards, we shall also be old. In spite of modern technology and medicine, we shall get old at the same age Moses and Pharaoh did. The human life span has probably not changed throughout history. What has happened through science is that most of us now reach the end of it.

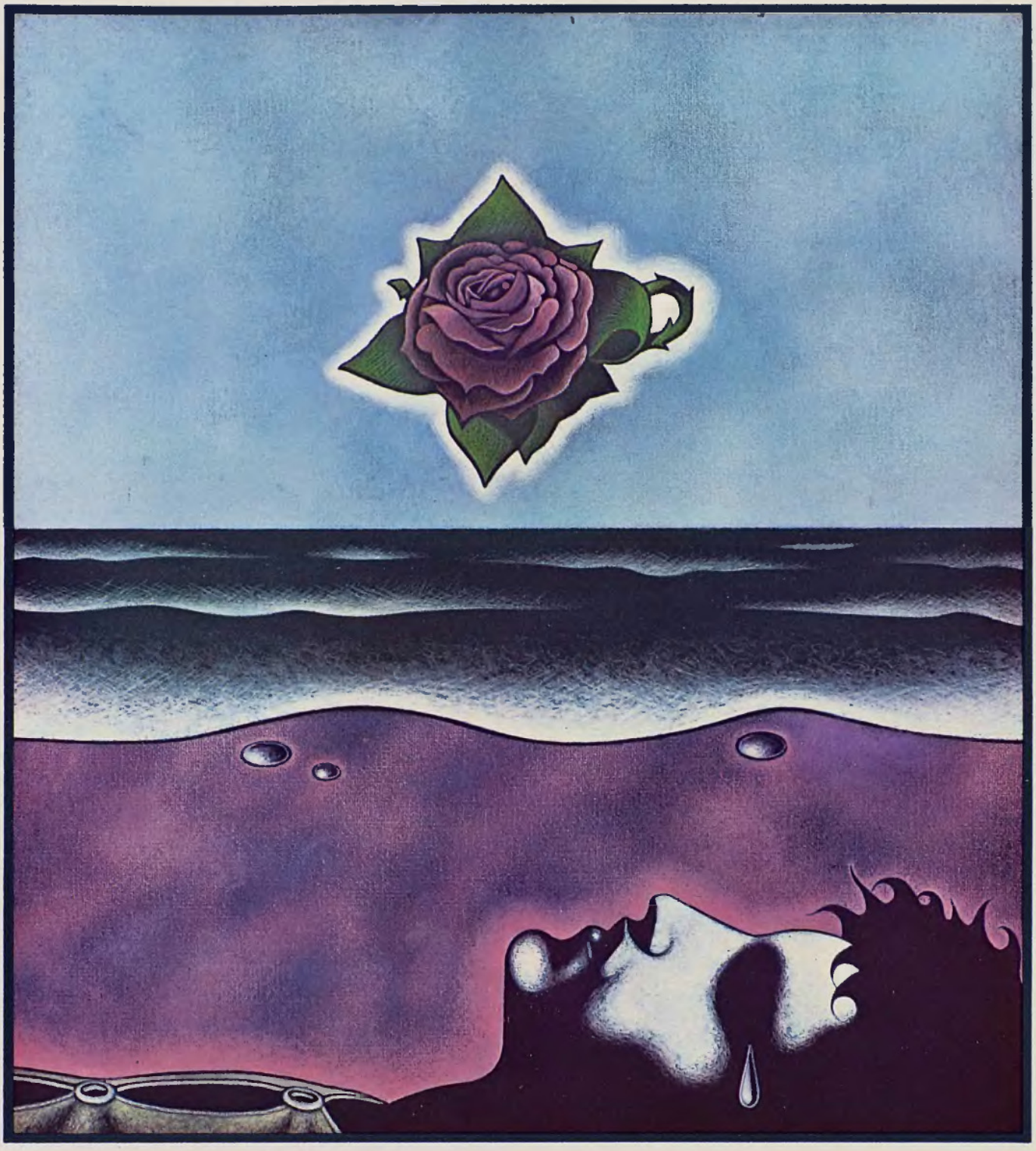
The meaning of old age hasn't changed, either. Though some are harder hit by it than others, and though there are Bertrand Russells and Artur Rubinsteins, who keep the zest for living into their 80s, aging is still loss. At 50 we become stouter and slower; at 60 we tire more easily. Then the skin wrinkles, the muscles weaken, and by 70 our strength is on the average what it was at 14 or so. The mind may or may not stay clear; but if it does, the body cannot match it. And all the time, the mortality from disease steadily climbs. Old age and death are the two great intolerables and, of these, the first is probably less bearable, because we have to live through it. We say that age has its compensations, but we don't speak of compensation unless we've been injured, and few of our notions of compensation survive an open-eyed visit to an old-folks' home.

The truth is that having assured that most of us reach 70, conventional medicine has just about reached the point of diminishing returns. Cure of the two present leading causes of death—cancer and heart and vessel disease—would add about seven years to the total life expectancy, but mainly by helping those unlucky enough to contract these diseases young. At 65, the gain would be under two years; we should simply die a few months later of something else, for aging involves a steady increase in the number and variety of our infirmities. We could improve the quality of life to some extent—for example, by treating our old people decently—but this wouldn't be much of an improvement. The men in old-folks' homes were once vigorous, the women beautiful, or at least young. The only reason we don't follow Yeats and Dylan Thomas' advice and recognize the enormity of what is going to happen to us is that so far, it has looked inevitable.

If aging on the present time scale is really inevitable, we had probably better accept it with dignity. But all the scientific evidence is that it is not. Over the past 20 years, and almost unnoticed even by the general scientific community, an international campaign has been mounted to find out exactly what aging is and whether—and, if so, how—its rate can be slowed. At present, we still don't know exactly what it is, though we have several plausible theories. We do know that the rate of aging can be altered in rats and mice by relatively simple manipulations. In the next five to ten years, there will be experiments on man, to see whether the same techniques can be used clinically. If they can, then from rat and mouse experiments, we could reasonably expect a 20–40-percent increase in the period of adult vigor—the time, that is, before manifest aging changes set in. Insofar as any scientific prediction is safe, we can now say that the length of time before we do this and the number of adults alive today who will be able to benefit from it depend quite simply on the amount of money and energy we put into the project.

Aging is, in biological terms, the increasing inability of the body to maintain itself and perform the operations it once did. Most current theories assume that this results from a loss of information at the cell level. Mammals have basically two kinds of cells—those that are constantly renewed (skin cells, blood cells) and those that live as long as their owner and never divide (brain cells, muscle cells). Both types carry the basic instructions for their orderly behavior in the

*(continued on page 209)*



*he was given the name esteban, for that alone seemed to fit this godlike figure swept in by the tide*

*fiction* **By GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ**

THE FIRST CHILDREN who saw the dark and slinky bulge approaching through the sea let themselves think it was an enemy ship. Then they saw it had no flags nor masts and they thought it was a whale. But when it washed up on the beach, they removed the clumps of seaweed, the jellyfish tentacles and the remains of fish and flotsam and only then did they see that it was a drowned man. And so they made a toy of him.

They had been playing with him all afternoon, burying him in the sand and digging him up again, when someone chanced to see them and spread the alarm in the village. The men who carried him to the nearest house noticed that he weighed more than any dead man *(continued on page 122)*

# The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World



ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK D'ANGELO

# RETIRING PERSONALITIES

*the way the lady goes beddy-bye provides the key to a sleeping beauty's psyche*

OUR PROBE of women's sleeping positions finds that a body at rest tends to communicate. In his seminal study *The Interpretation of Dreams,* Sigmund Freud forever linked sleep with libido, those energetic instincts that, he said, have to do with all that may be found in the word love. By moving beyond this pleasure principle, we've discovered that even in repose, the nature of the female remains true to form. Show us a lady snuggled in the arms of Morpheus, then, and we'll predict her predilections.

***TIMID.*** *The ostrichlike pose assumed by the lass at left, for instance, indicates shyness. Keep her away from the beach; she likes to bury her head in the sand.*

***COY.*** *Though this tantalizing tease (above) seems reluctant to make a definite commitment, appearances deceive. Help her come to the decision she's already made.*

***FRIGID.*** *Rigid is the word on the frosty figure above. A singularly unliberated female, she casts a cold-shouldered pall over any advanced idea (to say nothing of any idea you have of advancing). We're not implying it's impossible to light her fire, but it's more than likely you'll be the one who's burned.*

***ADVENTUROUS.*** *Her world is rich with spine-tingling exploits in lands fertile with libidinal rewards. This miss strikes the classic though topsy-turvy pose synonymous with a strong drive toward wish fulfillment. Whether it's her wishes or yours she fulfills is, of course, academic. But prospective partners, take note: She can wreak havoc with you if you're not up to the task.*

***COMPETITIVE.*** *Historically, women have needed an extra dose of drive to get to the top in our society. This aggressive miss likes to win, so even in repose she strives to give her all. Be sure she gives it to you. In the game of sex, she'll more than likely try to make the first move. But don't let that deter you; just remember that in this game, there can be two winners.*

***WELL ADJUSTED.*** *As is so fulfillingly apparent, this lovely lady to our right has discovered the proper formula for pleasant dreams. A study in total relaxation, she's blissfully unconcerned about what role she is to play or, for that matter, how much sleep she's going to get. Her secret? A heartfelt fond à deux.*

***MARTYR.*** *There are some individuals who are prone to take things lying down. The hung-up miss above graphically echoes the fact that her waking-hour liaisons are a cross she loves to bear. Self-sacrificing, she responds, albeit with clenched teeth, to any worthy cause. For what it's worth, be worthy.*

***BABY DOLL.*** *It's easy to feel paternalistic toward the cuddly type above. Naturally, she digs forceful father figures, so come on strong, Big Daddy.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

# Handsomest Drowned Man

*(continued from page 115)*

they had ever known, almost as much as a horse, and they said to each other that maybe he'd been floating too long and the water had got into his bones. When they laid him on the floor, they said he'd been taller than all other men, because there was barely enough room for him in the house, but they thought that maybe the ability to keep on growing after death was part of the nature of certain drowned men. He had the smell of the sea about him and only his shape gave one to suppose that it was the corpse of a human being, because the skin was covered with a crust of mud and scales.

They did not have to clean off his face to know that the dead man was a stranger. The village was made up of only 20-odd wooden houses that had stone courtyards with no flowers and that were spread about on the end of a desertlike cape. There was so little land that mothers always went about with the fear that the wind would carry off their children and the few dead that the years had caused among them had to be thrown off the cliffs. But the sea was calm and bountiful and all the men fit into seven boats. So when they found the drowned man, they simply had to look at one another to see that they were all there.

That night they did not go out to work at sea. While the men went to find out if anyone was missing in neighboring villages, the women stayed behind to care for the drowned man. They took the mud off with grass swabs, they removed the underwater stones entangled in his hair and they scraped the crust off with tools used for scaling fish. As they were doing that, they noticed that the vegetation on him came from faraway oceans and deep water and that his clothes were in tatters, as if he had sailed through labyrinths of coral. They noticed, too, that he bore his death with pride, for he did not have the lonely look of other drowned men who came out of the sea nor that haggard, needy look of men who drowned in rivers. But only when they finished cleaning him off did they become aware of the kind of man he was and it left them breathless. Not only was he the tallest, strongest, most virile and best-built man they had ever seen but, even though they were looking at him, there was no room for him in their imagination.

They could not find a bed in the village large enough to lay him on nor was there a table solid enough to use for his wake. The tallest men's holiday pants would not fit him nor the fattest ones' Sunday shirts nor the shoes of the one with the biggest feet. Fascinated by his huge size and his beauty, the women then decided to make him some pants from a large piece of sail and a shirt from some bridal brabant linen, so that he could continue through his death with dignity. As they sewed, sitting in a circle and gazing at the corpse between stitches, it seemed to them that the wind had never been so steady nor the sea so restless as on that night and they supposed that the change had something to do with the dead man. They thought that if that magnificent man had lived in the village, his house would have had the widest doors, the highest ceiling and the strongest floor, his bedstead would have been made from a midship frame held together by iron bolts and his wife would have been the happiest woman. They thought that he would have had so much authority that he could have drawn fish out of the sea simply by calling their names and that he would have put so much work into his land that springs would have burst forth from among the rocks, so that he would have been able to plant flowers on the cliffs. They secretly compared him with their own men, thinking that for all their lives, theirs were incapable of doing what he could do in one night, and they ended up dismissing them deep in their hearts as the weakest, meanest and most useless creatures on earth. They were wandering through that maze of fantasy when the oldest woman, who as the oldest had looked upon the drowned man with more compassion than passion, sighed:

"He has the face of someone called Esteban."

It was true. Most of them had only to take another look at him to see that he could not have any other name. The more stubborn among them, who were the youngest, still lived for a few hours with the illusion that when they put his clothes on and he lay among the flowers, his name might be Lautaro. But it was a vain illusion. There had not been enough canvas, the poorly cut and worse-sewn pants were too tight and the hidden strength of his heart popped the buttons on his shirt. After midnight, the whistling of the wind died down and the sea fell into its Wednesday drowsiness. The silence put an end to any last doubts: He was Esteban. The women who had dressed him, who had combed his hair, had cut his nails and shaved him were unable to hold back a shudder of pity when they had to resign themselves to his being dragged along the ground. It was then that they understood how unhappy he must have been with that huge body, since it bothered him even after death. They could see him in life, condemned to going through doors sideways, cracking his head on crossbeams, remaining on his feet during visits, not knowing what to do with his soft, pink, sea-lion hands while the lady of the house looked for her most resistant chair and begged him, frightened to death, sit here, Esteban, please, and he, leaning against the wall, smiling, don't bother, ma'am, I'm fine where I am, his heels raw and his back roasted from having done the same thing so many times whenever he paid a visit, don't bother, ma'am, I'm fine where I am, just to avoid the embarrassment of breaking up the chair and never knowing, perhaps, that the ones who said don't go, Esteban, at least wait till the coffee's ready, were the ones who later on would whisper the big boob finally left, how nice, the handsome fool has gone. That was what the women were thinking beside the body a little before dawn. Later, when they covered his face with a handkerchief so that the light would not bother him, he looked so forever dead, so defenseless, so much like their men that the first furrows of tears opened in their hearts. It was one of the younger ones who began the weeping. The others, coming to, went from sighs to wails, and the more they sobbed, the more they felt like weeping, because the drowned man was becoming all the more Esteban for them, and so they wept so much, for he was the most destitute, most peaceful and most obliging man on earth, poor Esteban. So when the men returned with the news that the drowned man was not from the neighboring villages either, the women felt an emptiness of jubilation in the midst of their tears.

"Praise the Lord," they sighed, "he's ours!"

The men thought the fuss was only womanish frivolity. Fatigued because of the difficult nighttime inquiries, all they wanted was to get rid of the bother of the newcomer once and for all, before the sun grew strong on that arid, windless day. They improvised a litter with the remains of foremasts and gaffs, tying it together with rigging, so that it would bear the weight of the body until they reached the cliffs. They wanted to tie the anchor from a cargo ship to him, so that he would sink easily into the deepest waves, where fish are blind and divers die of nostalgia, and bad currents would not bring him back to shore, as had happened with other bodies. But the more they hurried, the more the women thought of ways to waste time. They walked about like startled hens, pecking with the sea charms on their breasts, some interfering on one side to put a scapular of the good wind on the drowned man, some on the other side to put a wrist compass on him, and after a great deal of get away from there, woman, stay out of the way, look, you almost

*(concluded on page 244)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT DYPOLD

*another television first: on-the-scene coverage of the cinderella story*

satire By DAN POSIN SCENE: *The central control booth of National Network News. Anchor man* WALTER BRINKHUNT *is leaning forward, holding an earphone to one ear. Across the table from* BRINKHUNT, *chisel-featured* DEREK EVERSIDE *is leaning back, finger tips touching beneath his chin.*

BRINKHUNT (*looking up at camera*): Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to our National Network News Special Report on Cinderella, brought to you by Gulf Oil, which has relinquished its commercial time so that we may bring you full coverage. To bring you up to date on events, Cinderella is at the moment working around the fireplace in the home of her stepmother, hoping to go to the *(continued on page 126)*

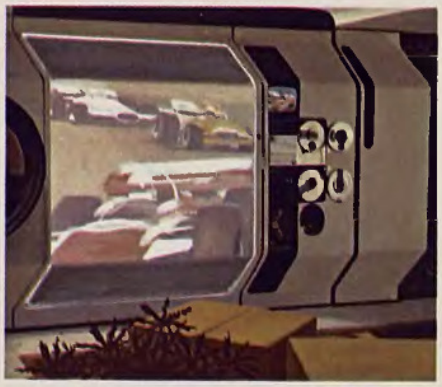
# and now, direct from fairy godmother headquarters...

# PLAYBOY'S WONDER WALL

## modern living *the compleat electronic entertainment center for the urban man of tomorrow*

SINCE PLAYBOY'S LAST APPRAISAL of audio-visual componentry and suggestions for domesticating it (see *Playboy Plans a Duplex Penthouse*, January 1970), the electronics revolution has proceeded at a frantic pace, with concepts being introduced that weren't even dreamed of a few years ago; at the same time, those units considered the heart of any home-entertainment system have been steadily improved and redesigned.

To offer our readers a glimpse of what the revolution will bring tomorrow, PLAYBOY has designed its own Wonder Wall—a marvelously compact combination of modern electronic miracles integrated into a single wall, free of the welter of connecting cables and the confusion of competing instrument panels, with a remote-control console accessible to a couple *(continued on page 200)*



Viewers at ease in their living room can judge intensity and hue of gray strips at top and bottom of picture and then make adjustments with either of two remote-control devices.

With hand-held remote, you can punch up a wall function while mixing drinks at the bar. Readout strip shows the units in use; rotary knobs change volume and picture display.

The color/light show (below) may grab your guests, but they also have a choice of other programs, including video tapes and TV; the monitor screen enables you to scan the broadcast spectrum for feature fare. When the main screen isn't in use, the projector can show films or slides on the wall opposite. Main-screen control panel also holds recording equipment, with storage area at right for tapes and records. Wall speakers at for left and right differ visually but are acoustically identical; the sliding panels allow for easy maintenance of the units.

ILLUSTRATION BY SYD MEAD

# fairy godmother headquarters *(continued from page 123)*

prince's ball tonight. Her two ill-tempered stepsisters are preparing for the ball, each of whom is planning to snare the prince. At the palace, preparations for the ball are in full swing. The big question is which way the fairy godmother is going to go. If she comes out for Cinderella, the girl then has a chance to go to the ball and possibly even to pick up the prince. Cinderella needs the fairy godmother's support if she's going to make it to that ball tonight. Wouldn't you say so, Derek?

EVERSIDE: I think that's right, Walter. As we come down here to the final few hours before the ball, the two stepsisters have built up such a commanding lead over Cinderella that only the intervention of someone with great influence, such as the fairy godmother, could possibly tip the advantage in Cinderella's favor. At this late date, it looks pretty grim for Cinderella.

BRINKHUNT: I guess that's true, Derek. But we've both been in the business long enough to know that anything can happen.

EVERSIDE: I'm sure you're right, Walter. Difficult as things look for Cinderella, I suppose the wave of a wand could turn this whole story upside down.

BRINKHUNT: Well, let's check in now with our correspondents on the scene at what should prove to be the key points in the evening's action. First to Benton Fenton at hearthside with Cinderella.

FENTON: We're here by the fireplace with Cinderella, who's grubbing around under the chimney. (*Leans forward with microphone*) Cinderella, would you care to comment on your chances this evening?

CINDERELLA (*dressed in rags and covered with grime*): I'll get mine, Jack.

FENTON: Well, you heard it, Walter. She's keeping up a gritty spirit.

BRINKHUNT: Thanks, Ben. We'll be in touch. She certainly looks like hell, Derek.

EVERSIDE: Yes, Walter. I frankly don't see how she can make it to the ball tonight.

BRINKHUNT: Let's switch now to the palace. Stationed just outside the prince's bedroom is diplomatic correspondent Melvin Sludge. Come in, Melvin.

SLUDGE (*standing in luxurious hallway*): Walter, we've been touring the palace to get a feel for this ball, and it's certainly going to be the biggest event of the season. No expense is being spared. They've shampooed the rugs; they've carted in hors d'oeuvres; they've tanked in champagne and counted the glasses. The prince is reportedly determined to get himself a girl, so we should see plenty of high-stepping and eyebrow batting from the ladies tonight, Walter.

BRINKHUNT: Good boy, Mel. We'll be in touch with you for all the 11th-hour details. Derek, I guess it's time we switched over to the nodal point of the drama this evening. We have Chilton Fanning stationed just outside fairy godmother headquarters. Chilton?

FANNING (*standing in a crowd that's surging around him*): We have a real mob scene out here tonight, Walter. Everyone knows the fairy godmother holds all the trump cards for the events this evening. Her press secretary reports that she's resting and hasn't made up her mind what action, if any, she's going to take.

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Chilton. That keeps it up in the air for us, doesn't it, Derek?

EVERSIDE: Yes, Walter, but as long as the fairy godmother stays neutral, the stepsisters can certainly block Cinderella from the ball. What we have here, I think, is an example of the establishment closing ranks against a young upstart. It's a manifestation of the class tensions that we find even here in America, Walter. As De Tocqueville has noted——

BRINKHUNT: Excuse me, Derek, but we have a report now from Benton Fenton at hearthside.

FENTON: Walter, Cinderella has just gone out to gather a fat pumpkin, six mice, a rat and six lizards. She gave no explanation for her actions, but she's certainly working at it feverishly. She received a phone call earlier, but we don't know if the call has anything to do with it. This may all mean nothing, of course; she may just be rustling up some dinner, but we're keeping a close watch.

BRINKHUNT: On this dinner point, Benton, has Cinderella ever eaten these kinds of things before?

FENTON: No, Walter. She usually eats porridge three times a day; so if this is for dinner, it marks a change in her diet.

EVERSIDE: Following up this dinner theory, Ben, is there any chance she's pregnant, which would explain the craving for unusual dishes?

FENTON: Well, Derek, of course pregnancy is always a possibility; but in Cinderella's case, it's unlikely. She's been kept working around the fireplace for the past couple of years, so she really hasn't had the opportunity. Of course, it's possible a chimney sweep slid down the shaft, but I think the chances are slim.

EVERSIDE: I would think, Benton, that if she's pregnant by a chimney sweep, this would seriously reduce her chances of ever marrying the prince.

FENTON: Pregnant or not, Derek, if she has been humping on the hearth, she's probably through as far as any hope of marrying the prince is concerned.

BRINKHUNT: Gentlemen, I hate to interrupt this speculation, but we have a report now from Chilton Fanning at fairy godmother headquarters. Chilton?

FANNING (*struggling through the crowd*): Yes, Walter, the fairy godmother is now leaving her headquarters. We're trying to make our way through the crowd. . . . Excuse me. . . . Ah, Fairy Godmother, this is National Network News; are you going to be taking a hand in things tonight?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You watch my smoke, buster.

FANNING: Do you plan to back Cinderella?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You'll find out, kiddo. Say, you're kinda cute; why don't you stop by my place later?

FANNING: That's about it from here, Walter. (*Sings*) "That old black magic's got me in its spell. . . ."

BRINKHUNT: Well, Derek, the action's starting to pick up. We've got a report now from Melvin Sludge at the palace.

SLUDGE: The guests are starting to arrive at the ball. The prince won't put in an appearance for some time, but the guests are piling up early. I guess no one wants to miss a thing. Back to you, Walter.

BRINKHUNT: We're heading pell-mell toward the moment of truth, Derek. The fairy godmother's on the move. The guests are arriving at the palace. The prince is determined to get himself a girl. So it looks like we're in for some exciting moments ahead.

EVERSIDE: This is the drama of America, Walter. The surge of the lower classes against the invisible rigidities of the social structure. As Martin Buber has noted——

BRINKHUNT: Excuse me, Derek, we've got to get back down now to Benton Fenton with Cinderella.

FENTON: The fairy godmother has slipped in the servants' entrance here and immediately went into conference with Cinderella. It seems certain now that the fairy godmother has thrown in with Cinderella. We don't know whether they can do anything at this late date, but they're going to try.

EVERSIDE: Any sign of the fat pumpkin, six mice, rat and six lizards, Ben?

FENTON: Cinderella and the godmother took them into the room with them, Derek. I don't know if they're going to eat them or what, but they're all in there together.

BRINKHUNT: We go now to Melvin Sludge at the palace.

SLUDGE (*in front of whirling, dancing figures*): The prince has just appeared a good hour and a half ahead of schedule. He's now spinning into a dance with one of Cinderella's stepsisters, and things are well under way here at the palace, Walter, in probably the earliest ball in history.

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Melvin. Well,

*(continued on page 204)*

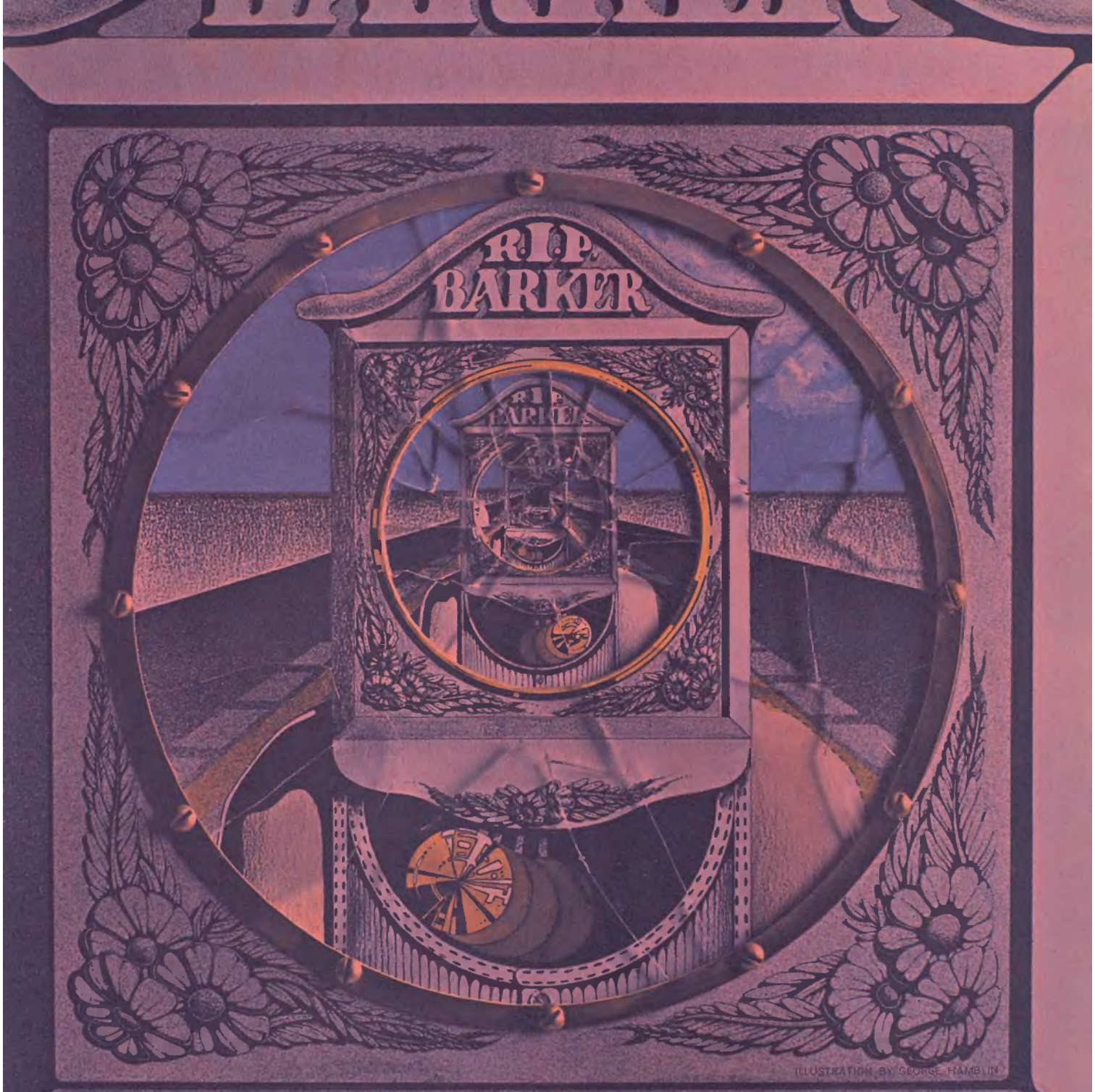



ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE HAMBLIN

# THE THOUSAND-MILE GRAVE

*fiction* **By CURT SIODMAK**

*that old bastard's last resting place would stretch all the way to the mexican border*

IRWIN CLARK, a slow but painstaking reader of the crime news for many years, tried to analyze the case as if he were a district attorney. *Cui bono?*—he was proud of being able to apply such a professional term. Who benefited when the old bastard vanished from the face of the earth? Well, the answer was mildly discouraging: Irwin did. Not very much, though, just to the extent of half interest in an old-fashioned hardware store that cleared, at best, about $8000 or $9000 a year. And, furthermore, Irwin would have to wait seven years

to get that, the statutory seven before a missing person is declared legally dead. The ones who get caught, Irwin had observed, are the ones who work fast for a big profit. Irwin had been fitting his plan together for the past five years. It was almost finished. It had to be soon, or else Irwin would blow right through the top of his skull one of these days.

Of course, there wouldn't be any body found. He knew that you didn't have to have a body to prove a murder, but it did make things a lot tougher for the law. A strange, cranky old man just ups and walks off one fine day. Nothing else to go on. Irwin Clark, as the imagined D. A., shook his head, baffled.

. The thing that really burned Irwin's ass was having to live with the old man and having to watch the same little scene before dinner every night. Irwin had married Adele in the first place because even though she was homely, she had a nice, loose-jointed kind of sexy look to her. It had something to do with her long legs, slim waist and the way she walked. It gave a man the itch.

But maybe the wrong man. In the course of the first couple of years of marriage, Irwin had begun to wonder. After work, the old man would sit down in the big overstuffed chair and Adele would say, "Poor Daddy, all worn out! Him needs a drink!" Then, playing the little girl, she would fix a highball of old Barker's favorite rye whiskey and water and take it to him in the living room. Small daughter taking Daddy a cool refreshment, being careful not to spill a drop —but the sway of her hips was definitely big-girl.

Then she sat down on Daddy's lap and Irwin—after he'd got over taking it as a joke—didn't much like the way she nuzzled her breasts up against her father's chest, nor the way she kissed him and bit his ear, nor the way he put his hand on the inside of her thigh. Nor the way they laughed when they did this. All in all, it was a lousy little act and Irwin had to suffer through it every evening.

Maybe it was living so close that was to blame. They had moved into the Barkers' 60-year-old bungalow down by the C & L warehouse right after the wedding. It was a well-worn house with a sagging screened porch over which a lot of rusty ivy crawled. Adele and Irwin had the third-best bedroom, upstairs front, which was darkened by the shade of two large deodars in the yard.

As for Mrs. Barker, the old lady never said a word that wasn't necessary. Lifelong bullying by the old man had made her into a kitchen and vegetable-garden slave without a thought of her own. The garden stuff and the game—Barker was an ardent hunter on weekends—went into a huge old freezer in the basement. It was full of plastic-wrapped vegetables and packages of venison, rabbit flesh and fish—all of which Irwin found a little nauseating. The only good thing about all this was that Barker was off in the woods a fair amount of the time, murdering the fish and the animals.

The old man had started as a clerk in the hardware store as a boy, 40 years ago. Eventually, he had saved enough money—by dipping into the cash register now and then, Irwin suspected—to buy the business. If you didn't count the little games of feelie with Adele and the hunting and fishing, Barker's only relaxation was Saturday-night poker with a bunch of his old pals.

Irwin did most of the work in the hardware store. He was the salesclerk, deliveryman, janitor and accountant—and always the one to take the blame when a customer complained. Old Barker paid him $40 a week and a promise. The promise was that someday the store—flies, dust, unsalable merchandise, accounts overdue—would belong to Adele and Irwin. Even so, Irwin wanted it.

They had a queen-size bed, bought at auction, and that was the scene of another long humiliation for Irwin. Adele nagged him a lot in her raspy voice during the day, but at bedtime she took to being coy. She always lay on her back, hair curlers glinting, nightgown pulled up nearly to her neck. As soon as Irwin got into bed, she would grab him and roll him into the saddle, whether he had the itch or not. And then she went powerfully to work. And even if Irwin had the itch, as he sometimes did after he'd sneaked a postsupper slug from the old man's bottle of rye out in the kitchen, eventually he began to think of the picture of Daddy with his hand up Adele's skirt—and this made him go limp. It was a strange thing, but in all their years of marriage, Irwin had never been blessed with an orgasm. But Adele had, even without his help. Loud, gasping ones, almost every night. Then she would pat him as if he were a dog.

But, as he'd found out, not even that made Adele happy. In the darkness, she would whisper the things she wanted him to do to her—and the things she'd like to do to him. Such matters as Irwin had never even heard of—he was flabbergasted. Where had she learned all this? Later, their nighttime differences had turned into sullen silence on his part and hate on hers. He would lie motionless on his side of the bed as she jabbed his ribs with a sharp finger and thought of everything she could possibly call him: fag, square, ladyfinger, jack-off, and a lot of others Irwin didn't care to remember, they were so bad.

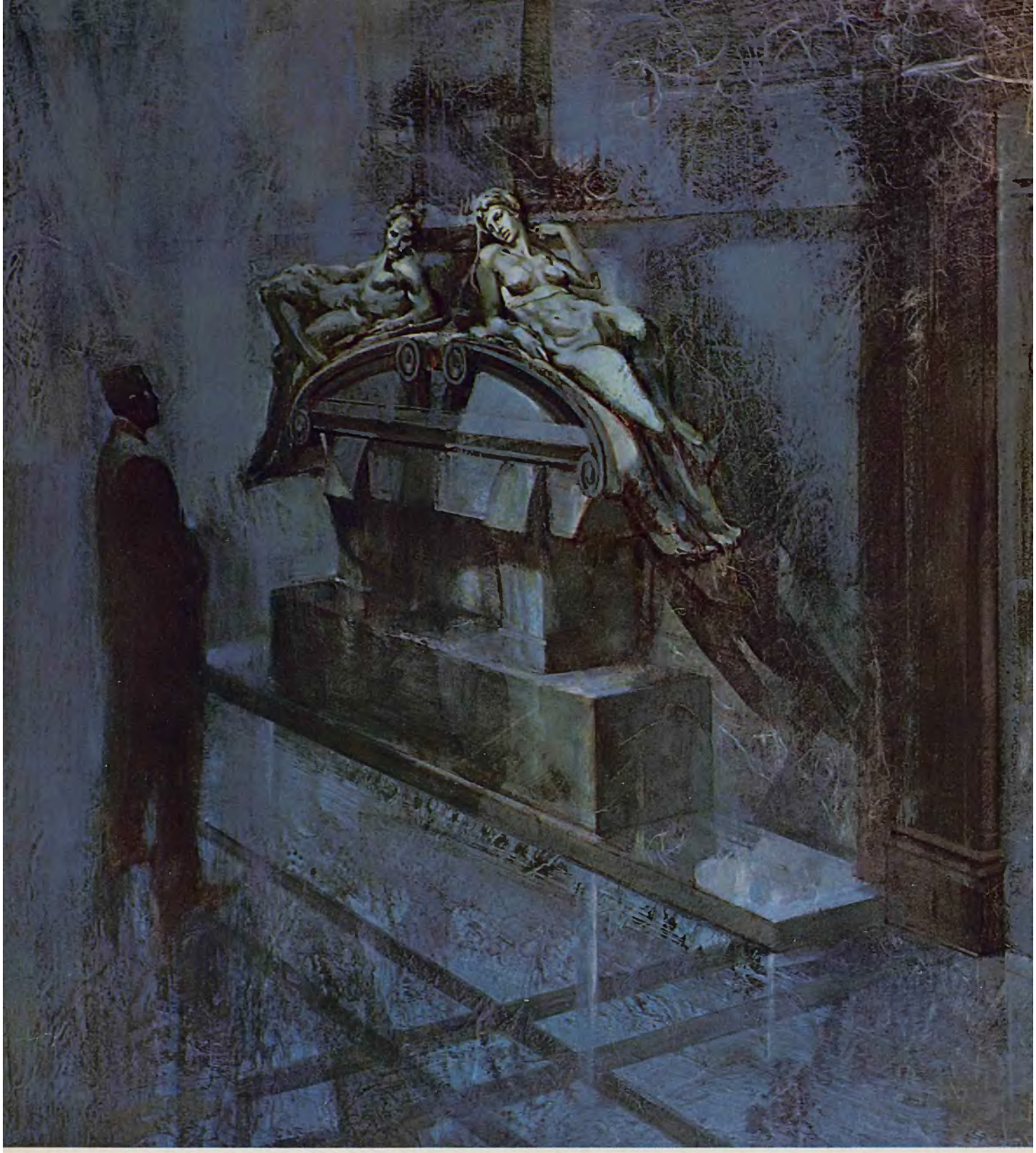
• • •

There was a freeway being carved through the shabby neighborhood around the hardware store. It would pass within a block of Barker's business. Irwin had a notion that it might be a godsend. If they put up a sign near the new road, drivers might turn off to buy a hammer or a gallon of paint; fishermen might stop to buy some tackle. But Irwin had begun to catch some hints, from a few things that Barker let slip, that the old man was thinking of selling out and retiring. In that case, Irwin would be cheated out of the only legacy he had ever been able to dream of. It was a crime. As Irwin considered the situation, his five-year-long dream of action began to harden into a real possibility.

One morning, from the office window, he watched the behemoth concrete spreader down at the end of the slope as it inched in the direction of the grave he had picked out. R. I. P., Max Barker, under a 1000-mile slab that would stretch all the way to the Mexican border. An endless stream of cars running over the old son of a bitch night and day. The idea made Irwin feel good. Who would ever dig up 1000 miles of concrete looking for old Barker?

Irwin had a wooden box hidden away in the storeroom. It contained a plastic dropcloth in which a body could be wrapped neatly. There were also a baseball bat, a ball of heavy cord and *(continued on page 136)*

*"It's just that after waiting for you to turn off the burglar alarms, open all the locks on the door, chain up your attack dog, check with your security patrol, reset the alarms and relock all the locks, I got out of the mood."*



IN A FEW HOURS, Americans all over Europe—even the most resolutely expatriated of them—would be getting together over makeshift banquets to experience, many for the first time, the meaning of that first Thanksgiving: strangers celebrating their survival in a strange land. But we knew no one in Florence, and so we had arranged to have our little feast that evening in a quiet restaurant a block from Dante's house.

"Yes, this is still the best view," said my wife, puffing a little from the climb. "Now you can get an idea of what it was like when I was here before."

We were standing at the parapet up on the Piazzale Michelangelo, a little surprised by the distance we had come, for we could just make out what we took to be the roof of our pension beyond the far-off Duomo. Down there, across the milky-green Arno at low water, Florence lay spread out in a shallow bowl of hills—its pale-yellow piazzas, and walls of earthy pink, and tiled roofs in terraces of faded ocher as graphic as a high-definition photograph in the startling clarity of the Tuscan



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES JOSEPH

*in that ancient city, now auto-polluted*
*and souvenir-ridden, could even*
*the genius of michelangelo revive*
*the flagging spirit of an american visitor?*

**article By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES**

# THANKSGIVING IN FLORENCE

morning. "From up here, in this light, you'd never guess that it's become a madhouse," I had to admit.

The light was the pure, emphatic light you saw through the windows of *quattrocento* paintings, and of course the landscape was the same. The cloudless blue sky was as keen and scoured as tempered steel, the cedars were that black-green that seems the very essence of greenness, and the rooftops looked as if they had been kilned out of the red earth itself. It brought back a forgotten memory of California foothills in the smogless days of the early Thirties when the air was still as clear and cool and rational as a glass of mountain water.

"Yes, *this* is how I remember it," Shirley said with a trace of the returnee's pensive recognition of how much had been taken for granted before. "In 1950, it was poor and cold, and there was still bomb damage then, but I had my best times of all here."

From that wide, sunny height, Florence looked as splendid as one's bookish hopes for it: the queen city of the Renaissance—as marvelously anachronistic in a world of urban blight as an exiled empress punctiliously holding court in a slum. Out of the maze of narrow, zigzag streets, the Duomo, the Palazzo Vecchio and Santa Croce rose above the rooftops like a lopsided triangle of plinths in a moiling sea; and from up there the busts in the Uffizi courtyard—commemorating the artists, philosophers and statesmen who had transformed this provincial town in Tuscany into a world city—took on flesh and walked its streets once more in the imagination. You could visualize them down there off the busy piazzas, pausing for coffee on that crisp morning amid the smells of ink and marble dust and wet plaster; and for a moment the genius of old cities, cities that had grown up naturally out of a communion of energies and ideals until they achieved their own unique character the same way a man achieves his, came home with an empathetic flash. The communitarian vision that had once represented man's deepest urge toward civilization, but which in our age had degenerated into a nightmare of cement jungles, stirred up the powerful nostalgia one sometimes feels for an experience one has never had firsthand. Community! A community of men!

But the feeling evaporated with the idiot beeping of a tourist bus pulling onto the Piazzale. For we had just walked through the streets down there. Or rather we had negotiated them as you negotiate the mad swirl of a Dodg-'em rink, and knew too well that Florence had become a community of machines rather than of men, a museum surrounded by a traffic jam. At last Dante had something to scowl about from his pedestal in the Piazza Santa Croce, for he had become the sole attendant of a parking lot full of Fiats. The 18-foot reproduction of Michelangelo's *David* in the Piazza uella Signoria rose above the motor scooters and delivery vans, as vulnerable in his genitals as a sleeper dreaming that he is naked on Fifth Avenue. The traffic that roared in a ceaseless drag race around the Duomo made it one of the most treacherous places in the world for the culture-prone pedestrian, and contemporary Florence would have totaled Ruskin in the first five minutes of one of his famous morning walks.

It had taken us two days to register the reason for our peevishness. If the nerves were as taut as guitar strings, it must have been the result of anticipation, excitement or our ten quiet days in Venice. If the attention wouldn't concentrate on a building or a picture, it must have been because by then we'd seen too many buildings and too many pictures. But not at all. Our state of more or less permanent jangle resulted from the sheer impossibility of walking ten steps with our eyes lifted. There wasn't room in the streets for the Lambrettas, much less the Maseratis. The sidewalks were 24 inches wide. The forbidding, windowless walls of *palazzi* lowered over you like escarpments. You had to walk blocks to find a crossover, and once you ventured out into it the motor bikes pursued you like berserk lemmings; and if you got across with your legs unbroken you were little better off than a mountain climber on a ledge full of Sherpa. Even if you were an old New Yorker, you discovered nerves you hadn't known about; and after a while your gorge rose in the half-crazed, splenetic fury that sometimes overcomes the urban man at that one indignity too many. You snapped at your wife, and cursed the drivers with a pumping forearm, and ran like a hysterical turkey the week before Thanksgiving, and your initial discomfort rapidly deepened toward outright paranoia.

A year before, the passive Arno had risen all in a few hours to flood the city. Along the riverside, the high-water mark was seven feet above the streets, a height attested to (in this city that memorializes everything) by classy bronze plaques. In the Duomo (all white and pink and green marble—the largest chunk of gorgonzola in the world), the central floor had become a fenced-in excavation, in which you dismally expected to see that tangle of loamy ganglia for which Con Ed is always tirelessly probing in New York. The damaged lower parts of the huge paintings in Santa Croce were covered with those ugly plastic shrouds that obscure everything around building sites, and every cellar *trattoria* on the side streets exhibited a Polaroid shot of loaves of bread or heads of lettuce floating just under its rafters. Still, the more permanent inundation was bound to be the automobile. The city cried out for a traffic planner, but you couldn't escape the suspicion that he would qualify for a strait jacket within ten days. The 20th Century machine had ravaged the 15th Century city as remorselessly as a horde of army ants, turning what had been a citizenry into a fragmented crowd, and Florence had become less a place of human habitation than a kind of claustrophobic, automated Antonioniland in which the people, souls somehow muffled behind their eyes, seemed as ephemeral as their counterparts in London or New York.

Nevertheless, looking out over the city in the blue-and-gold November light, unmenaced for the moment by animated metal, I realized that it was a sense of flesh that was qualifying my disappointment in Florence. The massive, violent nudity of sculpture was everywhere. The Loggia across from the Palazzo Vecchio was a bacchantic tableau of thrusting breasts, and straining thighs, and phalluses blatant with power. In the Bargello, the huge nude figures around the inner court were stone so transmogrified into flesh that your own flesh roused toward them involuntarily. The harsh and virile genius of this city during the Renaissance seemed to have driven its artists so beyond the austerities of their culture (much less the pieties of Pope or Medici) that they had ended up, like so many closet pagans, monumentalizing the ecstatic mystery of the body's life in the very squares of commerce.

A day before, I had stared at the statue of *David* (the civic emblem, miniatures of it available in every *gelateria*, a reproduction standing behind us now) and found myself stirred by a kind of sensual awe, for the beauty of this muscular youth was rendered with an erotic intensity usually reserved for female beauty, and his noble, shameless nakedness—the expressive weight of the hands, the subtle downward curve of the belly, the very cock itself—made me glimpse for a moment the natural perfection of a man's body in all its arrogant power, and understand, as well, something of the secret languor of a woman's response to it, even as I choked on the exhaust fumes.

But despite its past, Florence was no longer a sexy city—the way modern London is, or Rome. You didn't sniff that faintly acrid trace of salt in the air that suggests seraglio excesses behind the closed shutters of Venetian afternoons. There was little sense of a voluptuous life going on nearby, and the contemporary Florentines seemed to be a mannered, snobbish, mercantile and urbane lot—without a hint of hedonism in their high, cerebral foreheads and coldly

*(continued on page 214)*

# LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

*attire* By ROBERT L. GREEN

*a cheery look at the latest garb for cold-weather sports fans*

The fellow above brings a welcome warming trend to the slopes in an acrylic double-breasted fur-type coat that features a wide notched collar, welt side pockets and a wide leather belt, by Stratojac, $90, worn over wool knickers, by H. Borenstein, $30, that are tucked into a pair of glove-leather lace-up boots with notched double soles, by Verde, $44.

YEARS AGO, alfresco fall and winter gamesmen would cheer on the home team while bundled up to the eyebrows in bulky outercoats that resembled sleeping bags. But today, lightweight fabrics and trimmer tailoring have helped make the great outdoors a great place to be—even when the temperature takes a nose dive. From the opening kickoff to the last downhill run, onlookers at this year's open-air events will find that for chill weather, leather is still king. Body-hugging rib-knit turtlenecks also provide excellent insulation and there are numerous foot-warming boot and shoe styles, including mid-calf lace-ups and crepe-soled suedes. Finally, for those *après-game* hours by the fireside, there's a plenitude of colorful and comfortable acrylic-knit lounging suits available that add to the pleasure of coming in from the cold.

The tail-gating couple above are stylishly set to tackle the weather. He sports a pig-suede trench coat, by Bert Paley, $250, checked shirt, by Sero of New Haven, $14, patterned silk tie, by Principe, $10, imitation-suede jeans, by Country Britches, $25, and leather-trimmed suede shaes, by Dexter, $20. His date wears an Ernst Engel coat topped aff by her escort's mini safari hat, by Dobbs, $16.

Above: At half time, this popcorn fan fares well in a cowhide shirt suit that features a long-pointed collar, button cuffs and flared-leg trousers with bellowed patch pockets, by Robert Lewis, $150, worn with a rib-knit turtleneck, by Campus, $7, and a wool-felt hat with sueded-calfskin band, by Raffles, $21. The stylish indoor sportsman at left scores points in an Orlon-acrylic-knit lounging suit with solid top and diamond-patterned slacks, by Pen West, $42, plus a canvas belt, from Gatsby's, $6.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETE TURNER

## THOUSAND-MILE GRAVE

*(continued from page 128)*

a pair of rubber gloves. On the lading platform at the back of the store was a heavy crate that had once contained a small refrigerator. A good-sized shovel rested against the wall nearby. Method and simplicity, he'd once read, are the heart of a good crime.

• • •

About four in the afternoon, Irwin called Adele. As the phone rang, the thought that had been half formed in his mind all day now came clear. Tonight was the night. "Del, listen," he said, "we've got to work on the inventory tonight, so don't wait dinner for us."

"Well, I know that," she said impatiently. "I'm going to bring you some sandwiches." Irwin would have liked to have kept her away, but he had the sudden picture of a large, somber detective asking him why—"Why, Mr. Clark, did you discourage your wife from coming to the store?"—so he agreed quietly and hung up.

Just a little before five o'clock, he took the pickup truck and made a delivery—planned and timed to take him back after the work crew had left the highway-project site. It was a cold and smoggy twilight with visibility no more than 100 yards. The big slash of the freeway had done away with the streets of little frame houses in the vicinity and Irwin, as he took out the shovel and began to dig, was alone in the desolation of raw ground and mist. He dug rapidly and efficiently, not too narrow and not too deep, just beyond the big snout of the construction machine. Finished at last, he laid the shovel nearby, wiped his hands and drove back to the store.

"Took you forever," said Barker as Irwin came in. He was sitting at the desk wearing a green eyeshade and smoking one of his stinking cigars. But the complaint was routine and Irwin didn't bother to answer; he went up to the front of the store and locked the door and closed the Venetian blinds.

"This is the day you wind the clock," Irwin said when he came back.

"Later," Barker said. Irwin knew that the old man would stubbornly refuse to do anything Irwin suggested at the time he mentioned it. He hated to seem to be taking orders from his son-in-law clerk. The clock struck six. Around seven, Adele would come with the sandwiches.

Old Barker was counting the hammers on the display shelves and checking the invoices. "Goddamn unsold stock. Goddamn taxes," he said.

"We ought to have a sale and clean house of some of this crud," Irwin said. "Make inventory a lot simpler." The old man grunted.

Irwin took the clock key from a drawer and set up a frail aluminum stepladder. It was the $5.98 special—the kind angry customers were always returning. He knew that Barker was watching him out of the corner of his eye, because the clock was a kind of fetish with Barker. It was an old Seth Thomas he'd won in a poker game years ago and he sometimes remarked, "That's my good-luck charm." Alongside the clock was pasted a notice that read, HANDS OFF THIS CLOCK. TO BE WOUND ONLY BY ME. MAX BARKER. Since just the two of them worked in the store, Irwin considered the notice an insult aimed at him.

Irwin put the ladder in place and stood looking up at the clock, as if he were giving some thought to the winding problem. Just as he'd expected, this brought the old man to his feet. "You know better'n that, boy," Barker said, removing his eyeshade and taking the key from Irwin's hand. Irwin was making that trait of stubbornness work in his favor and this first successful move made him suddenly feel calm. Now he was in charge of things.

He held the ladder as Barker climbed, opened the glass front and inserted the key. Irwin had timed the winding process at three minutes and 20 seconds as first the clock and then the chimes' mechanisms were wound. The old man always put a lot of concentration into the job.

That gave Irwin the opportunity to get the dropcloth and the baseball bat and to put on the rubber gloves. He spread the dropcloth on the floor and held the bat behind him with his right hand, waiting for Barker's customary grunt of satisfaction when the winding was completed.

Then Barker started down the ladder. Irwin swung at his head—not a home-run swing, just a good, sharp single to center field was all he needed. There was a heavy thunk; Barker slumped forward, as if trying to embrace the ladder; then the ladder tipped over and Barker was on the floor.

Irwin stared for a moment. The old man lay with his cigar still clamped in his mouth, his eyes closed and his face a knot of concentration, as if he were thinking of something bad enough to call Irwin. But blood was oozing out of his ears and Irwin felt sure he was dead.

It took Irwin a couple of moments to see that something unexpected had just happened—something that hadn't been in his plan. In falling, old Barker must have reached out to grab something and what he had grabbed was his precious old Seth Thomas clock. It still lay, clasped in his arms, with the glass broken and the case split up the side.

Irwin's first thought was to take it from the corpse; then it occurred to him that a broken clock would lead to a lot of questions he didn't want to try answering. Maybe the best thing would be just to let the old man take it with him.

He put the bat alongside Barker and made a fairly neat package of the body by means of the dropcloth and the heavy cord. It took a few minutes to drag the body out to the lading platform, slide it into the refrigerator crate, nail the crate and put the load into the pickup. Then he went back to the store, folded up the stepladder and put it away and saw that everything seemed neat again. The only oddity was the lighter spot on the wall, where the clock had ticked away all these years. He turned out the lights in the store but left the office lights burning. Then he drove down to the highway project.

With his headlights off, he had a little trouble finding the exact spot he'd picked out, but the warning flashers up the road helped a bit and he soon found the dark, monstrous shape of the construction machine. After that, it was heavy work but no great trouble to drag the crate out of the truck and to slide it into the hole.

His measurements had been perfect; the grave took the coffin with only an inch or two to spare on the sides. Irwin got some heavy two-by-four pieces from the pickup bed. He got a small spade—something like an Army entrenching tool—from where he'd stowed it under the driver's seat. He took them with him into the grave, where he carefully lodged the ends of the two-by-fours into the earthen walls on either side, making a kind of frame that would bear a great deal of weight.

Once that was painstakingly done, he refilled the hole quickly and easily. The part that took the most time was the tidying-up process—tamping down the crushed rock so that it would look undisturbed and, by means of a well-shielded pencil flashlight, making sure that footprints were all rubbed out. The only other thing was the tire tracks, but that worried him very little, because trucks, cars and graders had been along the roadside for days, making the ground a mass of ruts.

When he was finally back in the store, he was astonished to note that the whole planting of old Barker had taken just 31 minutes. In all his years of night dreaming and daydreaming, the event had seemed to take endless time. It had always been a terrifying, slow-motion labor. Now, in fact, it had turned out to be as simple as the quick packaging of a bulky order and a speedy delivery.

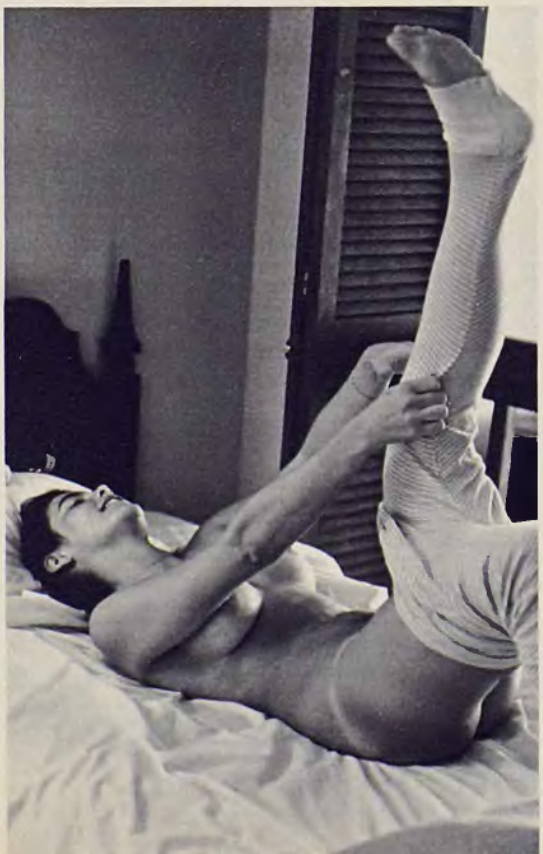
*(continued on page 196)*

*"OK, Ruth, I've had it! And so, apparently, has everybody else!"*

# SNOW JOB

*miss november left the land of the mounties for the colorado mountains and a dream winter as a ski instructor*

IF DANIELLE DE VABRE ever becomes an author, as she hopes to eventually, it's a good bet that she'll write about a young French-Canadian girl who spends a perfect winter as a ski instructor in the Colorado Rockies. Not only is the sport a favorite subject of hers but the plot happens to be autobiographical. "The idea of skiing in the Rockies grew in my mind while I was in high school," explains the slope-minded native of Montreal. "I'd skied the Laurentians in Canada for years and often heard people discuss the high elevation and deep powder of the Colorado ranges." So, a year and a half ago, after her graduation from high school, Danielle's parents agreed that, before beginning her English-literature studies at a Montreal college, she should have her dream adventure in the Western U. S. "My parents knew that if I started school right away, I would resent being there and, consequently, my concentration would suffer." There was one condition in their agreement, however: Danielle was to finance the trip herself. "I was counting on finding a job as a ski instructor and figured I'd need just enough cash to get me there, plus a little nest egg in case I had a hard time getting work." The problem of how to earn some money was solved after an interview at the local Playboy Club: For the next few months, Danielle worked as a Bunny while waiting to hear from the Colorado resorts to which she'd applied. Finally, she received a positive reply from the Steamboat Springs ski school's Skeeter Werner, sister of the late Olympic skier Bud Werner. "I was elated. I'd already saved enough to pay for my transportation, so I started packing immediately." Danielle confesses to fearing that Colorado would fail to match her high expectations, but that apprehension was forgotten as soon as she saw Steamboat Springs and met Skeeter and the staff. "Steamboat's scenery alone



Montreal native Danielle de Vabre fulfilled a deep ambition when she traveled to the popular Colorado ski slopes and spent four months as an instructor at the Steamboot Springs resort. Left: Danielle prepares for a day of outdoor classes as she pulls on the requisite long underwear; above, munching on a handful of snow, she heads for the mountain and a group of eager-to-learn students who await her.

Above: It's obvious from her ebullient expression that Danielle enjoys her work. Here she leads a class of beginners up the slope. While she found that being a ski instructor came naturally to her, she rejects the idea of applying her teaching techniques in a classroom. "When you teach skiing, you demonstrate physically, which I find easy to do; but in order to be a schoolteacher, you have to explain orally. I become impatient when I'm forced to do that." Below: After a busy morning of classes, Danielle checks out the gear in the Storm Hut ski shop.

would make the spot charming. But the combination of gorgeous surroundings plus the friendliness of all the people told me instantly that I was going to have a fantastic stay." Danielle showed her zeal by spending most of her free time on the slopes by herself. "I couldn't get enough skiing and I really hated it when the time came to leave, but I'd promised my folks I would stay just four months." Back in Montreal, Danielle soon discovered that her sojourn in Steamboat Springs hadn't quenched her wanderlust. "Some friends I met in Steamboat are spending this season in Norway and they're urging me to come. If I go—and I'd sure love to—I'll send home long letters filled with personal impressions and descriptions of the people I meet and the places I visit. And I'll make sure my parents save them. I did that last year and found that it's a great way to gather material for the scene of a possible story." We're sure readers will agree that any scene including delightful Danielle is certainly worth writing home about.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

Above left: Because Danielle was a new instructor, her colleagues decided to initiate her with a ceremonial toss in the snow. Above right: As reward for taking the plunge good-naturedly—and to help thaw her out—Danielle is offered a drink af wine. Below left: She shares the chair lift with fellow enthusiast Sharon Hooker. Belaw right: She works ta improve her form. "Skiing presents such a challenge, because every run is different. I've never yet finished one that I was satisfied with. There always seems ta be some aspect that needs improvement."

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above: On Danielle's last night in Steamboat Springs, she's the guest of honor at a going-away party at the rustic Inn at Thunderhead near Mt. Werner. On her left is Skeeter Werner, one of the town's famous skiing clan for whom the mountain is named.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The hip young couple were making passionate love on their brand-new water bed when the mattress suddenly sprang a leak, flooding the apartment. Lying on her back, thoroughly soaked, the girl sighed, "Harold, when are you going to do something about your lousy aim?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *overpopulation* as heir pollution.

A handsome bachelor of our acquaintance claims that there is nothing more expensive than a girl who is free for dinner.

Upon learning that the attractive prostitute he'd engaged for the night was an ex–English teacher, the inebriated chap quipped, "Teacher, may I?"

To which she retorted, "In your case, it should be 'Can I?' "

One night, a man heard howls coming from his basement and went down to discover a female cat being raped by a mouse. Fascinated, he gained the mouse's confidence with some cheese and then took him next door, where there was a large female German shepherd dog, with which the mouse repeated his amazing performance. The fellow, very excited by this time, was dying to show someone his discovery. He rushed home and woke up his wife; but before he could explain, she saw the mouse, screamed and covered her head with the blankets. "But, darling," said the man, "wait until I tell you about this."

"Don't come any nearer," shrieked his spouse. "Just get that sex maniac out of here!"

We know a fellow on the West Coast who says he loves California despite its faults.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as an organ solo.

The Pope stood before a hushed crowd of attentive villagers and spoke to them, saying, "You must not use the pill."

A lovely *signorina* stepped forward, shaking her finger. "Look," she chided the pontiff, "you no play-a da game, you no make-a da rules."

A sweet young thing was having her annual checkup at the dentist's and he was giving her the usual "Now, this won't hurt a bit" line as he bent over her to begin. Seconds later, he drew back in shock and said, "Miss, you have hold of my *testicles*!"

"Yes, I know, doctor," she purred, "and we aren't going to *hurt* each other, are we?"

Noticing that her boss's fly was open, the embarrassed secretary told him as she left the office, "Your garage door is open."

The bewildered exec didn't know what she meant until a co-worker finally told him what she was referring to. The next day, he called his secretary into his office and said, "Yesterday, when my garage door was open, did you see a long red Cadillac with a hard top?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "It was a little pink Volkswagen with two flat tires up front."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexually sated* as score bored.

An African tribal chief, enraged by the birth of a mulatto baby in his village, angrily sought out the local Peace Corps representative and demanded an explanation.

The lad fidgeted nervously but finally blurted, "Chief, come here to the window and take a look at those sheep out there." Puzzled, the tribesman obliged him and observed the flock.

"Are all the sheep white, Chief?"

"No, one black," the native answered.

"That's right," said the young man. "Now, where did that one come from?"

"OK," whispered the chief, "you no tell on me, I no tell on you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *philharmonic festival* as Brahms bursting in air.

And, of course, you've heard about the honeymooners who checked into a hotel and asked for a room where they could be obscene and not heard.

The private detective was trying to get his instructions straight about spying on a client's wife. "Look, I don't give a damn if she's playing around," the husband explained. "I just want to know where she is when *I* am."

After finishing his third double Scotch, a drunk slammed his glass onto the bar and proclaimed in a loud voice, "Everybody on the right side of this bar is a bastard." The crowd ignored his outburst. Angered at their passivity, the belligerent bibber downed another double and shouted, "Everybody on the left side of this bar is a goddamn queer." Again there was silence, until a young man got up and started walking across the room. "So," raged the drunk, "you want to fight?"

"Certainly not," trilled the fellow. "I'm on the wrong side of the room."

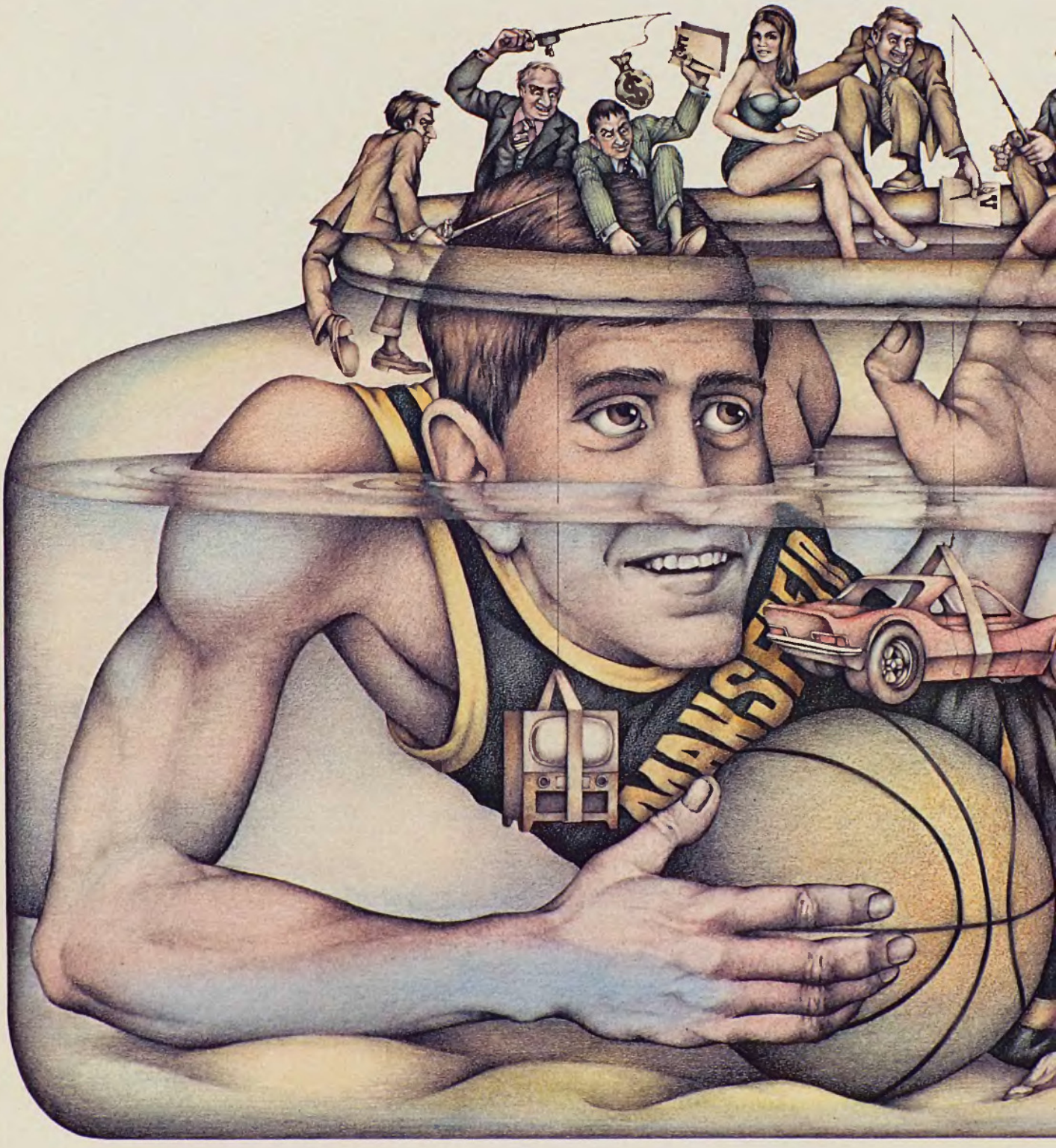
*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"Make-up!"*

# THE TOM McMILLEN AFFAIR

*it isn't easy to be seventeen and a high school basketball star when three hundred hustling college recruiters are fighting for your body*

*sports* **By LAWRENCE LINDERMAN** Each spring, Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan Roundball Classic, the most prestigious high school all-star basketball game in the nation, matches the ten best players from Pennsylvania against a team made up of the number-one competitors from ten other states. College coaches from every region of the country jet in for the game, where they either recruit players still undecided on which college to attend or keep rival coaches away from prospects committed to their own universities. Occasionally they have to do both, for the event, founded seven years ago by Pittsburgh's charity-minded Dapper Dan Club, annually showcases at least eight of the top ten high school players in the nation. Coaches call such talented prospects "blue chippers"—players who, in their estimation, are good enough to be three-year starters for



any college team in America. Although nearly 100 high school seniors qualify as blue chippers each year, the number of lads who can conceivably become superstars is much lower. In 1970, basketball's insiders felt that only 25 prospects possessed such skills. One of these was Tom McMillen, a 17-year-old from Mansfield, Pennsylvania, who was the most recruited high school player in history—and the main reason coaches from more than 275 schools had come to watch the Dapper Dan: McMillen had not yet announced the college of his choice.

Most professional observers of basketball (including *Sports Illustrated*, which devoted a cover story to him) rated McMillen the best high school player in America. A reed-thin 6'11", Tom had set a Pennsylvania scoring record of 3608 points at Mansfield High, averaging 20 points a game in his freshman year, 30 as a sophomore, 40 as a junior and just under 48 as a senior. An A student, he was also known to be shy and courteous, qualities that further endeared him to college coaches, many of whom are having problems with the radicals on their teams. The majority of coaches who had come to Pittsburgh for the game had already seen McMillen play, at least on film. Extremely agile for his size, he possessed a superb offensive repertoire—jump shots accurate past 20 feet and left-handed hooks, both of which he released with a soft delicate touch. In his senior year, Tom had scored on almost eight of every

ILLUSTRATION BY MABEY TROUSOELL

ten field-goal attempts; boys are considered excellent shots if they average 50 percent. Although many tall players achieve high scoring percentages by standing around the basket and stuffing in teammates' errant shots, game films clearly revealed this was not the case with McMillen. Furthermore, even though he was far from the world's greatest jumper, he was an aggressive rebounder. The college coaches polled couldn't recall a player of his size with such well-rounded skills. Many remarked that he was "a real student of the game."

McMillen is perhaps even more cerebral in his approach to basketball than Bill Bradley, the New York Knickerbockers' former Rhodes scholar. Two years ago, Tom read *Psycho-Cybernetics*. "I like to read about things like that—I think the mind is really an important thing. If you can find visually what you want to do it's a lot easier to do it physically. Like if you can visualize how your foul shot's supposed to be, can visualize rebounding, it's easier to do. In a way, you've got to be mean. When I finally go out to play, I try to be as ornery as heck out there. You want to concentrate. That way you're preplaying the game. I have about 15 index cards on what I want to do during a game. 'Rebound—be aggressive, be a team player, watch your fouls.' Little reminders, things to think about during a game. Everybody has a tendency to forget or omit; this way you don't."

Based on his collection of index cards, McMillen has also evolved a set of scoring values for his game performances. "I score my game based on 15 cards. I set goals for myself. A perfect game for me is based on 100 points. I score my game in a way that I can practically give myself a letter grade. It's hard to get 100—it takes 36 points, 26 rebounds, only two fouls, hitting 100 percent from the foul line, 65 percent from the floor, blocking five shots, handing out two assists, having only one turnover. You have to have a darned good game to get 100 points."

On the morning of the Dapper Dan Classic, McMillen would have gladly settled for a B-minus: He awoke feeling ill and, after attending a short practice session at Pittsburgh's 13,500-seat Civic Arena, returned to his hotel room and went to bed. He had a fever of just over 100, and not until two hours before gametime (and after he'd received an injection of penicillin) did the team doctor give him permission to play.

"The game was sort of a proving ground—Pennsylvania against the nation," McMillen said. "It's like here's your big tryout—sort of like when Alcindor played against Elvin Hayes the first time. In that situation, you want to go out and play until you practically drop, rather than play a rotten game and say, well, I was sick—that's no consolation. I was playing before a big crowd for the first time—around 16,000. I'd played before 8000 or 9000 before. They were really a good crowd, shouting things like 'Pennsylvania, go!' Sometimes the crowd is behind you and you just fit into the crowd and that helps you over the hump. The coaches were all there, wanting to see a performance against the best."

McMillen had correctly sensed the note of cautious pessimism advanced by a number of coaches in the stands. George Raveling, an assistant coach at the University of Maryland and one of the most successful recruiters in the business, summed it up best by saying, "Even though one player can't win a championship by himself, the fact is that McMillen played in a weak high school division and couldn't lead his team to a state title this year. I've seen him play once and I'm impressed. Tonight, though, he goes up against the best, and then we'll really know how good he is."

Tom *was* going up against the best—and they were determined to deflate the growing McMillen legend. Several members of the U. S. All-Stars had let it be known they considered Tom the lucky recipient of unmerited publicity. Ed Searcy, an exquisitely graceful and rugged 6'7" forward from New York's Power Memorial Academy, was the ringleader of the anti-McMillen movement. Power had easily defeated Mansfield High earlier in the season, and even though McMillen had scored 40 points against them, Searcy felt that Len Elmore, his school's well-regarded center, was better than Tom. "It's not a grudge, but I'm going to do him in for Lenny's sake," he said. More vocal was Harold Sullinger, a 6'7" All-Star from New Jersey, who told one reporter, "A cat who gets 40 points a game is doing it against dudes who don't care. A cat who scores 20 on me the first half is going to finish the game with 20, because I'll break his arm."

Moments after the game began that night, Tom attempted a jump shot—and Searcy, making an excellent block, nearly rammed the basketball down McMillen's throat. The loose ball rolled to a Pennsylvania teammate, who passed it right back to McMillen, and Tom brought the crowd to its feet by sinking a 15-foot hook, a shot rarely attempted from that distance. As if to prove it wasn't a fluke, he made three other long hook shots during the evening, and also scored on an assortment of jump shots and deft inside moves to wind up with a game-high total of 37 points. Pennsylvania lost the contest, 87–81, but McMillen, who was voted his team's most valuable player, left coaches slightly glassy-eyed. After the game, Raveling had revised his estimate. "I told you I was impressed by McMillen the one time I saw him play. Having seen him in action again, I am now superimpressed. He is probably the best shooter his size ever to play basketball. Barring an injury, I don't see any way he can miss being an all-American." The next day, the recruiters returned to their schools in a state of anxiety, pondering what McMillen would be able to do for (or against) their teams in the future. Although Tom had expressed interest in only about 20 of the 300 colleges that were trying to land him, scores of coaching staffs were now fully determined to persuade him otherwise. For three years, McMillen and his family had been under an increasing state of siege and, with the end in sight, recruiters prepared themselves for one final and desperate effort.

• • •

In 1896, a journalist named Gilbert Patten, writing under the pseudonym Burt L. Standish, began detailing the adventures of Frank Merriwell for *Tip Top Weekly*, a magazine that modestly billed itself as "An ideal publication for the American youth." For the better part of the next two decades, artists often depicted Yale's ace fictional baseball hero wearing a big white Y on his chest and an expression of humble virtue on his face, capturing the mixture of Christian and boy-scout ethics most athletes then aspired to. What would Frank think if he could see us now? Former St. Louis Cardinal linebacker Dave Meggysey charges that injured football players are shot up with dope in the morning so they can ignore their injuries in the afternoon. Former New York Yankee pitcher Jim Bouton coyly informs us that baseball players get their jollies from "beaver shooting," a series of inspired ways to peek into windows or up a girl's skirt. Few, indeed, are the men who now participate in sport for the joy of it.

But McMillen is a bona fide specimen of what used to be known as a model youth: class valedictorian, president of the student council, first trombonist in the school band, regional winner of the American Legion Oratorical Contest, an altar boy and teenaged county cochairman of the March of Dimes drive. He is a Silent Majority dream come true. He was appointed to the President's Council on Physical Fitness, a 15-member body composed of such establishment youth images as astronaut James Lovell, Miss America 1969 and the head of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Bobby Richardson (a former New York Yankee, who presumably was never a beaver shooter). McMillen has channeled his energies mainly in two directions: athletics and academics. "I know there are

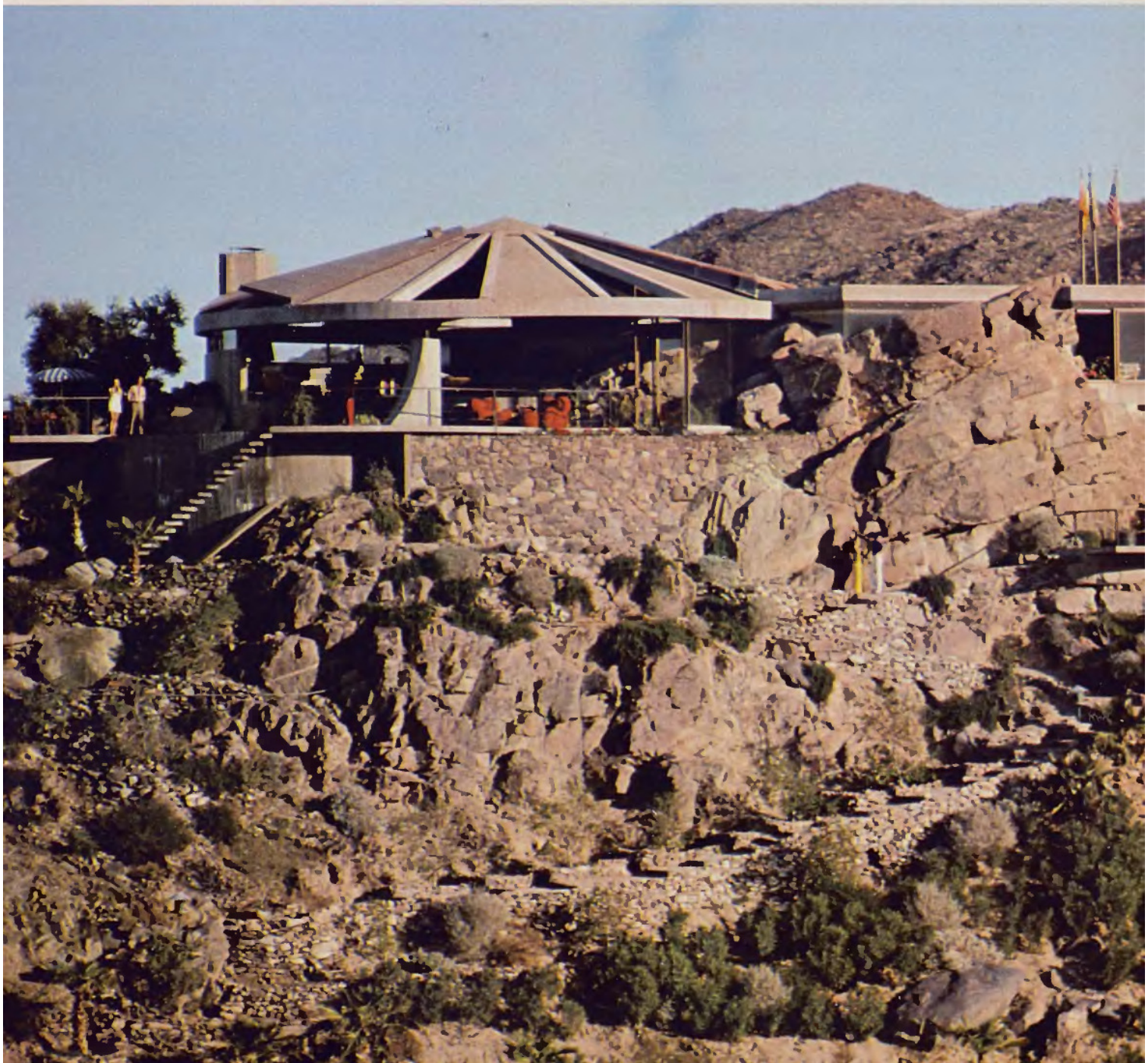
*(continued on page 158)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

*interior designer arthur elrod builds a spectacular aerie high above the greenbacked greenery of palm springs*

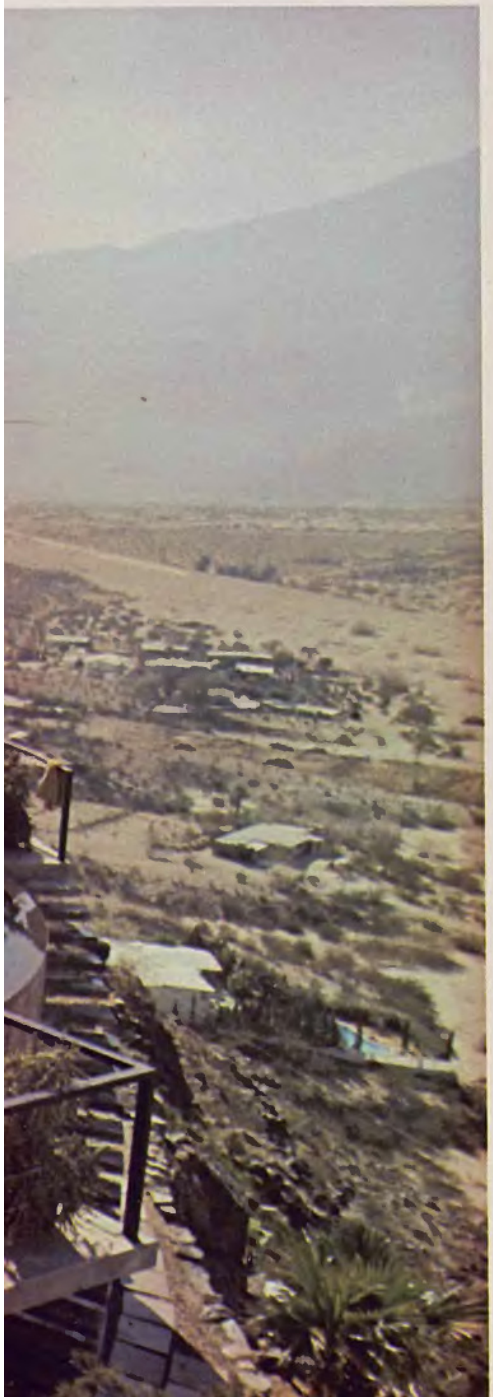
# A PLAYBOY PAD: PLEASURE ON THE ROCKS

ALTHOUGH THE HANDSOME bachelor dwelling, below, of interior designer Arthur Elrod is just a six-minute drive from his downtown Palm Springs office, its location—a craggy ridge overlooking the city—provides the seclusion and panoramic setting of an eagle's nest. In creating his five-room, 5700-square-foot, air-conditioned digs, Elrod and architect John Lautner showed their aesthetic respect for the rugged site by utilizing natural rock formations, so that house and mountainside often mingle, with boulder clusters occasionally serving as walls. Elrod also used glass extensively—an understandable indulgence, considering the surrounding view. Consequently, there's more than 100 feet of frameless floor-to-ceiling windows in the circular living room and the master bedroom–study–office wing (with nearby bath–dressing room)—plus two pie-shaped skylights set into the living room's massive concrete ceiling. (The pad's other rooms—a kitchen and a guest suite—are just off the living room next to a walled, sculpture-filled garden.) The result is a masculine home-office where Elrod can entertain, work or relax within *(text concluded on page 208)*



Above: A roadside view of Elrod's house. Behind the curved concrete wall topped by flagpoles, Elrod has created a lush sculpture-filled garden that's next to the guest quarters. Below: Weekend entertaining usually includes a terrace barbecue. The stone stairs lead down to hillside gardens. After dark, low-voltage lights recessed into the curving eaves can be switched on to illuminate the pool with a gentle glow.

Above, left to right: Two welcome visitors enjoy the tiled sauna Elrod hos built into the master bath–dressing area. Soon they'll odjourn to the nearby sunken travertine tub. Below: An illuminated Paul Jenkins painting hangs on a paneled partition that separates the living room from the elliptical-shaped kitchen. Bottom: The master bedroom–study–office is paneled in courbaril, a rare wood from South America.



Above left: Another view of the bath–dressing room suite. Illuminated clothing compartments provide handy storage, while, nearby, a mini wet bar stands ready for service. Above right: Elrod's bedside control panel for regulating the pad's light and music systems also houses an extension phone. Below: The living room's two skylights extend over a portion of the pool. Molecule-shaped foam chairs are by Pesce.

Above: Elrod positioned the pad's dining center in a section of the living room where the roof line dips low, thus giving the area an intimate atmosphere. The buffet is being served from a custom console that houses a set of stereo speakers. Below: Concrete beams spread dramatically from the living room's central hub. The copper-lined ceiling sections between the spokes are tilted to admit additional light.

*"Darling, after a performance like that, you deserve a curtain call!"*

**VARGAS GIRL**

## TOM McMILLEN AFFAIR *(continued from page 150)*

people who take offense at that, but my perspective is that I get a heck of a lot out of basketball that I can't get from the classroom and vice versa. To me, they are equal day-to-day priorities." McMillen schedules his days and nights so tightly as to almost preclude dating. He wants to be a great basketball player and, because of a handicapped childhood, a great orthopedic surgeon.

When Tom was born, on May 26, 1952, the doctor who delivered him told his parents their son might never be able to walk normally, because of a birth defect: His knees were turned inward. To correct this condition, for three years Tom went to bed wearing a pair of shoes connected by an iron bar; the device restricted his leg movement and eventually straightened his knees. Already towering above his classmates when he got to grammar school, Tom spent many late afternoons with his father, Dr. James McMillen, a dentist, skipping rope, doing calisthenics and running to strengthen his fragile legs. "Sometimes it was really sad," he recalls. "I'd try to do an exercise, really mess it up and then I'd look at my father just *knowing* he was thinking, 'I'm going to have a seven-foot invalid for a son.'

"After my legs got better, I had a muscle deviation in my eyes. I couldn't even line up desks right, because my eyes just wouldn't focus." Two eye operations cured that problem and Tom soon found himself learning basketball from his brother Jay, already a formidable player. In 1963, when Jay was a 6'7" senior at Mansfield High, more than 80 colleges invited him to earn a degree as a four-year guest of the management. Jay decided on the University of Maryland, where he went on to become the second leading scorer in school history. (He has since slipped to third place.) Jay was drafted by the Los Angeles Lakers upon graduating, but since he wasn't really looking for a career in pro ball, elected instead to play in Italy for a year on the Padua team, then returned to Maryland, where he is now a medical student. "When Tom was only in the eighth grade," Jay said a short time ago, "I thought he'd be a better player than I was. I can still shoot better than he can, I think, but his motivation is much greater and he can do more. Tom was always aware of little things like knowing you have to be able to work with both hands and getting in peak condition. The scope of his game is very broad."

That summer, Tom began attracting attention in Eastern basketball circles after attending several of the weeklong instructional camps operated by college coaches. When Tom showed up at North Carolina's camp, Tarheel coach Dean Smith, who couldn't recall ever seeing a 6'4" 14-year-old, watched him overwhelm boys his own age and then put Tom in with the 17-year-olds. The result was the same. The camp gave McMillen his first indication that college coaches would be interested in his future. "When my father drove me down to North Carolina, the coaches greeted him with the usual nice-to-meet-you sort of thing," he says. "But when Mom and Dad came to pick me up at the end of the week, the coaches were so cordial it was magnificent. They took the three of us out to dinner, and I remember they were so friendly."

A few weeks later, Tom entered high school and in his first real taste of organized ball, began scoring 20 points a game against opposing centers who were usually three years older and 50 pounds heavier. (McMillen then weighed 150 pounds; after seven more inches of growth and five years of weight training, he has built himself up to 219.) By the end of his freshman season, he had been contacted by 60 colleges, and his parents, two sisters, Sheila and Liz, and other brother, Paul, were getting used to coaches' dropping by for coffee. "I'd been through it all with Jay, but the recruiters hadn't started to come around until his junior year," said Tom's mother. "I guess you'd have to say Tom was the team's star player when he was a freshman, and I just knew we'd be in for a lot of trouble from the schools that wanted him."

At the conclusion of his sophomore season, Tom heard from 150 colleges and after leading Mansfield to a class-B state championship in his junior year, the number of schools pursuing him doubled. "I didn't go to any more basketball camps after that, because coaches were really trying to sell me on their schools, and it's not easy to say no to a man you like," Tom says. "I didn't understand that the aim of all coaches is to become your friend, because then it's really hard to say no to them."

Tom didn't worry that he'd retard his progress as a player by not attending the camps. Over the years, he had experimented with a wide assortment of basketball-practice techniques, the best of which he noted on his ever-present index cards. By the summer of 1969, he had developed a demanding personal regimen that he rigidly followed every day. "I keep my summer schedule worked out on cards, covering all the skills I have to work on, and when I practice, I take the cards with me," he says. "It's like I'm my own coach. You always have a tendency to fool around when you're practicing, but by the time you're finished fooling around, it's time to leave. This way I get right down to work, go through all my drills and I'm finished. During the summer, I'll spend six or seven hours a day out on the basketball court. I don't consider weight training or running part of my practice, so I guess I really use up a lot of the day working out."

When his senior year started, what quickly turned into a daily avalanche of unannounced visitors, mail and telephone calls prompted Tom's mother to sit down with his coach (and chemistry teacher), Rich Miller, and make up two form letters. One was a polite turnoff to colleges in which Tom was totally uninterested; the other stated that he had expressed an interest in the school but would appreciate it if coaches waited until after the season to see him. (Basketball, his classes and the student-council presidency were putting heavy demands on his time.) Coaches, of course, ignored the letters; they'd show up at the McMillen household blithely explaining they just happened to be passing through town. Mansfield, an isolated hamlet of 4100 people in the wilds of north central Pennsylvania, is not exactly a town many strangers pass through, especially basketball recruiters from states like Kentucky and Georgia. The McMillens' telephone, meanwhile, rang nonstop from six P.M. to midnight. "I wanted to disconnect it but didn't because of my patients," said Tom's father. "Even the mail was getting us fed up. Tom was receiving about 50 letters a day from coaches, alumni and people who wanted *autographs*. Imagine that! Tom has ten cartons of the stuff put away in our attic and he probably threw out twice as much as he kept."

Occasionally, matters became even sillier. After one game, coaches from Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland and West Virginia all turned up at the McMillen house for coffee. "We were waiting each other out," reported one recruiter present at that gathering, "Nobody would budge, so at midnight everyone got up to go. I still don't know how he did it, but John Lotz, an assistant coach at North Carolina, faked us out and managed to stay after the rest of us left."

When the season ended in early March, Tom had narrowed his choices down to seven schools: Kentucky, Duke, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania (where his sister Sheila is now a junior), Maryland (where Jay was checking out the new basketball coach, Charles "Lefty" Driesell) and North Carolina (where Tom's 23-year-old brother Paul was working in a Chapel Hill bank). The Dapper Dan Classic took place a few weeks later, and after that, the number of out-of-state cars parked daily in front of the McMillen home would have convinced almost any Federal agent that the Mafia was holding another summit

*(continued on page 234)*

# A REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH

*article* By GARRY WILLS *and for your penance, father, do three to five at danbury...*

The United States shouldn't worry about the Soviets in Latin America, because they are not revolutionaries anymore. But they should worry about the Catholic revolutionaries, who are. —Fidel Castro, 1967

It was a flamboyant Mass, that drear ghetto night, in the brightly lit church. The choir attacked old spirituals with the zest of a Fred Waring group suddenly given soul. But a hush, as is customary, settled on the church as bread and wine were consecrated, to the words of the Last Supper. Father Philip Linden—young, black, tall (six feet, five), his resisting hair frizzed up into a natural, his vestment a *dashiki*—picked up the Communion bread and intoned, "On the night he was betrayed, he took bread, broke it and gave it to his friends, saying, 'This is my body. . . . This is my blood . . . it shall be shed for many. . . . Do this in memory of me.'"

*On the night he was betrayed.* The sermon had just called to mind "our brother Martin," for whom this Mass was offered. It was Dr. King's birthday; the mule trains and Coretta were back in town. Father Linden and his choir had come over from Baltimore to celebrate and pray where fires had burned all that long night after King's death, the night he was betrayed. Not betrayed, admittedly, by any one Judas in his circle. Still, all his last years King had been spied on, slandered, his every act pried into, rights of privacy denied him—treated like an outlaw, someone to be trapped. No wonder anger broke



ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN

out in fire across the nation, anger at all King's opponents, minimizers of his work, enemies of his mission, those who would not hear, who said, "Do not listen," called him liar. They resembled the men who ridiculed Isaiah, those who "say to the seers, 'You shall not see,' and to the visionaries, 'You shall have no true visions; give us smooth words.' " Enemies of the word are betrayers of its bearer—so this was done in memory of him, our brother Martin.

*And*, the priest added after Communion, in memory of "our sisters and brothers of the Conspiracy." Father Linden, you see, was a member of the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives, some of whose members had just been indicted in Harrisburg on charges of planning to bomb and kidnap.

Recent history must seem like a nightmare confirmation of every red-neck's fears. First, a Baptist minister (of all people) started a revolution, one of those safe black oversolemn preacher types out of *The Green Pastures*, with a bible full of submissiveness—yet suddenly, that book caught fire in his hand; the pulpit had become a force again, a source of militant strength for blacks, menace for whites. Churches, long the most innocuous parts of our landscape, were now dangerous—as they had been when Patrick Henry spoke from a pew in Saint John's of Richmond. No wonder Southerners felt betrayed by "their" blacks and "their" religion. This preacher was actually *preaching*, and his words were not smooth.

Then new fears came to the Bible Belt as Catholic priests were charged with political conspiracy—memories of the Al Smith candidacy and "How many troops does the Pope have?" It was the kind of fear that had been laughed at for a long time, pooh-poohed in the Kennedy campaign, considered by the knowing a mere joke in questionable taste. Catholics themselves had spent cautious years dispelling any notion that a priest would meddle in American politics. And they had done their work well. By the early Sixties, there was nothing less dangerous than a Catholic priest.

But no longer. Some priests now carry danger with them—as friends of Philip and Daniel Berrigan have found out. A Pennsylvania grand-jury indictment treats visits with one of these priests in jail as "overt acts" of conspiracy. When two other priests, as a result of that indictment, were arrested in Baltimore, their cardinal, Lawrence Shehan, went instantly to visit them. Will that be considered an overt act of conspiracy? Probably not; though another of the overt acts—a nun's move to Washington—was performed in response to her superior's command. It seems only fair that that superior, responsible for the overt act, should be indicted, too. And even if Baltimore's cardinal escaped the law, he is treated by some as a guilty man. After his visit to the jail, Catholics picketed Masses at his cathedral bearing signs that said, DOWN WITH RED PRIESTS—and if Catholics say that, what are the red-necks saying? A man in clerical dress and Roman collar went into a Baltimore hardware store to buy a length of lead pipe—a transaction that caught the eye of a crapulous gentleman just over from the neighboring tavern. He wanted to know what the unpatriotic priest was going to blow up *next*. The answer given was measured: that the purchaser was neither American nor a Roman Catholic, but an Anglican visitor to this country. His critic, badly deflated, making one last try, asked then just what the pipe *was* for—and the response, this time, was gratifyingly obscene.

Picketers angry or confused over "Red priests" are not the only Catholics opposed to recent trends. Some older-line liberals also feel adrift. They had argued for years that the American scheme of church-state separation, dividing religion from politics, was a valid position. Jesuit John Courtney Murray, once silenced by Rome for maintaining this view, was vindicated at the Second Vatican Council. But by then, priests and nuns were out marching for civil rights, speaking for or against political candidates, running for office themselves, lobbying in Washington (to make laws), breaking into draft offices (to defy laws). There are still some Catholic liberals who think priests and nuns should go back into rectories and convents, let laymen represent their Church "in the world." But that will not happen now. If the Church is to recruit any priests at all, they will increasingly be movement priests, young men sympathetic to radical causes even when they don't actively promote them. The Berrigans are heroes to a whole generation of young men entering the seminaries, staying there or leaving them for a role as Catholic activists.

Not the least bewildered Catholics, we may be sure, are those FBI men who pursue or spy on priests and nuns, tap their wires, attend new liturgies, send informers into parish circles. When Sister Sue Cordes, working for the Berrigan defense committee, went to her sister's wedding a year ago, her mother warned her not to say too much about the peacework—the bridegroom was an agent. Father Redmond McGoldrick, a Jesuit priest who has been arrested four times at political protests, is on polite but guarded terms with *his* FBI brother-in-law. When agents finally ran down a Protestant minister who had yielded his pulpit to Dan Berrigan, while he was loose and being hunted, they spent 15 minutes talking about the priest's whereabouts and 40 minutes explaining why they, as Catholics, felt justified in stalking priests. The "conspiracy" and the FBI draw heavily on the same Catholic subculture.

> For henceforth in one house five will be divided,
> three against two and two against three.
>
> —*Luke* 12:52

Why this odd, Kafkan pursuit of Catholics by Catholics? It is not mysterious. Catholics had in recent decades been conditioned to a theological animus against communism, and that attitude dovetailed neatly with old immigrant desires to prove their loyalty to America. The structure of the Church, moreover, elicited from Catholics a deep respect for authority and made them familiar with doctrinal ways of testing that respect. Catholics drifted naturally, therefore, toward investigative agencies in the fiercest Cold War time. This was as natural as the drift of other young men to the discipline and authority of the priesthood. The process was a mere updating of the classic choice offered in an Italian (or other ethnic) ghetto: While an *(continued on page 180)*

*"Rudyard, either the water bed is leaking or one of us has a problem."*

# SEX IN CINEMA

## 1971

*despite the renascent romanticism of "love story," the last barriers fall before a wave of totally explicit erotica and uncensored language*

article By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT

ONE YEAR AGO, in PLAYBOY's November 1970 issue, we wrote, "The pendulum has already begun its reverse swing—and it's bound to hit somebody." The pendulum referred to was the degree of permissiveness granted to films shown in the United States, and the allusion was to those who believed that movies had gone too far in their depiction of sexual activities. In May of 1971, that pendulum made its first strike. Jack Valenti's Motion Picture Association of America, the industry's own appointed guardian of movie morality, lost the support of both the National Council of Churches (Protestant) and the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. In a rare joint statement, they affirmed that "the pressures from motion-picture companies are too great, and the specter of Governmental regulation is too remote, for the industry as a whole to take seriously its task of self-regulation at present." The churches weren't urging national censorship—far from it. But they were arguing that, simply for their own good, the film companies should "develop a workable, dependable and credible system of self-regulation as an alternative to Governmental censorship."

The churches had good reason to suspect the functioning of the M. P. A. A. and its rating game. The year had hardly begun when MGM, chafing at an R (restricted) for its costly and prestigious *Ryan's Daughter*—which featured some fairly graphic groping beneath the covers between Robert Mitchum and Sarah Miles and even more explicit encounters between Miss Miles and Christopher Jones—appealed the rating and, without losing a frame, had it altered to a GP (parental discretion advised). Even so, Metro's chief, James Aubrey, Jr., a bad winner, declared that he would pull his firm out of the association within the year (he didn't). Similarly, Columbia, which prided itself on *(text continued on page 171)*

***DIABOLICAL:*** *"The Mephisto Waltz," reminiscent of "Rosemary's Baby," casts Barbara Parkins and Alan Alda (left) as pawns of infernal spirits.*

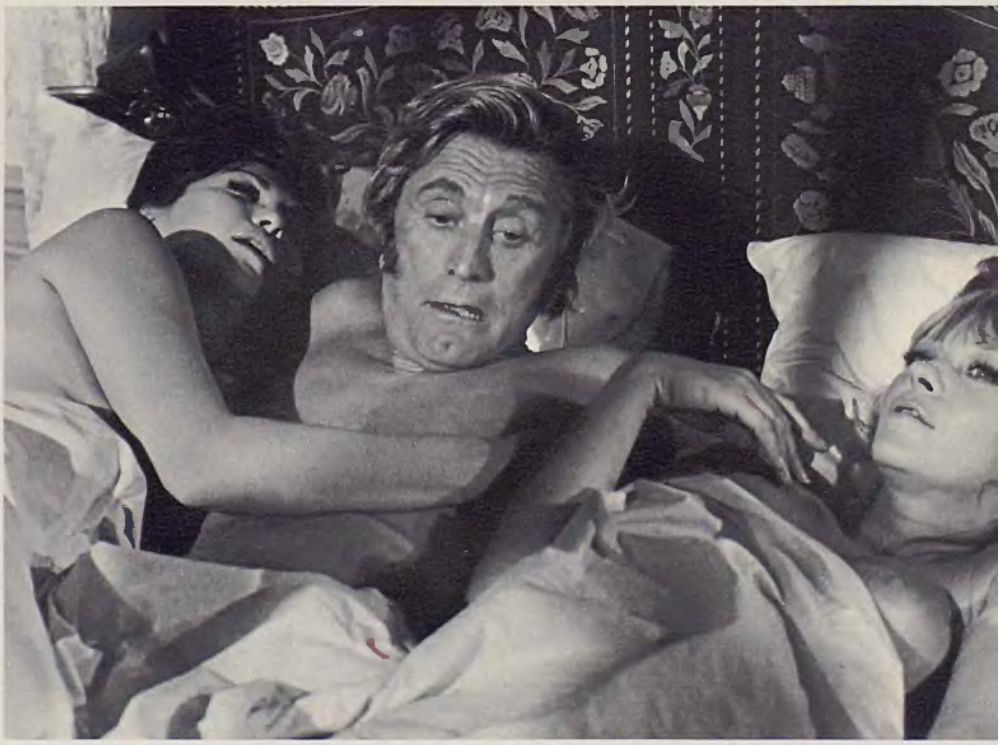
***EVERYBODY'S DOING IT:*** *Sex onscreen took on ever more fervid permutations in 1971. Top attraction was Jack Nicholson, both as actor (in "Five Easy Pieces," top left) and as director (of "Drive, He Said," featuring Karen Black, top right). In "Where's Poppa?" (center left), momma Ruth Gordon busses son George Segal's derrière; and in "Rabbit Run" (center right), James Caan makes an ineffectual attempt to come clean with wife Carrie Snodgress. Good old-fashioned adultery provided the theme for "Ryan's Daughter" (bottom left), with Sarah Miles and Christopher Jones grappling in the grass; and "The Hunting Party" (bottom right) offered an orgy in the plush private railroad train belonging to a sadistic Texas cattle baron (Gene Hackman).*

***AND SO TO BED:*** *With the nude scene a stock ingredient in films of every type, the screen's most familiar faces are discovering that their figures are their fortune. Clint Eastwood (left) clinches with Jessica Walter in "Play Misty for Me," the story of a top-rated deejay pursued by a psychotic female; Michael Caine (below), who portrays a small-time hood in "Get Carter," muscles in on Geraldine Moffatt; and George Peppard (bottom) enjoys, with Francine York, a respite from bandit chasing in "Cannon for Cordoba."*

***QUICK STUDY:*** *High school teacher Angie Dickinson imparts the rudiments of sex education to John David Carson in Roger Vadim's American directorial debut, "Pretty Maids All in a Row" (above).*

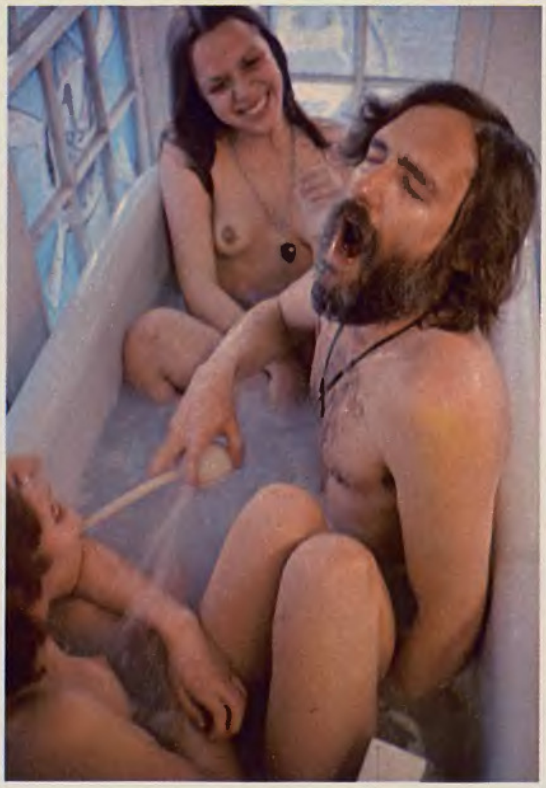
**PICNIC FARE:** *Singer Lainie Kazan (below), playing a yenta madam in a Polish border village, disrobes to distract Cossack garrison chief Yul Brynner during a jailbreak in "Romance of a Horsethief."*

**STAR-STUDDING:** *Established performers such as Rod Taylor (right) are buffing it these days—in this case, with Carol White in "The Man Who Had Power over Women." Taylor plays a PR man who's not averse to private relations with his best friend's wife. In "Lawman" (below), marshal Burt Lancaster rekindles old flame (and ex-hooker) Sheree North. Pausing for a moment's dalliance in a whorehouse, fugitive from justice Kirk Douglas is caught literally with his pants down in "There Was a Crooked Man" (bottom).*



***BARE MARKET:*** *Playing roles that smacked of exhibitionism (above, left to right), Leigh Taylor-Young danced in "The Buttercup Chain," a saga of young swingers; Mariana Hill, in "El Condor," undressed at a window to draw soldiers' attention from lover Jim Brown while he scaled a fortress; Goldie Hawn let it all hang up in "There's a Girl in My Soup"; and Dennis Hopper was soaped by groupies in "The American Dreamer."*

***PROSTITUTION FOR FUN AND PROFIT:*** *A flourishing cat house in Presbyterian Church, a muddy Western hamlet, is the economic mainstay of Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." In the scene at left, saloonkeeper Rene Auberjonois joins in the fun at a lively birthday party in the bordello. As a classy callgirl in "Klute," Jane Fonda (above) peels for a well-heeled customer whose thing is voyeurism.*



***FILM STRIPS:*** *Buck Henry, Lynn Carlin, Paul Benedict and Audra Lindley play penalty poker in "Taking Off" (left); JoAnna Cameron (sequence above) is a youthful nympho in "B. S. I Love You."*

***BLACK BEDFELLOWS:*** *Freed from their near-neuter screen image, black actors now portray fully sexual human beings. In "Shaft," a detective thriller in the classic tradition, Richard Roundtree displays his prowess with Gwenn Mitchell (left) and others. Melvin Van Peebles is the brothel-raised cocksman (and the producer/director) of "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (above).*

***BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEDEVILED:*** *Religious worship, whether of God or of Lucifer, is the theme of several recent releases. In "The Mephisto Waltz" (above left), Jacqueline Bisset falls fatally under the spell of a pair of Satanists. As "Simon, King of the Witches" (above right), Andrew Prine performs occult rites on a district attorney's daughter (Brenda Scott). Barbara Bouchet is but one of the temptations cast in the way of Lando Buzzanca as "The Married Priest," an Italian film (below left); and nun Anne Heywood is tortured for the crime of maternity in "The Lady of Monza" (below right).*

***GAY LIBIDO:*** *Homosexuality blossomed onscreen in 1971. "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (above) featured a prison gang-buggery; and Helmut Berger, who played a pervert in "The Damned," was an invert with Alain Noury in "Un Beau Monstre" (top right). Sapphic scenes, too, abounded: Audiences viewed Dominique Sanda and Stefania Sandrelli's bedside mannerisms in "The Conformist" (right) and Marie Liljedahl's interlude with Olivera Vuco in "Ann and Eve" (below).*

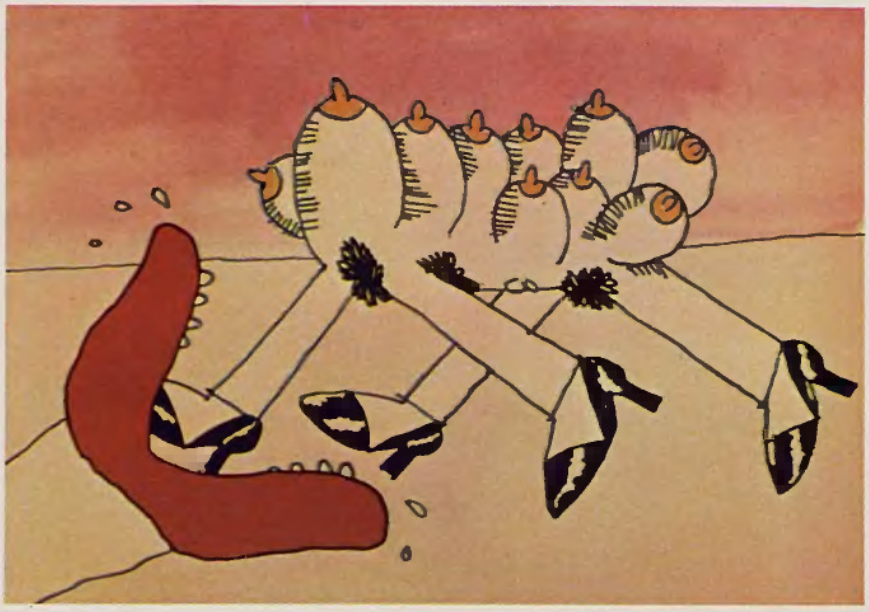
***MALE CALL:*** *Phalluses, symbolic and otherwise, figured prominently in four films: "Roseland" (right), in which hordes adore a monumental member; "Pinocchio" (below left), wherein the puppet's genitalia supplant his nose as principal growth stock; "The Statue" (below center), in which David Niven suspects sculptress wife Virna Lisi of enlisting another man to model for his private parts; and "Percy," a dramatization of the world's first penis transplant. Stripteaser Antonia Ellis (below right) visits the hospital to test convalescent Hywel Bennett's postoperative reflexes.*

***BEAUTIES AND THE BEASTS:*** *Even animals were amorous in 1971. Carrie Rochelle (below left) puts up with monkey business in "Africa Erotica"; and* PLAYBOY*'s 1968 Playmate of the Year, Victoria Vetri, star of "When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth" (below right), flees from a leaping lizard.*

never having distributed an X-rated movie, preserved its integrity by bringing pressure on the M. P. A. A. to change its X to an R for Jack Nicholson's *Drive, He Said*, despite extensive frontal male nudity, even more extensive female nudity and one scene of clearly implied sodomy.

The fact is that whenever a major company exerted itself sufficiently, the ratings could be changed—sometimes at the cost of a few discreet cuts to save face for the M. P. A. A., sometimes by simply throwing its weight around. The Motion Picture Association is, after all, the creature of the industry itself, and therefore highly susceptible to the wishes of its employers. Significantly, Stephen Farber, a young and decidedly disenchanted former member of the association's Code and Rating Administration, not only admitted this but noted further that "in spite of the board's claim that they were obliged to give a studio the rating it wanted, they didn't feel this obligation toward independent producers of sex films, who might mutilate their films and still find themselves stuck with an X because 'their intention was to make a sex film.'" In other words, the ratings—particularly the GP and R categories—have become meaningless. Small wonder that the churches have lost confidence in the Motion Picture Association.

But beyond this, the pressure from the right has continued to escalate. Charles Keating, Jr., whose Citizens for Decent Literature has, in the past year especially, concentrated its fires of hell and damnation on motion pictures, issued an appeal to raise $235,000 to fight those "slick pornography lawyers" who have the effrontery to defend the freedom of the screen. Ominously, but probably correctly, he noted in his appeal, "Today, changes in the U. S. Supreme Court show that the time is right to get strong cases against pornography into the courts." As if in confirmation, Stanley Fleishman, a Los Angeles civil-liberties lawyer who has become one of the fiercest champions of free expression in all media, privately expressed his concern that an obscenity case coming up at this time "is not likely to receive as open and favorable consideration as it might have during the years of the Warren Court." At one point this past summer, the court calendars in Beverly Hills alone were almost 50 percent devoted to obscenity cases—and in at least one instance, the trial of *(text continued on page 186)*



***ANIMATED ACTION:*** *Screen cartoonists, defying the medium's kiddie-matinee tradition, are turning to stronger stuff. The sequence above fantasizes Sarah Kennedy's reactions to an obscene call in "The Telephone Book." Two full-length features likely to be X rated are "Fritz the Cat" (below), a raunchy romp through Harlem and Greenwich Village created by underground-comix artist Robert Crumb; and a top grosser from Japan, "Cleopatra, Queen of Sex" (bottom).*

***ENCOUNTER GROPES:*** *Beset by competition from outright porno, sexploitation producers have escalated the explicitness of their films. In Radley Metzger's "The Lickerish Quartet," Silvana Venturelli engages in floor play with Frank Wolff (above) in Wolff's erotic library. "Love Me, Love My Wife" stars Pier Angeli, Colette Descombes and Glenn Saxon trying troilism (left). In "The Stewardesses," crew captain William Basil boards one of his airborne amours (below left). "Ginger" reveals private eyelash Cheri Caffaro's own method of interrogating blackmailer Calvin Culver (bottom). "Erika's Hot Summer" (below) features Erica ("Vixen") Gavin and Walt Phillips as two sides of an ill-fated triangle.*

***SEX ED 101:*** *Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, producers of "Freedom to Love," have done it again in another made-in-Denmark movie. This one, "Why," studies people of varied sexual proclivities—such as Lesbian live-show performers (above)—so intimately that no American distributor has yet bid to import it, despite its creators' undeniably serious intent.*

***STAG CLASSICS:*** *Issued as "documentaries" were two porn-film compilations, "Hollywood Blue" (top), featuring a Marilyn Monroe look-alike and a gay blade who resembles a Hollywood he-man, and "A History of the Blue Movie" (center), with 1915's playful "A Free Ride" at left and stripper Candy Barr's legendary "Smart Aleck" at right.*

***PORNOCOPIA:*** *Hard-core films, booming in major U. S. cities earlier this year, have been subjected to so many legal hassles that some blue-movie makers are now hedging their bets. Bill Osco and Howard Ziehm of Graffiti Productions set out to make "Flesh Gordon," a camp comic-strip parody, as a hard-core feature (above), but at last report were toning it down for wider release. Alex de Renzy, whose "Powder Burns" (right) is a porno Western, says he's switching to straight films; and Lowell Pickett of Leo Productions, makers of "Love, Yolanda" (below), has filmed his latest feature, "Cozy Cool," in hard and soft versions.*

***KID STUFF:*** *Youth must be served —especially since the affluent younger generation constitutes the majority of the movie audience. One of 1970's cult heroes, Dennis Hopper, has spent this year editing "The Last Movie" (right), a film within a film shot in a remote Indian village in the mountains of Peru. This scene depicts a Lesbian exhibition staged in a bawdyhouse. Runaway romance is sampled by collegians Barbara Hershey and Michael Sarrazin in "The Pursuit of Happiness" (below left) and by teenagers Sean Bury and Anicee Alvina in "Friends" (below right).*

***SEXPOTBOILERS:*** *Big budgets were lavished on glossy screen adaptations of two popular novels this year. Jacqueline Susann's "The Love Machine" stars John Phillip Law in the title role, servicing—among others—Alexandra Hay (above left) and our twin Playmates, the Collinsons (above right). Irving Wallace's "The Seven Minutes," the tale of a pornography trial, boasts director Russ Meyer's wife, Edy Williams (near right), and a number of film veterans, including the late Jay C. Flippen as a political kingpin who privately digs stag films (far right).*

***UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER:*** *The trouble with the men in "Carnal Knowledge," says writer Jules Feiffer, is that they "mix up liking pussy for liking girls." Possibly the most important film of 1971, "Carnal Knowledge" deals a death blow to the romantic love story. Protagonists Arthur Garfunkel and Jack Nicholson see women as objects, not people—with crippling results. Both bed, but Garfunkel weds, Candice Bergen (top left); in the scene at top right, the condom makes its screen debut. Ann-Margret (above) finally wrings a ring from Nicholson, but that relationship soon shatters, and at the end he's impotent except with Rita Moreno, who, in an elaborate ritual, performs fellatio for money, not for love (below).*

*"By the way, for your raise, you have to ask Mr. Peacock."*

## *night shift* from an Appalachian folk story



THIS HAPPENED WAY BACK YONDER, when the railroad first come to these mountains and there sprung up along the right of way lots of little mining-company towns like Cokeboro. So new you could smell the raw lumber a mile off. Folks so new that the men still had straw on their boots and the women went down every day to ooh and aah when the train come in.

Maud—pretty, dark hair and big eyes—come out of Hotchpot Holler with Jack. And Sue Charles—she was a looker, built like a brick shithouse—come down off Tater Hill with her husband, Coker. And Tama—bright-gold hair and cute as a mockingbird—come all the way from Lithuany with Berk. He was a little bitty feller with a caterpillar kind of mustache crawling on his lip. Somehow, being jumbled all together like that in a heap in a town made everybody kind of restless.

So, ever' morning, after the men went down on the day shift, the women would gather on Maud's front porch to drink some soda and clack. Tama, who couldn't talk no English but a few words, would comb Sue Charles's long yeller hair.

Maud mostly complained about her troubles with Jack, which come about from him being so tall and sightly and nimble with the other girls. "Goes out prowling after supper to look for some wife whose feller is on the night shift. I'm so riled I haven't let him touch me for going on two months. And I'm hurting something terrible myself," she said.

"I can see them men now," said Sue Charles, "a-laying on their backs a mile under our feet, picking at the coal and laughing at his stories."

Well, two, three weeks later, they moved Coker over to the night shift and what do you think happened? Sue Charles couldn't wait to tell Maud about it next morning on the porch. "Jack was at my door last night," she said. "Honey-talking about how much he'd admire to come in and set with me awhile. Set! That's what he said, but it ain't what he meant."

"Well, that son of a bitch, he's done fer now," yelled Maud, throwing her soda bottle off the porch. "Listen, Sue Charles, did he say he'd come back?"

"He said tonight again. But don't fret, Maud, I won't let him in."

"You will let him in. You'll leave the door open and be in bed when he gets there. Only it won't be you in bed, it'll be me. And I'll rip his eyes out! I'll tear the skin off his back and nail it to the wall of the company store!"

Sue Charles got so tickled Tama had to quit combing her hair. Sue hopped around, doubled over with laughing, and pretty soon they was all laughing like fools. And so the trap was set. Tama even seemed to get the drift of what they was talking about.

So that night, when Maud seemed to be fast asleep, Jack slipped out of bed, dressed and left the house. Soon's he'd gone, Maud hit it down the back way to get to Sue Charles's house afore him.

"Sh! Stop that giggling, Sue Charles, and get over to my house, out of the way of bloodshed," said Maud, climbing into Sue's bed. "Is Tama posted outside all right, to be the witness?"

"Right by the chokecherry tree," said Sue Charles; then she went off to Maud's.

But Jack was in no tear-ass hurry to get down to sport. He had the whole night before him. So, naturally, he stopped by Lem Gaither's to have a little sip of white lightning, aged in the ground two days. He'd nothing to worry about, because he'd put Berk on sentry at Sue Charles's house—only Berk had not got there in time to see Maud come and Sue Charles go.

Well, sir, one sip deserves a swaller and one swaller deserves a friend to keep him company, and you know how it is. After half a jug, Jack staggered out the door in the wrong direction and ended up in Lem's cowshed, biled as an owl.

Now, after some time while nothing happened, Sue Charles got mighty sleepy over to Maud's, and so she just lay down on Maud's bed to take a little rest. Soon she began to doze.

And Maud herself drifted off a little. Pretty soon, before first rooster crow, she felt somebody slip into bed aside her. Next, he was astraddle. "Jack?" she asked, but she was too sleepy to get mad again. Besides, she was beginning to feel good. She forgot all about her plan to lock her legs around his waist and squeeze till he turned blue as a possum's ass. After a while, she felt a fuzzy little mustache where there shouldn't be one, and all at once she knew. But things had gone so far by then that all she did was think, "So this is how they do it in Lithuany."

In the meantime, Jack roused himself, come home half sober, washed and climbed into bed. Maybe he noticed something different and maybe Sue Charles had a notion something was wrong, but neither of them let on till it was too late.

Finally, when the first light of day come, and Tama seen nobody but her own husband, Berk, stealing out of Sue Charles's back door, she let out the loudest screech ever heard in these hills. Yelling something terrible in her own talk, she grabbed a stick and took out after Berk, with his pants half pulled up and his little mustache bobbing up and down. She chased him out of town, up the holler and over the mountain. All the way back to Lithuany, for all I know.

*—Retold by David Madden*

# LOAFING

*food* By THOMAS MARIO *a baedeker of bread—basic, exotic, hunger-quelling, nose-tantalizing, infinitely variable and endlessly enjoyable*

MARIE ANTOINETTE did *not* say, "Let them eat cake." Her exact words, according to Rousseau, were, "*Qu'ils mangent de la brioche.*" Modern man obviously does not live by brioche alone. From the vast panorama of the baker's art, he can choose *pitas* as made in Baghdad, Sicilian round sesame loaves and Swedish *limpa*, to mention only a few. What's more important is that he uses them not just as filler for his breadbasket but as a means of brightening his party tables.

For centuries, bread has been divided into two classes. Only the well-heeled, self-appointed Beautiful People originally enjoyed white bread—that is, bread made from the white interior of the grain—while the *hoi polloi* had to be content to eat dark breads made from all of the wheat or from nonwheat flours such as rye or barley. In 14th Century England, bread bakers belonged to one of two guilds, The Company of the White Bakers or The Company of the Brown Bakers. By the 18th Century, nations seemed to have drawn lines between each other based on the color of their bread. Thus, when Goethe fought with the Prussian armies in 1792, he noted that on his side of the border, there were light girls and dark bread, and that when his army later moved over the French frontier, he found a pleasurable mixture of dark girls and white bread. But the status of bread has since evolved to the point where the most elegant dining rooms offer black-as-coal Russian pumpernickel in the same cozy basket with snow-white dinner rolls.

The Middle East gave the world two magnificent products of fermentation—bread and beer. The Egyptians, in their haste to expel the Jews, didn't allow Hebrew bakers enough time to use yeast in their bread and thus may be credited with having indirectly created matzohs, now the base for canapés and dips in infinite numbers. But the Middle Eastern bread that is most cast upon the social waters these days is the *pita*—the flat bread disk torn apart at shish-kabob parties and filled with anything from *felafel* to curried lamb at sandwich parties.

Hopping across the Mediterranean to Italy, one finds huge round loaves with or without sesame seeds—light white bread at its plumpest best. Italians also bake a bread they call whole wheat—it can be found both in Italy and in the United States—but the little golden specks of whole-wheat flour are in such minute quantities that the bread, though lovely to eat, turns out to be only the most delicate kind of distant kin to the uninhibitedly dark breads of northern Europe. Italy also has its specialty breads, and one of the most interesting—available in this country as well—is *pane con cicciolo*, or bread with rendered fat. It looks like a large circle of Danish pastry and is almost as rich and light, but its main flavor isn't fatty at all but a herculean spray of coarsely ground black pepper, enough to light up the weariest appetite at the aperitif hour.

In both Italy and France, you'll find round as well as long loaves, more round bread in the south of France than in the north. The Italian bakers seem to excel in big-bosomed, dome-shaped loaves, while French bakers are masters of the long narrow loaf. But when it comes to brioches and croissants, French bakers—or those trained by Frenchmen—are nonpareil.

As in Goethe's day, you must still leave France for Germany and the Scandinavian countries to savor the best of pumpernickel and other dark breads. Pumpernickel is to rye as whole wheat is to white—that is, it's made from unsifted, or unbolted, flour. And dark breads vary from the blackest of tart German *Schwarzbrot* to Danish *mellem*, made with a mixture of white and rye flours, the latter so muted that you have to taste the bread a second time to detect the presence of rye. There are other light ryes, such as Norway's *grisle*, a *(continued on page 248)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZANNE SEED

## REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH

*(continued from page 160)*

older brother—Dominic, say, played by Victor Mature—joined the police force, his younger brother Salvatore (played by Sal Mineo) went off to study for the priesthood. And Dom and Sal were equally good boys.

By the Fifties, of course, Dom had moved up—from cop on the beat to college graduate, eagerly recruited now by the FBI, by Federal and military investigative agencies. As the overworked joke put it, Fordham graduates were hired to check on Harvard graduates. If I may cast the situation in personal terms, one of my best friends from Catholic high school days is still in the CIA. And both brothers of the girl I dated back then were in a seminary—until one of the brothers left to join the FBI. This was a common progression. A Scripture scholar at the seminary where three of the Harrisburg defendants were trained says hardly a year went by, in the late Fifties and early Sixties, without his receiving an FBI clearance sheet on one of his former students, now applying to the Bureau. Hoover's force was attractive to the ex-seminarian at several levels of conscious and unconscious motivation. It gave young men a corps to join, a fellowship with an outsider's role as scrutinizer of men's failings and guardian of order. Boys who might have been uneasy at too-abrupt re-entry into secular life could stand partly off from it, still in distrust, spying on it—God's spies upon the world.

And if, by the Fifties, Dom had moved up from cop on the beat to regional director of the FBI, Sal, too, had gone to college, risen socially, taken on new responsibilities. A good example is the worker priest John Cronin, who found Communists easing into union jobs during World War Two and worked with the FBI to expose them. He was thus in an excellent position, after the war, to draw on the FBI's secret files, which he used to draft the American bishops' hard statement on the Communist menace. His contacts—with labor, Congress, Church hierarchy and the FBI—put him at the very center of postwar anti-Communist patriotism, a situation symbolized by the fact that he (along with Bishop Fulton Sheen) served as philosophical mentor to freshman Congressman Richard Nixon in 1947. Father Cronin even acted as Nixon's intermediary for reports smuggled out of the FBI (through Catholic agent Ed Hummer) when the Truman Administration was trying to halt inquiry into the case of Alger Hiss. Later, when Nixon became Vice-President, Father Cronin became his *very* ghostly ghostwriter.

Dom and Sal, once marginal Americans, were now a (largely secret) team at the top of things, quiet, well-intentioned saviors of their country. No wonder a myth began to shape itself in terms of Communist menace and Catholic solution—Monsignor Sheen guiding Louis Budenz out of his Marxist darkness into light, Whittaker Chambers joining Clare Boothe Luce and William Buckley on crusade, an Irish Catholic Midwestern Senator taking on smug Ivy League Dean Achesons and Averell Harrimans. Rome, once suspect, now seemed the firmest bastion of Washington. No wonder Catholic patriots rejoiced—theirs were the country's shrivers, godly protectors and policemen.

Imagine, then, the harsh cheating of expectation when Catholic loyalists were sent out to trap their grade school teachers, "the good nuns." The awkwardness of it showed up when churches had to be searched; raids were actually made on sacristies, with their surplice closets from which agents had robed themselves when they were altar boys. The FBI men probed in a gingerly way and asked, "Are you there, Father Dan?"—always the polite "Father" appended, giving the whole thing an air of the child's game: "Come out, come out, wherever you are." Could it really be a father who was hiding from the law? Or, alternatively, if he was doing all this, could he still be called a father?

Little in the agents' personal experience equipped them to answer such hard questions. They had been brought up to consider all authority as one, in church and state, and to think of priests as especially allied with American values against all "outside" forces (for outside, read Communist). How, then, cope with a force not only inside the country and its citizenry but deep inside the Catholic structure of holy things? It would be easy enough to handle a merely selfish or crooked Catholic gone astray. If Dom and Sal had become, respectively, cop and priest, another route of escape from the ghetto had been taken by the third brother, Rocco (played by Richard Conte, now that Edward G. Robinson was too old for the part). Rocco was always the slick one, who finally outsmarted himself, went too far too fast; yet he would stagger back at the end, to die in the flicker of candles down the side aisle of his neighborhood church. Dom had hunted him down, but Sal would find and absolve him—"Are you there, Rocco?"

These new outlaws, however, are of a different order altogether. Rocco, when caught, obligingly repented. The real problem with men like the Berrigans is not that they are priests but that they refuse to recognize their crimes *as* crime, to give in to the good guys in the only way that matters—giving in to their standards and values. No, these men cling to their defiance, make of it what Catholics used to call "an outward sign of an inward reality"—a *sacramental* criminality. As Bureau agents poked further into this enigma—"Are you *there*, Father Dan?"—did they remember dark confessionals from their youth (Is Father there, can he hear?), remember peering through the screen until a panel shuffled back and one hastily mumbled, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned"?

Catholic boys were brought up, once, on stories of heroic priests who kept the seal of confession—the pledge not to reveal things said to them by penitents—when Government investigators tried to learn what was said inside that box. *Government* investigators. It is striking how many Catholic saints defied Caesar—the eternal Caesar of state power—and how little impact that fact has had on Catholics in America. It took the most conservative and fundamentalist kind of church in America—the Southern Baptist—to remind Catholics that all Christians have a heritage of resistance, from catacomb days. But by 1965, some had been reminded. That year, a young man named David Miller became the first American prosecuted for burning his draft card. He was a disciple of Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement. When the judge sentenced him, he turned toward prison with a touch of the ancient defiance and told his judge, "Caesar will never have me." That should have been the warning sign that fools were on the loose again. It was almost as bad as living in the early days of Christianity, when Saint Paul's moves through Asia Minor were charted fearfully. At his arrival, men complained to local authorities, "The world's troublemakers are now here" (*Acts of the Apostles* 17:6).

> I come out of a tradition stern in point of law and insistent in force of obedience. There are those who may have heard of us—the Society of Jesus. We have a name here and there. —Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

Few brothers could be more different than the Berrigans—Philip tall and fair, the athlete; Daniel slight and dark, with the face of a smug leprechaun. Phil, unafraid, always needs action; he practically dragged Dan into the Catonsville action (or drank him into it, through a long night of passionate fraternal arguing). Moody, emotional Irish, a bit of a brawler like his father and pestered by the ardent girls drawn to him, Phil is a hard man to say no to, a good man to have with you in a war. Dan, by contrast, is a bit chilly—aloof. Where Phil inspires, Dan disturbs, in his quieter way, probes deeper; the lines in his young-old face are the map of some

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# DOG DAYS

*it was a time of excessive heat,*
*unwholesome influences—and an overpowering lust*
*for the chinese servant girl*

*fiction* By PAUL THEROUX

THE INDIAN SAID, "I take hand of woman and I squeeze and look in eyes, and if she return look and do not take hand away, I know I can make intercourse. If also she squeeze my hand back, it is most certain I can do it that very day. Only thing is, husband must be elsewhere."

He smiled and lifted his long brown hands, displaying their emptiness like a conjurer. He went on in his lilting voice: "In Asia, namely India, Pakistan, Indochina, Siam, here in Singapore, wherever, it is enough to touch body of woman, even arm or what not. If they do not object to that, path is

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO CRAFT

quite open. And what," he inquired, "is done in States?"

"In the States?" Len Rowley thought a moment. "I don't know. I suppose we just come out and ask the girl if she wants to."

"Just looking and saying, 'Cheerio, let us make intercourse'?"

"No, probably something like, 'Would you care to come up for a drink?' "

"A *drink*?" The Indian threw his head back and gave a dry croaking laugh. His teeth were bony and stained dark red with betel juice.

"Or to see your pictures. Any excuse, really. The idea is to get her up to your room. If she says yes, you know you can do it."

The Indian nodded and spoke to the empty chair beside him, solemnly rehearsing, "You would like to come up to take drink, yes?" Then he said to Len, "I think it is same as touching body. Woman enjoys, but she do not like to name."

That conversation had taken place in a bar on Serangoon Road, the heart of the Indian district of Singapore. Len had been out walking and had stopped at the bar. He hadn't intended to drink. But the Indian sitting by the door had given him a welcoming wobble of the head and had smiled and tapped a chair seat and said, "Try some toddy?" They had talked, first about toddy, then about hot food, then about women. Len did not ask the Indian's name nor did he ever see the Indian again.

But Len had replayed the Indian's voice many times. He found the explanation satisfying and revealing, such a close glimpse into the mind of Asia that he had never divulged it to anyone. It was like a treasure map, described by a casually met pirate and committed to memory. *I take hand of woman and I squeeze. . . . It is enough to touch body.* The Indian had a way of saying body—he had pronounced it *bho-dhee*, speaking it with wet lips and heavy tongue—that made it sound the leering name for something vicious.

Len Rowley was a private soul and marriage had increased his loneliness by violating his reveries. His attachment to Marian was not deep: He had lingered beside her for nearly seven years. She had put him through college, but now, as an expatriate lecturer in English literature, he was paying the bills. Marian was learning to play the guitar that hung on a hook in their living room. Friends found them an odd couple. Len and Marian talked of divorce, in company; this frightened listeners, but it always seemed to bring them together. Len was sometimes startled to recall that he had been unfaithful only once—with a prostitute in Newark, a year after the marriage. That was like making love to a chair tipped on its back and it cost Len $12.

The Forbeses and the Novaks were over for drinks. In a room full of people, Len became a recluse: He was still mentally speaking to the Indian.

But Ella Novak was saying, "In *Midnight Cowboy*, yes, that party. Remember? When Ratso faints? It was actually filmed at Andy Warhol's! That was a *real party*!"

"That's not quite true," Tom Forbes said. "It was filmed on a studio set just like the Factory—but it did have Warhol's people in the scene. Of course, Truffaut has been doing that sort of thing for years."

Marian said, "Interesting, isn't it? Like Eldridge Cleaver's wife being in *Zabriskie Point*."

"Which one was she?" asked Ella in annoyance.

"At the beginning, when those students—I think they were students—were talking. With the hair. Holding the pencil and sort of . . . leading the discussion."

"Has anyone here seen *Easy Rider*?" Joan Forbes put in.

"That hasn't come to Singapore yet," said Ella.

"And probably won't," said Tony Novak. "Unless the Film Society gets it."

"Len still refuses to join," said Marian, looking at Len in the corner, slumped in the Malacca chair with a dreamy look in his eyes.

Roused, returned to the living room by Marian's words and the ensuing silence, Len said, "Film Society. Foreigners out of focus. Too much work reading all those subtitles!"

"I knew he was going to say that," said Marian to Tony. "He's really very puritanical."

Len smiled. He heard, *It is enough to touch body. Bho-dhee.*

"Tom and I saw it when we were on leave," said Joan, adding, "*Easy Rider*."

"I didn't know you got home leave every year," said Marian.

"Ford Foundation," Joan said and put her hands primly into her lap.

"We don't go home until Seventy-three," said Marian. "Seventeen months more."

Tom Forbes asked Marian about Len's contract and he commiserated while Joan Forbes explained to Ella and Tony what happened in *Easy Rider*.

Len was silent. He heard the Indian's piratical voice and he watched the kitchen. Ah Meng was at the sideboard flexing a plastic freezer tray and popping the ice cubes into a pewter bucket. She stood in the bright rectangle of the half-open door, a shelf of cornflakes and Quaker Oats behind her head making her unremarkable profile more interesting. Her forehead was long and sloping, her pug nose set just below her high cheeks; her chin was small but definite, her mouth narrow and almost grim. Len could see her stiff black hair, which was wound in a pile on her head, and he knew what her eyes were like: hooded, the sly changeless shape of the skeptic's; they were amused eyes, but some would say contemptuous. She was all but breastless and only her hands could be called beautiful, but it was the total effect that excited Len, the flower and stalk of face and body, the straightness of her length, her carriage. In a slim woman, posture was beauty. She was tall for a Chinese and she moved in nervous strides like a deer.

Len had compared her with others' servants: The Forbeses' Ah Ho had muscular legs, bowed as a pair of nutcrackers. The Novaks' Susan was a pale pudgy worried-looking little thing who always wore the same dress and once went bald. Tony was on the verge of firing her, but, fortuitously, her hair grew back, porcupiny at first, then to her old bush.

When there was company, as on this evening, Ah Meng wore a loose blouse (raising to show a flat stomach when she reached for clean glasses on the top shelf) and tight red skier's slacks. She went about the house swiftly, treading on the ankle loops of her slacks, in bare feet: Len found the feet attractive for the wildness they suggested. She had been with the Rowleys for nearly three months—replacing the bossy old Hakka woman—and for much of that time, Len Rowley had been trying to get into bed with her.

Trying was perhaps the wrong word. He had been thinking constantly about it, the way he thought of the Indian's advice. But something a man at the university had said made him hesitate. It was in the staff club. A man from physics left and Davies from economics said, "See that bloke?" Davies told a story that cautioned by horrifying: The man from physics had pinched his house girl's bottom. That very evening, the girl disappeared, and the following day at a stop light, three youths jumped into the man's car, beat him with bearing scrapers, slashed him and fled. The man still wore bandages. The house girl's boyfriend was in a secret society and the boyfriend's final piece of revenge was upon the next girl the man employed. She was threatened; she resigned. This became known and no one would work for the man. Davies said the man was going to break his contract and go home. That for a bottom pinching.

This story had to be balanced against the easy explanation of the Indian; it made Len hesitate, but he did not put the thought of sleeping with Ah Meng out of his mind. Sometimes he wondered why and decided it was lust's boldness, lechery's curiosity for the new. Unlike the man who feels challenged by the

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*pictorial essay*

*the renowned—and controversial—author relates his feelings about writing and painting, sex and women, god and man*

# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY MILLER

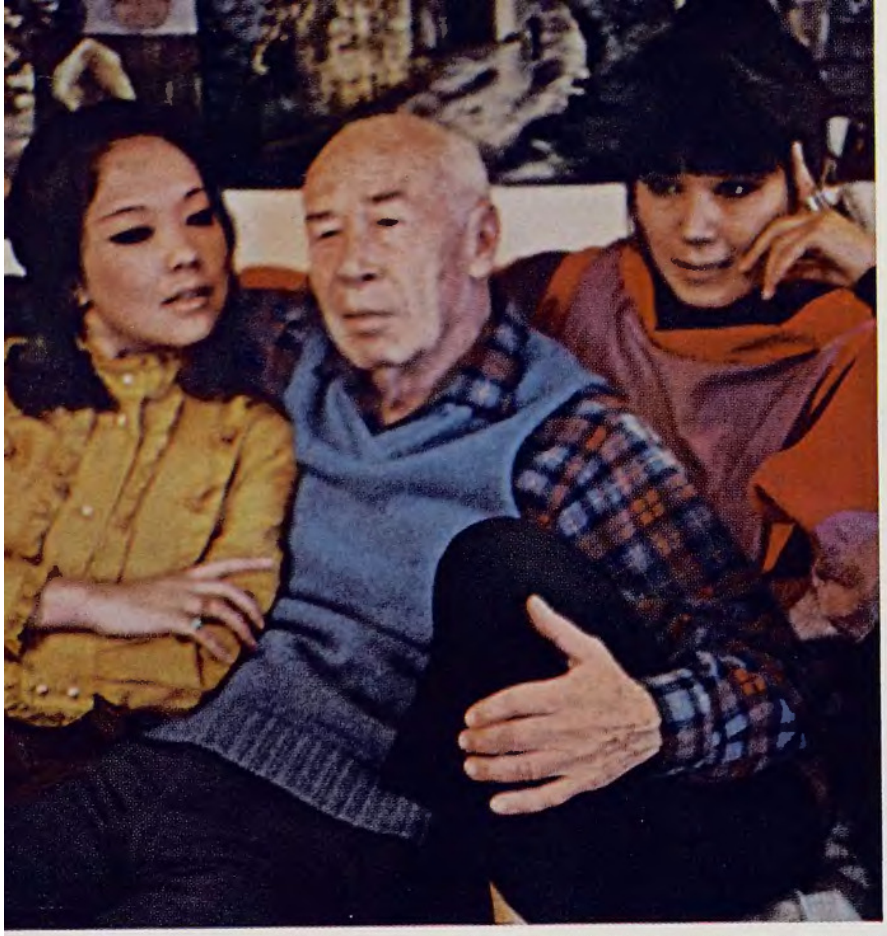
TO LITERARY CRITICS, fans and censors alike, Henry Miller has long been an enigmatic figure. But here—and in his forthcoming autobiography, *My Life and Times*, edited and designed by Bradley Smith and scheduled for November 15 publication by Playboy Press—the 79-year-old author of *Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, *Nexus*, *Plexus* and *Sexus* expresses his views on everything from pornography to ping-pong.

SEX: *"It isn't the all-important thing for me to get a lay. I'm much more interested in being able to have a good time with a woman. If it's a matter of going to bed, fine, but if it isn't, that's all right, too. I appreciate women around like you would appreciate flowers. They add something to the atmosphere."*

PORNOGRAPHY: *"The funny thing about pornographic writing is that it doesn't stimulate me. It doesn't have much effect on me at all. In fact, I'd say it's boring to me. I'm a voyeur. Pictures, photos interest me very much. But reading about sex, no, not much. Unless it's done by a great artist."*

*(continued overleaf)*

The 18-year-old Henry Miller, top left, showed few signs of the literary talent that has earned him international acclaim. In his California home, below, he relaxes with guest Candice Thayer. "With women friends coming and going all the time," he says, "I'm never bored."



Among the women whose companionship has kept Miller interested—and young —above, his wife, Hoki (left), and her friend Puko (right), Israeli actress Ziva Rodann, below left, with whom he "indulged in a lot of innocent horseplay," and Candice Thayer, below right, who stands beneath a large portrait of Miller painted by Beauford Delaney, a close friend of the author's from his Paris days.

RELATIONSHIPS: *"I think it's quite possible for a man to take care of more than one woman—on condition that the parties concerned realize fully what they're in for. A lot of primitive societies have done it, more particularly in cases where there was a shortage of either men or women. A friend of mine thinks a man should take care of as many women as he can keep happy. But then there are economic problems, no?"*

APPEARANCE: *"Men don't realize how much a woman can disregard so-called physical attraction, how they fall for homely, ugly, older men sometimes. Jesus, sometimes these homely bastards get the most beautiful women!"*

WOMEN: *"You know, I'm not the he-man type and I'm always drawn to women of strength and character. I've noticed that. My battle with them is a battle of wits. Also, I find that I'm intrigued by women who are devious, who lie, who play games,*

*who baffle me, who keep me on the fence all the time. I seem to enjoy that!"*

THE REAL MILLER: *"Some readers and critics contend that there is a contradiction between myself as writer and as person. But they never knew me as an individual. I believe I describe myself in my books. There's the sensual me, the philosophical me, the religious me, the aesthetic me."*

PLEASURES: *"My ideal day would be, first of all, no interruptions, no telephone calls, no visitors and no letters to answer that are immediate or important. A day for myself. I would have a good swim. And then I would like some time during the day for a good friend and a good ping-pong player to drop in, so I could spend a couple of hours playing ping-pong."*

PAINTING: *"There are times when people look at my work and say, 'How come we don't see any*
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Miller, a good ping-pong player with "a steady, defensive Zenlike game," is challenged by Candice, above. "No matter how glamorous my opponent may be," he says, "I never let her distract me." Another of Henry Miller's favorite diversions is painting. Though he often uses symbols—as in the water color below—Miller says that he has no conscious reason for using them.

# SEX IN CINEMA

*(continued from page 171)*

*Sexual Freedom in Denmark*—which ended in a deadlock—nine of the 12 jurors had previously served on such cases.

Most telling of all, however, is the simple, indisputable fact that the general public is no longer responding uncritically to the lure of vast quantities of uninhibited sex up there on the wide screen. The handwriting was already on the wall last year, when 20th Century-Fox was forced to declare a $1,000,000 loss on its all-star ode to transsexualization, *Myra Breckinridge*. Despite that studio's most intensive publicity campaign since *Cleopatra*, there just weren't enough camp followers to make it pay off. (Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, released almost simultaneously, did show a profit—but its costs and, hence, its profit margin, were substantially lower than *Myra*'s.) Also disappointing were such determinedly with-it movies of 1970 as *The Strawberry Statement*, *The Landlord*, *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* and *R. P. M.* The mass audience was plunking for such old-fashioned entertainments as *Airport* and *Love Story*, and producers have been trimming their sails—and their films—more carefully ever since.

Because it takes anywhere from 12 to 18 months for most movies to go from incubation to delivery of prints, the full effect of this revelation is not likely to become apparent until well into 1972. *Portnoy's Complaint*, for example, was being readied for production at Fox until the red ink on *Myra* suggested a prudent halt. Warner Bros. promptly picked up the property, but it didn't go before the cameras until last June and probably won't be released until next spring or summer—by which time no one is prepared to say what the market will be. Meanwhile, what we have been seeing is a long series of pictures conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that if it makes a buck, fine. But there is no disguising the hostility or, at best, indifference that has greeted many of these efforts.

Perhaps the most controversial film of the year was Jack Nicholson's *Drive, He Said*, which was unveiled to a storm of boos and hisses at the Cannes Film Festival last spring and garnered little critical approbation when it opened here a month or so later. Produced by Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson, the wildly unconventional team that was earlier responsible for both *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces*, it is, on the surface, at least, yet another reversion to the university drug scene that clogged the screens in 1970, when this picture was begun. But with a difference. This one means what it says. Despite strong overtones of *Getting Straight*, which it often resembles in story line, *Drive, He Said* makes no compromises to win over its audiences. Its protagonist, a star basketball player (William Tepper), makes out for a time with the bored wife of a faculty friend, but ultimately she rejects him. His revolutionary-minded roommate (Michael Margotta), usually high on drugs, goes berserk at the film's finale, assaults the wife (Karen Black), then runs naked across campus, releasing caged snakes, scorpions and rats en route. A rejection of all forms of authority and conformity throbs through the picture and gives it a weird, compelling life.

Filmed at the University of Oregon, the picture was first threatened with legal action by the school's administrators, who apparently had not read the script but felt they had been duped (although everything about the picture suggests an Eastern college). The producers were next faced with an X rating from the Motion Picture Association because penises are abundantly in evidence in an exuberant locker-room sequence and again when Margotta, without so much as a fig leaf, unleashes the biology department's experimental menagerie—not to mention the unclad girls who frequently stroll before the lens and a scene of copulation between Tepper and Miss Black on the front seat of a Volkswagen that leaves little to the imagination. But the overriding seriousness of the film's theme and treatment, attested to by a number of expert witnesses—including a Catholic priest—ultimately convinced the association to change its X to an R. *Drive, He Said* was probably the most far-out film to come from a major company in 1971.

But there were others not too far behind. Early in the year, Metro, rather surprisingly, put into general distribution an X-rated British documentary, *The Body*, that opens with an extended traveling shot along a line of people, most of them nude, depicting man's (and woman's) progress from the cradle to the grave. Although the film was obviously conceived as a sincere and ambitious educational feature, demonstrating with clarity, imagination and often an exciting use of internal photography the functions of our various organs, it included—naturally—the processes of both impregnation and childbirth, as well as one sequence in which a young couple engage in mutual oral gratification. So—just as naturally—Metro billed it as a sex movie, thus simultaneously turning away its proper audience and profoundly disappointing anyone who bought a ticket in anticipation of 90 minutes of hard core.

Metro was also responsible for director Roger Vadim's first American picture, the allegedly comic *Pretty Maids All in a Row*. Vadim, better known for his sensuality than for his sensitivity (and also for his predilection for marrying his leading ladies), showed once again that he has a keener eye for feminine curves than for camera angles. *Pretty Maids* asks us to accept a graying Rock Hudson as the popular football coach and student counselor of what seems to be, apart from its football team, an all-girl high school. The girls—among them JoAnna Cameron, Margaret Markov and one with the evocative name of Joy Bang—are uniformly luscious and uniformly compliant. Hudson samples the charms of eight of these pretty maids in his office, flashing on a TESTING sign whenever he is thus engaged. The trouble is that this satyric scholar resorts to throttling three of his undergraduate inamoratas. But under his tender ministrations, they die happy, a smile on each of their pretty, vacuous faces. Although there is nudity in abundance, the sex acts are merely suggested, thus winning the film its R rating.

Probably the hardest look at the sexual peccadilloes of the American male in this or any year was to be found in Mike Nichols' brutally candid *Carnal Knowledge*. Working from a witty and incisive script by Jules Feiffer, Nichols simultaneously probes and flays his two main characters, Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel, as they make their lecherous way from a college campus in the late Forties to Midtown Manhattan today. The film is divided into three sections, each centered on a different woman. In college, where Garfunkel is tentatively wooing Candice Bergen, Nicholson, his friend and roommate, boldly cuts in and beds her. Nevertheless, she marries Garfunkel. A decade later, Nicholson shacks up with a buxom model (played by Ann-Margret), meanwhile supplying dates for his pal, whose marriage by this time has begun to pall. In the final sequence, Nicholson, now nearly impotent, winds up paying for the ritualistic lovemaking proffered by Rita Moreno.

It's significant that the male characters continue through the film, but each of the women is onscreen only for her own particular sequence. Since their men treat them as objects, it's wholly appropriate that, although they may still be mentioned—generally disparagingly—they are no longer seen once their utilitarian value has passed. There is a depth of bitterness about the relationships in *Carnal Knowledge* that few American films have ever displayed and none has exceeded. Love as a romantic ideal still exists for Nichols and Feiffer, but they regard it as something remote and unattainable. Their reality is a world in which the male views every female as a more-or-less desirable combination of tits and cunt (the words are used frequently), each with her own special techniques for castrating her males. It's a glum world, a frightening

*(continued on page 264)*

# PLAYBOY'S EXECUTIVE QUIZ

*here's a mirror at the top of the promotional ladder to help see yourself as your superiors see you*

SORRY, but no one really knows what makes a successful executive. Good managers spring from such differing backgrounds and succeed (or fail) with such a startling array of personalities and approaches that any generalization about executive potential is fraught with exceptions. Batteries of psychological questionnaires are widely used in the hiring process and management heeds at least some of the results in making its selection. But once a man is hired, most executives are greatly disturbed when psychological testers suggest (as they frequently do) that testing be *(continued on page 278)*

Roth

# SHENANDOAH BREAKDOWN

*at a bluegrass festival in old virginia, countryfolk and freaks gather by the river for three days of downhome music*

*article* **by david standish** You turn at the fruit stand on Route 7. The country road curls slowly downward through wooded east Virginia hills to the Shenandoah River. Ridges of rock poke their backs through thin topsoil in the scattered fields, and to be knee high by the Fourth of July, the corn crop will have to double its size in two days.

The road abruptly becomes a gooey mix of tar and dust and gravel, twists with the land through a few final bends and spills out onto a 40-acre patch of bottom land bordering the green river. Beyond the fence that runs along the road are two big fields divided by a tree line, and one is already filling up with pickup trucks, campers, trailers, converted school buses and cars. Alongside many of them, orange and green and brown tents have already sprouted.

The folks are settling in for three days at the Fifth Annual Berryville, Virginia, Blue Grass Music Festival.

The sign above the gate says:

WATERMELON PARK
NO ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES PERMITTED

A dozen campers and cars are strung out along the road in front of the gate, waiting to pay the admission price—$12 a head for all three days—and then politely scramble for a good spot to camp. Inside on the field, a couple of jolly Georgia boys with epic beer bellies and genuine red necks spot a driver in the line with hair like you'd expect to see on a city boy.

All smiles. "Hey there, buddy, hey you there," one yells, rubbing his barbershop bald head, "how about loanin' me some of that there hair of yours?" Grins.

"Sure thing," shouts the city boy, also all smiles. He grabs a handful and waves it. "How much you want?"

Everybody smiles as hard as he can, and finally the line moves up a long notch.

• • •

The blue-and-white concrete bandstand, about the size of a boxcar, sits to the right of the gate on the shaved top of a little knoll, facing the river through a grove of old sycamores. The Shenandoah here is clean and fast, waist-deep in the middle. Where it bends, the park ends in a spear-shaped tip with a tiny sandless beach. Two dozen kids have already discovered the pool of quiet water there, held by a wide rock ridge that rises and runs barely underwater across the river. Below the ridge lies 30 yards of soft rapids, just wild enough to tempt any kid with an air mattress into shooting them, but about as dangerous as sunning on the bank with the bluegrass widows who sit there watching their kids swim, talking about everything but bluegrass.

Onstage, The Lewis Family is winding up the three hours of hymn singing that opened the festival. It's hymn singing bluegrass style, naturally, get-up-and-go Gospel, banjo picking for the Lord. In front of the stage, in the shade between the big trees, a ragged rainbow of aluminum chairs is growing in arched rows. You're supposed to bring your own seats, but in case you didn't, there's a flatbed truck full of empty apple crates over to the side, and they'll do better than the ground. There aren't more than 300 people watching the show now, but by nine o'clock Saturday night, when The Earl Scruggs Revue comes on, the number will nudge 8000. The space up close to the bandstand has been staked out and claimed for hours, and there might as well be a sign: SERIOUS BLUEGRASS LOVERS ONLY—damn little talking in that section, filled mostly with middle-aged country people in drip-dry Dacron shirts and cotton shifts. Many of the men study the picking and fiddling with eyes squinted and jaws set, like hanging judges hearing evidence at a murder trial, cassette tape recorders whirring on their knees. You don't get to hear live bluegrass much, and they're going to hear it all.

Over to the right of the stage, a tired-looking long-hair stands by a board covered with the buttons and bumper stickers he has for sale. He's a student at Ann Arbor and in the summer covers the bluegrass circuit, having just got in from Bill Monroe's weeklong festival in Beanblossom, Indiana. He digs bluegrass, he says, doesn't know why, he just digs it. The buttons say I LUV BLUEGRASS, and his bumper stickers invite everyone TO GET HIGH ON BLUEGRASS.

• • •

"We've got a big family Bible that's usually marked for fifty-nine-ninety-five," Little Roy of The Lewis Family reminds everybody from the stage, "but we're sellin' it here for twenty-five dollahs."

• • •

The concession stand is to the right of the stage, and to its right is a small white fruit stand that's temporarily become the festival office. Inside, Carlton Haney,

the downhome promoter who invented bluegrass festivals six years ago, is talking over a minor problem with one of The Country Gentlemen while a mandolin player named Frank Wakefield, unattached, looks on. Haney is short and solid, a friendly man in his mid-50s. After bluegrass, he most dearly loves talking to people and does it in a backthroat North Carolina accent undisturbed by the patch of top front teeth he's missing.

The Country Gentleman is mid-30, handsome and serious. If Merle Haggard had had a really hard life, he'd look like Charlie Waller. He's pointing to a row of tents and tables piled and hung with bluegrass goods for sale, a backwoods shopping mall running 100 yards toward the river. It seems The Country Gentlemen have a table where they're selling Country Gentlemen records, but some independent capitalist is selling everybody's records, including records by The Country Gentlemen, and he's underselling them by a quarter.

"You just tell 'em, Charlie, that they can't do that," Haney says. "You can't tell 'em what to charge for other people's albums, of course, but you can tell 'em that they can't do that to you. I told them people last year I didn't want 'em to come back."

• • •

Ralph Stanley is introducing a song to the Friday-afternoon crowd. He's been on the road playing banjo for 25 years, and you can hear every mile in his voice. He was half of The Stanley Brothers until brother Carter died five years ago, and you can hear that in his voice, too.

"We want to do a sacred song now, we always include some hymns on our program, and this is one that's in our latest album we get a lot of requests for it, and it's the title of the album. Jack Cook you got a lot of albums on the table over there, why don't you tell 'em about a couple of the albums." "Thank you, Ralph, we do have a new hymn album out, the one Ralph just said. It's got a lot of good songs on it, it's been out about three weeks, and we have an album over here, the last show that Carter and Ralph did together, recorded live onstage from Beanblossom, Indiana. And it's on Ralph's private label, you can't get it in the store, and it'd be a good keepsake Carter does the m.c. on it and the applause is on it, so if you'd like to have one of the albums, why, we'll have 'em on sale right here. If you'd like to, come by, and like Little Roy says, if you come by and shake hands with us, have some money in your hand. . . ."

• • •

The pantheon of bluegrass is a long list of unfamiliar names: Bill Monroe and The Blue Grass Boys, The Stanley Brothers, Reno & Smiley, the Lilly Brothers with Tex Logan and Don Stover, Jimmy Martin, The Osborne Brothers, The Country Gentlemen. As a national American obsession, their music ranks right up there with hog calling. The few people who care about it live mostly in the Southeast, with a few others scattered through the Ohio Valley and east Texas. For the rest of the country, bluegrass consists entirely of the theme song from *The Beverly Hillbillies* and the sound track from *Bonnie and Clyde* —both performed by Flatt & Scruggs, the only bluegrass group that people who live in high-rises have ever heard of.

Which makes sense. Bluegrass goes back to the country, a country that barely exists anymore. The sound is out of the mountains, high lonesome harmonies sung in a rough moonshine blend above a galloping banjo and a hard-running guitar, sweetened with a mandolin and a fiddle that chugs in and out of the thick of things, all in time to the string bass. Many of the songs are traditional, some dating back to English ballads, and many celebrate values just as old. The sacred songs are strictly fundamentalist: You stay right with the Lord and He'll stay right with you, and it's part of His plan when He takes a loved one away. God isn't even sick, let alone dead, in bluegrass music. Of the nonsacred songs, the most memorable are about equally divided between absolute sentimentality, *Mother's not dead, she's only a-sleepin'*, and tough fuck-everybody-but-me anarchy, *Morphine run me crazy, cocaine'll kill my baby, nobody's business what I do.* Love your mother and fight all night.

It's not the sort of thing that's going to fill Shea Stadium, even though it may be the closest thing we've got to a living folk tradition—and a beautiful one if you listen right. But it's a music with such a limited appeal right now that even so-called country radio stations seldom play it. A hit single by Bill Monroe, the much-loved father figure who started it all, will sell about 50,000 copies. When Ralph Stanley stands up in front of 8000 people at a festival, he's looking at nearly a sixth of his entire market.

• • •

The Friday-afternoon sun slants through the trees. The crowd is bigger now, 500 or 600. In a back row, flanked by his wife and two restless kids, a crewcut fiddle lover in a white T-shirt raises his hands to whoop over a tasty fiddle break by Tex Logan. His kids look at him like it's just another crazy thing the old man does. His wife looks like she wouldn't mind if he didn't enjoy himself quite so much. They don't see it, but about 30 feet to their left, a girl in an Army shirt, looking too gray and somber not to come from New York, focuses her Nikon F with a 135mm lens on them. Click. Instant folklore.

A few minutes earlier, m.c. Fred Bartenstein, a good-looking kid in his 20s with a slight Southeast drawl, introduced the group. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a historic moment. This is the first time in over a year that the Lilly Brothers, Tex Logan and Don Stover will appear on the stage together, and the first time ever at a bluegrass festival. . . ." The group comes out, and Logan is the stylish standout with an L. B. J. Stetson, a prosperous bounty-hunter's mustache, string tie, dark neatly cut Western suit and cowboy boots.

Fred Bartenstein is a junior at Harvard majoring in urban planning, and Tex Logan has a master's in electrical engineering from MIT. His current hitching post is a Bell Labs think tank in New Jersey.

• • •

By Friday night, with the stage lit bright and the moon rising high above the hills, it wasn't hard to tell that this was something more than a gathering of Baptist dirt farmers. Most of the 4000 people in front of the bandstand had logged their share of miles in pickup trucks, and many had faces weathered by too much hot sun and raw wind. But scattered among them—isolated clumps of chaos in a field of well-mowed heads and white shirts—were 200 or 300 freaks, dread long-hair dope-smoking freaks with peace symbols and headbands and power-to-the-people handshakes. Weirdo radical revolutionaries sitting next to right-wing racist bigots. Always read the label first.

The small fields of energy where they came together seemed surreal in a hopeful way, even if the mood wasn't precisely lions and lambs. There was no hostility, but a lot of very interesting glances got exchanged, and a number of the freaks decided that staying on the edge of the crowd wasn't such a bad idea. For the most part, it was a musical truce: I come here to listen, and you come here to listen, so let's us listen.

• • •

Depending on who you were, the hit of the evening was either Bluegrass 45 or the New Deal String Band. Bluegrass 45 consists of five ole boys from Kobe, Japan, who play traditional bluegrass—or "brewglass," as they called it. They came out like a vision from a 1961 fraternity party—all madras sports coats, ties, black stovepipe slacks, white socks and penny loafers—and sounded just like a bluegrass band, shitkicking fiddle and all. The crowd immediately shifted gears from critical consideration to Southern hospitality, cheering and clapping for music they would have yawned at if it had come from Ralph Stanley. Like Sam Johnson said of dogs walking on their hind legs, it's not that they do it well, it's that they do it at all.

• • •

The New Deal String Band didn't come on until almost midnight, and

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# CANADIAN MIST

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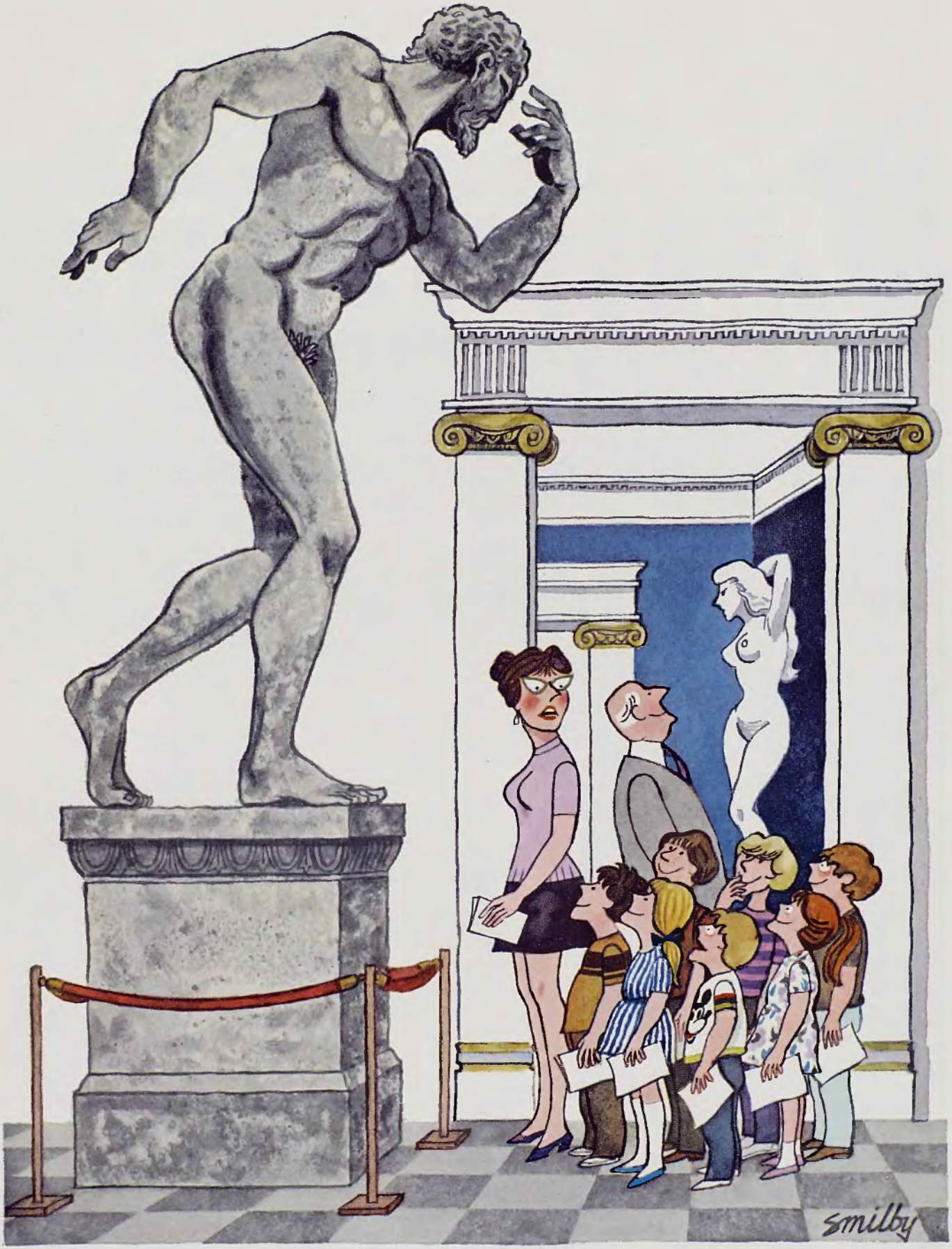



*"And, in any case, you must remember that the whole statue is considerably over life-size."*

people used to getting up at dawn just don't stay up that late, so the crowd had thinned considerably, leaving large patches of empty lawn chairs as territorial markers. The timing was no accident. Bluegrass 45 was one thing, but the New Dealers, with hair to their shoulders and East Village duds, look like a hard rock band with the wrong instruments. Hip bluegrass. They speeded up the bedtime of several good people with a bluegrass version of Bob Dylan's *One More Night*—greeted with the only genuine boos of the evening, from five or six offended purists—and told the longhairs who they were by introducing a song saying, "We're gonna do this one now, it's a old bluegrass tune we learned from The Coasters. . . .

*"I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth*
*You know, that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth*
*She's got a pad down at Thirty-fourth and Vine*
*Sellin' little bottles of love potion number nine."*

One long-haired couple gave up after 12 solid hours of bluegrass and walked slowly back along the dark rocky river path to their campsite, two sleeping bags spread out on the sandy ground between the saplings and small trees along the riverbank. Two old friends they hadn't seen for a year were with them, and they sat around a little fire until late, drinking good cold prohibited beer and finding out about each other again, while the distant jam onstage echoed through the hills.

• • •

It turned out Saturday afternoon that this was a convention, not a festival. The two fields next to the bandstand were packed with tight haphazard rows of pickup campers and tents, and latecomers were threading through them to a third field half a mile from the stage. And, like Mary Martin says, the fields were alive with the sound of picking.

• • •

A wide canvas flap has been strung between two campers, and in its shade two banjo players, two fiddlers, a mandolin player and a guy on guitar are making plenty of music. One of the fiddlers is a young, skinny, shoulderless boy about 16, and at the moment he's seriously proving he has his licks down, paying to join up. The older fiddler encourages him by laying back on rhythm for two or three long tunes before showing him how a man does it. One banjo player is shirtless and shoeless, wearing only khaki cutoffs, wire glasses and a beard. He's trading runs with a guy who could be a small-town insurance salesman, well combed, in a plaid cotton shirt and ample trousers with cuffs. Between tunes, the insurance salesman comes over and asks to see a particularly pretty run that caught his eye, watching hard until he's got it down. The mandolin player has the slack jaw and tight eyes of a real red-neck, but it's doubtful that Lester Maddox would approve the shoulder strap on his mandolin, a gentle pale blue, embossed with alternating white doves and peace signs.

• • •

At the end of the park downstream from the little beach, the woods along the bank start getting thick. In the last clearing, the sweetest music of the festival got played. It started late Saturday afternoon, at the campsite of a lean bearded guy who played a beat-up guitar that sounded valuable. He was sitting on an apple crate opposite a dobro player with a prosperous gut and a canary-yellow cowboy hat. A dobro is a beautiful instrument, a guitar inset with a shining circular metal plate that's got a complex pattern of openings cut into it, like an elegant Turkish hubcap. That was apparently why a media-looking friend of the guitarist was hovering around with a camera, and looking very handy at it, getting in there tight on the dobro. Another media-looking friend stood by close, puffing on a fat joint with chocolate papers—almost the only visible dope at the festival—and getting way into the music. Occasionally the dobro player caught a stray whiff of the grass and shot a puzzled glance at the joint, not like he smelled evil killer weed, more like, What kind of cheap tobacco you smokin', son?

They picked together for an hour. And just as the dobro player started shifting his ass like he'd have to be leaving shortly, Doyle Lawson of J. D. Crowe and The Kentucky Mountain Boys wandered in with his guitar. With the scar on his upper lip, Lawson looks a little like Stacy Keach. He said he'd been looking three hours for someone to do some real picking with. Two sets onstage apparently just got him going.

Word of good jams must travel fast. In ten minutes, other musicians started drifting in with black instrument cases, tuning up and jumping in. One of the first was a short, sun-tanned, 40ish fiddler with an electric-blue shirt and a toothpick in the corner of his mouth. He frowned and fiddled like a son of a bitch for two hours in the woods—and then turned up later onstage, backing none other than Earl Scruggs.

By sunset, a great golden shine on the river, so many musicians were circled around the two apple crates that they had formed layers, like uneven rings on a tree. A plump kid with horn-rimmed glasses and a pink eager face strolled over, casual-like, not too interested, not his fault he happened to be lugging his bass fiddle with him. The New Deal String Band, camped a little way upriver, one by one decided not to miss this, even though they had picked half the night before onstage.

Half a dozen guitars, as many banjos, two dobros, three mandolins and a fiddle —all lickety-picking along, fast and smooth and happy. It was clean, ain't-things-just-goin'-fine country music, not bluegrass, and the little crowd that sat and stood among the tents, slightly outnumbering the musicians, loved it. One of them, a young balding Pennsylvania lawyer named Pat, obliged a new acquaintance with a running who's who of the personnel: Tut Taylor, antique-instrument collector, in the canary-yellow hat; Vassar Clements on fiddle, doing sessions with John Hartford; Leroy Savage on guitar. The skinny guitarist who started the game was Dave Bromberg, a New York studio musician who turned up on the last two Dylan albums, now producing John Hartford's latest.

"They're picking some hard stuff here," Pat said. "Not like that shit they're feeding the Okies on the bandstand."

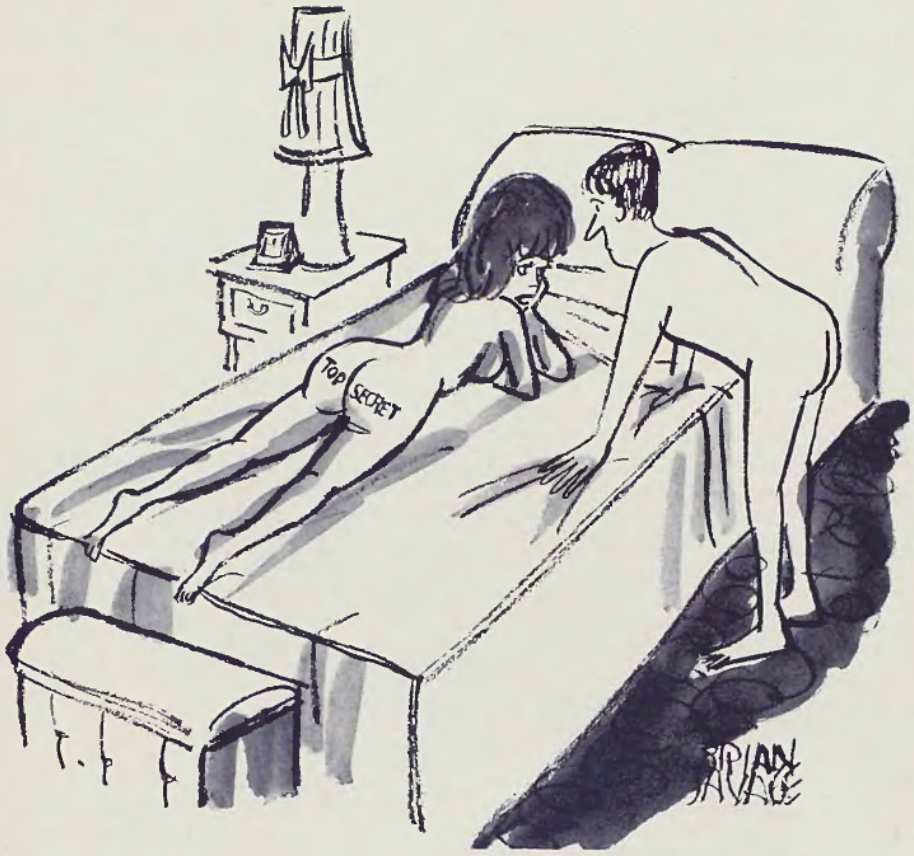
• • •

When Bob Dylan showed up at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival with electric guitars and a new sound laced with rock, the hard-core folkies booed him off the stage. Maybe that was in the back of Carlton Haney's head Saturday night as he introduced Earl Scruggs, the Special Guest Star of the festival.

"He's one of the world's greatest musicians. Now, we're gonna ask you to listen to the show, or if you don't want to, you can go over to the side. If you're stayin' here, you're gonna listen and show respect for the show. . . . Twenty-five or thirty years ago, there was a man took a banjo and played it different from other men, and they told him then it wouldn't work, they told him then he didn't know what he was doin'. The banjo never could be played like that. It was not to go with singin', it was to go with square dancin'. But he didn't believe 'em, they never convinced him. He went to work with Bill Monroe, and he's the man that taken the only native American instrument and adapted it so it could be used in country music, and music around the world. And when the history of music is written, this man's name will be among the Top Ten that's ever lived."

A ripple of noise down front jarred Haney out of his history. "You'll be quiet, or we'll ask you to leave now. If you want to hear what I've got to say, you can be quiet; if you don't, you don't have to stay. I've spent a lifetime bringin' you these, and you're gonna listen or be quiet! I want you to hear this man, we have longed to have him at a festival."

The cheers and whistles from the crowd meant that Haney had temporarily won. But there was something in the air. And anybody wondering why had




*"I used to date someone important in Washington, and that's all I can say until I'm declassified."*

only to look onstage, where the equipment men were setting up an electric piano, guitar amplifiers and a set of drums. Earl Scruggs wouldn't be playing pure bluegrass tonight.

Scruggs may have been remembering the 1965 Newport Festival, too. He came out—with his three sons on guitars, Vassar Clements on fiddle and a pretty young lady on piano—and launched right into *Nashville Skyline Rag*, a Dylan tune. The long-hairs, mostly far away on the edges of the crowd, let out a joyous surprised whoop the moment they recognized their old buddy Dylan, but closer up front the full-time bluegrass fans recognized that they didn't recognize the song and countered the whoop with a low moan of boos—while small groups of offended purists here and there showed how betrayed they felt by packing up their lawn chairs and marching through the audience toward their tents. They didn't come all this way to listen to rock 'n' roll.

You could feel it. It wasn't anything to fight about, but the tension crackled through the air for a few minutes before fading, and in some spots didn't fade at all. When Scruggs followed *Nashville Skyline* with Dylan's *You Ain't Going Nowhere*—insult to injury—a couple of hefty farm boys feeling their beer began eying the crowd, looking for someone to slug, the music being as good an excuse as any. Toward the back of the crowd, a clot of would-be hippies were trying to re-create the wonders of Woodstock right behind a row of quiet country people who were trying to hear Scruggs. One of the little Woodstock Nation, a baby-fat teenage girl in hip new hitch-'em-up overalls, was singing along loudly to the music and lurching around in a dance that was probably beautiful if you were on acid or mescaline like she was. If you weren't tripping, it wasn't so beautiful; a blast of artificial energy where it wasn't needed at all. Her girlfriend had a more subdued glaze in her eyes and sat on the ground tossing pebbles and rocks at two empty Coke bottles. She finally broke one, and everybody around her turned to look when it shattered, and the bright shards seemed out of place, too. But she kept working on the second bottle, and one rock, tossed too hard, took a fat bounce and hit the back of a lawn chair. The frail middle-aged man in it shot her a fast angry glance, which she didn't notice, and then turned to his wife. "Fuckin' hippies," he said. "Fuckin' hippies."

• • •

In the cool silver moonlight, a 30-year-old newcomer to bluegrass wanders toward a fire surrounded by the New Deal String Band and friends. He has a Ph.D. in math from Michigan State and he's in the same Bell Labs think tank that Tex Logan swims in, but it's a big tank and they've never heard of each other. He leans against a Volkswagen bus, listening to the picking and singing, watching the instruments flash in the flying yellow light, grinning to himself. After a few minutes, his old grad school buddy appears at his shoulder, shoving a beer toward him. They sip their beer in the dark, and it's 200 years ago, mountain men coming together in the woods to break the months of silence, among people again, happy and letting loose. America like we wish it was.

• • •

Early false dawn, with thick gray mist rising like cold steam off the river. A thin girl in her 20s sits by a dying fire talking quietly to an ex-academic in a Levi jacket and pants. Their conversation has that special late-night seriousness and intimacy, and they pass a bottle of Ripple back and forth, slowly. But the mood is abruptly brought into daylight by a guy with hair to his shoulders and a good paunch shoving out his orange undershirt. He comes wandering toward them, smiling, and they recognize him as the mandolin player with the New Deal String Band. When he gets close, he smiles wider and says in a somehow surprising mountain accent, "Yew got any marywana? Ah been tryin' ta get stoned fer three days."

They laugh, and the night's all over.

• • •

"Oh! Lordy!"

It's Sunday-morning shower time in the river for two beer-bellied good ole boys. They come rebel-hooting toward the water, wearing boxer bathing suits and trading hot-damn locker-room shoves. It is a joy to be a hillbilly and alive.

"Know what ah'm gonna do to yew?" hollers one with a grin as they get close to the water. "Ah'm gonna *baptize* your ass!"

They run unnoticing through the campsite of the same city boy they wanted to borrow some hair from two days ago. Shoving each other in, they splash shouting out into the current.

"Ohhh, Lordy," hoots one, ducking his head, "ah am *saved*!"

• • •

If you have to leave early, you drive out the gate and up the road to Route 7 with the music from the bandstand still rolling out across the river. And you hear it for a long time after you can't hear it anymore; in random barely heard sounds lurk faint ghostly bluegrass runs. Even leaning back tired in your seat over the wing two hours later, with Washington's serious geometry quickly diminishing beneath you, you can hear hiding in the drone of the jet engines a distant banjo, racing with sweet steps toward home.

Joseph E. Levine presents a Mike Nichols Film starring Jack Nicholson • Candice Bergen • Arthur Garfunkel • Ann-Margret in "Carnal Knowledge" with Rita Moreno • Cynthia O'Neal • Production Designer Richard Sylbert • Written by Jules Feiffer • Executive Producer Joseph E Levine Produced and Directed by Mike Nichols • An Avco Embassy Release • Panavision® • Technicolor®

**"'Carnal Knowledge' is Mike Nichols best. Jack Nicholson is superb. Ann-Margret is unforgettable. Not only is the film, overall, the best-acted in years; it is also the most mature of all those American films that have attempted to deal with the subject of sex in these ultra-liberated cinematic times. 'Carnal Knowledge' is something very special!"**

*—Hollis Alpert, Saturday Review*

**"'Carnal Knowledge' is brilliant. A feast of a film!"**

*—Judith Crist, N.Y. Magazine*

**"'Carnal Knowledge' is an amazing, brutally honest film. Mike Nichols' handling of actors is unsurpassed among American directors!"**

*—Playboy Magazine*

**"'Carnal Knowledge' is often pricelessly funny and accurate."**

*—Vincent Canby, N.Y. Times*

**Mike Nichols, Jack Nicholson, Candice Bergen, Arthur Garfunkel, Ann-Margret and Jules Feiffer.**

**Carnal Knowledge.**

**An Avco Embassy Picture**

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# THOUSAND-MILE GRAVE

*(continued from page 136)*

He straightened things in the store once again, stared for a few moments at the clockless wall, washed the rubber gloves and put a price tag on them before he returned them to the stock. He was working at the adding machine when he heard the sound of the old Studebaker Adele drove.

Irwin had his back to the door when she came in and he didn't look up. "Max?" he called. "Back already?"

"No," she said, "it's me and the sandwiches. Where did Daddy go?" She put her basket and Thermos down on the desk.

"Poker game, no doubt," said Irwin. "You know how he is about telling people his movements. Even when he's going fishing for three days."

"I know. He must have just left, though. I can smell his cigar smoke in here."

"Delicious, ain't it?" said Irwin. "By the way, Del, why in hell would he take that old clock of his with him?"

"The old Seth Thomas? How should I know? He doesn't tell me things much more'n he tells you." She paused and thought a minute. "Mmm—he won it from a sailor in a poker game one time; calls it his good-luck piece."

"Hell, I know that," Irwin said, "but that don't explain why he took it down off the wall, come off the ladder without a word and left here with his arms wrapped around the thing."

"Listen, was he drinking at all this afternoon?"

Irwin considered the possible answers for just a second and, praying mightily that he'd grabbed the long straw, said, "I seen him in the cellar with that old canteen he keeps stashed away. Smelt his breath, too. You know how he hates inventory."

"Well, now and then, Daddy used to take a snort or two and go off to a poker game with the old clock under his arm. Said it always brought him luck—but he wouldn't do that when he was dead-sober. You know where he went?"

"He got a call this afternoon. I picked up the phone first, then called him. It wasn't one of his buddies. I didn't recognize the voice a-tall."

Irwin opened one of the wax-paper wrappings and looked at a sandwich. He nearly gagged. "Oof! Deer meat," he said. The meat was a deep-red color, nearly raw. "Look, Del, let's go over to the Mother Goose Diner and have some ham and eggs. I'm not in the mood for these sandwiches."

"You had your hand in the till?" she asked in a voice that sounded almost like old Barker's.

"Lady gave me three bucks for carting away some rubbish in the truck day before yesterday." That was true.

Actually, Adele was happy to go along. She didn't get many chances to eat out and the diner was a fairly good observation post for checking on couples who had gone to the early movie at the Rialto. Thus, it was after nine when they finished coffee and drove back to the store.

"Daddy!" Adele called as they entered. But there was no reply, so she went back and looked in the toilet cubicle. Irwin sat down and began to work methodically at the adding machine. In a few minutes, she returned. "Maybe he went over to North Branch to the V. F. W. club," she said, picking up an old magazine.

"Could be," Irwin answered.

He worked and Adele read until just before 11. Then he yawned and suggested that it was time for bed. Apparently, she had resigned herself to the idea that her father was going to be late that evening and she went along without any protest.

As he was undressing for bed, Irwin decided to take a shower. For a moment, as he reached inside the old-fashioned circular curtain above the bathtub to turn on the spray, he felt guilty. His schedule for baths or showers was Wednesdays and Saturdays—Barker always made sure that there was no lavish use of hot water in the house. But Irwin felt nearly invisible roadbed grime clinging somewhere, some microscopic trace of blood on his body. "By God, I will," he thought, stepping into the tub.

The hot water felt grand. To Irwin, it was like the sound of freedom in the house. He was suddenly beginning to get used to the idea that Max Barker, the stubborn old negative of his life, was really gone. He felt so liberated that he began to sing *On the Road to Mandalay*.

Things were sure going to be different around here from now on, he thought. With the old man gone, Adele would have to do what Irwin said. He was in charge, no doubt about it. And she could forget those ideas of doing fancy things in bed the way they did in Hollywood or someplace. No, ma'am.

• • •

The next morning, there was a strange, easy air about the house. Irwin slept much later than usual—until seven—and when he woke up, sunshine filled the room. Downstairs in the kitchen, Adele was already getting breakfast and he could smell the bacon and eggs frying.

When Mrs. Barker sat down at the breakfast table, she asked, "Max didn't come home last night? I thought you was doing inventory at the store?"

"Oh, Daddy went out last night," Adele said. "He was heading for a poker game, looks like, but my guess is that he got hooked into some fishing trip or something and we won't hear from him for a few days." Her voice was cheerful and unconcerned.

*"Can I see your tits?"*

"Did I ever tell you about the time when I was carrying you, big as a house I was, and Max went off on hunting trips three, four times? I had to clerk at the store while he was away. My, how the customers stared!"

"Well, this time he was running out on the inventory business," said Adele. "He can't stand it. Left poor Irwin to do it all alone."

Irwin felt a sudden happy warmth. She was criticizing the old man and sympathizing with Irwin in the same breath! He should have swung that baseball bat years ago. "Aw, it's OK," he said. "I can work better without hearing him bitch about taxes and the Government and how much everything costs."

It was a pleasant, talkative breakfast. They each had an unaccustomed extra cup of coffee. Suddenly, Adele said, "Ma, he took that old Seth Thomas clock with him. His good-luck clock. Irwin and I can't quite figure out why."

Mrs. Barker dipped a doughnut into her coffee. "Maybe it had got out of kilter," she said. "Maybe he aimed to get it repaired today."

"Oh, no," Adele said. "It's sound as a dollar; keeps good time. Why, that clock was built to last forever. Daddy told me that it used to be on a battleship and it was built really sound and strong because of all those big guns they fire off. Wherever it is, it's still sure to be running."

Irwin had never heard that little fact before. It was like the cold edge of a knife pressed against the back of his neck. He got up in a hurry. "I just remembered," he said. "Customer coming in with a big order before eight this morning." He looked at his watch and saw that it was already 7:45.

He ran out of the house, got into the pickup, started it with a shaking hand and drove as fast as he dared down the street. There was just enough traffic to slow him up and, at one corner, he had to wait for a stop light. He felt the sweat beginning to pop on his forehead and in his armpits.

By the time he got to the construction site, the men were just starting work. Three or four of them were gathered around the concrete spreader and a fresh load was ready to be poured. "Oh, God, get that machine started," Irwin breathed to himself. He parked fairly close, but not too close to call special attention to himself. His truck had been seen around the site before, when he'd carried some small order down to a foreman—usually a tool that was needed right away.

The foreman was motioning and the workmen were now stepping back; the operator was about to start his machine. Irwin glanced at his watch. The hands were on the verge of eight.

*"That's right, Sarge. He claims he was kidnaped by women's lib militants and forced to commit unnatural acts."*

Bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong. Hollow-sounding, somewhat muffled by its earthen cover, but still stout and true enough to withstand the salvos of 16-inch guns or a fall from a step-ladder, the old Seth Thomas boomed the hour—but only in Irwin's imagination. Before it could strike, he struck, pushing the horn button of the old truck down hard and setting up a nasal blast that drowned out every other noise.

He held it to a slow count of ten while the foreman gestured at him and one of the men threw a clod of dirt at his radiator. Then he released the pressure and drew away his trembling fingers. The last-minute inspiration had worked; the world was silent. With his sleeve, Irwin wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked at himself in the rearview mirror. That was when he saw the old black Studebaker parked behind him.

In the mirror, he watched Adele get out of the car and walk up to him, smiling an ugly smile. She stood on the driver's side and stared into his guilty eyes.

"Guess you believed all that junk about the battleship," she said. "Thought it might give you the idea of giving that clock another whack. Don't worry—the busted old thing will never strike again. And, all in all, I ain't too sorry. I won't breathe a word. That is, unless you forget just once to do *every* little thing I say from now on."

Irwin nodded humbly. "Just as you say, sweetheart. You hold all the cards. Please, let's go home now."

Yes, she'd hold the cards for just a little while. As Irwin turned the truck to leave, he heard the engine of the concrete spreader come to life. He'd bungled the whole thing and the escape had been narrow, but live and learn, he thought. He was already beginning to figure out what might be a good spot for Adele. Maybe about four miles down, where the new freeway was laid out to run through a fairly dense and secluded stretch of woods.

# ON THE SCENE

## FRANK LANGELLA *marqueed man*

"I HAVEN'T a sophisticated bone in my body about success—I adore it and wallow in it, and I hope it lasts." Although Frank Langella had progressed from a New Jersey high school drama club through sceneshifting to seven years of steady effort honing his skills off-Broadway and in regional theater—winning three Obie awards and a solid professional reputation en route—he remained unknown until last year, except to a handful of critics. Then came his film role as Carrie Snodgress' unscrupulous lover in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, and Frank Langella was an instant sex symbol. American female moviegoers—accustomed of late to craggily unhandsome leading men—hadn't been subjected to such an overtly sensual cinematic presence in years. The 31-year-old bachelor was suddenly besieged by teenage groupies and button-snatching matrons, an experience he assesses with wry detachment as "a blissful agony." Just after *Diary* came the release of *The Twelve Chairs*, in which Langella played a lovable rogue; then it was off to France to co-star with Faye Dunaway in René Clement's *The House Under the Trees*. Despite the fact that movies have brought him fame, Frank considers himself primarily a stage actor. "I love making the camera my mistress," he admits, "but nothing can touch a live audience." So as soon as *House* was completed, he hied himself back to summer stock, where his performance as Cyrano de Bergerac in Williamstown, Massachusetts, broke all records—and helped Frank shed a bit of the pretty-boy image that has lost him some choice casting plums. "We had waiting lists of 250 for every performance," he says. "It goes to show that there's an enormous audience in this country for serious drama." That judgment may be tested this month, when Langella makes his Broadway debut in an adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's autobiographical *The Web and the Rock*. In our view, it's more probable that there is an enormous audience in this country for Frank Langella.

## **HARRY NILSSON** *top rated*

THE RELAXED, intelligent, unpretentious music he writes and sings seemed out of place and time when acid rock was really booming. But today Harry Nilsson's sounds—fine blends of jazz, soul, folk and good old-time pop—couldn't be more on target. A singer and songwriter with impressive recording, film- and television-scoring credits, Nilsson began his career quietly, ghosting demonstration records, singing TV-commercial jingles and doing recording stints with Mercury Records as "Johnny Niles" when names like Bobby Vinton were in vogue. Finally switching to RCA, he recorded *Pandemonium Shadow Show*, which won the acclaim of John Lennon. But it was his second LP, *Aerial Ballet*—titled after his grandparents' touring circus act—that really took off on the charts; this was followed by *Harry* and *Nilsson Sings Newman*, a tribute to friend and fellow composer Randy Newman. (The Newman album sounds as if it were recorded with a chorus of 100, but actually Nilsson turned in 98 separate vocal performances, an accomplishment that may reflect his four post–high school years as a computer supervisor for a Van Nuys, California, bank.) Meanwhile, he formed Nilsson House Productions and worked on music for two films—*Skidoo*, which he scored, and *Midnight Cowboy*, for which he sang Fred Neil's *Everybody's Talkin'* and captured a Grammy. One of his more recent and unusual movie efforts was an ABC-TV "Movie of the Week" last February, a musical fantasy called *The Point*, based on his story about a roundheaded boy living in a land where everything is pointed. For the production, 30-year-old Nilsson composed seven songs that are included in the sound-track recording now nearing Gold Record status. As for Nilsson's future: It may include more scores and albums (his latest, *While the Cat Is Away*, was just released) or, he says, "It might take me back to computer work at that bank in Van Nuys." For music's sake, we hope it's not the latter.

## **JEROME KRETCHMER** *mr. clean*

WHEN HE FIRST ACCEPTED Mayor Lindsay's appointment as head of New York City's Environmental Protection Agency 22 months ago, a number of political observers questioned Jerome Kretchmer's judgment. A four-term state assemblyman from a Manhattan district who had built a following of young and radical voters, Kretchmer seemed to be risking a bright political future. He would obviously be vulnerable if things didn't get cleaner—just about the last thing anybody in New York expected. But while the city hasn't become extravagantly clean, Kretchmer—37, married, a graduate of NYU and Columbia Law School—is now being seriously considered as a successor to Lindsay. Tackling first those problems that seemed to require only a little vigorous leadership, Kretchmer would show up at six A.M.—dressed in a splendid Mod suit—to see the garbage men off on their rounds. Unlike most smiling pols who arrive with photographers, shake a few hands, accept a ceremonial hard hat and leave hastily for the next stop, Kretchmer had done his homework. He talked seriously to the men about their work and their equipment, and they responded by bringing in the trash—enough, at least, to make New Yorkers take notice. Then—mindful of Lindsay's near crucifixion after the city was immobilized by a 1969 snowfall—Kretchmer marshaled his forces and directed last winter's snow clearings like a general repelling an invasion. That worked, too, and while it was partly because the snows of 1971 weren't as severe as those of 1969, Kretchmer's stock rose again. He's had some setbacks, particularly in his fight against a new Con Ed power plant. "We haven't won any of the really big battles," he says, "but we've made a beginning." His goals include efficient rapid transit, realistic limits on power consumption and penalty taxes against polluters. And the mayor's job? "It's much too early to tell about that yet. Too many things—especially the mayor's plans—aren't clear." Including the air; but Kretchmer is working on that.

## WONDER WALL

*(continued from page 124)*

lounging on the living-room couch. While probing the possibilities inherent in the electronics of the immediate future, we've incorporated existing developments, many of which are available today at your local dealer. The major exception is the main display screen, which utilizes a liquid crystal, a recent development currently in limited laboratory use.

Decoratively, our electronic wall is a model of elegant simplicity, consisting of functional panels of opaque Lucite mounted on tracks recessed into the ceiling and floor so they can easily be shifted to get at the wiring behind. Dominating the central panel and, in fact, the room itself is the huge liquid-crystal screen. Directly to the right is the main control board and to the right of that, a sliding panel of matching Lucite designed to cover the tape reels, monitor screen and main controls when they're not in use. When closed, only the display screen, a sculptured wall speaker on the left, a storage area for tape reels and records on the right and another sculptured wall speaker at far right are visible. The speakers themselves, acoustically identical, are deliberately different in appearance to break up the monotony of matched stereo speakers and to lend a provocative, unusual look to the wall itself.

Although the liquid-crystal screen should prove to be the center of attraction for most of your guests, when curiosity has been sated and interest starts to lapse, you can use the projector, located just behind the display screen, to show slides, commercial motion pictures or your own Super-8 efforts on an opposing wall screen. (When not in use, the main display screen is completely transparent, permitting the use of the projector behind it; the slot in the right-hand sliding panel is designed for projector use when the panel is closed. In use, as shown in one of the smaller illustrations, the screen is opalescent and the projector is effectively hidden from view.)

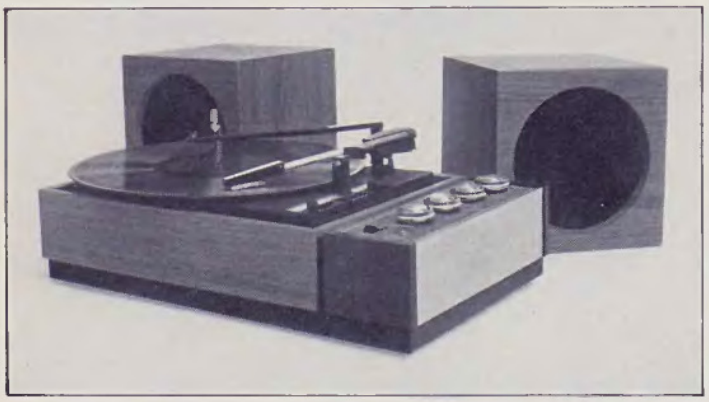
Our coffee-table console is essentially a duplicate of the main control panel, and a small, hand-held remote enables you to make adjustments in sonically or visually presented material from other locations within the room when you're either disinclined or unable to man the central control board. Not shown are acoustically balanced speakers for quadriphonic sound at either end of the opposite wall and remote speakers in other rooms.

Technically speaking, the Wonder Wall borrows a leaf from NASA and applies the systems approach to the home-entertainment center, to eliminate duplicate and confusing controls and to impart an essential smoothness to its operation. It also allows for the grouping of similar controls and permits a logical sequencing of programs originating outside the home (television, radio, facsimile, etc.) and of material you wish to schedule for the evening's festivities (records, audio and visual tapes, cassettes, etc.). The wall also permits the audio and visual taping of friends and business associates when they call on the Picturephone, as well as the screening, via remote cameras, of Avon ladies and survey takers at the pad's outer doors.

Our futuristic multipurpose main screen shows standard television broadcasts, cable-television (CATV) programing, video tapes (prerecorded, those you may have recorded off the air and those creative efforts made with your own porta-pak video-tape equipment), plus facsimile reproduction of print material such as newspapers (we haven't yet come up with a filter to eliminate the bad news) and blowups of Picturephone callers or of visitors. Finally, the panel behind the liquid-crystal screen, as shown in the large illustration, can be used for a color/light show that randomly responds to musical program material—or


# How do you want
## (The Magnavox guide to buying

Confused about which stereo components to buy? Relax. You're not alone. Our advice is to listen to the technical talk, check the price—but basically be guided by your ear. Especially when you hear the sound of Magnavox...



**Great Sound:** Four-speed Micro changer with two 6" high-efficiency speakers. Space-saving, with great performance at a low price. (Even a compact, economy model sounds great when it's a Magnavox!) MODEL 9280, optional 8760 speakers

**Greater Sound:** AM/FM stereo radio. Deluxe Micromatic changer with damped cueing device, two 6" and two 3½" high-compliance, air-suspension speakers which deliver as much sound quality as speakers twice as large! MODEL 9292

that can present its swirling tides of color in total silence, if you prefer, with you controlling the shape and flow of the various hues while taking your ease.

Topping the main control panel is an independent 14-inch TV monitor to preview what you wish to show on the main screen or to scan other channels when the plot of the late-night movie becomes too depressingly familiar. The row of buttons directly beneath the monitor screen is to help you program your evening by selecting the devices you wish turned on—television, tape recorders, light show, facsimile, etc. Once on, they'll be at the ready when you wish to instantly switch program material.

Below this row are two laboratory oscilloscopes bound to fascinate technically minded friends; they can be used for distortion analysis of whatever component you may be using or to check the accuracy of your tuning or the precision of a station's own transmission. The scopes can also be used as trouble-shooting devices, monitoring not only incoming signals but the signal output from your various amplifiers and tuning devices. No signal, or one that doesn't measure up, and you've located the defective unit. Controls and indicator lights for them are directly beneath the oscilloscopes.

The main portion of the control panel, the pulse beat of the Wonder Wall, lies just below the oscilloscopes. On the left is a digital keyboard similar to that of a telephone, on which you can punch up any of the functions of the wall—standard television or CATV broadcasts, FM, AM or short-wave radio, facsimile-print reproduction, any of the various audio and visual tape-playing facilities, the recording units, the color/light show, projected slides and films, or the playback of recorded messages and surveillance tapes. (Your problem—and that of your guests—lies not in what you can or can't do with the wall but in making up your mind what you want to do with it.)

To the right of the keyboard is a row of "slider" switches for preset volume control of the various audio functions, as well as for intensity control of the visual ones. When you switch from a television show at moderate volume and wish soft music, that's what you'll get, not a blast of sound that may shatter a mood or wound sensitive eardrums. At far right in the same row are still more slider switches for color adjustment of all the video systems. The next row of switches allows you to tune the frequency response of the wall to compensate for the acoustics of the room itself. In essence, this system enables you to hear the original acoustics of the recording hall, as opposed to those of your living room. If you really want to hear the New York Philharmonic at Lincoln Center, sonically speaking you'll be there.

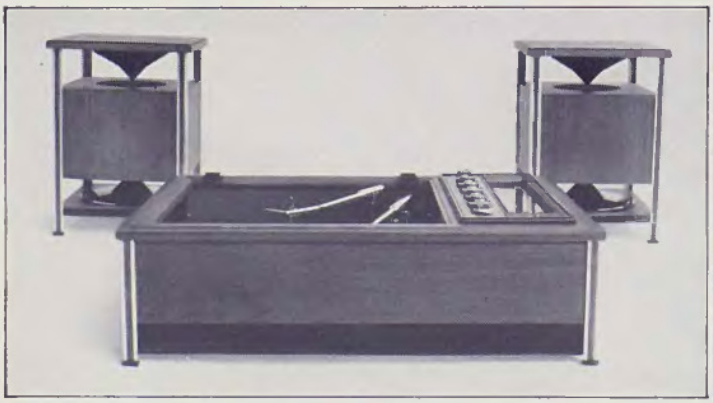
Preprograming your evening, to allow for the transition from $1,000,000 worth of talent on the big screen to more intimate entertainment endeavors, is the function of the two rows of buttons beneath the banks of vertical slider switches. The first of these is for the preselection and sequencing of program material—television broadcasts, radio programs, recorded tapes—whatever fits your fancy. These are the buttons with which to pace the evening; you may want to start with *Laugh-In*, break for a light show, follow with a video-taped feature film and finish with quiet music.

Controlling the light show is the function of the next row of buttons, with which you can lend a vertical or a horizontal accent to the swirl of colors on the screen, program in cluster and branching effects and give the colors well-defined or diffuse edges. The readout strips directly below these buttons are for the tuning and recording systems. The left strip indicates the call letters as well as the frequency of any FM or AM stations to which you may be tuned; it will also indicate short-wave call letters and frequencies if you're in the mood for something exotic. The right readout strip, for the recording

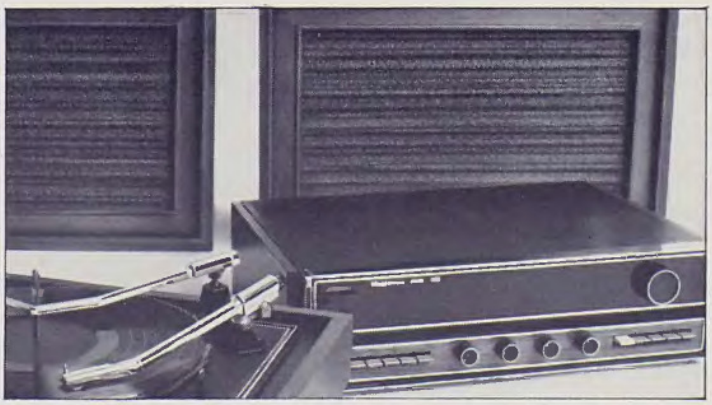

# to treat your ear?

## Stereo Component Systems)

because if anyone can get your ear and your budget to agree on the right sound, Magnavox can! (After all, we are the leaders in stereo high-fidelity.) Why not follow your ear to your Magnavox dealer and give a listen?



**Fantastic Sound:** Four air-suspension speakers in an *omni-directional* system that projects superb sound a full 360°! With AM/FM stereo radio, recessed Deluxe Micromatic changer. MODEL 9274



**Finest Sound:** 150 watts IHF music power, air-suspension speaker system with two 12″ bass woofers and two 1000 Hz. Exponential horns. Magnetic cartridge, too. The Greatest! MODEL 9299

units, shows which track is playing and indicates the footage run off.

The tabs below these readout strips are the switching adjustments for all the audio-recording systems: dubbing controls, input monitoring and special editing effects for those users who are semiprofessionals. Slots for video and audio cartridges and for cassettes come next, with their own readout strips immediately above, indicating track selection and the amount of tape played. The last bank of tabs handles the switching adjustments for the visual recording systems.

The motor-driven devices on the main control board, usually hidden from view by the sliding panel, include two audiotape recorders, both equipped with automatic threading and reverse and capable of holding 10½-inch reels of tape. Below the audio recorders is a reel well for video tapes, either prerecorded or blank. The last device in the vertical stack is the turntable, featuring a straight-line tracking tonearm and a photoelectronic cartridge. When not in use, the turntable fits snugly into the wall as shown; when you wish to play it, it swings gently out to the horizontal.

Should you tire of watching the enchantments of the Wonder Wall itself, you can turn on the projector and be turned on yourself by slides, commercial films or your latest Super-8 *cinéma-vérité* opus projected on the wall screen opposite. Adjustments for the projector lie below the lens and can be reached by sliding the main display screen slightly to the left. The projector itself has an adjustable zoom lens to handle the different focal lengths involved; a dual-transport mechanism allows for the loading of both slide carrousels and automatic-threading film cassettes.

Not shown in the main illustration is the rooftop antenna, which can be rotated from the main or remote instrument consoles. Partly hidden behind the sliding panel at far right are storage areas for your collection of phonograph records and tapes, as well as prerecorded video tapes and those you may have recorded off the air. All recording and playback tape units, as well as the phonograph pickup, can handle four-channel material; the audio tuners are likewise equipped with decoders for receiving broadcast quadriphonic programs. Built-in Dolby noise-reduction circuitry allows for absolutely quiet broadcast reception as well as playing and recording of tapes.

The two remote units enable you to control the Wonder Wall, in part or in full, from a distance. The main remote is a duplicate of the primary control panel, connected to it by cable and minus only the monitor screen, test scopes and less important switches. The more limited hand-held remote, with its tiny built-in transmitter, enables you to punch up any one function of the wall and then make adjustments with the rotary controls. For instance, you can punch FM radio as the function and then adjust the volume and change the station frequency with the control knob. The readout window in the base of the unit indicates frequency, units in use, etc. On taped material, the digital tab labeled REP allows you to repeat a selection, while pressing the tab marked DIS (for display) permits the control of color balance and intensity of visually presented material via the rotary knobs. The remote unit also has facilities for fast forward and reverse of taped material.

If you're away from home and wish to turn on the set for recording purposes, you can address the wall with a phone call. Although the various control panels allow for the preprograming of material and for the wall to turn itself on and off at preset times, the outside phone call gives you the benefit of a backup system in case you forget—or in case your plans are suddenly changed and your date decides she's amenable to canapés and drinks at your place after all.

The purely futuristic element of the wall, the one device that would startle even an astronaut, is the liquid-crystal screen. Although not yet at your local television salon, chances are good that it will be available in the not-too-far-off future (though not necessarily in the form we've presented). The liquid-crystal material is transparent, flows like water and takes the shape of any container into which it's poured. Its molecules, nevertheless, are arranged in orderly patterns much like those in quartz or diamonds. When an electric current passes through it, the liquid clouds and becomes opalescent, reflecting light. For viewing, a screen made of such material could be side-lighted if the room were dark, or it could reflect the normal lighting of the room, or, if you wanted a very bright picture, spotlights could be shone onto the screen. Since the unit generates no light of its own, internal power requirements are small. RCA has already used liquid crystals in making a small, flat television screen that offers potentially excellent resolution and contrast. Larger screens as thin as a pane of glass and capable of showing color are a distinct possibility.

PLAYBOY's Wonder Wall, while obviously a product of the imagination as well as of hard technical knowledge, is also a forecast of things to come in the field of electronics and an indication of what will someday be *de rigueur* for a handsomely accoutered pad. And if you think some of the features we've included won't come to pass until long after 2001, think again. It was, if you'll recall, only 14 years ago that the Russians sent up Sputnik I—and today Americans are driving across the surface of the moon.

*"Some of you used to call us 'boy,' and that's why now some of us like to call you 'mother.'"*

JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

## fairy godmother headquarters *(continued from page 126)*

it's a dramatic turn of events here, Derek. Things are happening much faster than anyone expected at the palace. This could throw the fairy godmother's plans out of whack. She apparently had an idea of putting Cinderella into the ball just in time to catch the prince's eye as he arrived, but this has all gone by the boards now. It may be a case of having the horses but being too late to the starting gate, eh, Derek?

EVERSIDE: That could well be, Walter. Timing and chance can be everything. As Camus said——

BRINKHUNT: Excuse me, Derek, we're going back down to Benton Fenton at hearthside.

FENTON: Cinderella is leaving for the ball and she looks fantastic! She's traveling in a beautiful gilded coach drawn by six fine horses, a handsome driver in the box and six tall footmen. Walter, I don't care what's happening at that palace, it's a brand-new ball game from here on in.

EVERSIDE: Ben, is there any sign of the fat pumpkin, six mice, rat and six lizards?

FENTON: None at all, Derek. They must have eaten them.

EVERSIDE: That's a heck of a diet for a girl going to a party, Ben.

FENTON: Don't knock it if you haven't tried it, Derek.

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Ben, we'll stay in touch. We've got a report now from Chilton Fanning at the fairy godmother's headquarters.

FANNING: Walter, everyone here feels that with the fairy godmother's support, Cinderella is sure to snap up the prince, even though she's getting a late start.

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Chilton. Well, Derek, I suppose that may be true.

EVERSIDE: I guess so, Walter. I still can't get over that diet, though.

BRINKHUNT: Let's go back to the palace now. Melvin?

SLUDGE: Walter, this place is agog. Cinderella stopped the ball cold when she walked in. The prince took one look at her and dropped the stepsister in the middle of her mazurka. He's been with Cinderella ever since, and if he isn't in love, I'm a Doberman pinscher. I'm going to move up and see if I can get a word with the happy couple. . . . Excuse me, Cinderella, is there any romance in the offing between you and the prince?

CINDERELLA (*simpering*): Oooh, we're just good friends.

SLUDGE: Well, you heard it, Walter. They're not talking, but it's obvious they only have eyes for each other.

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Melvin. (*Sits back, smiling*) Well, there's the story, Derek. Touch and go for a little while, but it's all tied up now.

EVERSIDE: This sort of thing could happen only in America, Walter. Young girl making good despite all odds and a rotten dinner. As Betty Crocker pointed out——

BRINKHUNT: Hang on a second, Derek. Melvin's back on the line. Yes, Mel, go ahead.

SLUDGE (*outside on the palace grounds, looking suddenly tense*): Walter, we've got a strange development here. A report's just come in that Cinderella's gilded coach is shortly going to change into a large melon, possibly a cantaloupe.

BRINKHUNT: What! That's amazing!

SLUDGE: And not only that, Walter, but the driver, the footmen, the horses and everything are supposed to turn into a mass of vermin.

BRINKHUNT: My God! When's this supposed to happen?

SLUDGE: Our report is 12:15 A.M.

BRINKHUNT: That's not long off. Mel, will you check this out and report back as soon as you can?

SLUDGE: Right, Walter.

BRINKHUNT (*wiping his brow*): This is fantastic, Derek. It's grotesque. To have something like this happen to a young girl.

EVERSIDE: It's the slender thread by which we all hang. The underside of life is horror.

SLUDGE: Walter!

BRINKHUNT: Yes, Mel, go ahead.

SLUDGE: The reports are coming fast. Something is, indeed, going to happen to that coach around 12:15. It may not change into a cantaloupe, but it's going to change into something. There's a strong report it's going to change into a member of the citrus family, possibly a tangerine. There's also a report it may turn into a grilled-cheese sandwich, but this is so far unsubstantiated.

BRINKHUNT: This is incredible——

SLUDGE: HOLD IT, WALTER! There's a big fuss now around the coach. Nothing's supposed to happen for another 15 or 20 minutes, but there's a big crowd around the coach. I'm trying to make my way through. . . . Excuse me. . . . Oops! There's some rats running by. . . . MY GOD, WALTER, THERE'S A BIG SQUASH OR SOMETHING! I'm not a farm boy, Walter, but there's some kind of large vegetable here in the parking lot.

EVERSIDE: What's that gonging in the background, Mel?

SLUDGE: It's just the bells, Derek, I guess it's midnight. Wait a minute. There's a card sticking out of the side of the vegetable. If I can just get my hands on it. . . . Yes, as I thought, IT'S THE PARKING CHECK FOR CINDERELLA'S COACH! HER COACH HAS BECOME THIS LARGE VEGETABLE!

BRINKHUNT: Well, Derek, this is an astounding turn of events. Everything going so well for Cinderella when suddenly her coach changes into a squash for no apparent reason.

EVERSIDE: Yes, although it's more spectacular than serious. Cinderella is still happily dancing with the prince.

SLUDGE: Walter!

BRINKHUNT: Yes, Mel, go ahead.

SLUDGE: I've just discovered that Cinderella is not that beautiful girl inside the palace! I've just found her lying out here on the sidewalk dressed in rags. Obviously, the girl in there is an impostor.

BRINKHUNT: But how can that be? We saw her leave for the ball all dressed up!

SLUDGE: It must have been somebody else.

BRINKHUNT: I see. . . .

SLUDGE: Now there's a whole crowd of people from the party charging toward us. They're trampling by us—I'm pulling Cinderella out of the way. Excuse me, sir, what's happening here?

GENTLEMAN: The prince's lady has disappeared. We're chasing after her. Kindly get yourself and that urchin out of the way.

SLUDGE: Well, you heard that, Walter. Apparently, whoever it was that was dancing with the prince has disappeared, on top of everything else that's happened tonight. This is a fantastic situation here!

BRINKHUNT: We'll be back with you shortly, Mel, if you've got any follow-up on this. Well, Derek, what do you make of all this? First the mysterious metamorphosis of the coach into a large vegetable; then Cinderella is discovered crawling around outside the palace, obviously pining away because she couldn't go to the ball; and finally, the abduction of the prince's beautiful mystery lady. Who do you suppose she could be, Derek?

EVERSIDE: I have no idea, Walter, and it seems to me that a recurring theme throughout the events here tonight has been this whole question of identity. First we have a coach suddenly becoming a heap of garbage. Then we have a girl who first appears to be Cinderella, then we don't know who she is, and now she's gone altogether. Being and nothingness. Sartre's whole existential question for modern man of "Who am I? Where am I going? And what am I riding in to get there?"

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Derek. We have another report now from Melvin.

SLUDGE (*standing at the palace gates*): Walter, there's chaos here at the palace. First of all, no one seems to know who the beautiful girl is, and now she's disappeared. This is even more tragic

because she's captured the prince's heart tonight. He wants to marry her, there's no doubt. This girl can have anything she wants, but she's gone. There is, however, one possible clue. We've just gotten a report on this; apparently, the girl left behind some article of clothing that may provide a lead to her identity. We don't know what this piece of clothing is—possibly a brassiere or a pair of pantyhose; you know how these parties get—but it may be possible to identify her by seeing what girl in town fits into this piece of apparel. I've already volunteered to help in the search.

BRINKHUNT: Good boy, Melvin.

SLUDGE: In any event, the palace guards aren't talking and I don't think we're going to have any more information tonight.

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Mel. Well, Derek, it's certainly been an evening of jumbled events. We thought we had the whole story wrapped up some time ago, and now the mysteries are compounded more than ever. We've got an abduction, we've got a big vegetable in the parking lot, we've got a scrap of underwear and a lot of unanswered questions.

EVERSIDE: Yes, Walter, and I think it's well to remember Cinderella throughout all this. She has completely lost out. She's discovered crawling around outside the palace, weeping, because she can't go to the ball. Certainly, a fine ball like this stands in stark contrast to the sordid life she lives in the fireplace with her diet of vermin and occasional chimney-sweep boyfriends.

BRINKHUNT: Yes, Derek. It's a harsh situation for her there.

EVERSIDE: And then, Walter, if we're going to count up the winners and losers tonight, certainly the fairy godmother has lost a great deal of prestige. She's backed, after all, a complete washout. Her influence in future balls has got to be diminished.

BRINKHUNT: I think that's right, Derek. Well, we're getting on into the wee hours of the morning. There probably will be no more new developments tonight. So, unless you have any more analysis——

EVERSIDE: No, Walter.

BRINKHUNT: We'll be back as events dictate; but for now, we'll say good night for National Network News.

• • •

*Five days later:*

FENTON: And now the happy couple is coming down the steps, Walter. The crowd's starting to throw rice. Cinderella is radiant. We're going to try to make our way through and get a word with the happy couple before they get into the carriage. Excuse me. National Network News. Cinderella, after days of confusion and mistaken identity, it's all finally been straightened out and you're now in this beautiful white gown, having just married the handsome and wealthy prince. How does it feel?

CINDERELLA (*simpering*): Oooh, we're just good friends.

FENTON: Well, you heard it, Walter. She's still the sweet shy thing she always was. They're getting into the carriage now, along with the king, the fairy godmother—escorted by our own Chilton Fanning—and the other members of the wedding party. It's pretty crowded in that carriage, I want to tell you. Now on to the palace for the reception. Back to you in the booth, Walter.

BRINKHUNT: Well, Derek, all's well that ends well, as the Bard said. Cinderella's now launched on a life of happiness and luxury with the prince. It's a real rags-to-riches story here.

EVERSIDE: I think so, Walter. A real Cinderella story. This girl came out of nowhere to become a princess almost literally overnight. It's something that can happen only in America, Walter. We have an open society, a dynamism here, that makes something like this possible.

BRINKHUNT: She's left the rat soufflés and tawdry little chimney-sweep liaisons behind her.

EVERSIDE: Yes, Walter, she'll be every inch a princess from now on.

BRINKHUNT: The crowd's breaking up outside the church now. The wedding party will soon be arriving at the palace for the reception. Then, in a few hours, the happy couple will jet to their honeymoon rendezvous in Majorca, as we have it, although this information may not be correct. But wherever they turn up, we will, of course, be there to bring you full coverage. So that about does it for now, Derek, unless you have any other analysis.

EVERSIDE: No, Walter, except to say that if nothing else, this whole business proves the old adage "If the shoe fits, wear it."

BRINKHUNT: Thank you, Derek, and good night for National Network News.

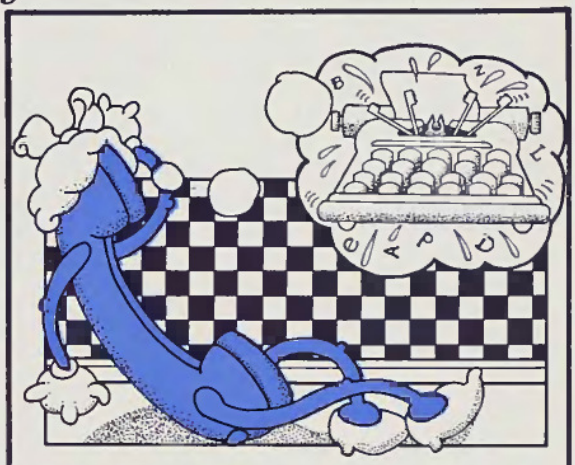
*"I love you, Phyllis. I've always loved you. I'd do anything for you. Oh, Phyllis, my darling, I love you so much. Pass it on."*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## HURST FIRST

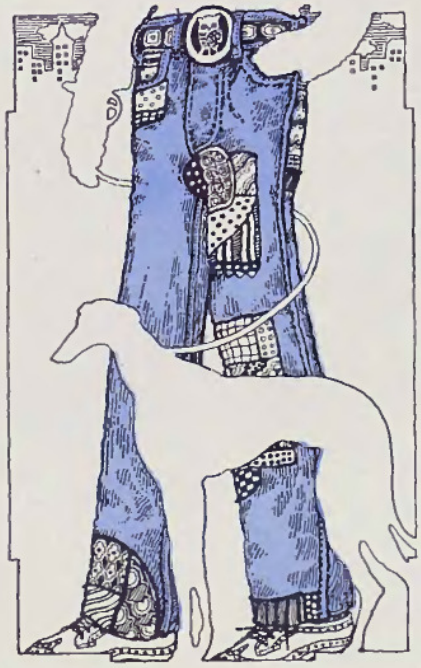
The SSJ Hurst, a customized version of a Pontiac Grand Prix, is billed as the first car with a factory-installed digital computer that gives readouts on vehicle performance over various speed ranges. Created by the Hurst Performance Research Corporation, the SSJ also boasts customized trim and wheels, electronically operated sun roof, Hurst Auto/Stick shifter, digital tachometer, two-way citizens'-band radio and a sentry device that warns you when you're under radar surveillance. (If you don't slow down in time, you can use the optional armrest-mounted mobile phone to call your lawyer.) Price—minus the phone and such other goodies as a nine-inch TV, miles-per-gallon gas gauge and burglar-alarm system—about $8800.



## SOUND ALIBI

It's the classic scenario: Guy met by livid girlfriend, vainly tries to mollify her with lame story. Now, thanks to Leisure Data, a New York recording firm, you can deceive a whole cast of nonbelievers with Alibi Tapes. The eight situations—available as cassettes or cartridges—include the background sounds of a hotel lobby, a crowded airport and a secretarial pool. At $16.95, complete, they're a decided improvement over the old stuck-elevator ploy.

## POOR LITTLE RICH BOY



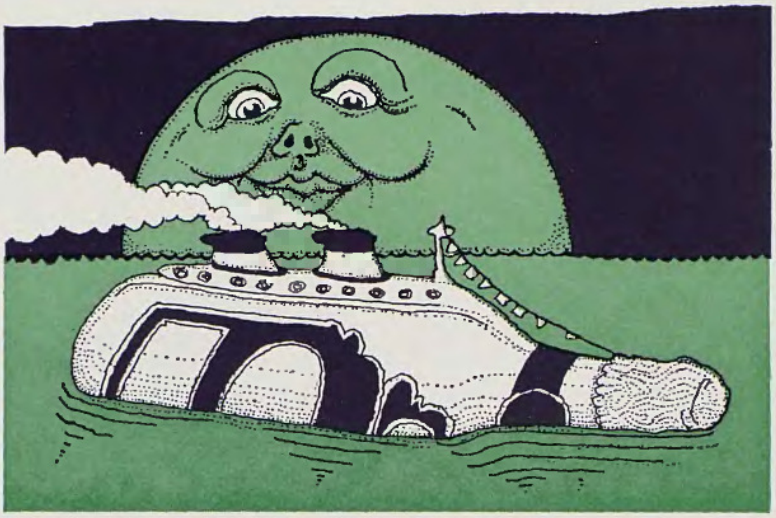
Those who are into ecology as well as fashion should note that Limbo, a New York City boutique, is selling recycled blue jeans. No kidding. (They've scoured Marlboro country for them.) Faded ones go for a mere $5; patched cost $35; ornately appliquéd ones are $200; and shorts, $4. Hike them up with David Wurtzel belt-and-buckle originals. An American artist living in Italy, Wurtzel has taken the heroes and animals from Homeric tales (including Telemachus hunting, lions, owls and satyrs) and he's etched them into brass buckles on leather belts, $15, and medallions on rawhide thongs, $9. All are available from A Happy Tie Company in Manhattan.

## LATTER-DAY LADY DAY

In *Lady Sings the Blues*, the forthcoming Motown movie now in production at Paramount, there'll be no need for dubbing; its star is Diana Ross, who makes her screen debut as the late, legendary Billie Holiday. Set in the mid-Thirties, the film will spotlight the early career of Lady Day, when she recorded with Teddy Wilson, Basie and Shaw.

## HEAVY BREAD FOR THE BIRDS

It took John J. Audubon 11 years to complete his monumental masterpiece, *The Birds of America*. The original consisted of 435 hand-colored folio prints illustrating 1065 birds. This same work, now being meticulously reprinted in Holland for Johnson Reprint Corporation, will cost $5400—which ain't chicken feed.



## TRES BON VOYAGE

To commemorate the 100th anniversary of Jules Verne's *Around the World in 80 Days*, the French Line's S. S. France will leave New York January 10 for a 91-day world cruise, making 25 exotic ports of call. For $5065, you can book a low-deck cabin, but only those with accommodations above $9080 will gain admission to the Chambord dining room, called by Craig Claiborne "the finest French restaurant in the world."

## COME FILL THE CUP

Tired of playing the same old games around the office? So is the Ozite Corporation, which has come to the forefront with Lawnscape, a chemical-fiber miniature putting green. At about seven dollars a square yard, you can install it wall to wall and contribute to the greening of America. Well, Miss Smith, what do you think of my putts?

## GETTING ORBENIZED

Robert Orben, a prolific comedy writer, has dedicated his career to the chortle needs of Georgie Jessels everywhere. Now, for only $48 a year, you can have up to 1500 topical one-liners at the tip of your tongue by subscribing to his twice-monthly *Orben Comedy Letter*, which provides snappy patter on subjects as intrinsically humorous as Red China. Lotsa yuk.

## PLEASURE ISLAND

Riding the crest of the water-bed wave, Craft Associates in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, has introduced a king-size water bed (radiantly heated, of course) that's bordered by foam chaises with a built-in Hitachi color TV, AM/FM stereo radio and rheostat-controlled lamp. All you need is plenty of space (Pleasure Island measures 10′ x 11′), an electric socket and $2900.

# PLAYBOY PAD

*(continued from page 151)*

the same dramatically designed premises.

Elrod purposely created an uncluttered façade on the road side of his home (see page 152) to further the impact of the spectacular view that awaits visitors, once they've left their cars by his carport, passed between brass electronically operated driveway gates and entered the tentlike circular living room that has a diameter of 60 feet. The aforementioned frameless floor-to-ceiling windows (the glass is mitered and joined by epoxy) provide a stunning view of Palm Springs that's broken only by the roof columns positioned on the outside terrace.

But once you've admired the view, it's the room's massive poured-concrete ceiling that commands your attention. Spreading out from a central hub are nine concrete beams that resemble the petals of a giant flower. To add textural excitement to the ceiling, Elrod lined the triangular spaces between the beams with copper and, to create an additional light source, he tilted each section slightly, forming a series of ceiling windows.

Because of the room's tremendous size, Elrod wisely chose to create a number of distinctive seating oases. Directly beneath the ceiling's hub, he positioned a circular hand-tufted area rug and partially ringed it with two custom-designed sofas. The pad's dining area was strategically placed close to the mammoth fireplace at a spot where the roof line dips low, thus creating an intimate atmosphere. The modern elliptical kitchen is located near the table, directly behind a partition on which hangs a Paul Jenkins painting. Although the kitchen is separated from the living room, it borrows light from this area via Elrod's clever use of the right-hand wall—the top of which is paneled with glass. Several ceiling windows also admit daylight.

To facilitate dining and to provide a music source near the table, Elrod hung a curved sideboard housing a pair of stereo speakers on an adjacent wall. (Other speakers are built in throughout the house and the electronic components are stored behind a panel in his study-office.)

At one side of the living room, next to a doorway leading to the bedroom-study-office wing (see floor plan below), is a short flight of slate steps that lead to the terrace and swimming pool. Descending the stairs, one passes between two natural-rock outcroppings, left there to further the integral effect of house and mountain.

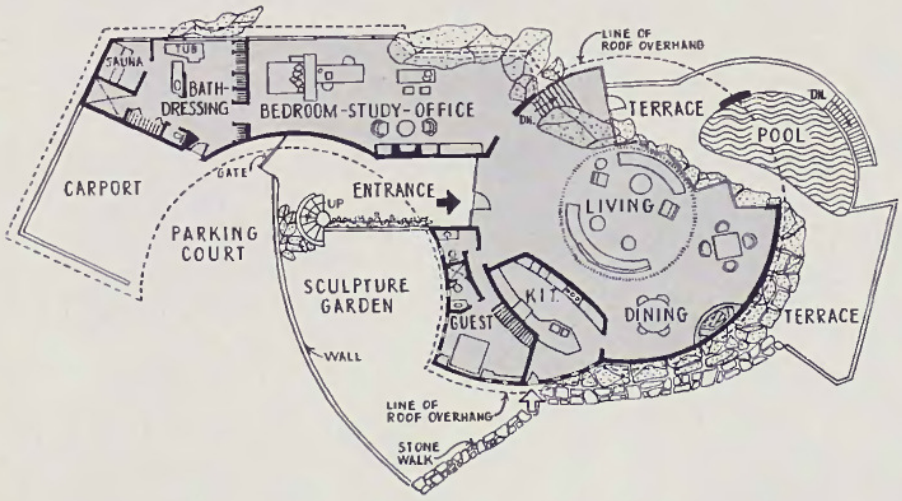
Although the layout of Elrod's pad is intriguingly irregular, with no room being either square or rectangular, the over-all design simplifies the home's multiple functions, creating three distinct zones—a living room–kitchen area for entertaining, a private wing that contains the bath–dressing room and the bedroom-study-office and a miniwing containing the guest suite. Since each exists as a separate entity, Elrod can host a party in the living room and, if he chooses, completely close off his private wing from guests.

In the 30′ x 85′ private wing, glass, rock and courbaril (a dark South American wood) are combined to create a masculine sanctum sanctorum that includes an ultraluxe bath–dressing room that's actually a health spa. On one wall in the bath, a king-sized shower stall and tiled and mirrored sauna stand side by side just a few steps from a sunken travertine tub (with whirlpool device) that's adjacent to floor-to-ceiling sliding glass doors that open onto a rock garden. A free-standing lavatory counter with ceiling-high showbiz mirror ringed with bulbs doubles as a room divider, separating the bath from the dressing room. Opposite the lavatory, on the wall that separates the dressing room from the bedroom, is a series of clear-plastic bins that house sweaters, shirts and other wardrobe items. By switching on the bins' interior lights, Elrod can easily locate any article of clothing, thus all but eliminating the frustrating hunts that plague many busy bachelors. And so that a nightcap can be as easily obtained as an item of apparel, Elrod also incorporated a well-stocked mini wet bar into the wardrobe wall.

The 50-foot-long bedroom-study-office that makes up the remainder of the private wing rivals the living room in handsomeness. A floor-to-ceiling sliding glass door extends across a portion of one wall, butting against giant boulders; the opposite wall, paneled in courbaril, contains a raised fireplace flanked by two built-in cabinets. After dark, bulbs in the cabinets wash the walls and limed-redwood ceiling with soft light.

Instead of walling off the bedroom, Elrod chose to use the upholstered four-foot-high headboard of his king-sized bed as a room divider; his desk, placed perpendicular to the headboard, faces Palm Springs and provides the owner with another spectacular view. Courbaril doors, behind the desk, open to reveal closet space for suits, jackets and coats. On the wall facing the bed is a huge mirror onto which Elrod has affixed an abstract painting. Next to the bed is the courbaril night stand pictured on page 154. From here, Elrod can regulate most of the lights in his pad, thus allowing him to darken the house in one easy operation. And should he plan to do some late-night reading or to spend a leisurely Sunday morning in bed with the papers, there's a control for electrically adjusting the footrest and backrest as well as for switching the main stereo system on and off. A clock, mini TV, solitaire game and extension phone are also nearby; the phone is adapted to handle several incoming calls at once and also houses an intercom system that connects with the living room, kitchen and guest suite.

From its domed living-room ceiling to its luxurious health spa, the sprawling, spectacular home of Arthur Elrod offers an original Far West blend of pleasure and practicality served on the rocks.




The floor plan above provides a clear view of the unique room configurations of Elrod's single-level 5700-square-foot digs. North is to the right; one inch roughly equals 35 feet.

# TO BE CONTINUED

*(continued from page 114)*

form of blueprint molecules of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA).

DNA is the key to most of modern biology. It consists of a long spiral molecule, rather like a computer tape. The chromosomes of each cell contain a number of these molecules, on which are stored, in coded form, all the information needed to turn that cell into a complicated organism—and to determine whether the organism will be a man, a rabbit or a peach tree. This molecule is Jim Watson and Francis Crick's "double helix," which won them a share of the Nobel Prize in 1962; we are just beginning to be able to read the language of its code, which is composed of a series of three-"letter" combinations.

DNA is like a master blueprint for the body and its maintenance. What happens is that from an identical blueprint file in every body cell, copies are taken, and these copies, in turn, are used to specify chemical machine tools, called enzymes. Since a baby differs from a man, and a muscle cell from a blood cell, the body clearly has an elaborate program for transcribing parts of this stored information at one time and ignoring, or switching off, others. If we had a full set of plans for a Saturn rocket, we would need to make one set of jigs and tools for the workshop that builds the engines and another for the guidance-system shop. If some of the blueprints were locked up as soon as the patterns were made, the life of that workshop would be limited to the life span of its now-irreplaceable tools.

Unlike engineering, in which parts are checked and rechecked, biological toolmaking is never 100 percent accurate. In old nematode worms, Israel's Dr. David Gershon has found that all the necessary chemical tools of certain kinds are there, but about half are not working properly. It seems highly probable that at some point in the chain, errors enter the manufacturing process. They may be in the original DNA blueprints, which become smudged or switched off in some or all of the cells with wear and the passing of time. They may be in the copying process or, more probably, in the machine tools, the enzymes. The mischief may be of many kinds. One kind is the injection of "noise," in the communication sense. Random scratches on a negative, wormholes in punch cards, nicks in a phonograph record are noise of this sort; they confuse the original message. Or it may be that since muscle cells and blood cells must clearly use different parts of their original, total blueprint file, some of the blueprints they possess may become unavailable to them and some parts of the system may not be renewable if damaged. The damage could affect nondividing cells so that they ceased to function properly, or it could affect dividing cells so that new cells formed by an old man differ from those of a baby, becoming impaired or foreign.

Luckily, we don't have to find out which of these mechanisms is instrumental in aging. We can alter its rate without knowing. In fact, we are most likely to pinpoint the kind of information loss that's occurring by seeing what tends to counteract it. Basically, we have one big choice: If we're dealing with a phonograph record that is scratched with use until it's unplayable, we need to slow down the rate at which scratches accumulate—for example, by cleaning the stylus and excluding grit and dust. If we're dealing with a record that can be played once only and not restarted, we might conceivably find ways of running it more slowly—but not so much so as to distort the music. Either of these procedures would prolong the performance.

In rats and mice, we already know of several maneuvers that will prolong life. The oldest and simplest of these is food restriction. The life span of mice can be doubled, both by gross calorie restriction, which keeps them juvenile, and by feeding them only two days out of three. Besides postponing aging, this regime virtually eliminates tumors in some strains of mice. The lack of excess calories may slow down copying generally or cut the rate of noise injection or conserve irreplaceable machine-tool molecules. It may retard some built-in program in the body. It may even work simply as a challenge that makes the natural control machinery work better. Starved mice have big adrenal glands, and there are some adrenal hormones that can by themselves double longevity in long-lived mouse strains, probably by controlling copying processes or by preventing the rejection of divergent cells. Whether the technique of food restriction would work in man, and particularly whether it would work when started in adult life, we can find out only by trial.

Another group of approaches is based on an area of research that made great strides in the Sixties: immunology. Biologists are trying to understand and control the body's defenses against foreign cells so as to ensure the success of transplant surgery. They are unraveling the machinery that prevents grafts from

*"Before we start, do you have any unusual erogenous zones I should know about?"*

taking and, in so doing, are finding more and more instances in which the body appears to react against or reject its own tissues. These conditions become commoner with age, and it seems almost certain that self-rejection plays a part, perhaps a leading part, in age changes. Either our cells alter and become criminals or our bodily policemen alter and start attacking law-abiding citizens. Drugs and hormones of the kind given to cover transplant operations are already being tried with some success as anti-aging agents in mice; and in some strains of old mice, removal of the spleen—an important organ in the rejection process—makes them survive to great ages.

Yet another approach is based directly on the error-in-copying idea. Large man-made molecules, and molecules in organic materials such as margarine or leather, perish with time through attack by chemical agents known as free radicals. A free radical has been likened to a convention delegate away from his wife; it's a highly reactive chemical agent that will combine with anything suitable that's around. Chemists protect such things as chicken feed, cornflakes and automobile tires by adding to them substances known as anti-oxidants, which mop up these unwanted agents and slow down the perishing process. The body contains both free radicals and long-lived molecules—among them, the fibers that keep our skin elastic and the blueprint molecules of DNA. If any such perishing reactions occur with aging, it ought to be possible to slow all of them down by administering some of the nonpoisonous antioxidants now added to groceries, but in far bigger doses, without waiting to find out exactly where the damaging processes are located.

A position paper on the practical side of age slowing in animals in 1971 would run roughly like this: (1) We now have perhaps half a dozen ways of slowing down aging or lengthening life or both in rats and mice. (2) The exact way these methods fit together, the nature of the aging clock and whether there is one clock or more are unanswered questions, but we should be close to an answer within five years. (3) It's not certain that any of the known age-slowing methods would work in man. (4) Whether they would and whether they would work in adult life, can be found only by trying them. (5) If they don't, then it's likely that similar and equally simple methods will. (6) Human experiments will be started within the next three to five years, probably at more than one center.

The reason these techniques haven't already been tried in man has nothing to do with ethics; it's simply that, because the investigators age as well as their subjects, 70-to-80-year experiments are, for practical and psychological reasons, no go. As long as we could measure aging only by following lifelong mortality figures, as insurance actuaries do, experiments on anti-aging agents were confined to rats and mice, which live but a few years. But we can now move into human studies, because greater knowledge of age changes and the advent of automated clinical laboratories and computers make it possible to measure the rate of aging in the short run.

The new strategy is to choose a battery of measurements—chemical, psychological and clinical—that change with age and follow them over a period of, say, five years, starting at a given age, such as 50. The measures are picked to be so varied that any factor that slows the rate of change in all of them would be likely to act by slowing down aging in general. This approach reduces the problem of how to retard aging in man to the size of an ordinary medical experiment, using some 500 volunteers over three to five years, like the assessment of low-cholesterol diets in heart disease.

Battery tests for aging are one of the few beneficent spin-offs from the bomb. They were developed at the Brookhaven nuclear-research laboratories to measure the rate of aging in Hiroshima survivors. (Reassuringly, the survivors didn't age faster.) Equipment like that which would be needed to carry out such tests on normal people already exists in many U. S. centers, such as the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Centers in San Francisco, Oakland and Walnut Creek, California. We could start human experiments next week, measuring such things as hair graying, skin elasticity, change in body chemicals, hearing and mental agility as indexes of the speed at which aging is progressing.

Age control will hit American business and social-service planning within months as a contingency and within a few years as a fact. Until now, the fixed human life span of threescore and ten has been one of the few facts that planners have been able to depend upon. Forecasters in all fields seem unaware of how close we are to having this hitherto solid basis demolished. In spite of efforts to foresee technological changes, it's almost certain that age control will take everyone by surprise.

Similarly, the aging public seems unaware that a little informed lobbying now could get them longer life. There is a bill before Congress to set up a National Institute of Gerontology, which could be the biological counterpart of NASA. So if anyone asks, "What can I do today to slow down my own aging?" the answer is, not jogging, not taking antioxidants, not living on lettuce alone. It is, rather, backing this kind of initiative, so that we know in time what to do. There's no point in wasting our time on advertised nostrums and Continental professors who are rumored to rejuvenate Popes and the wives of millionaires. These can only rejuvenate someone else's bank balance. We had better put our money on hard-nosed science, and as soon as possible.

Gerontologists today face problems similar to those the rocket men had in the Thirties: they are a little better funded but no more fully appreciated at top decision-making levels. Probably, only a few million dollars stand between these men and historic results. Without the money, they will get there but too late to benefit many of us.

The aim of what we're doing is clear enough. We're looking for some agent that can be applied as late in life as possible and that will slow down all symptoms of aging. Success will neither abolish old age nor prolong it—nor, in all probability—shorten it. It will simply make it occur later. For a ten-year gain, a man of 60 who has been treated will be as he would have been, untreated, at 50, with the same vigor and the same diseases. At 80, he will be the man he would have been at 70. If we can tamper with the taximeter to give us more miles for our dollar, the journey will be longer, but it will be substantially the same, in that we shall still age and die, but we won't have to spend so big a fraction of life in so comfortless an anteroom, nor enter it so soon. We aim to create for the 1970s and 1980s a new medicine, based on control of the rates at which things happen and grounded on the view that it's easier to alter a rate than rewrite a program. On this principle, it should be far easier to make cancer or heart disease occur ten years later than it would otherwise have done than to prevent or cure it altogether.

What we're *not* trying to do is equally clear. We're not trying to prolong old age by keeping people alive beyond their years of vigor; medicine is doing that now, which is why gerontology is so urgent a study. Nor are we envisaging longer life by prolonging childhood. This is probably feasible and might be easier, but it would be far from ideal. Nor are we contemplating the spinning out of a fixed amount of life by taking it in sections, punctuated by periods of hibernation. That, too, is probably feasible, but it's a different project, of interest chiefly to astronauts and to the historically inquisitive.

Prediction in science is difficult, but we can make a few reasonable guesses about what we can accomplish. Among these are the following: By the year 1990, we will know of an experimentally tested way of slowing down age changes in man that offers an increase of 20 percent in life span. We will know whether it works only when all the subjects have died; but judging by the tests we now have, we should not be far off in our predictions. The agents involved will be simple and cheap—dietary tricks or maintenance chemicals,

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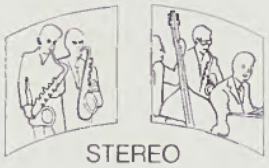

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TWO AUTO MODELS AVAILABLE.

not transplants, intensive-care units nor tailor-made serums that would be available only to the wealthy and to VIPs.

Direct application of the results will be possible world wide, at about the same rate as, and probably more cheaply than, antibiotics since 1940. All countries will elect to use them, or at least will be unable—as with the pill in Catholic Italy—to prevent their use. How widely people choose to use them will depend, no doubt, on what sorts of agents are available. If longevity requires tiresome and lifelong diet restriction, the model of cigarettes and high-cholesterol foods suggests that most of the Western public doesn't value longevity highly enough to make itself uncomfortable. All that will happen in this case is that application will be delayed until we find a painless method of getting around our self-indulgence.

*Who* will benefit can be seen only by trial. At the moment, the odds seem fair that a man or a woman of 50 today can expect some benefit, provided we waste no time; while a man or a woman of 20 certainly can look forward to extra years of vigor. Bearing in mind the rate of growth in biology and the intensification of the research effort that would surely follow the first and minimal human demonstration, one bonus could lead to others. We are now contemplating a 20 percent gain—15 extra years before aging sets in. It could be more or less. Probably, we're wise to set our sights low. The point is that in the long run, it's the first step that counts. That step could be five percent, but it could as well be ten percent, and there is nothing but the analogy from mice to help us guess.

Will people want to live longer? Obviously, when it seems really possible, they will. At the moment, they are coy about saying so, partly for fear it may not happen and partly because they think of longer life as it is now—meaning longer infirmity. Ask a 40-year-old if he would like to stay as he is for another 15 years and the answer will be different.

This 20 percent prediction is based on research by those in the field. It jibes fairly well, however, with studies by the RAND Corporation and the drug firm of Smith Kline and French, scientific predictions of the future, based on a series of questions answered by numerous scientists and experts in other fields. RAND put the middle date for "significant extension" of human life at 2023, Smith Kline at 1993—though this does not allow for the treated subjects to age and be counted. From these studies, the 10 to 20 percent increase should not be far behind, for example, the chemical or immunologic control of cancer.

If this, rather than immortalism or hopeful predictions of 200-to-300-year life spans, is a realistic model, it still leaves us with some thinking to do. For a start, our society is as geared to a 70-year life span as our houses are to people between five and six feet tall. A life span with an upward limit around 70 to 80 has been the one certain factor on which insurance, promotion prospects, pensions and politics have been based. A 20 percent gain could be absorbed—but the first artificial breakthrough will knock the floor at one blow from under all these calculations and from under all past actuarial experience, because there is no knowing, for planning purposes, where it will stop. To some of the questions this will provoke from citizens who find science worrisome, if not dangerous, we can only reply with more questions.

Population is already one of our leading panics, and a justifiable one. Longer life, if it comes as one increment only, will mean greater numbers. This will be adjusted by time, but only if it's a once-and-for-all bonus, and then the bulge will fall when population problems are beginning to hit hard. On the other hand, the gain will be wholly in the productive and (unless we stick rigidly to already obsolete retirement practices) nondependent years. This, in fact, could be a gain. Today our preproductive dependency lasts about 20 years and our postproductive about 10, leaving a working life of only 40 years. In 1990, the number of Americans over 65 will be over 27,000,000 compared with about 20,000,000 now. More years of vigor will mean that many of these can still be "young." More years will also mean more sex, but not necessarily more children. At the moment, sexual activity declines with age, not for physiological reasons but through the cultural fiction that it ought to do so and because older people tend to play the age roles convention assigns. Longer life would give us the option, perhaps, of effectively living two different, consecutive lives—as we are starting to do today, but more effectively. Longer youth and adulthood would even out the discrepancy in the opportunity to do this that now exists between men and women, who are harder hit in taking up that option than are males. Women, it has been quipped, have a menopause, but men have no womenopause. Two separate lives, one fertile, the other companionate? It seems possible. Against the demographic objectors, it can be said that the population explosion will destroy us in any event, unless it is controlled, and abstaining from the application of gerontology will not prevent this. Like air pollution and the arms race, it must be dealt with now as a condition of survival.

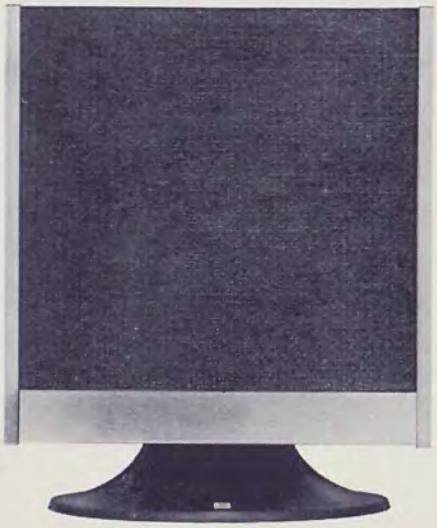
Sheer turnover of human beings is another anxiety point. People are by nature rigid: The science and politics of today are already dictated by what their exponents learned 40 years ago, in a society that's changing so fast that the young are practically out of sight. Can we afford a 20 percent increase in life span, if that means a 40 percent increase in the tenure of professors, Senators and company presidents? Nobody knows. What is clear is that even a slight breach in the primeval human certainty that we will die between the ages of 70 and 90 will produce vast changes in our self-estimate. Show once that aging can be pushed back and, like the generation that has lived with the pill, we shall never be able to go back to the old attitudes. Admit that aging and death are not only intolerable but postponable and nothing, including our life style and our willingness to update ourselves, can ever be the same. In fact, if the rigidity attributed to the elderly is due to aging at the biological level, it will probably be postponed along with wrinkles and cancer. If it's a social convention, it will have to be unlearned. Since it needs unlearning urgently today, we hardly stand to lose.

I am as worried as anyone about the idiotic misuse of technology. But the potential misuse of aging research doesn't keep me awake at night. If it did, I wouldn't devote my time to it. Partial control of human aging is something that's going to happen. Unless we are slothful or overcome by disaster, it's probably going to happen within our lifetime, and some of us will be beneficiaries. Morally, it should be beneficial. Every gain in our ability to stave off death increases our respect for life—our own and others'.

This will not be luxury medicine; it will almost certainly not be abusable by restriction to wealthy, prominent or powerful people. In fact, rate-control concepts in public health will supersede, more economically, a great deal of the luxury medicine that, by its diminishing returns in quality of life, now raises embarrassing priority issues. The only big questions are how soon it will happen, how large the gain will be and whether it will catch us unprepared to iron out preventable personal and economic side effects. So far, I have seen only one pension policy that writes in a waiver in the event of a science-based change in normal life span: The insurance companies should be worrying about that, not about the litigatory possibilities of shenanigans based on cryogenic suspension through deep-freezing annuitants. The thing that really matters is that all of us should know what's going on and how it may shortly affect us. If we're willing to back the workers in the field with public awareness—and with money—we can hope to roll back our own old age, as well as our children's. The next five years will settle whether or not we do.

# WE HAD TO BUILD A 4-PIECE STEREO SYSTEM WITH SWIVEL SPEAKERS FOR 149.95.

Have you ever thought of buying a stereo system from JCPenney? Probably not. Like a



lot of people, chances are you didn't even know JCPenney sold stereos until right now.

Because you haven't heard of us, we had to give you something to hear about!

We *had* to put swivel speakers in our 149.95 stereo system. An AFC switch on the FM radio. And a separate turntable unit that will fit right on top of the amplifier. And a headphone jack and a dustcover, too.

We had to make our model 1311 sound better than all those other stereos you *have* heard about.

For instance, who else gives you pedestal speakers that turn freely to direct the sound where you want it. 6½-inch speakers that deliver brilliant, clean, smooth bass notes. And then continue to deliver bright, rich sounds all the way up to the clearest highs you've ever heard from a 149.95 system.

Or an AM/FM/FM stereo radio with an illuminated tuning dial and separate bass, treble, volume and balance controls. So you can adjust the sound exactly the way you want it.

You even get a special circuit that tunes in only stereo broadcasts if you're not in the mood for monaural. And an AFC switch that locks in on a station's signal, so there's no annoying drift or distortion.

The BSR mini-turntable also has a lot of things going for it. 4 speeds. An adjustable-weight tone arm. An automatic record-size finder. And a 45rpm adapter that's included with the system.

We had to give you a very flexible system, too. So you could arrange the components all over a room. Or stack them together if there's not much space. We even give you a choice of color: a sleek walnut veneer or a striking white.

We made this system sound better. Just like we made every one of our 12 stereo systems sound better. We had to. That's more component systems, by the way, than you're likely to find anywhere else. We had to give you a better selection, too.

There's one thing about us you probably have heard. JCPenney reliable service and product quality. That's a tradition of ours that covers everything we sell.

One other thing worth hearing about: you can pay for your stereo with our Time Payment Plan. How many other systems offer you that?

Now that you've heard of us, why not come in and give us a fair hearing. Judge for yourself how much better we sound.

At JCPenney, the values are here every day.

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**STEREO SYSTEMS**

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Available at most large JCPenney stores and through our catalog. Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

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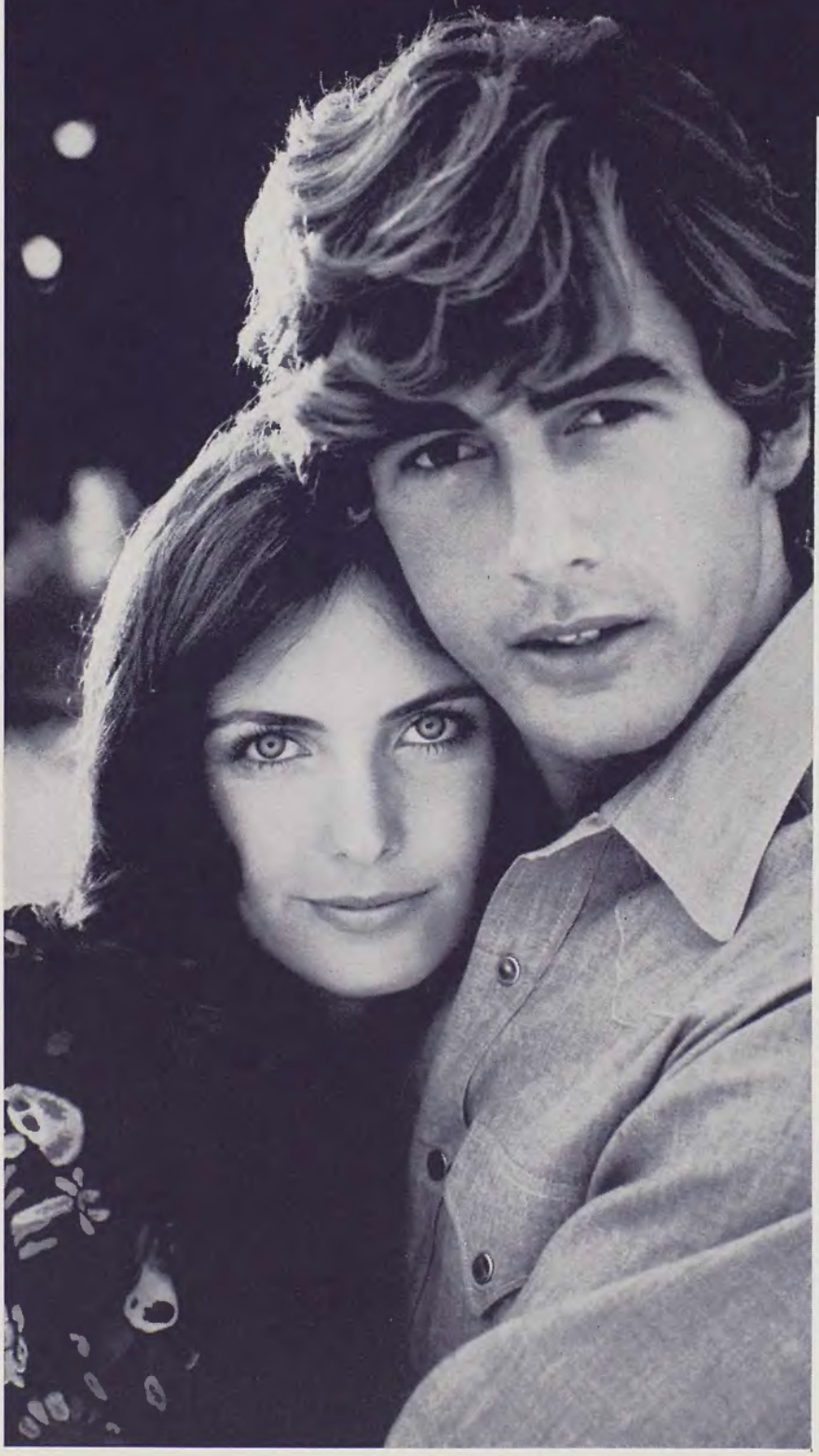

We've created a new kind of life insurance policy for the young family man.

You used to have two choices: whole life insurance, which built up a nest egg if you lived, but it's expensive; or term insurance which is cheap to buy, but if nothing happens to you, you don't collect a dime.

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*Assumes purchase of paid-up additions from dividends at current scale.

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*Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 223*

# Dumb things people might think when you serve Italian Swiss Colony Zinfandel. And smart things for you to say.

Italian Swiss Colony, Italian Swiss Colony, Calif.

**What they're thinking:**

**a)** *Italian Swiss! Tsk, tsk. The recession really hit him hard, poor man.*

**b)** *Me? Drink that? That whatever it is?? In my Italian custom-tailored suit and $20 French sculptured razor cut?*

**c)** *Next he'll say it's mellowed in wood! Hmm. Can I trust this boy with the company funds?*

**d)** *Ohhh. I knew we should have brought some nice Carbonet Savinon (?) for the poor dear to serve.*

**e)** *He's joking. That's it. He's joking. He wouldn't treat me this way. I'm too valuable to his career.*

**What you're saying:**

**a)** "I paid a buck and change for this Zinfandel. And it's won 3 gold medals for excellence over wines costing more than twice as much."

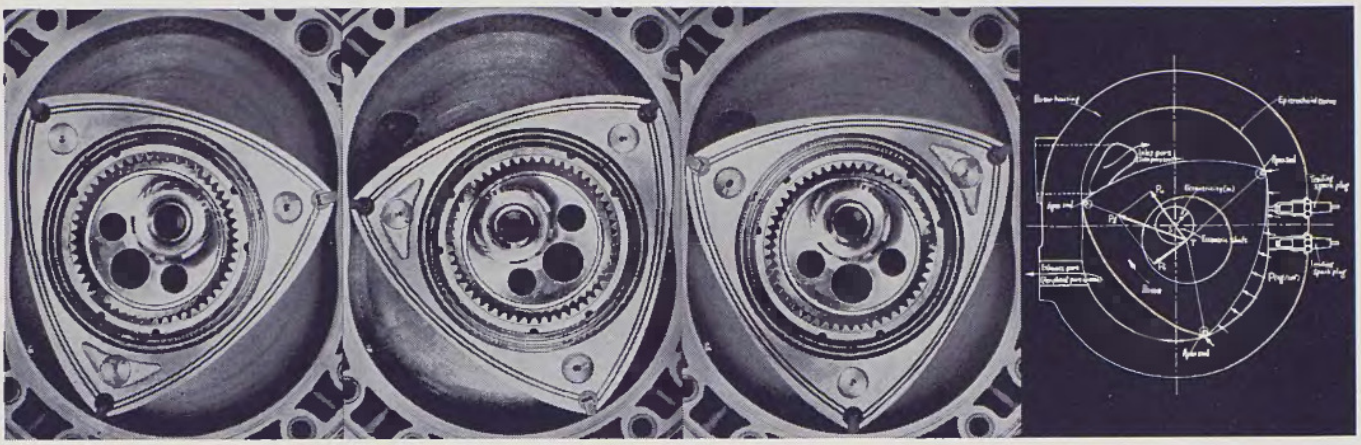
**b)** "Zinfandel grapes are a unique California varietal. Nothing like it anywhere else in the world. But you must know all that."

**c)** "You know, it's actually mellowed in wood? A rare thing for such an inexpensive wine."

**d)** "Funny. Some people wouldn't serve it because of the price. They'd rather play it safe with Cabernet Sauvignon or something 'acceptable'."

**e)** "Trouble is, people don't treat good wine with respect unless it's got a heavy price on it."

**Does a good wine have to cost a lot to get a little respect?**



# Detroit is spending $50 million to study the rotary engine.

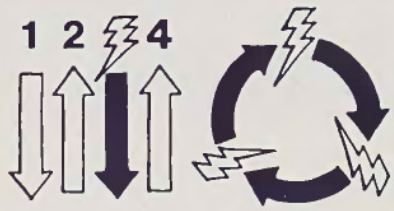
# Experience a new Mazda and you'll know why.

### Subversive Activity

After ten hard years of applied engineering, research and testing, Toyo Kogyo has perfected an extraordinary new power unit that is shaking the automotive establishment.

It's the Mazda rotary engine. And it's far simpler and more efficient than the engine in your car.

### Revolutionary




**Piston engine**

As gasoline burns in cylinders, pistons are forced up and down. This vertical motion must be changed into rotary motion to turn car wheels.

**Rotary engine**

This logically-designed engine has no wrong-way motion. No need to change directions. It spins out smooth, constant rotary motion from the beginning.

MAZDA ROTARY ENGINE: LICENSED BY NSU/WANKEL

*As of June 15, 1971

### Firepower

The Mazda rotary is a totally different automotive design. Our regular two-rotor engine equals any of the establishment's six-cylinder engines in 'firepower'. It runs turbine-smooth with much less of the vibration that wears a car out. As Road Test Magazine said, "The lack of vibration and noise makes it difficult to be aware of the engine." (That's partly why we decided to fit tachometers.) Mazda's performance has attracted widespread attention, too. In the major 1970 European endurance races, our rotary cars consistently humbled others two and three times bigger.

### Absent Friends

Even so, the Mazda rotary engine lacks a terrible lot.

Things like pistons, rods, valves, cams, and chains. But don't worry about it. Because our rotary engine doesn't need them. It functions at full output with only a few moving parts.

### Democracy

We know—the Mazda rotary is new to you. And new to America. But not to the rest of the world. Over 150,000* of them have proved their rugged reliability on the roads of France, Canada, Australia and 51 other countries. Now, for those Americans who feel they're ready to switch, we've built some beautiful cars around the rotary powerplant. There's the already world-famous R100 coupé and the sleek new RX-2.

They're a totally new driving experience. At your nearest Mazda dealer.

**MAZDA**

*Toyo Kogyo Co., Ltd., Hiroshima, Japon.*

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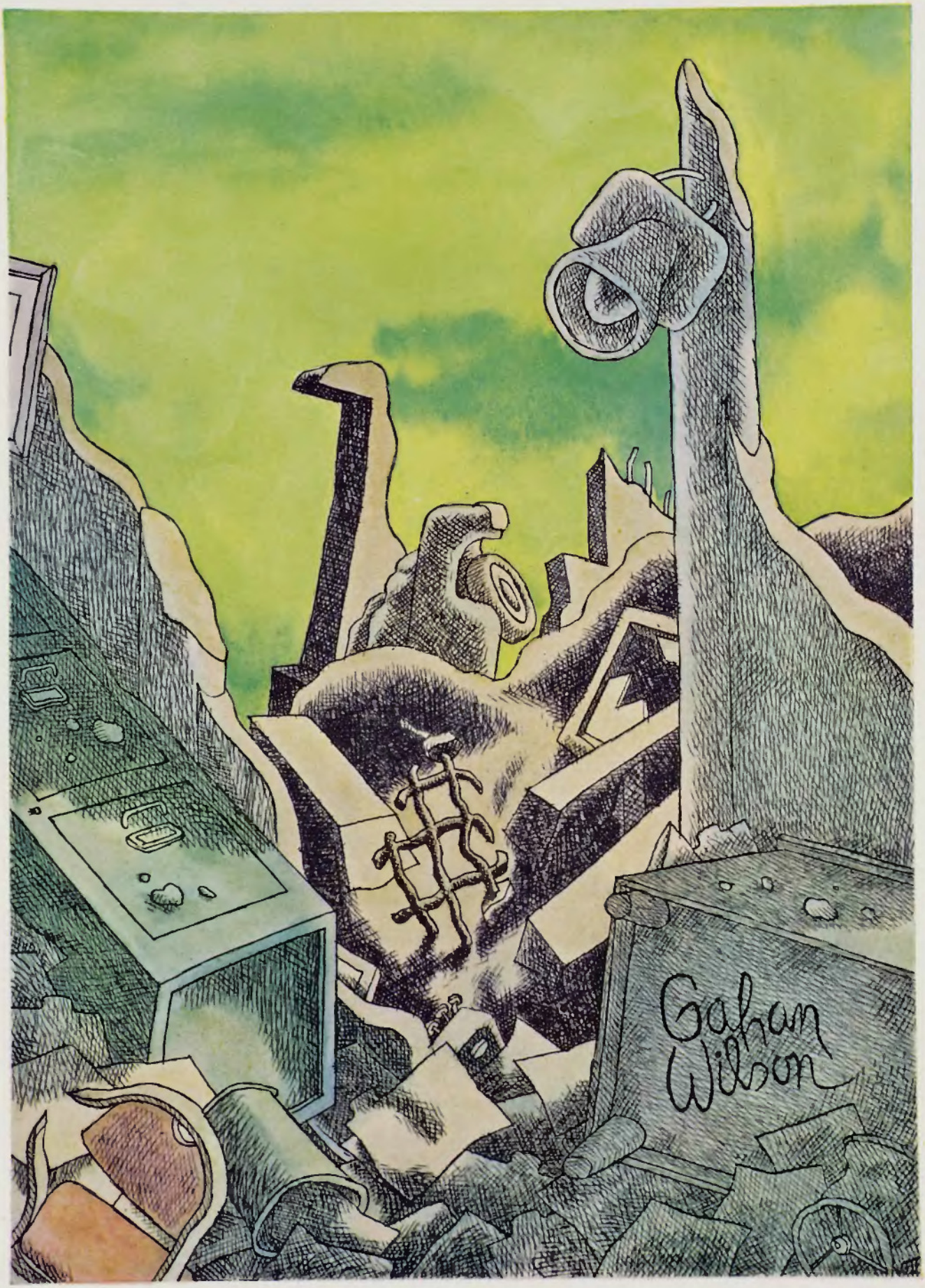



*". . . is pleased to announce a complete and devastating victory over the enemy. This is a recorded message. The Government is pleased. . . ."*

## THANKSGIVING IN FLORENCE

*(continued from page 132)*

beautiful eyes. You were always aware of the burden of past distinction that had somehow enervated the present, of tradition stifling innovation. The young artist, his imagination just coming into itself, must have felt suffocated by the profusion of Michelangelos, Donatellos and Cellinis that he encountered on even the most casual saunter after cigarettes, and probably he ran off to Rome to get away from it all. Some cities, in burning their unique vision into the consciousness of the world, seem to burn themselves out in the process—as Athens did, or Boston—and the traffic had done for the rest.

"I suppose we ought to try to do the Medici Chapel this afternoon," Shirley said, "if we're going to do it at all." She wanted to shop for a hat and we would have to lunch before one o'clock, when everything closed up.

"Might as well. After you've seen two thousand Annunciations, you've seen them all, but we've done only ten or fifteen chapels."

The Medici was her favorite place in Florence. Years before, as a girl, the Michelangelos there had shaken her awake the way works of art sometimes do, permanently enlarging the moral imagination as they speak to the senses; but she hadn't talked much about it since we'd been in Florence. I knew she was saving it for the right moment, a moment that hadn't come. But now we were leaving for Rome the next day, and it couldn't be put off any longer. "Let's find us a *trat* on this side of the river and arm the nerves with a liter of wine," I said. "That is, if you can stand a little more broken-field running."

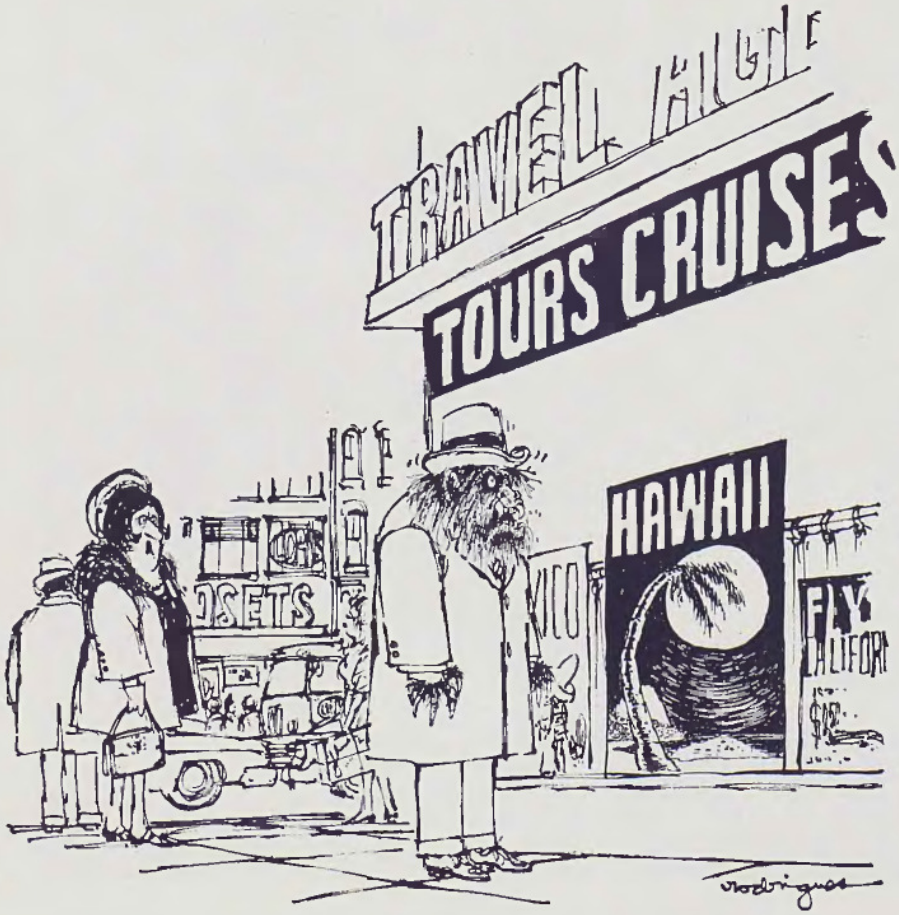
She could, and we started down a terraced walkway through an olive grove that was fenced with simple, oaken crosses as yet unmarked with names. The old, earth-dun wall of the city toiled over the next rise toward the Palazzo Pitti, and we passed under a portal where the ancient masonry gave back the warm glow of the sun, and went along a narrow, inner street that was cool and shadowed and blissfully autoless. Dark doorways, fragrant with romano and olive oil and fresh oranges, stirred up an appetite in me that so far Florence had failed to touch, an appetite for neighborhoods, for local life, for districts where people cooked and washed and slept together. Up to then the city had seemed as unctuously custodial as the guards in the museums. Shirley bought an orange for tomorrow's prebreakfast hunger in a tiny shop where dusty salami hung like reeking stalactites and a dog lay among baskets of artichokes, losing to his fleas. My spirits rose a little, and we wandered on into the "better" part of town on that side of the river, past the Brownings' house (Elizabeth Barrett got all the billing on the plaque; Robert wasn't even mentioned), but couldn't seem to find the sort of restaurant for which I hankered. Not wanting to lose my temper to the servile hustle of a waiter, I got picky, and Shirley began to weary.

The steel shutters of the shops would be banging down in 20 minutes, and the streets were suddenly crowded with noisy school children, wielding strapfuls of books like so many young Davids brandishing their slingshots at the Goliaths of the traffic. Piazza Santo Spirito was a chaos of parked cars, and a reef of tall, white cloud moved over the hills across the sun, bringing a sudden chill to the air, like a premonition of the cheerless, urban twilight that was still hours away.

"How about that place?" Shirley said. "Maybe we'd better settle for it."

It was a tiny *trattoria* on the corner of the piazza. Its dingy windows displayed no menu, no *prèzzo fisso* in three languages for the tourist, but only some dusty bottles of Stock and a lethargic tomcat. Inside, there was a small zinc bar, and the strong odor of a garlicky soup, and a kitchen doorway full of steam and the clatter of pots. The tables were crowded with workmen finishing their coffees, who took Shirley's measure as a matter of course—the eyes going down and then going up again with that candid and impertinent appreciativeness that is a street gallantry in Italy. We found a table in the narrow, dim little alcove that led to the toilets. The checkered cloth was a mosaic of wine stains, cigarette ash and yesterday's hardened cheese sauce. "Look," I said, "this won't do. Not for our last day. Let's go on a few blocks," wanting the lunch to be as special as Shirley's hopes for the afternoon.

But the *signora* had appeared, a large, pretty blonde woman with an amused eye, a supple waist that pasta and childbearing had thickened, and the slap-slap-slap of bedroom slippers. She eyed us with bold interest as she recited the *lista*, flicking the ashes off the table with her towel and settling the matter of the wine right off. She liked us (you felt she probably liked everyone at first), but nevertheless her kitchen was closing. Artichokes and eggs? The artichokes and eggs were "*molto bene*." And




*"Lionel, stop that! It's only a picture!"*

THE LOOK OF

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perhaps a bit of her own *ravioli* to start. A nice *insalata rossa*, and then gorgonzola and fruit—yes? Yes.

We drank the white wine that was so dry and tart that you gulped it down like water and ate her spicy *ravioli* that was *molto bene*, too, and went on to the artichokes and the lightly beaten eggs and found, once we had gotten to the pears and the cheese, that we had had a fine time after all. Nothing would suit my mood but that we have a Strega with our coffee, which the *signora* set down before us with the tactful smile of a concierge renting a room to lovers. The place was emptying; everyone was going home mulled with wine to drowse or to make love, and the *signore* behind his bar eyed the *signora* as he rinsed the glasses, and the *signora* felt the *signore*'s eyes upon her, and hurried.

It was suddenly *good*. I felt lifted. An absurd uprush of well-being came over me, and for a moment the hater of cities went back to his grumpy lair, and I said yes to Florence—traffic and all—for the first time. What did I care that the glut and pollution and nerves of the modern metropolis had reached here too? There was still wine, skylarking children, the afternoon siesta, and the wise smile of a woman who knew the important things. There were still a few years left to this city, at least on this side of the river, before it became uninhabitable to everyone, except those who had allowed some part of the machine into their psyches. Beyond the chiseled flesh of the statuary, which seemed to have withered the sensuality of the Florentines precisely because of its extravagant voluptuousness, might there not still be the faint pulse of the old Adam? Wasn't there some meager hope as long as everything came to a stop for an hour or two in the afternoons?

Outside, the empty streets made it seem a safe bet. The Volkswagens along the curb and the ranks of motor scooters parked on the pavement at crazy angles had the slightly foolish look of kids' playthings abandoned in a front yard and, once we turned toward the river, the silence of the afternoon hiatus restored an air of human intimacy, of architectural coherence to the narrow, Renaissance blocks down which we walked. Upriver, three frigate swans cruised under the silversmiths' shops on the Ponte Vecchio where, at mid-bridge, the bust of Cellini mused—the patron saint of all artisans and hustlers. We walked, in a warm envelope of wine, under the dramatic Tuscan sky—the sun coming out and going in as masses of broken cloud scudded over the city, the chic shopwindows along Via Tornabuoni alternately gilded or in shadow—and, on a certain corner where the sun suddenly flooded down an old stucco wall in a poignant rush of champagne light, I knew that I would remember forever every last crescent of tile on that overhang, every bit of window ornament, every single shutter slat, so absolutely open to it, so unimpeded by the gloomy reflections of the discursive intelligence, was I at that moment.

This feeling of utter lucidity, this idiotic joy I felt in the simple unfolding of reality itself, lasted through the Central Market, where some of the stalls and barrows had remained stubbornly open to catch the custom of lire-burdened tourists from colder climates to whom an afternoon nap was frivolous, if not downright decadent. It lasted through the piles of handbags, wallets and gloves, the ranks of dashboard *Davids* in plaster or lead, the gimcracks and gewgaws, and the whole souvenir detritus of mass-produced bad taste that may bury Europe one day as it has already buried America. It even lasted through the ritual ping-pong of offer and counteroffer, concerning a Russian-style fur hat, which Shirley conducted with an admiring barrowman; it lasted because if the value of an object can still be haggled over, one has remained its master instead of vice versa. But shortly I became aware that Shirley was stalling on the Medici Chapel, which was only a few streets away, as reluctant to risk disappointment (in it, or in herself, or in me) as a divorcée the second time around.

The afternoon had gloomed over while we shopped, and when the steel shutters rolled up again the lights were on in the *gelaterie*, where the espresso machines hissed like toy steam engines, and the pastry trays glistened with Alp on Alp of glazed icing. The trickle of cars was building toward a stream once more, and you felt the city taking a deep breath, getting its second wind. I wasn't sure I wanted the Medici Chapel. I didn't feel reverent, even about Michelangelo, and I was enjoying Florentine

*"But mugging is working within the system."*

street life for the first time. Shirley wasn't sure she wanted it either, but we were each too poised in tactful awareness of the other to say anything, and found ourselves pocketing those lovely, tissue-thin, pastel-colored tickets of admission that you purchase in museums all over Italy, and following the signs through a crypt, up a dark stone stairway, through the ornate chapel proper, and into a severe, domed sacristy.

Does this smallish marble chamber, higher than it is wide, and bathed that day in the half-light of late afternoon coming through modest windows far up in its walls, constitute the pinnacle of Michelangelo's art? I don't know. Though I had known his work for years through reproductions, he was the crashingly obvious revelation of my weeks in Italy—his *David* seeming the perfect symbol of Florence in its boom days: larger than life, self-indulgent, virile and yet somehow narcissistic in its sensuality; his wooden torso of the *River God* in the *Casa* on Via Buonarroti, limbless and decapitated though it was, stating with unexampled power that a titanic, Archimedean energy (sufficient to turn us all into gods, did we but accede to it) lay somewhere just below the navel; and later (in Rome) the Sistine ceiling striking me as nothing less than the audacious attempt of one supremely gifted man to be done with all the possibilities of painting in a single, gigantic creation almost as encompassing as the vision of creation that it celebrates, and yet. . . . Well, all that was *art*—great art that evoked pleasure, admiration, even awe—but only art, after all. The way *Madame Bovary* is art, or Haydn's *Farewell Symphony*. Whereas *Anna Karenina* is somehow *more* than art, as is Mozart's *Jupiter*. And those statues in the Medici Chapel.

There was a straight-backed chair or two in that austere chamber, to which the ponderous weight of the surrounding marble seemed to impart a special, tomblike chill, and Shirley took one and sat in a corner, while I moved around, studying the four recumbent nudes (representing Day, Night, Dawn and Dusk) on the two sarcophagi. Footfalls and lowered voices echoed hollowly in the outer chapel. The traffic outside was a distant, muffled roar, sounding as obsessive as the gabble of game-playing children in the street as overheard from a quiet room. A small East Indian gentleman came in, seemed embarrassed by our presence, did a quick turn of the room with the self-effacement of a dormouse, and scurried away. I could hear my own breath.

But more, I could feel my own body. Those four life-size blocks of marble, which had been forced more than four centuries before to become flesh at the behest of a human hand, seemed more mysteriously alive than most of the bodies I had allowed myself to experience in a bed, and waves of sensual understanding swept up through me. A tendon glimmering through the flesh of an upraised thigh, a straining shoulder that limned the banded pattern of the musculature within, the soft swell of a belly firming downward to the Venus mound, the lax droop of a penis falling to one side: to *know* the body as Michelangelo had—the way it occupies and defines space, the way it tenses and lapses as it discovers its own solidity—and to be able to compel lifeless stone to so awaken the living spectator that the enigma of human sentience that redeems the simple meat came out clear, was to have penetrated to the sacramental core of all sexuality, to have come beyond a fixation on the erotic into the realm of a deeper longing, the longing of the soul to be a celebrant in the temple of the body.

I felt an overpowering urge to touch. I wanted to use my hands instead of my eyes. My own body trembled with creaturely sympathy, and in a flash I remembered watching a ten-year-old girl in London's Tate Gallery years before, standing in front of a Degas sculpture, unconsciously assuming the position of the dancer out of that same sympathy of flesh for flesh. Suddenly the stubborn, unmoving presence of those four bodies weighed on my consciousness with all the baffling power of a primal memory. I no longer denied that I knew what I knew. We were not broken, *we were whole*. All the ephemeral people hurrying through the streets were complete and perfect, and their machines were only rueful evidence of their distrust of that completeness, that perfection. We humans had recoiled from our physical selves, as from a mystery our arrogance could not abide, and the fantastically complicated watchwork we had made of modern life was nothing less than an exteriorization of that pathetic self-hatred. Standing there, I found myself mourning all the bodies I had ever trafficked with—their shames, their modesties,

*"In lieu of flowers, his family has requested that donations be made in his name to any agency engaged in the gallant struggle against venereal disease."*

their lecheries—all of it: the whole sad illiteracy of our sensual vocabulary, the dance that was helplessly imprisoned in every one of us, the intellectual pride that never went before the Fall, the barren dramas of the ego to which we had forced our guileless flesh to become the corrupted accomplice. I missed a dozen girls to whom I had never been the proper lover but only played the sexual acrobat going through his paces; and half a dozen men with whom a mutual affection had remained nervously gestureless. We were whole, after all. We had only to admit it. Witless as a boy approaching a woman for the first time, I reached up and touched the smooth curve of a female thigh, and was shocked to discover that it was *cold*. It was nothing but marble, a piece of statuary, the dead image of a living thing, another exteriorization. And yet a compensating warmth spread through me, and I turned to Shirley.

She sat in her chair, back in the shadows, unaware of me (the hardness of the chair, the softness of her buttocks —all of a sudden I *knew* the tactile nature of things that way), and she seemed utterly within herself at that moment, as if some gap had closed in her (a gap in *my* awareness, I realized with delight). Her face was as musingly lucid as the face of a deer turned toward a sunset across which wild geese etch the long, wavering arrows that will get them home (nothing to plumb, no need to translate the expression into the mood), and she sat quietly absorbed in the statues, so completely herself, and so absolutely separate from me, that it was like seeing her for the first time. All the disappointment in Florence had drained out of her face, and her eyes were faintly moist with relief to discover that 17 years of winnowing certitude had proved insufficient to blunt the truths of 21. She had that look of mingled pride, skepticism, pleasure and irony that the triumphs of the species always evoke in those who are sensible enough to expect defeat but nevertheless refuse to relinquish hope.

The redemptive power of art in broken times came over me like a revelation. If we could still be roused by the integrity of body and spirit in these sculptures, an integrity that ultimately had nothing whatever to do with aesthetics, it must be because we were still integral ourselves somewhere beneath the cracked veneer. If the powerful mystery of sentient flesh embodied in the marble could still awaken an answering mystery in me, what real power could the automobiles and the anxieties exert? For the first time, it occurred to me that even religion might be only art in another form, instead of vice versa, and I felt a sudden lightness, almost a giddiness, of soul.

The light in the room had waned with the waning afternoon, the shadows had densened, and I had a strong sense that we were the last people in that echoing building. Shirley got up.

"Ready?" I said.

"Whenever you are."

I took her arm, and we left, and didn't look back. Outside, the chilly streets had the sere, musky smell of old leaves that always suggests New England autumn twilights to me. We negotiated the traffic hand in hand, and almost overturned a baker's boy, who was carrying an armful of fresh loaves in front of himself like a stack of logs. He shot us an angry, dark-eyed look, which turned quizzical at our smiling apologies and then dissolved into a comic shrug of the shoulders as he went on, leaving the yeasty fragrance of the warm bread behind him.

"Ummmm," Shirley murmured. "You know, it's ridiculous but I'm *starved*. Let's go home and get ready for Thanksgiving."

The cars flowed around the Baptistery opposite the Duomo, scooters zipping in and out among them like pilot fish, and we breasted our way upstream against throngs of secretaries hurrying homeward too. The night before, we had tried to explain about Thanksgiving to the *signora* of the restaurant a block from Dante's house. Finally, she had understood that it was a curious American feast, in honor of a good harvest, and she had promised us a delectable *bistecca alla fiorentina* and a special chianti.

Strangers celebrating their survival in a strange land. It was true of these Florentines too. It was true of all of us in this brutalizing century, through which everyone was struggling in his own way to bring some vestige of passionate mortality intact.

*"The magic has gone out of our romance, Sid. The dollar now buys only two thirds of what it used to!"*

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# REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH

*(continued from page 180)*

strange country not yet explored. A shrewd woman, the first time she met him, said he should wear warning bells on the curved-back toes of green boots.

The world's troublemakers—not a bad description of these brothers. First came Phil, daring authorities over and over again to jail him—until, at last, they did. He was the first priest to go to jail in America as a political prisoner. Yet Phil inside wasn't nearly the embarrassment that Dan was to prove outside. For four maddening months, the FBI pursued him while he preached, wrote, broadcast, was photographed, was interviewed, moved with pedagogic elusiveness, made his very absence felt as an omnipresence. During this whole time, did any agent recollect tales of priests being hunted—of Topclippe promising Queen Elizabeth I to find all the Jesuits in her realm; of the principled ascetic who, having let Graham Greene's "whiskey priest" slip through his hands, had to vindicate the purity of his new regime by finding and exterminating this remnant of the shabby past; or of the SS troops—some probably Catholic—who arrested Father Alfred Delp for resistance to Hitler; or of the men who ran Padre Miguel Pro to earth in Mexico?

It's an interesting coincidence that, just one month before the FBI's director claimed that Catholics had plotted to kidnap a Government official, 14,000 British Catholics gathered in Rome to celebrate the canonization of 40 Welsh and English martyrs from the 16th and 17th centuries. These had all, in different ways, defied the English government; indeed, their canonization had been held up for years because of ticklish involvement in anti-Tudor and Hispanophile politics. These martyrs lived, perforce, underground, among enemies of government—Catholics of the more defiant sort, rebellious nobles, the criminals always used by or against such undergrounds, desperate men, many of them with blighted hopes or bitter pasts.

Two such men, both priests, were caught planning to kidnap King James in 1603; they were so wild-eyed that their own coreligionists tipped off the authorities. And once this "bye plot" (by-plot) was discovered, investigation linked it with an even skimpier "main plot," interesting to authorities because Walter Raleigh seemed to be involved in it. Raleigh, greatly feared by the government, was indicted with a pack of Catholic sympathizers (only one odd man in the lot, dour Puritan Lord Grey). The overt act cited against Raleigh was a conversation in which he was told that the king of Spain would pay well for his services. Raleigh answered that such a crime of conspiracy, a mere discussion of possibilities, would put all subjects at the mercy of any man who said objectionable things in their presence. The priests were executed, but Raleigh lived—in the Tower, his death postponed (though he was effectively put out of action).

It was a Jesuit, Henry Garnett, who informed on the would-be kidnapers of King James; but he got little credit for the act. It was ascribed to Jesuit hatred for all priests not of their order. Elizabeth's and James's ministers were brilliant at setting one part of the Catholic world against another, a policy the king himself called "using tame ducks to catch wild ones." When Father Garnett was himself captured, and denied any knowledge of Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot—he knew of it, but only under the seal of confession—his prison guard was suborned to feign conversion by Garnett, arrange a meeting with another priest and then listen in while Garnett made his confession. It was a world where no one was completely safe, nor proof against government bribes and pressures, spies and *provocateurs*.

Yet some men moved through that compromised time of plot and counterplot with almost ablutionary innocence. The 40 canonized in Rome represent a mere tenth of the Catholics, mainly priests, who were killed on England's gallows. Equivocal men and those who dabbled in politics were excluded from consideration—not only the two priest-kidnapers but men like Garnett, tangentially involved with Guy Fawkes. Those left for canonization, after this winnowing, were men like Robert Southwell, the Jesuit poet, a kind of minor Blake nodding in on England a century early:

*The same you saw in heavenly seate,*
*Is he that now sucks Maries teate.*

Southwell returned to England, after ordination as a priest in Rome, bringing the Catholic sacraments to his fellow believers. The very simplicity of his aim seemed to give his work a charmed protection. Clothed like a swashbuckler, he lived next door to one of Elizabeth's own London houses, just across from the Earl of Leicester, at a time when other priests avoided London as too dangerous (they were scattered about the country, in Catholic mansions equipped with priest holes to hide them). Southwell was pure Elizabethan in all but his religion; he boasted of his love for the Virgin Queen, a lady who (like him) "hath for her self made Choise of a single life." In time, Southwell made his way to her Majesty's gallows—betrayed, like most of his fellow victims, by a need to keep in touch with the Catholic underground in all its aspects, both careful and careless. Loneliness and despair were the enemies, and community the main psychic need of these men, no matter how risky its purchase. Southwell bribed his way into prisons to assure condemned priests that they were not alone in their ordeal.

But Southwell had no illusions about certain of the Catholics he met. In an appeal he wrote to the queen, he did not try to excuse all men of his faith, only asked her to remember, "It were a hard Course to reprove all Prophetts for one Saul." He also knew that the strongest men have their weaknesses. As he wrote of Saint Peter:

*Muse not to see some mud in cleerest brooke,*
*They once were brittle mould, that now are Saintes.*

When Catholic hotheads let themselves be drawn into the so-called Babington's plot by government *provocateurs*, Southwell compared them to "simple Isaac," who carried the fire and fuel to his own execution. But he also mocked the government for its exaggerated reaction, its attempt to whip up fear over this plot—"hues and Cries raised, frights bruted in the peoples eares, and all mens eyes filled with such a smoake, as though the whole Realme had bene on fier, wheras in truth it was but the hissinge of a few greene twigges of their owne kindling, which they might without any such uprores have quenched with a handfull of water, but that it made not so much for their purpose as these buggish and terrible shewes . . . [and] generall demonstrations of a needles feare."

*Down the bleak corridor*
*Philip's typewriter, like the stick of a blind prophet*
*Argues the deities blind.*
*Tom Lewis ponders tomorrow,*
*From swine tending at Lewisburg prison*
*To Baltimore court one scene and the same;*
*The parable of Jesus*
*Keeps sane his gentle spirit.*
*Wherefore, John Urey, make common cause with us*
*Indicted felons. . . .*

—Daniel Berrigan, *Trial Poems*

Dan Berrigan is very conscious of his Jesuit forebears. He has written poems and essays on Jesuits in the French Resistance and worker-priest movement; on *Père* Sébastien Rasle, S.J., who ministered to American Indians; on John Urey (see the poem above), a priest who helped Bahamian slaves escape through the American colonies, who was executed under British law—like the Elizabethan Jesuits—by being "hanged, drawn and quartered." He comforts himself with the thought that Phil in the Lewisburg hole has at last brought the priest hole to America. He reread Southwell in the underground and

# 4½*

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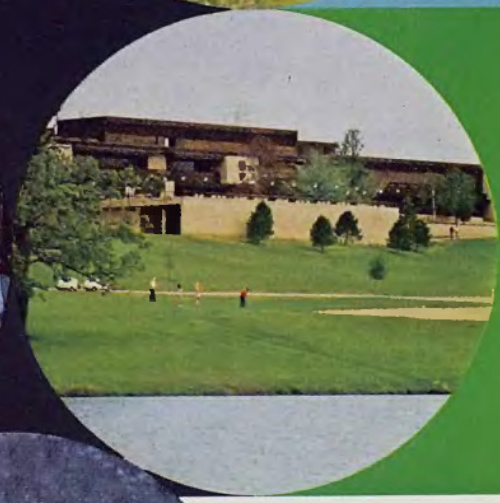

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recalled the martyrdom of French Jesuits by North American Indians. One way Dan Berrigan contrasts himself with Phil, a Josephite priest, is in terms of their two orders: "Philip doesn't have as strong or passionate a sense of belonging to his order as I do. . . . His congregation's traditions are by no means as old or as exciting or as imaginative; his order hasn't undergone the test of so many centuries." When psychiatrist Robert Coles interviewed Dan underground, he was told what the Jesuit order means in his life:

> The Jesuits of the 16th or 17th Century lived underground in England to vindicate the unity of the Church. They were willing to do so rather than sit back and take no action to signify their sense of horror at the breakaway of England, an event which was to them a life-and-death question. And Jesuits have died to vindicate the truth of the Eucharist in other European countries. These were, of course, religious questions posed in a religious context.
>
> Protestants can speak in the same way about their martyrs. The difference now is, as a man like Bonhoeffer illustrated for us, that the questions are being posed across the board in a way that says: Shall man survive?

In his belief that the spirit has different missions in different ages, Dan Berrigan refers to Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the evangelical pastor who moved from absolute pacifism to violent resistance against Hitler. Eberhard Bethge has described Bonhoeffer's own sense that Christians have a constantly varying witness to bear against the world:

> Like Kierkegaard, Bonhoeffer had always believed that "Luther would say now the opposite of what he said then," whereby he would really be saying the same thing, the vital thing. Once, faith had meant leaving the cloister; faith might come to mean a reopening of the cloister; and faith might also mean taking part in politics.

Dan spelled out the continuity indifference this way:

> I can't conceive of myself as a Jesuit priest dying on behalf of the Eucharist, dying to vindicate the truth of the Eucharist, except in a very new way—except as the Eucharist would imply the fact that man is of value. . . . Today, in other words, the important questions have an extraordinarily secularized kind of context. So I find myself at the side of the prophets or the martyrs, in however absurd and inferior a way, and I find no break with their tradition in what I am trying to stand for. . . . I cannot pose in such a time as ours these questions as sacred questions involving what I conceive to be a kind of Platonic dogma—even though I hope I believe as firmly in the reality of the Eucharist as 17th Century Jesuits did; and that belief is still very much at the center of my understanding of my life. For me to be underground because of my position and deeds with respect to the Vietnam war—well, I find in that predicament a continuity of spirit with what other Jesuits stood for.

The sense of a large moral heritage, of belonging in the great line of Christian witnesses against the world, gives to the Berrigans and their followers an insouciance that often looks like arrogance. They don't care about the things that interest so many others, the here-and-now little issues, even of their own Church. They call debate about things like papal infallibility or birth control or priestly celibacy Mickey Mouse issues that have nothing to do with Christianity. One of the nuns working on the Harrisburg defense committee explained the solidarity on largely personal issues felt throughout the Catholic underground. "I always wanted to work against the war, but I was afraid. I worried that I wouldn't be able to stand it if I went to jail. Phil gave us a sense that we could support each other, we would never be alone, we would stand together." At the Lewisburg prison, Phil Berrigan ended up in the hole for leaving his assigned prison sector; one of the Catonsville prisons was being threatened with homosexual rape and Phil took him away from danger.

This determination to keep in touch, to provide one another mutual comfort, involves some risk—sympathetic hearing even to desperate people, assurance to those jailed that resistance will continue, dangerous communication with fugitives and those in prison. It is said that Jimmy Hoffa's extensive mail service in and out of Lewisburg prison was offered to Phil, but he preferred to trust committed movement types—and was betrayed by a bogus movement type.

Still, despite the dangers, those whose priorities are so radically different seem to move through our diminished times with strange jauntiness, a refusal to be cowed by the institutions of menace and punishment. Dan during his four months of risky preaching and clever escape displayed some of Southwell's own panache. He stayed invisible by sheer audacity—as when he spoke to an audience full of FBI agents at Cornell, then escaped in the 12-foot-tall papier-mâché costume of an apostle, left over from a mime group's act. The agents had been waiting for the talk to end so that they could arrest him unobtrusively but he slipped away in a symbol far too obvious for them to see, twirling blind yet untouched through danger, safe in the guiding hands of his friends. The lawmen had come to arrest a small priest and they let a large apostle go. The incident sums up all J. Edgar's bungling attempts to bring down this new kind of hero; each act just increases their stature.

When the Berrigans and seven others were convicted of destroying Catonsville draft files, Dan said, "We agree that this is the greatest day of our lives," and politely asked the judge if they could offer a prayer. The poor robed man, aware of judiciary action to keep prayer out of classrooms, did not know what to do with his own courtroom. There is nothing these people do that is not dangerous in some way, these world-troublemakers. At last the judge submitted to his ordeal by liturgy, as the convicts linked hands and recited their Pater Noster. Some of the Elizabethan martyrs, when sentenced to death, had sung in the courtroom a *Te Deum*, the traditional hymn for celebrating victories. Mutual comfort at the scaffold became a task that Catholics imposed upon themselves, treating the gallows as an altar, gathering there for prayer. One man, brought out late, saw a number of his fellow priests lined up for execution, shouted, "Here's a jolly company," and ran up the stairs. Another, when the sun came out—and caused a shiver in the superstitious crowd—laughed off the supposedly favorable sign by saying, "Soon I shall be above yon fellow." When Edmund Campion was told to stop praying in Latin, just before his death, he said, "I pray God in a language we both well understand." What can you do with people who will not be had by Caesar? Even while he ran, Dan Berrigan reminded his pursuers: "We have chosen our fate; we have not been condemned to it."

When Father Dan was captured at last, he was whisked past newsmen, his handcuffs lifted in a crippled wave of the V sign—a baffled hawk, his wings pinned back, but the eyes still bright and mocking. Reporters asked what he would do now and he grinned back, "Resist." When priests and laymen made a "pentecostal fire" of Chicago draft files, police found that a 20-year-old among them had just recently left jail, after serving time for a similar offense. When Dorothy Day, that veteran resister, leader of the Catholic Worker movement, was asked what Catholics could do about the war, she said, "Pack the jails with our men. *Pack* the jails."

Dan Berrigan has in large part inherited the constituency of Dorothy Day, who kept alive the ardent Catholicism of the outcast through our country's

*"Now, how did he know <u>that</u>?"*

militaristic Forties and apathetic Fifties. She looked, for a while, old-fashioned in the cool liberal Sixties of Jack Kennedy, when a new image was given the official Church by Pope John and the Second Vatican Council. That was a time of swinging nuns—Sister Corita Kent celebrating consumer America to show she was "with it," Sister Jacqueline Grennan, the "Jackie" of religion's Camelot. Americanism, once considered a heresy in Rome, became an orthodoxy as silenced theologians won all their old battles (a decade too late to matter) at the Council. Dorothy Day was invited over to Rome and she went with her customary way of obliging Church superiors. But there was always something unbought under her deference. How could she be bought off? She deals in a coinage no Pope can mint at his palace: in young lives—poor lives, desperate lives. She was jailed, in the apathetic time, for sitting on a park bench when sirens wailed the least complacent people in the world—sour, jaded New Yorkers—into bomb shelters. When all the rest were fooled, she wasn't. She wrote what turned out to be the first pages of a growing prison literature on the Catholic left and gave us one of the first glimpses into the crazed Lesbian cages we call women's houses of detention.

It was Dorothy's young people—men like David Miller and Jim Forest—who were restive, even under Kennedy; who moved from civil rights toward peace activism; who knew the war at once for what it was and said, "No incense to Mars, not even a pinch." They burned draft cards: one, in crazy ardor, even burned himself, and Dan Berrigan, preaching at his funeral, realized he must take these young people into dangers less ultimate and futile; into dangers, nonetheless; they had shown their mettle for that. New Catholic radicalisms were coming to birth elsewhere; *Ramparts* began as a slick kind of *Commonweal* West, then alternated futility with opportunism. Products of Catholic schools were now writing the Port Huron Statement and running the Free Speech Movement.

The change in tone between Dorothy Day's time and Dan Berrigan's can be seen in the reaction of officials. They moved from chagrined permissiveness to hysterical repression. Though Dorothy was arrested for defying the air-raid drills of the Fifties, she had often been on picket lines where New York's finest managed to ignore her and her people, though arresting others. Even more important, Dorothy was never in trouble with Church authorities. Cardinal Spellman let her carry on her work in his diocese—without encouragement or endorsement, true, but also without major hindrance. Partly, I suppose, he didn't think a mere woman could be all that dangerous; and Dorothy, for her part, was reassuringly "churchy"—orthodox on purely doctrinal matters, content with the Latin Rite and silences of liturgical *Romanita*. But Dan was a priest and he experimented with new Mass forms and would have no trouble getting into jail; he must be taken care of. Spellman pressured Berrigan's Jesuit superiors to ship him off to Latin America. But then something new happened, something Spellman hadn't counted on, had spent a whole career not counting on, though only now did he realize it: Catholics throughout the country rallied behind Dan (who had gone off obediently to Cuernavaca). The resulting furor backed Spellman up against his cathedral wall. Berrigan was brought back in honor and a new age of resistance was born, to state authority and Church officials.

This was something that could not be coped with in the old way—Spellman's way, or Cardinal McIntyre's way (in Los Angeles), or J. Edgar Hoover's way. Now, instead of Dom and Sal working together, cop-priest with priest-cop, Tom (named for Saint Thomas Aquinas) Foran was prosecuting Tom (named for Saint Thomas More) Hayden. Rocco had become Mario Savio. Catholic judges were listening to Thomistic arguments on higher law and conscience and the limits put on Caesar, then reluctantly sentencing the priests who used all that seminary learning in court to a harsher penal monasticism. Tame ducks were brought in to catch wild ducks; already, *four* Irish Catholic prosecutors were lined up for the Harrisburg trial. Monasteries and convents were hiding draft resisters, nuns raided draft boards and an underground railway had grown up to support fugitives. This underground, despite wild things done by and in it, had been surprisingly successful. Dan, of course, got caught; but only in time, and while courting maximum publicity, and after being given high FBI priority. But people forget that at least 11 convicted Catholics are still loose in the underground, including one of the Catonsville Nine, Mary Moylan.

> [The prophet Jeremiah was] a man profoundly in touch with his tradition, a man profoundly at odds with his tradition. —Daniel Berrigan

Those Catholics who go underground would not be so offensive to "normal" Catholics if it meant going *out*—leaving the Church, the priesthood, the Christian fellowship, once and for all. Timorous episcopal "fishers of men" would gladly shake these fish out of their nets: but the unwanted catch just laugh and hang in there. Phil writes to Dan, "We'll muckle through for old Mother Church." Dan says that the institutional Church nibbled away at Christ—yet Christ was there to be nibbled at. Phil answers, "Yes, she is a whore, but she's our mother." Part a whore and part a queen, and these sons admire her even when she embarrasses them (in a time of world danger, the Vatican newspaper gets most worked up about the subject of miniskirts). Mother may be a wacky dame at best, but these disturbing sons—Phil raucous, Dan ironic—pay her the compliment of finding her "serious" (Phil's word—the statement released when his Baltimore Four burned draft files was signed, "Seriously yours") and "interesting" (Dan's cooler word of accolade).

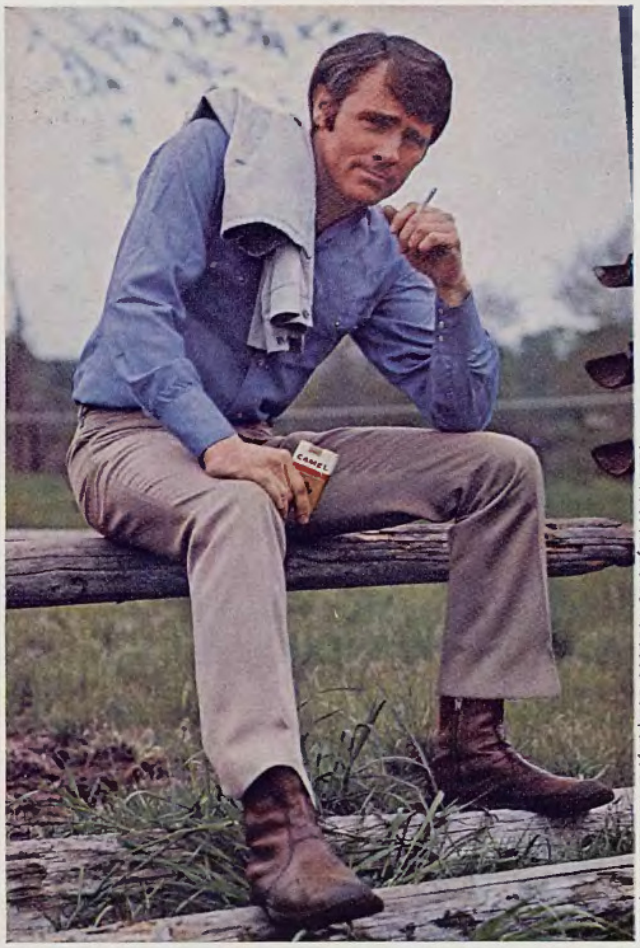
No wonder the agents of law—all those submissive agents of Americanism who wear collars and miters as well as badges—fear such men and women, yet fear to move against them. They *must* be enemies—good Lord, they think the Church is *disreputable*! These agents have never thought her that, nor found her dangerous. The Church's enemies, they feel, are men who call her Mother while remaining unrepentant, those clerical black sheep. And if such criminals persevere, then these agents will follow their consciences (however unhappily), will hunt priests down, arrest and imprison them, remain good Catholics even when the good nuns accuse them of being good Germans. The Berrigans, it seems clear to these men, have hurt the Church even more than they have hurt their country: Bless me, Father, but *you* have sinned—and the night you eluded us, our gentlemanly agreement and forbearance at Cornell, was the night *we* were betrayed. And so the "bird watcher" on Block Island who captured Dan prayed audibly over his deed, *ad majorem Dei gloriam* (to God's great glory). It is the motto of Dan Berrigan's religious order; his captor was saying that *he* was the true Jesuit, distinguisher of duties, maintaining his allegiance to the great J. Edgar in the sky.

One can understand the agent's prayer, his claim to be acting for his Church as well as the state. The Berrigans have turned against their fellow Catholics in certain ways, destroyed that good, safe name built up by years of protesting that, as John Kennedy put it, the Church has nothing to tell politicians. They have brought down the precarious public dignity of the priesthood, exposed even the most sacred things to ridicule and profanation—so that a White House dignitary can make jokes about sex-starved nuns, something even Paul Blanshard would not have dared back in the Fifties. But, in fact, it was not Kissinger who cheapened the nuns' life so much as braless "sisters" in bell-bottoms showing up at protests where four-letter words fill the air and naked kids splash in nearby fountains. Were

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

...almost everybody.

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20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.

all Sister Ingrid Bergman's movie vows taken in vain?

It was the delicate balance Catholics had achieved in this country, which the Berrigans are now destroying: on the one hand, Catholics grew up "safe," trusted as fully American; yet they had their own little enclave of comforting familiar things, some borrowed, some adapted, some preserved—all forming a distinctive texture, a weave of memories. The child was nurtured in the closed jewel box of a Catholic education—open the lid, little girls in white turned around and around to the Latin music-box tune. Catholics "belonged" in America, yet had special ways of belonging to one another, traditional means of recognizing one another anywhere (the telltale vocabulary, fish on Friday, girls' hats on Sunday). The recurrent things were instantly recognizable—the painless unsunned faces of the nuns, each looking like the one who used to teach you; the undertipping otherworldly priest in ill-fitting clothes; the porcine *monsignori* puffing on cigars. The cigar-box style of art—garish mantillaed Madonnas, baby saints, Jesus as a Latin lover without the hair oil. All these things held "the people of God" together without pitting them against the people of America—of whom, indeed, the people of God were a part, and the most accommodating part.

All these symbols had a binding effect on those inside the Church and impressed those outside with the institution's weight and presence, made the Church a pillar of society, a source of stability in "the Free World" (as John Kennedy liked to call it). That was the Catholic contribution to America, one long labored at, finally achieved, then celebrated; and, at the moment of victory, betrayed. Betrayed from within by those who should have proved most loyal. By priests who changed the parish liturgy and then deserted the parish, leaving those who liked the *old* uncomfortable with the *new*, unable to go back or rest in what they had or find a new goal they could move toward. Betrayed by nuns who no longer taught the girls in white dresses a catechism music they could dance to, in time with the machinery of truth. No wonder the young were ready to follow false prophets.

And not only the young. Even Dom, the good cop, is confused. When a defense lawyer asked an FBI man outside the courtroom in Harrisburg if he thought priests would advocate or indulge in violent politics, the agent said, "Why not? Look at the Crusades." In that sentence, abysses open to swallow poor Dom. The Crusades—a holy war, waged by kings and led by priests, church and state one authority, all its parts self-confirming, none self-doubting. But the Harrisburg defendants are *opposed* to war, the warrior-kings and chaplain-priests. Where does that put the agent, along with his God and J. Edgar? *They* are the crusaders, men of political force and holy war. By staying out of politics, the Church has tacitly endorsed and been endorsed by our warfare state, and now finds itself at bay, along with the warmakers.

One part of Catholicism is a captive of the state and the other part is trying to free it. This latter part of the Church not only looks free itself but has a greater sense of identity, of continuity with the past. By contrast, the official Church looks lost, out of contact with its own principles; the timorous parish prays in a mishmash of styles, all forced and unfelt, while Dan Berrigan speaks confidently out of what he calls "the ennobling common patrimony." It has been the Catholic lot, in America, to live "in a kind of moral slum, across the tracks from our past. . . . [Their] minds wear the costumes of their ancestors, a clothing that was once befitting, literally, but is now simply a folklore."

Berrigan is interested in the substance of that past, what it means to carry forward its spirit, not its clothes and

trappings, priestly rags, dimmed jewels. Christianity's *basic* documents and ideals are what he preaches from. Asked what he did while on the run, he answered an interviewer: "Every day, at some point, I read some New Testament and meditated upon it; it's a strict Jesuit tradition to us. Scripture as a point of departure for prayer, and I love the whole penumbra of those words in history." More and more he sees his task in terms of the difficulty of being a man of tradition. "A man can claim to be going somewhere only if he has come from somewhere," for "we are what we have been"—those who reject their past lose the main thing given to them by that past, themselves. Yet, correlatively, "a man can claim to have come from somewhere only if he is going somewhere"—we are what we must become.

Less and less does the merely recent, the fashionably liberal, sound in Dan Berrigan's prose. Once, for instance, he praised the cosmic optimism of Teilhard de Chardin. Yet as he moves toward a Gospel conservatism, he has come to recognize the demonic in our cult of progress, our "obscene olympianism based on technology." He contrasts the reaction of Sartre to the Hiroshima bomb, the rending awareness of tragedy, with Teilhard's rosy encomium to that mushroom, a bomb cloud whose drift proves that all things that rise do *not*, necessarily, converge. Dan's eyes look down, to the evil fruit dropped from that mushroom—charred bodies and a scarred earth, and the city of man undone in an instant. Teilhard, who called the Geophysical Year "Year One of the Noosphere," had to domesticate in that pulsing mental sphere even these mushrooms of the mind. What would he have said about our moon landing? Presumably, what Nixon said: "The greatest week . . . since creation."

Dan found in the moonshot a symbol of our culture's "moral weightlessness," and he sought chains. The prisoner and the astronaut, seared bodies and the cloud, the children and the mushroom—those are the choices we move among, and Dan Berrigan has made his choice. He stands for roots instead of rockets, tradition over progress, tragedy over arrogance, weakness over power, Gospel over Caesar. Nor is this unique with him. Much serious religion tends, today, to be politically radical and theologically conservative. This is not true only of Catholics like Dorothy Day and the Berrigans and Cesar Chavez but of Protestants like Martin Luther King and A. J. Muste, William Stringfellow and William Coffin, and of Jews like Arthur Waskow and Len Rodberg. Despite all the verbal play, often tendentious, over the fact that radical can mean rooted, it does seem now that what goes *downward* is what converges. Men meet each other returning to their sources. That is why, apparently, each of the faiths has turned new attention back on its own and one another's prophets—and, behind them, to those great figures of the past from whom the very term prophet derives. If Saint Paul was called a troublemaker, Ahab had earlier called Elijah "the troubler of Israel" (*1 Kings* 18:17). Prophets were men rebuking kings, calling power back to God. No wonder the bearers of such warning were not welcomed—not Elijah in Samaria, not Amos in Bethel; neither Isaiah in Jerusalem nor Jonah in Nineveh. All the seers have been told that they must not see; all visionaries have been ordered to give up their visions.

This is not because they are innovators. Professor Delbert Hillers has demonstrated that prophets called kings back to an older tradition of the Lord's covenant; and R. B. Y. Scott writes that "They were social revolutionaries because they were religious conservatives." Prophecy looks simultaneously backward and forward, assigns men fresh tasks with an urgency born of ancient obligation. In this way, prophets summon men *into* history, down to where the deep streams run, fed by the oldest springs. Even Jesus, who looked forward when he said, "Do this in memory of me," also looked backward to the prophets (to *Isaiah* 53:12, to blood shed for many) on the night he was betrayed.

## PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 86)*

receive about $160,000 from the Government, only slightly less than last year.

It appears that conservatives such as Wayne and Eastland don't object to Government handouts to themselves; they only object when the recipients are poor people.

Joseph Robinson
Newark, New Jersey

### FORCED TO MARRY

I'm a pediatrician with 22 years of experience in private practice and I am now seeing the offspring of young adults whom I cared for during their infancy and childhood. One of the situations that I see frequently is an infant brought in by its grandmother or other relative. Usually, the mother is working at some unskilled job because she became pregnant, had to get married and was divorced soon after the birth of the child—for whose support she now has to work—and has left the child to be raised by a surrogate mother.

This could have been prevented had the young woman been adequately instructed in contraception, or, failing this, had abortion been available to her. If abortion is unacceptable on moral or religious grounds, an alternative is to go to one of the many homes for unwed mothers operated by religious or social organizations and, after delivery, to give the child up for adoption.

Fortunately, some of the stigma attached to pregnancy out of wedlock is disappearing from our society. If the self-righteous people who object to early dissemination of birth-control information and the liberalization of antiabortion laws will exercise some introspection and realize that it could happen to them or their children, possibly they might open their minds a bit.

J. D. Coffey, Jr., M. D.
Natchez, Mississippi

*"An apple for me? Well, I'll be damned!"*

### THE INTRA-UTERINE DEVICE

My wife and I were among those who were concerned by the many reports of the possibility of dangerous side effects occurring in women who use birth-control pills. While we knew the danger was very slight, this information, combined with the fact that my wife suffered various kinds of discomfort, apparently from using the pill, was enough to convince us that she should switch to a diaphragm. We find it messy, however, and a nuisance, because you either have to premeditate your lovemaking or interrupt it. We're considering switching again, this time to the intra-uterine device, but we are wondering why this method hasn't become more popular in the United States. Is there anything wrong with it? Also, we've heard that the I. U. D. can't be inserted in women who haven't had children, which is the case with my wife. Is this true?

Charles Harris
New York, New York

*Early I. U. D.s produced such side effects as cramps, excessive bleeding and frequent unintended expulsion, which led to a negative attitude toward them on the part of many doctors and patients. Now, however, according to* Medical World News, *new I. U. D. designs being marketed, or about to be, are more efficient and comfortable than their predecessors, can be inserted in women who have not borne children and are free of the factors that produced side effects. Several of the new devices use copper filaments or copper powder blended into the plastic as an antifertility agent.* Medical World News *reports:*

> *The new I. U. D.s are not free of all the problems of their predecessors. Insertion is still followed by some degree of spotting, usually in the first few months of use. They may also induce cramping in nulligravidas [women who have never been pregnant] for a day or two, and the wearer's menstrual flow is generally heavier than that of women without I. U. D.s. None of these side effects is considered serious, though, in light of the convenience and protection the new devices promise.*
>
> *If I. U. D. boosters are right in predicting that these improved devices will win physicians to their side, the 1970s may well be a decade in which intra-uterine contraception mounts a real challenge to the pill, sterilization and its other rivals as the birth controller of choice.*

### VIRGIN LIBERATION

It appears to me that Wendy Robin and the other members of the American Virgin Liberation Front (*The Playboy Forum*, July) could find something more constructive to do than publicly

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promote their virginity. Considering the large number of oppressed people in this country, the idea that virgins need liberation seems a bit absurd. Furthermore, why advertise a commodity whose essence lies in not being available to a consumer?

Theodore Merrill
Glens Falls, New York

### SHAFTED

I think my experience gives me a rather unique perspective on the women's liberation movement. Four years ago, my wife announced she was leaving me and our children; she had a good job, a new car and a single boyfriend. At the time, I had my own shop, but I soon discovered that I had to sell it—there was no way of raising three children and running a seven-days-a-week business at the same time. I sold at a loss and have worked ever since at part-time jobs (during the children's school hours). Needless to say, part-time work is low paying, and this does not exactly cheer me when I contemplate the fact that my ex-wife, with her higher-paying job, got half of my savings (from my old business) when our divorce became final.

On the other hand, I enjoy the children very much. I have also discovered, after four years of monotonous housework, that I can understand the despair and rage that motivate the women's lib movement. I have kept my sense of humor, and I am not going to use up my energy hating all women for what one woman did to me.

Nonetheless, after the way I have been taken financially, I am in no position to marry again, and the nights are lonely after the children go to bed. I find myself very sympathetic to those critics of women's lib who emphasize that, if women want equal rights, they damned well better accept equal responsibilities, too.

Any public revelation of my economic and other problems could lead the local Department of Social Services to take my children away from me "for their own good."

(Name and address
withheld by request)

### WOMEN AND DIVORCE

In past issues of PLAYBOY, when I came across letters in *The Playboy Forum* written in favor of men's liberation, using the present divorce laws as the point of departure, I regarded them as merely the inaccurate analyses of a handful of misinformed men. The recent increase in numbers of letters supporting this view, however, indicates that the misconception is more widespread than I had assumed; I will attempt to clear it up.

That the divorce laws as they exist today are oppressive to men is an undeniable fact. But unless we understand and correct the myths that are behind the creation of such unfair laws, we will not be able to make consistent and necessary changes in all manifestations of these myths (not only the divorce laws).

The current sex roles are a modernized version of what used to have its ground in biological necessity. Only when we stop thinking of women as helpless creatures who can't provide for themselves without male aid can we permit the elimination of divorce laws designed to protect them. Only when sex discrimination in all areas, but particularly in the business world, is ended can we allow the divorce laws to be destroyed, for only then will women be self-sufficient. If the divorce courts are pro-female, it is in an extremely backhanded fashion. A society that considers women incompetent to leave the home is forced by that very reasoning to take on responsibility for them.

The women's liberation movement is fighting against divorce laws. The divorce laws prove that in exploiting women, men have exploited themselves. This is what the women's liberationists mean when they say, "Women's liberation is good for everybody."

Joan Kent
Worcester, Massachusetts

### HEALTHY SWAPPING

I have always been incensed by the nearly ubiquitous assumption that persons who engage in spouse swapping are probably neurotic or, at best, using the activity in an attempt to deal with the misery and boredom of an unhappy marriage. Consequently, I was glad to read that research done over a period of four years by a University of California at Riverside graduate student, who is also a licensed marriage counselor, may lay this puritanical attitude to rest once and for all.

The researcher, Carolyn Symonds, was reported in the Riverside *Press-Enterprise* as saying that she has "heard psychologists criticize swinging because all the swappers they know are those who come to them for therapy. . . . From their limited sample, they've generalized all swingers as unstable, neurotic or psychotic." She, on the other hand, found the mate swappers she met (at about a dozen parties) to be at least as mentally and physically healthy as the average married couple; they came from marriages of varying degrees of satisfaction and stability and they entered the activity for a variety of reasons, including plain old curiosity. They "are on the whole responsible middle-class people. In public places they conform to the norms of middle-class behavior," says Mrs. Symonds.

In short, it seems that swingers are not only undeserving of the legally and morally disparaging attitudes of their detractors but they are also undeserving of the psychological judgments often made implicitly by more "tolerant" folks.

Jed Rosenthal
Los Angeles, California

### SEX AND THE OLDER WOMAN

A story in the *Chicago Sun-Times* declared: "If thinking about sex is any criterion, there are more dirty old (and middle-aged) men than dirty old (and middle-aged) women around, a Duke University psychiatric team has found." The newspaper reported that the psychiatrists found that only six percent of a group of men aged 46 to 71 reported they had lost all interest in sex, while one third of the women in the same age group said they no longer thought about it. Furthermore, 12 percent of the middle-aged men reported no sex activity, while for the women the percentage leading sexless lives was 44 percent.

I find it hard to believe, even granting cultural conditioning, that the sex drive is feebler in middle-aged and older women than it is in middle-aged and older men. Are these findings really scientifically sound?

Thomas Scott
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY *contacted Dr. Eric Pfeiffer, who together with Dr. Adriaan Verwoerdt is conducting this research on sexual behavior in middle life at the Duke University Center for the Study of Aging and Human Development. Dr. Pfeiffer explained that it would be incorrect to conclude that women naturally lose interest in sex at a younger age than men. Women in the middle and older age groups are perfectly capable of sexual activity and would have the desire for it if there were acceptable opportunities available to them. However, women outlive men, on the average, by seven years and marry men an average of four years older than themselves. These figures add up to 11 years of widowhood. Although unmarried middle-aged men have socially condoned sexual outlets and tend to remarry quickly, neither of these conditions prevails for middle-aged women without spouses. Since an interest tends to fade out if there is no hope of gratifying it, lack of available stimulus, not biological factors, is probably the cause of the greater decline of the sex drive in older women.*

### STAMPING OUT PORN

Although San Francisco is often depicted as being at the forefront of the sexual revolution, this city's district attorney is doing his damnedest to destroy that image. I know because, unfortunately, I became involved in his attempts to enforce a strictly puritan morality.

In March 1970, I produced a series of risqué skits, one of which included a 30-second simulated act of oral

*"Thebes is thataway. This is Lesbos."*

intercourse. On two occasions, the San Francisco vice squad witnessed the skits in my presence and no arrests were made. On a later viewing, however, while I was out of town, the police photographed the skit in question, arrested the participants for performing a lewd act and for performing an act of oral copulation, and issued a warrant for my arrest, charging me with "conspiracy to perform an act of oral copulation" and with "aiding and abetting an act of oral copulation," both of which are felonies under California law.

At my trial, the D. A. argued that an actual act of oral copulation had taken place on the stage. No testimony was introduced to support his contention; furthermore, I was not present when the act supposedly took place; no one saw or heard me suggest, imply or command that the actors should do anything but fake it; and, finally, the police testified that the script, which they had read, called for simulation. The jury was not convinced, however, and since it was I whose name was on the marquee and who paid the performers, I was found guilty.

I am now serving two sentences of up to 15 years each. The district attorney, encouraged by his success in my case, has made similar charges against various theater owners, movie producers, etc.

I hope their attorneys are more persuasive than was mine.

Lloyd Downton
Vacaville, California

**THE RADESKY REPORT**

The taxpayers and citizens of California have been victimized outrageously by one Donald A. Radesky, a sergeant of the Los Angeles Police Department, who has been traveling about the state as a self-styled expert on the subject of community standards in pornography. It seems that with two other officers of the L. A. P. D. Sergeant Radesky conducted a survey of 1600 Californians in a number of cities to determine how average citizens felt about nudity and sexual activity onstage, in movies and in magazines. He has used the results of the survey in testifying against a number of persons charged with obscenity. Not surprisingly, since they are members of the L. A. P. D. vice squad, Sergeant Radesky and his colleagues found that a majority of the good people of California are morally offended by bare-breasted women onstage and in movies, by totally nude women onstage, in movies and in magazines, by totally nude men in all media and by depictions of various other sexual deviations in all media.

Charles McCabe, who writes a column called "The Fearless Spectator" for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, commented on Sergeant Radesky's supposedly scientific approach to determining community standards:

> The *modus operandi*, as reluctantly described by Sergeant Radesky under cross-examination in a recent Sacramento hard-core pornography trial, was as follows:
>
> The vice-squad men would go into a supermarket in, say, Nevada City, flash a badge to identify themselves, say they wanted to know something about moral standards "in your community," and then proceed to ask some 20 questions about sex matters, including attitudes toward masturbation, sodomy and oral copulation. . . .
>
> The survey was loaded in a number of directions. The boondocks were given disproportionate weight. Large cities, with considerable porno outlets, were incompletely represented. . . .
>
> Sergeant Radesky has absolutely no background in statistical analysis or survey work. He never completed his high school education, though he has since acquired credits at a Southern California junior college.
>
> His court appearances are effective, and also mildly comic. Before his appearance, he gives the local D. A. a list of the questions he would like to answer, and a summary of his testimony. Those who have heard him say his testimony is like a phonograph record.

McCabe pointed out that Sergeant Radesky "is in effect making law in an important area, rather than enforcing it." Summarizing the case against this farcical enterprise, McCabe wrote:

> That vice cops should be looked upon as authorities on the prevailing community taste in morals is to abandon wholly any idea of fairness in these proceedings, which are loused-up as it is in a welter of conflicting laws. Cops as armed preachers are absurd in any case. In the case of Sergeant Radesky and his diligent colleagues, they are a form of madness. The robbery laws are being made by the thieves.

I recall that in the February *Playboy Forum* a letter from Radesky's superior, E. M. Davis, chief of police in Los Angeles, stated: "I believe very strongly that police should not lobby to make certain actions crimes, nor should they lobby to eliminate certain actions from the status of a crime. The police job is

*"Can you call back later? Right now, he's on an ego trip!"*

to effectively enforce the law." One wonders if Chief Davis was aware of Sergeant Radesky's specious survey, which was conducted at public expense. If so, Chief Davis' claim to be interested in impartial law enforcement would appear to be equally specious.

John Peterson
San Francisco, California

### LATRINE WORDS AND CROTCH SHOTS

For a long time, I have enjoyed PLAYBOY. The format, articles and artwork have always been characterized by high quality.

Lately, however, I note increasing use of four-letter words and very revealing photos. This, in my opinion, merely cheapens a hitherto fine magazine. I enjoy risqué stories and pictures, but not those that border on vulgarity. I have discussed this with others, and the majority of my friends and acquaintances—including my 16-year-old son—do not see any reason why PLAYBOY should stoop to publishing latrine words and crotch shots.

I hope this comment will penetrate your ivory tower.

Jack R. Ellison
Seattle, Washington

*Since questions of good taste, vulgarity and obscenity are decided subjectively, we won't try to convince you that ours is the right approach to these matters. Far from dwelling in an ivory tower, we work hard at keeping up with the changes taking place in our society, and we think there now exist millions of intelligent, educated, responsible and productive citizens in this country who enjoy the appearance of the human body in its natural state and who prefer to see the English language printed as it is actually used. Such people may, in fact, object to your categorizing certain terms as latrine words and may consider the phrase crotch shots an insult to the body. But these are, as we said, subjective matters. Our job is to make our own editorial judgments with as much integrity and honesty as possible.*

### BEAUTY VS. IDEOLOGY

I have been listening to women's liberationists on TV and reading their articles in magazines. Many of them claim that PLAYBOY is an exploiter of women and that the Playmate of the Month feature treats women as sexual objects; I have heard this so often that I began to feel guilty about buying your publication. (Of course, the guilt didn't stop me from purchasing PLAYBOY; it just made me enjoy it less. Missionaries who lay guilt trips on others in hope of changing their behavior never stop to consider that.) Thinking it all over several times, I have finally decided that these new feminists are hysterical and unfair.

The Playmate, I have noticed, is presented in a series of photos and text that depict the young woman as an individual. These girls have bosses, co-workers, boyfriends, girlfriends, pets, parents, brothers, sisters, careers and, often, serious ambitions. It seems to me that PLAYBOY doesn't degrade them; but the women's libbers must humiliate them terribly by calling them such choice epithets as objects and hunks of meat.

Claiming that any nude photograph dehumanizes its subject is just a modern form of puritanism. The new feminists can't seem to see humanity, beauty and sexuality as a personal trinity; they insist on separating these categories and setting them in opposition, just as the old puritans did. This is a revolutionary and progressive ideology? It's a regression to the days when the Church forbade artists to paint nudes.

Dennis A. Newman
Racine, Wisconsin

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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## TOM McMILLEN AFFAIR *(continued from page 158)*

conference. To take some of the heat off himself and his family, Tom announced he would make a decision on April 15th and asked the recruiters to stop harassing him. The only ones who listened were those who knew Tom was giving their schools final consideration.

By early April, McMillen had cut his list to three: Virginia, North Carolina and Maryland. He decided to see each of the coaches once more before making his choice. "Even that wasn't easy," he remembers. "Each coach wanted to be the one who talked to me last." Vince Gibson of Virginia went up to Mansfield on April 10th; North Carolina's Dean Smith sat down with Tom on the 11th and on April 12th, Maryland's Driesell drove up with assistant coach Joe Harrington. (Harrington had been Jay's teammate and roommate at Maryland and had spent so much time with the McMillens he was practically considered a member of the family.)

The next day, unable to get any peace at home because of interruptions by coaches and newspaper reporters, Tom moved into his high school principal's country house for a few days. He took with him about 40 pounds of literature on the three schools, plus several reels of their game films. "I didn't know it then," Tom says, "but I was probably too methodical about the whole thing, going much too deeply into each school. I was comparing facilities like libraries and player personnel. And there was no easy way to judge the players, because coaches only sent up game films in which their players looked like all-Americans."

Around 11 P.M. on April 14th, McMillen telephoned Dean Smith in North Carolina and said, "Coach Smith, how will I look in Carolina blue?" Smith was elated; but the next morning, he got a call from Rich Miller, who told him Tom's parents were opposed to his choice and that a final decision wouldn't be reached for several weeks. At that point, Jay McMillen began lobbying for Maryland. "I'd never talked openly to Tom about coming to school down here," he said, "but when I became convinced that coach Driesell would be able to make Maryland's basketball team 'the UCLA of the East,' as he likes to put it, I told Tom that College Park, Maryland, was the place for him."

Tom wasn't in a receptive mood. "I wouldn't give Jay the time of day," he admits. "I know he was only looking out for me, but at the time I thought he was being domineering. There I was, getting hounded by so many people on the outside, and when my brother comes home for a visit, what does he do but give me the same spiel about one institution that I'd been hearing for years." To further complicate the situation, McMillen wanted to reach a decision before the end of June, when he and 43 other invited players would spend three weeks in Colorado trying out for the 12-man 1972 U.S. Olympic Development Basketball Team, which would afterward make a three-week summer exhibition tour through Europe.

On June 24th, Tom announced he would enroll at the University of North Carolina. "I liked coach Dean Smith and his assistants," he says, "and making a decision gets the pressure off. I'd once thought that when I picked my college, it would be a happy day, but the only thing I remember feeling was relief. And not too much of that, either—my folks weren't pleased about me going to North Carolina."

Tom's parents did not attend the press conference at which he made public his decision. For reasons that would not become known until many months later, they both bitterly resented coach Smith. "Tom's been brainwashed," Mrs. McMillen said at the time. The next morning, newspapers throughout the country speculated about the family's internal conflicts, and many reporters were highly critical of Dr. and Mrs. McMillen. A surprising number of coaches, however, publicly sympathized with them. "I'm disgusted to be associated with a group of men—and I'm talking about college basketball coaches—who are splitting up families," commented Villanova's Jack Kraft. "It's not just McMillen, it's all the superstars. When coaches split up a family, it's about time for everybody to take stock of themselves and time for the authorities to do something."

• • •

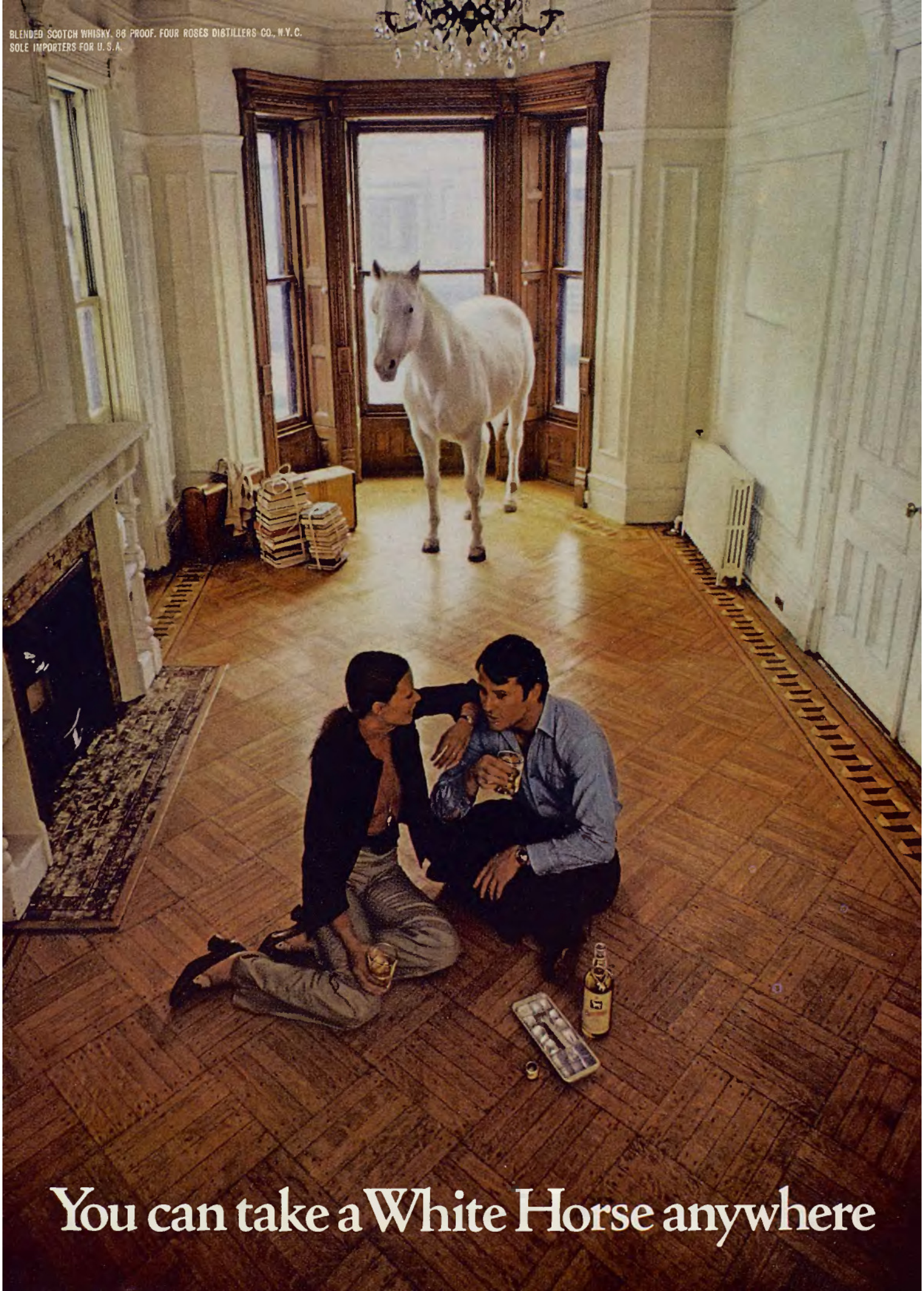
College basketball coaches don't start out as cynical, ruthless, high-pressure recruiters; they're made that way by a hypocritical athletic system that preaches mightily about amateurism while raking in immodest profits. Although college basketball teams don't earn the million-dollar profits a big-time football program can generate each year, schools with arenas seating 12,000 people or more can net as much as $200,000 a season. Basketball's lower operating costs make it a far more sporting proposition than football for most schools; approximately $700,000 is needed to underwrite a single football season at many major universities, but the average expense for basketball is about $130,000 and many manage it with a third of that.

Universities, one needs to point out, don't engage in intercollegiate athletics merely for money. UCLA's John Wooden, the most successful coach in the history of college basketball, says, "A fine athletic program produces increased student morale and increased diploma value." Even campus radicals will turn out to watch a Lew Alcindor or a Sidney Wicks, and by increased diploma value Wooden means that employers frequently smile on job seekers from colleges made famous by their basketball teams. Just a small sampling of such schools would have to include Dayton, Duquesne, Jacksonville, Kansas, Kentucky, La Salle, Loyola of Chicago, Marquette, New Mexico State, Niagara, North Carolina, Providence, St. Bonaventure, St. John's, San Francisco, Santa Clara, Temple, UCLA, Utah and Villanova.

But there are many other reasons basketball is so important to colleges. The publicity that winning schools receive quickly translates itself into ever-increasing numbers of freshman-class applicants, whose growing ranks make it necessary for a college to expand its physical plant. Just as businesses seek to grow, so, too, do universities. Successful basketball seasons have also been known to boost annual alumni contributions, which have, in turn, helped erect such nonathletic edifices as science buildings and libraries on scores of campuses. Obviously, then, a victorious basketball team means a great deal to a great many colleges in a great many ways. To a coach, however, it primarily means continued employment: Should he fail to produce a winner, out he goes.

The only way a coach can build a nationally ranked team is to acquire the services of at least one or two superstars. But the nature of the sport makes it difficult to come up with the players most in demand: talented lads who are close to seven feet tall. The selectivity involved thus makes the recruiting of high school basketball stars far more pressurized than the annual man hunt for college football players. While schools can always find plenty of 6'3" strong-armed quarterbacks, there simply aren't enough truly excellent tall basketball players to go around. Fewer than a dozen such prospects come out of America's high schools each year; so when coaches encounter a phenomenon like Tom McMillen, who possesses a surfeit of skills as both a pivot man and a forward, they naturally go just a little bit crackers. When, after all, was the last time either Chamberlain or Alcindor was seen popping 20-footers through the nets?

Coaches quickly learn about prospects like McMillen in a variety of ways: through newspaper and magazine reports and reporters, high school and other college coaches and athletically inclined alumni and friends they cultivate throughout the country. They also rely on several high school player-rating services; although N. C. A. A. regulations prohibit member schools from doing so, they subscribe to these confidential reports and guard their copies zealously. The two most authoritative, it's generally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thought, are published by Howard Garfinkel (covering primarily Eastern basketball) and Dave Bones (national).

But even without building an extensive information network, a college coach can find players easily enough. The greatest sources of raw basketball talent are America's big cities and the biggest of these, New York, is a basketball scout's paradise. If New York players are the most desired commodities in college basketball, it's only because they have consistently been good investments and, during the Sixties, practically dominated the sport. In 1963, Loyola of Chicago won the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship using two starters who were graduates of New York high schools; three New Yorkers led the University of Texas at El Paso (then Texas Western) to an N. C. A. A. title in 1966. The rest of the decade was reserved for UCLA's Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor, a graduate of Manhattan's Power Memorial Academy. Power is a member of the Catholic High School Athletic Association, which each year turns out some of the nation's finest players; two C. H. S. A. A. alumni, Marquette's Dean ("The Dream") Meminger and South Carolina's John Roche, were all-Americans this past season.

Jack McCloskey, Wake Forest's respected coach, notes, "New York players have a well-earned reputation for being tough and hungry out on the court, but they're no different from any other kids when it comes to deciding on a college. If you don't convince them you're interested in them as individuals as well as players, they'll go elsewhere." But coaches don't really enjoy wooing prospects and privately agree with John McKenna, Georgia Tech's assistant athletic director, who recently said he'd never return to coaching, because of the "fawning on teenaged athletes that the job requires."

Recruiting was not always so complex and cutthroat. In the late Forties, a kind of neighborhood school system was still in effect: Any university in or near a big city usually produced fine basketball teams. But the first wave of college basketball scandals changed all that. In 1951, it was discovered that players for City College of New York, then rated number one nationally, and Long Island University had been fixing betting point spreads and/or games in return for payoffs from gamblers. CCNY and LIU corrected the problem by de-emphasizing the sport—and by so doing, unintentionally restructured college basketball recruiting. Unsure if New York's other colleges would continue big-time competition, young men began deserting the city for universities in other parts of the nation. When Wilt Chamberlain accepted a grant-in-aid to the University of Kansas in 1955, he further set the style for East Coast players. "I was supposed to have been made all kinds of lavish offers by various schools, involving money, cars, big jobs after graduation and help for my family," said Wilt after he left Kansas at the end of his junior year to tour with the Harlem Globetrotters. "Actually, there are very few such offers. But there was every kind of high-pressure salesmanship. Coaches seldom try to sell you on an education. They try to sell you on other things—campus jobs, summer jobs, big athletic programs and affluent alumni."

That kind of selling still prevails, but in the case of an honest and fairly sophisticated young man like Tom McMillen, many more approaches must be attempted. Most coaches delivered almost identical sales pitches that Tom listened to, with increasing irritation, for three years: He alone was the final ingredient the coach needed to take his team to the national championship; the coach's offense was geared to a player of exactly Tom's talents; the publicity Tom would receive by playing at the coach's college would lead to his becoming an all-American and getting a lucrative pro contract; campus life was the best in the country; the school's coeds were the prettiest; the school's weather was ideal (if it wasn't ideal, the coach would offer something like, "Who wants to live in a place where it's hot all year long?"). A few recruiters were bright enough to spot McMillen's interest in academic excellence quickly, and every time a professor accomplished something newsworthy Tom would get a copy of the college press release accompanied by a personal note. McMillen was also thoroughly familiar with two other standard attractions: a major schedule and a spacious, modern home court. This last is a crucial selling point and an important reason such basketball powers as UCLA, Notre Dame, Purdue, South Carolina, New Mexico State and Princeton have all built new arenas in the past several years. But Jerry Conboy, a former assistant coach at Davidson and now head coach of Pittsburgh's Point Park College, observes: "You can't finally tell what will be important to a 17-year-old, although we all try. I know of one school that lost a great prospect because he didn't like its *uniforms*."

Because boys like Tom McMillen are hotly pursued by the nation's most famous schools, they rarely come in contact with the handful of free-lance recruiters who can be found hanging around high school gymnasiums in every major Eastern city. Free-lancers, who are known as spooks, procure players for remotely situated schools that will pay at least $1000 per player. The spooks' best markets lie in the Western half of the nation, although in the past few years business has been picking up in the South, particularly in Florida. It's a shabby scene, since the spook will get a chance to earn his commission only when the player he's after has compiled an abysmal academic record and is just below the level of a superstar. (If he's that good, scores of colleges will accept him as a probationary student.) If the prospect hasn't been graduated from high school, the spook can still sell him to any number of junior colleges where he can make up his academic deficiencies by merit or by favor. He will then transfer to a big-time basketball college where he'll be eligible to play in his junior year. Spooks never talk about anything as mundane as the value of a college diploma to their kind of recruit, since these athletes are rarely graduated. Instead, they talk money. The current average wage for a ballplayer attending a "renegade" school (one that will flout just about any N. C. A. A. recruiting regulation in its quest for national sports publicity) is about $200 a month. Much of it will be paid in the form of game tickets and merchandise the player can easily sell on campus.

Illegal recruiting practices, however, are hardly the exclusive domain of spooks and their clients. Many high school boys, especially those from urban ghettos, can be easily persuaded to attend a school by such inducements as the use of an automobile, a handsomely furnished offcampus apartment, a complete wardrobe, a stereo rig, a color television and a high-paying part-time job (such as making sure no one absconds with the basketball court). It's exceedingly rare for all of these items to be dangled before the often-jaded eyes of an outstanding prospect, but it's just as rare for none of them to be. And if a blue chipper is on the take, all he has to do is indicate it and too many coaches will quickly contact local businessmen willing to support the team in such a fashion.

If a highly sought-after blue chipper is still undecided after all the standard inducements (legal or otherwise) have been presented, a coach will enlist the aid of illustrious alumni or well-known friends of the university. James Brown, the top prospect from Washington, D. C., in 1969, was personally contacted for Harvard by Senator Ted Kennedy. In McMillen's case, several schools pulled out all the stops. The University of Virginia, aware of his career aim, invited him to watch an operation performed by Dr. Frank McCue, its famed orthopedic surgeon. Dr. McCue afterward sat down and talked medicine with Tom—and also informed him of the excellent premed training he could receive at Virginia's medical school. The University of Maryland had Tom to lunch with Senator Joseph Tydings and Governor Marvin Mandel. West Virginia dispensed with alumni

*"That was pretty good, but you seemed preoccupied or something."*

altogether and introduced Tom to Lyndon Johnson.

In the end, however, McMillen's choice of North Carolina brought to mind words spoken by Jack Kuhnert, former coach of Power Memorial. "I've seen a lot of boys pick a lot of colleges. All ten seniors on our team received basketball scholarships one year. And in almost every case, it turned out that the coach who was the first to pay attention to the ballplayer was the one whose school the boy selected." North Carolina's Dean Smith had been the first college coach to notice McMillen, and Tom had chosen the Tarheels. But while on that summer tour of Europe with the Olympic Development Team, McMillen had begun to re-examine his decision.

"Right after I left for Europe," Tom said a few months ago, "I realized our whole family had been pressured until we'd all become hypertense." McMillen had listened too carefully, he maintains, to the countless teams of recruiters who had visited his home. "I'd let them troop in night after night, the head coaches who brought along deans and faculty advisors. It had taken me two whole years to decide on North Carolina, Maryland or Virginia. They're all members of the Atlantic Coast Conference and offer about the same combination of basketball, academics and social life. When we were playing in Russia, it occurred to me that I would be happy at any of those schools. Thinking that way, I decided to weigh my parents' feelings on the subject when I got back home."

Tom's mother wanted him to attend the University of Virginia, mainly because she admired coach Vince Gibson, an old family friend who'd coached at Mansfield State College for six years before moving on to Charlottesville. Dr. McMillen wanted him to go to Maryland, so that Tom could play under coach Lefty Driesell, who'd turned tiny Davidson College of North Carolina into a basketball powerhouse before being hired away by Maryland the year before. More importantly, Mansfield is only a six-hour drive from College Park, compared with a ten-hour trip from Chapel Hill, North Carolina—and Dr. McMillen had rarely missed seeing Tom play a game during his four years of high school competition. "I'd have to say I rationalized about the distance factor when I originally made my decision to go to North Carolina," Tom said. "At the time I thought, 'Well, it's not such a long drive.' After I came back from Russia, I realized it was quite a drive and I do want my father to see me play. I've always wanted that. We're very close and we'd miss each other a lot, especially if it wasn't necessary."

Tom's parents were in agreement on North Carolina: They didn't want him to go there, because they were unalterably hostile to coach Dean Smith. Although Smith incurred resistance simply for representing a school other than the two Tom's parents preferred, at least two incidents deeply offended them. Before Tom announced for the Tarheels, Smith sent him a package of University of North Carolina basketball equipment, which Dr. and Mrs. McMillen felt was a tactic designed to make Tom feel obligated to UNC—and, as such, was a breach of ethics, however slight. More serious was an incident that took place one evening when Smith visited the McMillen home shortly after the close of the 1970 basketball season. Smith asked Tom to telephone another superprospect, 7'4" high school all-American Tom Burleson, to break the happy news that both of them would be playing for North Carolina. Tom stepped into the kitchen to tell his mother he'd be making a long-distance call but that the family wouldn't have to pay for it—Smith would allow McMillen to charge it to his credit-card number. Mrs. McMillen ordered her son not to make the call, explaining that since Burleson hadn't yet selected a college, Tom would be acting as a recruiter for North Carolina by calling him. Minutes later, she entered the living room and found Tom on the telephone with Burleson. Dr. McMillen is still angry about it. "Smith smiled sheepishly at my wife and told her Tom *insisted* on placing the call. That was an outright lie."

Equally unsettling to the family (and rarely alluded to) was the fact that before the start of Tom's senior year, his brother Paul had been persuaded by Tarheel recruiters to switch from Pittsburgh's Duquesne University law school to North Carolina. When Paul dropped out a few weeks after the semester began, he conveniently procured a job as a bank officer in Chapel Hill. Such intriguing tactics were not confined to Carolina, however. It was an open secret that Maryland's Driesell hired Joe Harrington as an assistant coach primarily

*"Is there someone else, Harry?"*

because of his close relationship with Tom and his parents. Harrington never disguised the fact. "But I couldn't ever come on like a recruiter does," he says, "because I happen to like Tom a lot and I wasn't about to betray a trust I'd shared with the McMillens for six years."

A few days after returning from Europe, Tom, his father (who had just gotten out of the hospital), and Len Snyder (whose brother owns the Buffalo Braves, a professional basketball team) drove down to Ocean City, Maryland, for the Labor Day weekend. Harrington drove up to see them. "Tom began asking me questions about Maryland's campus and subjects he wanted to take as a freshman," Harrington says. "In the past, he had asked neutral questions, but now I could see he was off North Carolina and really thinking about Maryland for the first time. I was starting to get my hopes up."

When McMillen got back from Ocean City, coach Gibson of Virginia received a telephone call from a friend in Mansfield informing him that Tom definitely would not enroll at North Carolina; Gibson flew up to Tom's home a day later. After a talk with Tom and his parents, Gibson asked Dr. McMillen if he objected to the school. "He said no," Gibson told a reporter, "and I looked at Tommy and his face just lit up. Right then I figured I held all the aces. Later on that night, Tommy asked me questions about stuff he would need for school. I knew we were in."

The next night, however, Jay McMillen drove up from College Park and he, Tom and their father stayed up until six A.M. exploring every aspect of the three schools. Tom had to make a final decision by morning, when college registration would begin. After a few hours, it became clear to all three that Tom's choice would finally hinge on who his freshman teammates would be. Jay reports, "Tom had gone through four years of high school playing against teams that would surround him with their three biggest players. He didn't want to go through college ball the same way."

The three men sat down and began reviewing freshmen who would be playing for the three schools. For the first time in many years, North Carolina had suffered bad luck in the recruiting wars. Burleson, the prospect Tom had phoned for Dean Smith, had signed with North Carolina State, and neither of UNC's two top frosh, 6'8" Bobby Jones and 6'6" John O'Donnell, was considered a true blue chipper. (If Burleson had been teamed with them, however, Tom would have opted for North Carolina.) Without another highly rated player to take some of the scoring and rebounding pressure off McMillen, North Carolina was quickly eliminated. Virginia's freshmen were weaker than the Tarheels'. The team's big man, 6'9" Lanny Stahurski from Pittsburgh, was not rated a potential superstar—and he was the Cavaliers' only exceptional player. That left Maryland. In his first full year of recruiting, coach Driesell had signed up three high school all-stars and an underrated ball handler—and all four seemed to perfectly complement McMillen's abilities. Mark Cartwright, 6'11", who chose Maryland over 200 other colleges, was a fine outside shooter who could help out underneath; Jap Trimble, a superb 6'4" scorer from Power Memorial, would further keep defenses from sagging on McMillen; and Rich Porac, Tom's roommate at the Dapper Dan, was a less heralded playmaker who might be able to feed McMillen as many as 16 points' worth of assists a game. The key man, however, was Power Memorial's 6'9" Len Elmore, generally considered the rebounding equal of any high school player in America. Elmore's defensive skills are reminiscent of former Boston Celtic Bill Russell, and his natural position is center. At the other schools, Tom might have wound up playing center, but he feels his best position is forward—where he would obviously be used at Maryland.

*"It's my first time, too."*

The next morning, Virginia's Gibson was astonished to learn Tom had left town with Jay and was heading south for College Park. That afternoon, *l'affaire* McMillen was finally concluded when Tom registered for classes at the University of Maryland. "When I got there," he says, "all I wanted to do was get things back to normal—playing basketball and attending classes." When the news reached North Carolina, coach Smith said that Tom had been set upon by his parents; Dr. and Mrs. McMillen began receiving threatening and obscene letters from people in North Carolina.

In his freshman year, Tom averaged 29.3 points on the court and a nearly perfect 3.98 in his classes. The freshman Terrapins, rated the best in the country, finished their season with a 16–0 record, all the more remarkable because Elmore suffered two leg injuries and had to sit out most of the season. This year, at least three of them will start for Maryland's varsity, which is already being touted as one of the top ten college teams in the nation. In addition, McMillen was selected to several pre-season all-American squads.

Mrs. Margaret McMillen is calmer now, but she still won't talk about what she feels was the roughest year of her life. "Every day I just thank God that 1970 is over with," she says. "I hope I never have to bear the brunt of such pressure again."

Tom feels just as strongly as his mother does. "When it was all happening to me," he says, "I used to sit back and say, 'Boy, I am going to figure out some way to make recruiting better.' I never really came up with one, because I was too involved in trying to avoid the recruiters. I'm just glad it can only happen to you once. And now that it's over, I want to put it all behind me and never, never think about it again."

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# DOG DAYS

*(continued from page 182)*

unwilling, Len was aroused by those who were passive, who would say yes instantly. He didn't like the devious ploys of love, and it was Ah Meng's obedience ("Shut the door." "Yes, mister.") that made an affair seem possible.

For his lust he blamed his dog days. In some of the books he lectured on, they were mentioned as days of excessive heat, unwholesome influences, practically malignant. The dog days were the hottest time of the year; the days Len passed replaying the Indian's words and staring into the kitchen at Ah Meng were the hottest in his life. And it was literally true.

But hotter on Thursdays, Marian's Film Society night. These nights Len sat, soaking his shirt with sweat and wondering if he should make a move. Ah Meng would be in the downstairs shower, the one that adjoined her room, sluicing herself noisily with buckets of water and hawking and spitting. Later she would sit on the back stairs, holding her small transistor to her ear.

The story of the man in physics restrained him, but there was something more. It was shame. It seemed like exploitation to sleep with your house girl. She might be frightened; she might submit out of panic. The shame created fear and fear was a stupid thing: It made you a simpleton, it unmanned you, it turned you into a zombi. It was as a zombi that he had passed nearly three months.

"Early class tomorrow," Tom Forbes was saying. He was in the center of Len's living room, stretching and yawning, thanking Marian for a lovely evening.

Len looked up and saw that everyone was standing, the Forbeses, the Novaks, Marian, waiting for him to rise and say good night. He leaped to his feet and then bent slightly to conceal his tumescence.

• • •

"What's on?" asked Len, who was marking essays on the dining-room table. Marian clawed at objects inside her handbag.

"*Knife in the Water*," she said, still snatching at things inside the bag. She muttered, "Where are those car keys?"

"They usually show that one," said Len. "Or a Bergman."

"And some cartoons," said Marian, who hadn't heard what Len had said. "Czech ones," she said, looking up, dangling the car keys.

"Enjoy yourself," said Len.

"I've told Ah Meng to heat the casserole. Tell her whether you want rice or potatoes." Patting her hair, snapping her handbag shut, Marian left the house.

As soon as Marian had gone, Len pushed the essays aside and lit a cigarette. He thought about Ah Meng, the man in physics, what the Indian had said. It occurred to him again—this was not a new perception—that the big mistake the man had made was in pinching the girl's bottom. That was rash. The Indian would have advised against it. There were subtler ways.

Ah Meng was beside him.

"Yes?" He swallowed. She was close enough to touch.

"Want set table."

"OK. I'll take these papers upstairs. Make some rice." Distracted, he sounded gruff.

And upstairs at his desk, he continued to pursue his reverie. A squeezed hand was ambiguous and had to be blameless, but a pinched bottom signaled only one thing—and was probably offensive to a Chinese. Also: If Ah Meng had a boyfriend, where was he? She took a bus home on her day off. A boyfriend would have picked her up on his motor bike, a secret-society member in his car. The Indian's way seemed unanswerable: His method was Asian, bottom pinching was not.

"Mister?" Ah Meng was at the study door. "Dinner."

Len got up quickly. Ah Meng was in the kitchen, scraping rice from the pot, by the time he had reached the second landing. He was breathless for a moment and he realized as he gasped for air that he had hurried in order to catch her on the stairs.

He ate forking the food in with one hand and with the other retuning the radio each time the overseas station drifted off into static. He stared at the sauce bottles and forked and fiddled with the radio knobs.

He put down his fork. It made a clank on the plate. Ah Meng was in the room and now leaning over the table, gathering up silverware, piling plates, rolling up place mats. She said, "Coffee, mister?"

Len reached over and put his hand on hers. It was as sudden and unexpected as if his hand belonged to someone else. His hand froze hers. She looked at the wall. *I take hand of woman and I squeeze . . .* but the damned girl wouldn't look him in the eyes! It was getting awkward, so, still squeezing, he said, with casualness that was pure funk, "No, I don't think I'll have a coffee tonight. I think I will have——" He relaxed his grip. Her hand didn't move. He tapped her wrist lightly with his forefinger and said, "A whiskey. I think I'll have a whiskey upstairs."

Ah Meng turned and was gone. Len went upstairs to think; but it took no deep reflection for him to know that he had blundered. It had happened too

fast: The speed queered it. She hadn't looked at him. He thought, I shouldn't have done it then. I shouldn't have done it at all.

Ah Meng did not bring the whiskey. She was in the shower below Len's study, hawking loudly. Spitting on me. He took his red ballpoint and, sighing, poised it over an essay. "*The Canonization* is a poem written in indignation and impatience against those who censored Donne because of what is generally considered to have been his——"

Len pushed the essay (Sonny Poon's) away, threw down the ballpoint and put his head in his hands.

The front door slammed. The house was in silence.

This is the end, he told himself, and immediately he began thinking of where he might find another job. He saw a gang of Chinese boys carrying weapons, mobbing a street. He winced. An interviewer was saying, "Why exactly did you leave Singapore, Mr. Rowley?" He was on a plane. He was in a dirty city. He was in an airless subway, catching his cock on a turnstile's steel picket.

There was a chance (was it too much to hope for?) that she was just outside, on the back stairs, holding her little transistor against her ear. He prayed it was so and in those moments, leaving his study, he felt that strange fear-induced fever that killed all his desire.

He took the banister and prepared to descend the stairs. Ah Meng was halfway up, climbing purposefully, silently, on bare feet. There was a glass in her hand. She wore pajamas.

"I heard the door. I——"

"I lock," she said. She touched his hand and then bounded past him, into the spare bedroom. Len heard the bamboo window blind being released and heard it unroll with a flapping rattle and thump.

• • •

His first thought the next morning was that she had left during the night. Shame might have come to her, regret, an aftertaste of loathing. There was also the chance that she had gone to the police.

Len dressed hurriedly and went downstairs. Ah Meng was in the kitchen, dropping slices of toast into the toast rack as she had done every morning since the Hakka woman left. Marian took her place at the table across from Len and Ah Meng brought their eggs. Ah Meng did not look at him. But that meant nothing: She never did.

Marian chewed toast, spooned egg and stared fixedly at the cornflakes box. That was habitual. She wasn't ignoring him deliberately. Everything seemed all right.

"How was the film?"

Marian shrugged. She said, "Russian film festival next month."

"*Ivan the Terrible, Part One*," said Len. He grinned. But he could not relax. That girl in the kitchen. He had made love to her only hours before. Her climax was a forlorn cry of "Mister!" Afterward, he had told her his name and helped her pronounce it.

"I thought you'd say something like that." Marian turned the cornflakes box and read the side panel.

"Just kidding," said Len. "I might even go to that festival. I liked the Russian *Hamlet*."

"You'd hate all the others," said Marian. She looked bored for a moment, then her gaze shifted to the tablecloth. "Where's your lunch?"

Every morning, it was beside Len's plate, in a paper bag, two sandwiches with the crusts trimmed off, a banana, a hard-boiled egg, a tiny saltcellar, rambutans or mangosteens if they were available at the stalls. Ah Meng, neat and attentive, made sharp creases in the bag, squaring it. The staff-club food—maybe it was the monosodium glutamate?—gave him a headache and made him dizzy.

Today there was no lunch bag.

"Must be in the kitchen," said Len. "Ah Meng!"

There was no cry of "Mister?" There was no cry.

"I don't think she heard me," said Len. He gulped his coffee and went into the kitchen.

Ah Meng sat at the sideboard, sipping tea from a heavy mug. Her back was to him, her feet hooked on the rung of her stool.

"Ah Meng?"

She didn't turn. She swallowed. Len thought she was going to speak. She sipped again at her mug.

"My lunch. Where is it?"

She swallowed again, gargling loudly. That was her reply. It was as if she had said, "Get stuffed."

"Is it in the——" Len opened the refrigerator. The lunch was not inside. He was going to speak again but thought better of it. Marian was around the corner, at the table—out of sight but probably listening. Len found a paper bag in a drawer. He put three bananas in it and looked for something more. He saw a slice of bread on the sideboard and reached for it. Ah Meng snatched it up. She bit into it and sipped at her mug. Her back seemed to wear an expression of triumph. Len left the kitchen creasing the bag.

"Got it," he said. He went behind Marian and kissed her on her ear. She was raising a spoonful of egg to her mouth, which was open. She stopped the spoon in mid-air, held it, let Len kiss,


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and then completed the interrupted movement of the spoon to her mouth.

That evening, when Len returned from the department, Marian said, "Ah Meng wants a raise."

"Really?" said Len. "I thought we just gave her one."

"We did. At least you were supposed to. I wouldn't put it past you to hold back the five dollars and buy something for yourself."

"No," said Len. He ignored the sarcasm. He *had* given Ah Meng the raise. He remembered that well: It was one of the times he had been about to seize and press her hand; but he had handed over the money and panicked and run. "I did give it to her. When was that? About a month ago?"

"I told her she gets more than the Novaks' Susan and doesn't have children to mind. She gets her food and we pay her Central Provident Fund. I don't know what more she wants."

"What did she say?"

"She insisted. 'Want five dollar, mem,' " said Marian, imitating absurdly. Her mimicry was all the more unpleasant for the exaggerated malice of its ineptitude. "It's not the five dollars, it's the principle of the thing. We gave her a raise a month ago. If we give in this time, she'll ask again next month, I know. I told her to wait until you came home. You're better with her."

"Maybe we should give it to her," Len said. "Five bucks Singapore is only one-sixty U. S."

"No, I expect you to be firm with her. No raise this month!"

In the kitchen, Ah Meng faced him—was that a sneer or a smile? Len said, "Mem says you want a raise. Is that right?"

She didn't blink. She continued to sneer, or perhaps smile. There was a red mark, just at the base of her neck, near the bump of her shoulder bone, a slight love scratch. From his own hand.

"Says you want five dollars more."

*"I think it's bad for our young people to see all that sex going unpunished."*

Her expression was that of a person looking at the sun or facing a high wind. It was a look only the Chinese could bring off. It revealed nothing by registering the implausible, severe pain. But this pain had to be discounted, for the face, on closer inspection, bore no expression at all: The eyes were simply a shape, they were not lighted, they gave Len no access.

Marian, out of sight, called from the dining room, "Tell her if she does her work properly, we'll give her something around Christmas!"

"If you do your work properly," said Len loudly, taking out his wallet, fishing around and discovering that he had three tens and two ones, and then giving her a ten, which she folded small and put into her handkerchief and tucked into the sleeve of her blouse, "if you do your work properly, we *might* give you something around Christmas. But we can't give you anything now."

The *might* came to him on the spur of the moment and Marian, who overheard, thanked him for it.

Len felt cold and started to shake. He went upstairs and clicked his red ballpoint at the unmarked essays. His dog days were over. But something new was beginning: intimidation. He didn't like it.

For the next few school days, he stayed up until Marian went to bed. Then he made his lunch in the kitchen, remembering to crease the paper bag, and this he placed on the dining-room table, which was set for breakfast.

On Tuesday he had an idea. Marian was having her Pernod with ice on the veranda, a touch she learned from a foreign film; she played with the small glass and watched its cloudy color.

"Is Ah Meng around?" Len whispered.

"At the market. We ran out of salt."

"Then I don't have to whisper." But this was a whisper. Len had downed five stengahs on the way home. "Marian, seriously, I think we should fire her."

"Why?" Marian frowned.

Len expected to be challenged, but not so quickly or (Marian was squinting at him) aggressively.

"Lots of reasons," said Len, starting.

"I thought you were so pally with her."

"Me? Pally? That's a laugh." Len forced a laugh. He heard its cackling falsity as a truly horrible sound and stopped. "Here, look what she did to my pants."

Len stood and showed Marian his leg. On the thigh was a brown mark of an iron, the shape of a rowboat. Between

the Conrad lecture and the Donne tutorial, Len had borrowed an iron from a Malay woman at the junior-staff quarters and he had scorched his pants in his locked and darkened office. "Burned the hell out of them."

"That's a shame," said Marian.

"Burned the hell out of them," Len repeated.

Marian said, "You know, I've never said anything, but she's done that lots of times to my dresses. She scorches the collars."

"That's it, then! Out she goes!"

"OK, Len, if you say so. But there's going to be trouble with the Labor Exchange. It'll be just like the Novaks."

"What about the Novaks?"

"Investigated," said Marian. "By the Labor Exchange. After Susan's hair fell out, Tony said he didn't want to see her around, couldn't stand that bald head, or so he said. The Labor Exchange came to investigate—Susan told them, of course—and there was a great to-do."

"I didn't know they did things like that."

"Went on for weeks," said Marian. The Pernod was to her lips.

Ah Meng entered the house and went into the kitchen.

"I'll speak to her," said Marian.

"That's OK. I will—they're my pants," said Len.

He went into the kitchen and closed the door. Ah Meng's back was to him; she was removing small parcels wrapped in newspaper and bound with rubber bands from her market basket. Len made himself a gin and tonic.

"I guess we ran out of salt, eh?"

Ah Meng walked past him and closed the refrigerator door hard.

Len went out to the veranda.

"She says she sorry."

• • •

Thursday came. Len asked, barely disguising the desperation in his voice, "Say, Marian, how about letting me go with you to the Film Society? We can go out to eat afterward. What do you say?"

"Are you putting me on?"

"No, honest to God," said Len, his voice cracking. "Take me. I won't make any comments. I'd love to go."

"Mister is going with me," said Marian to Ah Meng later.

Momentarily, Ah Meng faced a high wind; then she turned away.

The film was *L'Avventura*. Len watched with interest. He murmured that he was enjoying it, and he meant it. At the end, when Sandro sits abjectly on the bench and wrings his hands and starts to cry, blubbering with a pained look, Len understood and he snuggled close to Marian in the darkness of the Cultural Center. Marian patted him on the knee. Afterward, as Len promised, they went to the Pavilion and had cold silky oysters with chili sauce and tankards of stout.

Marian said, "We should do this more often," and at home, confidentially, "Keep me awake, Len," which was the whispered euphemism she used when she wanted to make love. Len was tired but put the fan on full and made love to Marian with resolve, allowing his vigor to announce his new fidelity. Then he turned the fan down.

He lay on his back, his hands folded across his chest, proceeding feet first into sleep; but even much later, in the stillness of deep night, sleep was only to his knees. His eyes were open, his mouth clamped shut and he was apprehensive, at that stage of fatigue where one's mind is vulnerable enough to suggestion to be prodded and alarmed and finally reawakened by a sequence of worrying images, broken promises, papers not marked, unpaid bills. He shooed his thoughts as they appeared tumbling and circling like moths attracted to the glowing bulb of his half-awake brain. He made an effort to switch off his mind—as one would a lamp in an upper room on a summer night, so as to quiet what had collected and not to attract more. But something in that darkness stung him: It was the thought of his lunch.

He went down to the kitchen. The sleepiness made him look like a granny in rumpled pajamas and electrified hair—like the elderly Hakka woman with the simian face and loose *sam foo*, her silk trousers with cuffs a yard wide, her narrow shoulders and square swollen knuckles. He muttered like her and nodded at what he was doing and, just like her, in the curious conserving motion of the very old, fussed nimbly with his hands and at the same time shuffled slowly in broken shoes. He opened and closed cupboards, found a lunch bag, cut tomatoes, and he dealt out bread slices onto the sideboard as if starting a game of solitaire. With his impatient fingernail, he pecked the boiling egg into its suds of froth.

A hand brushed the back of his neck. It was a caress, but he reacted as if dodging a dagger swipe.

"You scared the life——"

Ah Meng took his hand and did not let go. "Ren," she said, giving his name the rising intonation of a Chinese word.

Len shook his head. He said, "No."

Ah Meng pressed his hand. She was unhurried, looking at him without blinking. She tugged. Len tried to pull away. But she was the stronger; with his free hand, Len turned the gas off under the cooking egg. She led him to her room. He would have time before dawn to finish making his lunch.


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# Handsomest Drowned Man

*(continued from page 122)*

made me fall on top of the dead man, the men began to feel mistrust in their livers and started grumbling about why so many main-altar decorations for a stranger, because no matter how many nails and holy-water jars he had on him, the sharks would chew him all the same, but the women kept piling on their junk relics, running back and forth, stumbling, while they released in sighs what they did not in tears, so that the men finally exploded with since when has there ever been such a fuss over a drifting corpse, a drowned nobody, a piece of cold meat. One of the women, mortified by so much lack of care, then removed the handkerchief from the dead man's face and the men were left breathless, too.

He was Esteban. It was not necessary to repeat it for them to recognize him. If they had been told Sir Walter Raleigh, even they might have been impressed with his gringo accent, the macaw on his shoulder, his cannibal-killing blunderbuss, but there could be only one Esteban in the world and there he was, stretched out like a sperm whale, shoeless, wearing the pants of an under-sized child and with those stony nails that had to be cut with a knife. They had only to take the handkerchief off his face to see that he was ashamed, that it was not his fault that he was so big or so heavy or so handsome, and if he had known that this was going to happen, he would have looked for a more discreet place to drown in, seriously, I even would have tied the anchor from a galleon around my neck and staggered off a cliff like someone who doesn't like things, in order not to be upsetting people now with this Wednesday dead body, as you people say, in order not to be bothering anyone with this filthy piece of cold meat that doesn't have anything to do with me. There was so much truth in his manner that even the most mistrustful men, the ones who felt the bitterness of endless nights at sea fearing that their women would tire of dreaming about them and begin to dream of drowned men, even they and others who were harder still shuddered in the marrow of their bones at Esteban's sincerity.

That was how they came to hold the most splendid funeral they could conceive of for an abandoned drowned man. Some women who had gone to get flowers in the neighboring villages returned with other women, who could not believe what they had been told, and those women went back for more flowers when they saw the dead man, and they brought more and more, until there were so many flowers and so many people that it was hard to walk about. At the final moment, it pained them to return him to the waters as an orphan and they chose a father and mother from among the best people, and aunts and uncles and cousins, so that through him all the inhabitants of the village became kinsmen. Some sailors who heard the weeping from a distance went off course and people heard of one who had himself tied to the mainmast, remembering ancient fables about sirens. While they fought for the privilege of carrying him on their shoulders along the steep escarpment by the cliffs, men and women became aware for the first time of the desolation of their streets, the dryness of their courtyards, the narrowness of their dreams as they faced the splendor and the beauty of their drowned man. They let him go without an anchor, in order that he might come back if he wished and whenever he wished, and they all held their breath for the fraction of centuries the body took to fall into the abyss. They did not need to look at one another to realize that they were no longer all present, that they would never be. But they also knew that everything would be different from then on, that their houses would have wider doors, higher ceilings and stronger floors, so that Esteban's memory could go everywhere without bumping into the beams and so that no one in the future would dare whisper the big boob finally died, too bad, the handsome fool has finally died, because they were going to paint their house fronts gay colors to make Esteban's memory eternal and they were going to break their backs digging for springs among the stones and planting flowers on the cliffs. In future years, at dawn the passengers on great liners would awaken, suffocated by the smell of gardens on the high seas, and the captain would have to come down from the bridge in his dress uniform, with his astrolabe, his polestar and his row of war medals and, pointing to the promontory of roses on the horizon, he would say in 14 languages, look there, where the wind is so peaceful now that it's gone to sleep beneath the beds, over there, where the sun's so bright that the sunflowers don't know which way to turn, yes, over there, that's Esteban's village.

*—Translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa*

*"And did the lady wish an adult or child's portion?"*

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After all, you just want to call his bluff. Not destroy his ego.

GTE SYLVANIA

# HENRY MILLER *(continued from page 185)*

pornographic, obscene things in your paintings? Why is that?' I don't know why. It never occurs to me when I'm painting. I don't paint from a standpoint of ideas. I express my ideas in writing. Painting is a day-by-day spontaneous thing. Whatever comes out comes out."

CREATING: "What am I? Am I supposed to be a critic? I'm not, especially of my own work. I don't know what to relate my work to when I look at it. The primary thing for me is simply the pleasure of picking up the brush and seeing what happens. That's another thing, that expression 'what happens.' Rather than planning and delivering and executing, I let things happen. If there's to be any judgment about my work, or criticism or appreciation, it has to be done by the viewer, not by the doer. The doer is finished with it the moment he's done it."

"What God did was to bring about order. In other words, He did *not* create. That's the definition in my mind of an artist, that he is only a man who rearranges things."

WRITING: "I get a sensual enjoyment out of reliving an experience—maybe even an increased enjoyment. The experience seems heightened. There's a double play going on. The first time you do something, you're not conscious of it, as it were. You don't look at yourself in the mirror. Then, when you're writing, it's just like looking in a mirror and watching yourself doing it all over again. And you *know* you're performing this time. That's the difference between the conscious and the unconscious action."

"It's not *what* I have written, it's the writing itself. Because that's my life, writing. The pure act itself is what is most important. *What* I say is not so important. Often it's foolish, nonsensical, contradictory—that doesn't bother me at all. Did I enjoy it? Did I reveal what was in me? That's the thing. And, of course, I don't know what's in me. That's the really important thing. The difference between me and other writers is that they struggle to get down what they've got up here in the head. I struggle to get out what's below, in the solar plexus, in the nether regions."

EROS: "I think of sex as a very natural thing, like birth or death. I don't think it has to be given special consideration as a subject. It's a big part of life—half of life, if you like, but I don't see that we need put such great emphasis on it. Lawrence did, however. It was a big thing in his life. I think somewhere he said there were two roads to salvation; one was the religious route and the other was the sexual. Well, I don't think of sex as a liberating force."

"For me sex wasn't an everyday thing. Attached to the woman's cunt was always the woman herself. The *woman* was the most interesting thing. The cunt was important, sure, but that wasn't the whole of it, except in some rare cases. When men refer to a woman as 'nothing but a cunt' or, rather, 'all cunt,' that's meaningful, too. But I was always more interested in the woman, the whole woman. More than that, I'm always interested in the mind. What is she thinking? What is this mind that I'm grappling with? Get at it! Penetrate it!"

"So many men look upon a relationship with a woman from the sexual angle. It's the *thought* of sex that's interesting to me. Everything about it, everything connected with the realm of thought intrigues me. Of course, I have a great imagination. I can wonder and be mystified about how it's done here and there, everywhere, by what variety of types, and so on. But sex isn't an imperative. I can go without, too."

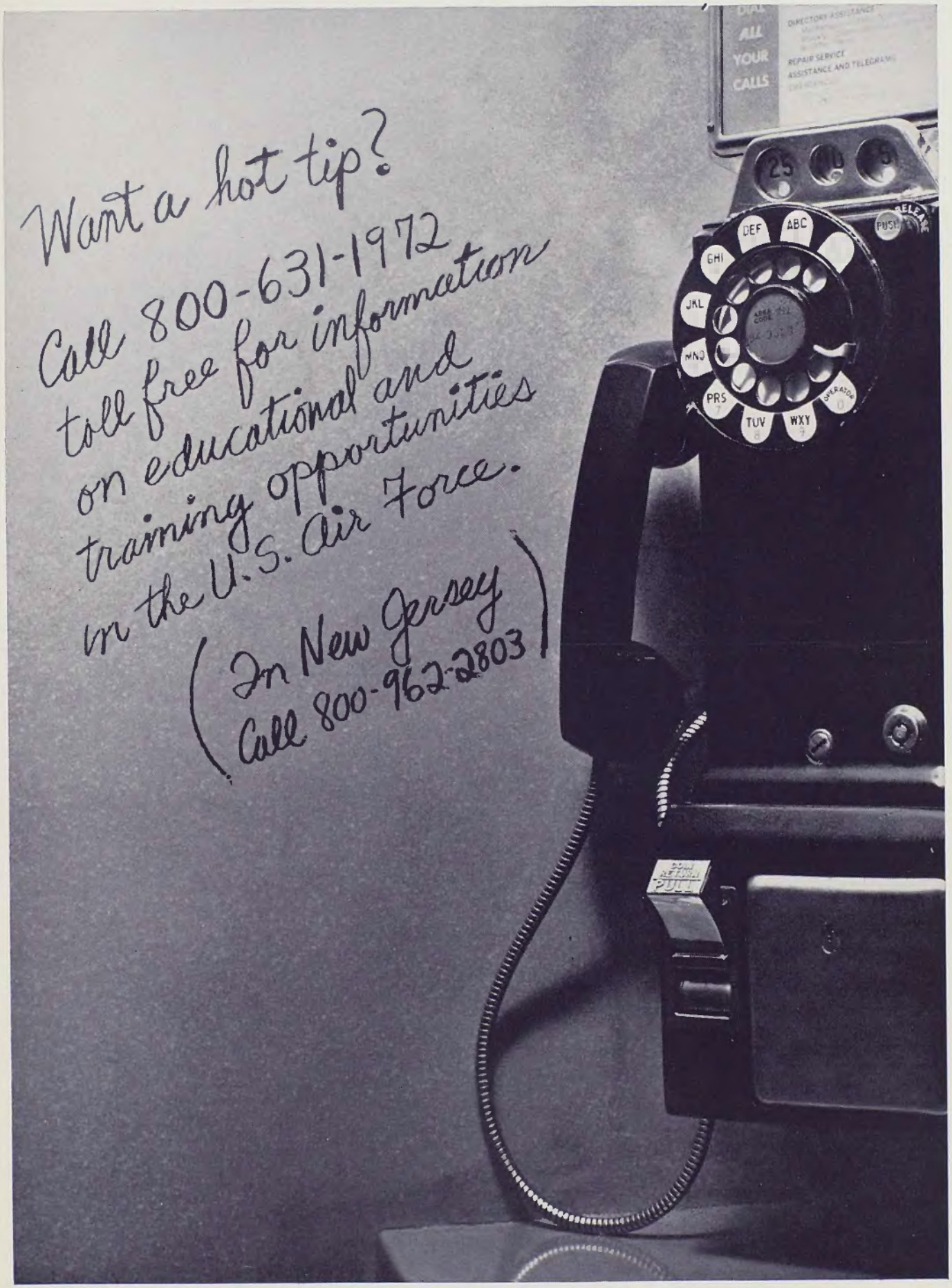
AGE: "I don't think you can draw any specific conclusions about the effect of the difference in age between husbands and wives. It depends on the individual. With a man of creative nature, age doesn't matter greatly. Look at Pablo Casals or Picasso. With younger women, you're not only the father again but the teacher and the lover, too. As for the sex end of it, that again depends on the individuals concerned. I know some marriages where there is very little sex, but the relationship is a good one."

LOVE: "I'm a man who's constantly falling in love. People say I'm an incurable romantic. Perhaps I am. In any case, I'm grateful to the powers that be that I'm that way. It's brought me sorrow *and* joy; I wouldn't want it any other way. People work better, create better, when they're in love."

HIMSELF: "There must be something perverse about me. What I mean is that I want to be the opposite of what I am, and yet, to be very frank and honest with you, I'm very happy just as I am. I wouldn't want to change. There it is—a frightful contradiction. I admit it shamelessly. I stress this matter of *being* versus *doing*, because it's not just my conflict, it's the conflict of the modern world. We are at the stage now where we can look upon our activity—not our creation but our activity, and say it stinks. It is the ruination of our world. This busy-bee activity, this senseless activity. That's what I'm against."

LIVING: "It's hard for some people to understand how one can enjoy life

*"Is this your first visit to California?"*

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when living at the bottom of the pile. Yet I think that that is the most important thing that ever happened to me, to be without anything, no crutch of any kind, cut off completely from all help. You have to *find* it every day, this help; you have to learn to live from day to day. Sure, you suffer and you're miserable, but it's so fascinating that you become thoroughly alive. You live by your instincts, just like the animal. That's a great thing for us overcivilized people to know, how to be a bird of prey, an animal, wolfing every meal, begging, being humiliated time and again, accepting it, being pushed down and then bouncing back again. Each day you get through is something of a miracle."

"Every day men are squelching their instincts, their desires, their impulses, their intuitions. One has to get out of the fucking machine he is trapped in and do what he wants to do. But we say 'No, I have a wife and children, I'd better not think of it.' That is how we commit suicide every day. It would be better if a man did what he liked to do and failed than to become a successful nobody."

DEATH: "It has become intriguing to me, because in the past ten years, I have become sharply aware that one day I am going to die. Till then, I hardly ever thought about my own death. How do I feel about it? What do I think about it? Well, nobody knows anything about death. It's a complete blank. No one ever came back from the grave. I have such great, great faith in life that it's difficult for me to think of the absence of life. I regard death as a transition from one form of existence to another."

"I have no real plans for the future. Every day when I wake up, I want to say, '*Le bel aujourd'hui*,' and there shouldn't be anything more to it. I want to live the day in whatever fashion I like, and I have no fashion. I'm at that wonderful, beautiful point where I don't see the need for any prescribed way of living."

*"I don't know, man—sometimes I feel you're wrong for the movement!"*

## LOAFING

*(continued from page 179)*

rye-wheat mixture still made from the viking recipe. It's creamy white in color, but the rye flavor shines forth like the midnight sun. *Grisle* is a luscious bread to include in any smørrebrød (open-sandwich) party. The rye spectrum also includes German *Bauernbrot*, an extremely tender farm loaf made of three kinds of rye flour, magnificent for open sandwiches or for toasting. And *Kommisbrot*, a rectangular-shaped dark bread, was created in the German and Austrian army commissaries of the 1880s; it's a rich dark bread whose seemingly rough texture turns tender in the mouth.

In America, the dark bread with the crispest crust and the tenderest crumb is Jewish sour rye. (America's contribution to the bread world, the so-called quick breads, such as muffins and biscuits, using baking powder rather than yeast, are more closely allied to cake than to bread.) But many *aficionados* prefer West Coast sourdough, a bread so ravishing in flavor and so gluttonously enjoyed that it often dwarfs the seafood dinners with which it's served in San Francisco's wharfside restaurants.

Experienced amateur chefs who really know which side their bread is buttered on are wise in leaving the baking of bread to the professionals. One can easily be enticed by the few ingredients and apparently simple directions in a bread recipe. The best French bread, for instance, contains but flour, salt, yeast and water; and the prospect of punching dough and shaping it into a glorious loaf that will turn golden in the oven takes the fancy of many a man whose kitchen is his hobby. But the four simple ingredients, like the four strings of a fiddle, can produce a lovely melody or cacophony.

On the Continent, a young man who wants to learn baking as a craft usually spends five years as an apprentice and four years as a journeyman. Even with this long training, most of the master bakers in the fine bakeries seem to be men in their late middle years. The amateur who attempts to make bread normally finds one kind of white flour available—flour that isn't specifically designed for bread but intended as an all-purpose ingredient for sauces, soups, soufflés, etc. The professional baker, on the other hand, can choose from literally hundreds of grades of flours, from different grains harvested in different parts of the country, and blend them into incredibly subtle combinations. Scotsmen are realistic when they say, "Happy are they who find their bread already baked."

It's possible to judge the qualities of

many a loaf of bread with a single glance. Plastic bags, sealed wax paper and all the other inventions of the plastic world are successful, indeed, in keeping bread soft for days. But who ever decided that softness alone was the quality men wanted when they broke bread? American packaged sliced white bread —and we have no quarrel with those who fortify, vitaminize and mineralize it —has for years gone unchallenged as the world's worst bread. Its pale exterior isn't a crust that shatters into succulent crumbs but a thin skin covering a spongy body. If you have a choice of a wrapped or unwrapped specialty bread such as narrow party rye, buy the unwrapped for its lively natural flavor. And shun breads that list calcium propionate —added to retard spoilage—among the ingredients. The true bread connoisseur knows that the loaf was made for eating, not for storing. To any man who has the use of a freezer for keeping his bread fresh overnight or, if necessary, for days at a stretch, the concept of bread spoiling is a stodgy anachronism. A few moments in the oven will bring a frozen loaf almost back to its bakery freshness.

Even with the honest baker's best intentions, breads differ widely in quality, and certain guidelines are helpful. The best loaves are large for their weight. The top crust of white bread should be a deep golden brown, with no cracks or unintended bulges, and the bottom crust a lighter brown. If it's French or Italian bread, it should have a fairly thick top crust that's crisp but not tough and that shatters a trifle when cut. It should have a characteristic resonant sound when thumped on the bottom. Each slice when pressed should be resilient. The crumb should be tender and never ropy or lumpy. The holes or pores of the cut slice may be consistently large, as in gluten bread, or small or closely knit, as in a fine sandwich bread. Lastly, a superior loaf fresh from the bakery will carry an indescribably pleasant oven fragrance. It may disappear after a few hours, but when you've eaten the bread, the aroma lives on in the mouth and remains there as a delightful aftertaste, like the subtlest of wines or soft cheeses.

The English word companion, whose derivation implies one who shares bread with another person, isn't the same as the Italian *companatico*, which means those things that go well with bread, of which the most obvious is a swipe of fresh sweet butter. But there are many other accompaniments. In Italy, for example, children home from school ravenously gobble their *fettunta*, which is simply a thick slice of crisp bread doused heavily with olive oil and sparingly with vinegar, salt and pepper. And American hosts may avail themselves of the many variations on the usual oven-toasted garlic bread. Instead of slicing the bread three quarters of the way through before spreading it with garlic butter, cut the loaf horizontally in half. Spread both halves generously with butter containing a crushed clove of garlic, then sprinkle them lightly with oregano; fit the halves together; bake in a 350° oven 10 to 15 minutes; slice each half into two- or three-inch chunks. Or, following the same procedure, spread the bread with a mixture of butter, grated onion or onion juice and very finely minced fresh tarragon. Or butter the bread, then sprinkle it with dill salt and very finely minced fresh dill or dill weed. Herb-minded hosts can explore the possibilities of *companatico* indefinitely.

For some Americans an ultracasual party means sandwiches, and the party is successful only if the bread and what's between it are equally superb. If you're planning to make sandwiches in quantity using sliced bread, it pays to go to a delicatessen-restaurant noted for its sandwiches and buy the bread there. Deli bread will usually be larger, lighter and infinitely more stable for handling than the usual store specimens marked sandwich bread. When it comes to heroes or hoagies, the same advice cannot always be given. Many a quick-food shop specializing in heroes now uses breads that are hardly more than overgrown frankfurter buns. For a real hero, you need bread of heroic proportions. Sandwich caterers in large cities will, on special order, supply six-foot heroes filled either with an assortment of Italian sliced meats and cheese or with a trio of Jewish corned beef, pastrami and tongue.

If you're planning to make your own heroes, you'll want a long loaf of genuine French or Italian bread so crusty and delicious that a chunk can be torn off the loaf and enjoyed even without butter. Best bet is to go to one of the ethnic bakeries catering to French or Italian bread savants. The irresistibly tempting flavor and the slightly irregular shape of such bread stimulates the sandwich maker to cast caution aside and fill his heroes with a rich array of meats, pepper salads, anchovies, artichoke hearts, capers or anything equally delectable within reach of his hands and imagination.

There's a famed French version of the hero called *pan bagnat*, a specialty of Provence, particularly Nice. The name means bathed bread and there are two possible baths: olive oil and vinegar, or salt water, olive oil and vinegar. For those who haven't been introduced to *pan bagnat*, the very idea of dipping

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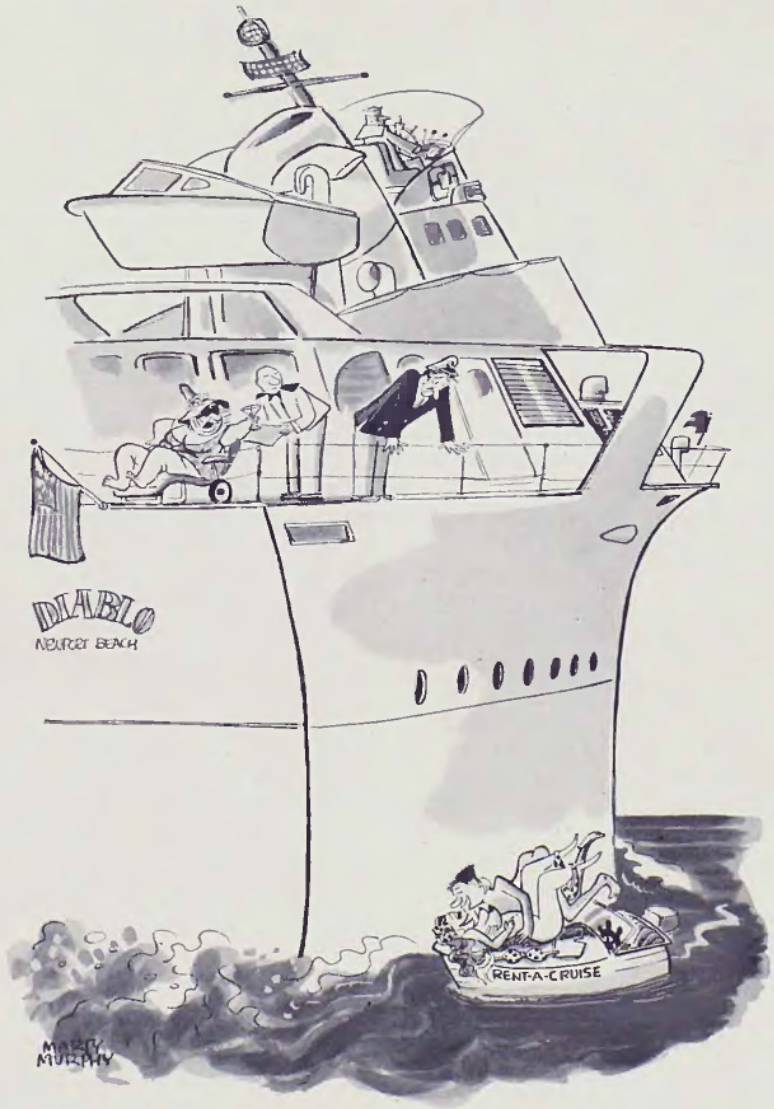
crisp French bread into water may be startling if not offensive. Be assured that the finished sandwich is as pleasant as leaping into a cool pool on a sweltering day.

A long loaf of bread (sometimes it's an individual round bun) is split horizontally, dipped briefly into cold salt water (one teaspoon salt to a pint of water) but not in such a way that the crust turns soggy. It's then doused very liberally with olive oil and sprinkled lightly with vinegar. The bread is covered with sliced tomatoes, green peppers, pitted black olives, sautéed sliced mushrooms or pickled mushrooms, artichoke hearts, onions, anchovies, capers, radishes—anything that has the effect of turning the sandwich into a glorious bread salad. Sliced eggs may be added, but most *pan bagnat* men prefer ingredients that are moist rather than dry. The bread halves are then put together, wrapped in foil, topped with a heavy weight, such as several large cans of food, and chilled in the refrigerator for at least a half hour. Then serve—and savor. The golden oil in the sandwich will soon ooze out onto your chin and hands, so oversize napkins should be provided.

Obviously, bread is not only the staff of life but a magnificent complement to meat, fish and birds at festive groaning boards everywhere. Like wine, its colors, flavors and uses are legion. If "Let them eat brioche" was a cruelly asinine thing for anyone to have said, Frenchmen showed their practical wisdom in their proverb *"Sans pain, sans vin, l'amour n'est rien."* "Without bread, without wine, love is nothing." Make doubly sure you have a crisp loaf of bread and a glorious jug of wine the next time you plan your paradise enow.




*"Howard, just what is <u>that</u> supposed to mean—'There <u>he</u> is and here <u>I</u> am'?"*

# threatened city

*(continued from page 110)*

nausea. They were angry because of this damage being done to them—which they could have alleviated by moving farther off; but at the same time, they were feeling pride. This reaction highlighted the difference between them and the young—the pride was because of what they thought we represented; for, unlike the young, they believed we were some kind of weapon, either of their own land mass or of a hostile one, but from their own planet.

### WARMAKING PATTERNS

Everyone in the System knows that this species is in the process of self-destruction, or part destruction. This is endemic. The largest and most powerful groupings—based on geographical position—are totally controlled by their functions for warmaking. Rather, each grouping *is* a warmaking function, since its economies, its individual lives, its movements are all subservient to the need to prepare for or wage war. This complete dominance of a land area by its warmaking machinery is not always visible to the inhabitants of that area, as this species is able, while making war or preparing for it, to think of itself as peace-loving—yes, indeed, this is germane to our theme, the essence of it.

### RATIONAL ACTION IMPOSSIBLE

Here we approach the nature of the block, or patterning, of their minds—we state it now, though we did not begin to understand it until later. *It is that they are able to hold in their minds at the same time several contradictory beliefs without noticing it.* Which is why rational action is so hard for them. Now, the warmaking function of each geographical area is not controlled by its inhabitants but is controlled by itself. Each is engaged in inventing, bringing to perfection—and keeping secret from its own inhabitants as well as from the "enemy"—highly evolved war weapons of all sorts, ranging from devices for the manipulation of men's minds to spacecraft.

### SUBSERVIENT POPULATIONS

For instance, recent landings on their moon, much publicized by the geographical groupings that made them and followed breathlessly by the inhabitants of the whole planet, were by no means the first achieved by the said groupings. No, the first "moon landings" were made in secret, in service of one grouping's dominance in war over another, and the slavish populations knew nothing about them. A great many of the devices and machines used by the war departments are continuously under test in all parts of the earth and are always being

glimpsed or even seen fully by inhabitants who report them to the authorities. But some of these devices are similar (in appearance, at least) to machines of extraterritorial origin. Citizens reporting "flying saucers"—to use one of their descriptive phrases—may as well have seen the latest of their own grouping's machines on test as one of our observation craft or observation craft from the Jupiter family. Such a citizen will find that after reaching a certain level in the hierarchies of officialdom, silence will blanket him and his observations—he will in various ways be repulsed, ridiculed or even threatened. As usually happens, a council of highly placed officials was recently ordered to take evidence and report on the by-now-innumerable sightings of "unidentified flying objects," but this council finished its deliberations with public words that left the situation exactly as it was before. The official report nowhere stated that there was a minority report by some of its own number. This is the level of behavior in their public representatives tolerated by them. Large numbers, everywhere on the planet, see craft like ours, or like other planets' craft, or war machines from their own or other geographical areas. But such is the atmosphere created by the war departments that dominate everything that these individuals are regarded as mentally inadequate or deluded. Until one of them has actually seen a machine or a spacecraft, he tends to believe that anyone who claims he has is deranged. Knowing this, when he does see something, he often does not say so. But so many individuals now have seen things for themselves that there are everywhere all kinds of dissident or sullen subgroupings. These are of all ages and they cut across the largest and most widespread subculture of them all, that of the young of the species who have grown up in a society of total war preparedness, are naturally reluctant to face a future that can only mean early death or maiming and who react in the way mentioned earlier, with a disinclination to take part in the administration of their various societies. The older ones seem much more able to delude themselves, to use words like peace when engaged in warlike behavior, to identify with their geographical areas. The young ones are clearer-minded, more easily see the planet as a single organism, but are also more passive and hopeless. We put forward the suggestion that the greater, or at least more purposive energy of the older ones may be because of their comparative narrowness and identification with smaller ideas. We are now able to explain why the young we met on the night we landed moved away. Some had already had the experience of insisting to the authorities that they had seen strange machines and objects of various kinds and of being discouraged or threatened. They would be prepared to publicize what they had seen in their own newssheets or to spread it by word of mouth; but, unlike their elders, most of whom seem unable to understand the extent to which they are subjugated to the needs of war, they would never put themselves in a position where their authorities could capture or question them. But the older ones of the area who had seen our previous 12 craft, which had all landed there, had evolved a different attitude. Some had reported what they had seen and had been discouraged. One or two, persisting, had been described as mad and had been threatened with incarceration. But, on the whole, they had taken the attitude of the authorities as a directive to mind their own business. Discussing it among themselves, they had agreed to keep watch on their own account, not saying too much about what they saw. In this group are two spies, who report to the war departments on what is seen and on the reactions of their fellow agriculturalists.

*"Now, try to keep the smoke down, listen to the music and pretend you're not middle-class."*

### FIRST ATTEMPT AT A WARNING

Now we come to our first attempt to communicate a warning. Since the 20 or so elders were already on the spot and were unafraid, staying on the site where they believed we might redescend—they did not know it was only the strength of the sun's light that made us invisible—we decided to use them and again made contact with their thought streams, this time in an attempt to project our message. But there was a barrier, or at least something we could not understand, and it was time consuming for us. We were already aware that we might run short of power.

### INCAPACITY FOR FEAR

Now, of course, we know we made a wrong assessment, for, expecting that the news of the expected disaster would jam their thought machinery in panic, we fed it in very carefully and slowly, taking an entire day and night. When we hit the block, or resistance, we put it down to fear. We were mistaken. This is perhaps the time to state a psychological law we consider basic to them: This is a species immune from fear—but this will be elaborated later, if the power holds. At the end of the day and night, still meeting the same resistance, we allowed ourselves another period of a day and a night to repeat the message, hoping that the fear—as we then saw it—would be overcome. At the end of the second period of transmitting, there was no change in their mental structure. I repeat, none. We know now what was far from our understanding then, that we were telling them something they already knew. As we were not prepared at that time to entertain that hypothesis, we decided that this particular group of individuals was for some reason unsuitable for our purposes and that we must

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try an altogether different type, and preferably of a different age group. We had tried mature individuals. We had already suspected what we since have confirmed, that in this species, the older they get, the less open they are to new thought material. Now, it so happens that the place where our craft descended is in an area much used for the beforementioned mating rituals. Several times in the two day-and-night periods of our attempt with the older group, youngsters arrived in various types of metal machines from the city—and had quite soon gone away, sensing our presence, if they did not see us. They all arrived in daylight. But on the third day, as the sunlight went, four young ones arrived in a metal conveyance, got out of it and sat fairly close to us on a small rocky rise.

SECOND ATTEMPT AT A WARNING

They looked like healthy, strong specimens, and we began to transmit our information, but in greater concentration than we had used with the older individuals. But in spite of the increased power, these four absorbed what we fed into them and reacted in exactly the same way as their elders. We did not understand this and, taking the chance of setting them into a panic flight, concentrated our entire message (which had taken two entire days and nights with the mature group) into the space of time between the sunlight's going and its return. Their minds did not reject what we said nor jam up in fear. They were voicing to one another, in a mechanical way, what we were feeding into them. It sounded like this, over and over again —with variations:

"They say we have only five years."

"That's bad."

"Yeah, it's going to be real bad."

"When it comes, it's going to be the worst yet."

"Half the city might be killed."

"They say it might be as bad as that."

"Any time in the next five years, they say."

It was like pouring a liquid into a container that has a hole in it. The group of older ones had sat around for two days and nights repeating that the city was due for destruction, as if they were saying that they could expect a headache, and now these four were doing the same. At one point they stopped the monotone exchanges and one, a young female, accompanying herself on a stringed musical instrument, began what they call a song; that is, the vocalizations cease to be an exchange between two or more individuals, but an individual, or a group, very much enlarging the range of tones used in ordinary exchange, makes a statement. The information we fed into these four emerged in these words, from the young female:

*We know the earth we live upon*
*Is due to fall.*
*We know the ground we walk upon*
*Must shake.*
*We know, and so . . .*
*We eat and drink and love,*
*Keep high,*
*Keep love,*
*For we must die.*

PHASE I ABANDONED

And they continued with their mating rituals. We then discontinued the emission of thought material, if for no other reason than that we had already used up a fourth of our power supply with no result. This, then, was the end of Phase I, which was the attempt to transfer the warning material into the brains of selected members of the species for automatic telepathic transmission to others. We set about Phase II, which was to take possession of the minds of suitable individuals in a planned campaign to use them as mouthpieces for the warnings. We decided to abandon the first phase in the belief that the material was running straight through their mental apparatus like water through sieves because it was so foreign to the existing mental furniture of their minds that they were not able to recognize what we were saying. In other words, we still had no idea that the reason they did not react was that the idea was a commonplace.

PHASE II ATTEMPTED

Three of us therefore accompanied the four youngsters in their machine when they returned to the city, because we thought that in their company we would most quickly find suitable individuals to take over—we had decided the young were more likely to be useful than the mature. The way they handled this machine was a shock to us. It was suicidal. Their methods of transport are lethal. In the time it took to reach the suburbs of the city—between the lightening of the dark and the sun's appearance, there were four near collisions with other, equally recklessly driven vehicles. Yet the four youngsters showed no fear and reacted with the mechanism called laughter; that is, with repeated violent contractions of the lungs, causing noisy emission of air. This journey, their recklessness, their indifference to death or pain made us conclude that this group of four, like the group of 20 older ones, was perhaps untypical. We were playing with the idea that there are large numbers of defective animals in this species and that we had been unlucky in our choices. The machine was stopped to refuel and the four got out and walked about. Three more youngsters were sitting on a bench huddled

against one another, in a stupor. Like all the young, they wore a wide variety of clothing and had long head fur. They had several musical instruments. Our four attempted to rouse them and partly succeeded: The responses of the three were slow and, it seemed to us, even more clumsy and inadequate. They either did not understand what was being said or could not communicate what they understood. We then saw that they were in the power of some kind of drug. They had quantities of it and the four wished also to put themselves in its power. It was a drug that sharpens sensitivity while it inhibits ordinary response: The three were more sensitive to our presence than the four had been—they had not been aware of our presence in the vehicle at all. The three, once roused from their semiconsciousness, seemed to see, or at least to feel us, and directed toward us muttered sounds of approval or welcome. They seemed to associate us with the sun's appearance over the roof of the refueling station. The four, having persuaded the three to give them some of the drug, went to their vehicle. We decided to stay with the three, believing that their sensitivity to our presence was a good sign. Testing their thought streams, we found them quite free and loose, without the resistances and tensions of the others we had tested. We then took possession of their minds—this was the only moment of real danger during the whole mission. Your envoys might very well have been lost then, dissolving into a confusion and violence that we find hard to describe. For one thing, at that time we did not know how to differentiate between the effects of the drug and the effects of their senses. We now do know and will attempt a short description. The drug causes the mechanisms dealing with functions such as walking, talking, eating, and so on, to become slowed or dislocated. Meanwhile, the receptors for sound, scent, sight, touch are opened and sensitized. But for us, to enter their minds is in any case an assault, because of the phenomenon they call beauty, which is a description of their sense intake in an ordinary condition. For us, this is like entering an explosion of color; for it is this that is the most startling difference between our mode of perceiving and theirs: The physical structure of their level appears in vibrations of brilliant color. To enter an undrugged mind is hard enough for one of us; to keep one's balance is difficult. As it was, it might easily have happened that we were swept away in contemplation of vivid color.

### NECESSITY TO CONDENSE REPORT, POWER FAILING

Although the temptation to dwell on this is great, we must condense this report if we wish to keep any use of this channel: The pressure of local material is getting very strong. In brief, then, the three youngsters, reeling with pleasure because of this dimension of brilliance we of course all know about through deduction but, I assure you, have never even approached in imagination, shouting and singing that the city was doomed, stood on the side of the road until one of the plentiful machines stopped for us. We were conveyed rapidly into the city. There were two individuals in the vehicle, both young, and neither reacted in any way to the warnings we were giving them through the minds or, rather, voices of our hosts. At the end of the rapid movement, we arrived in the city, which is large, populous and built around a wide indentation of the shore of the water mass. It is all extremely vivid, colorful, powerfully affecting the judgment, and it heightened the assault on our balance. We made a tentative decision that it is impracticable for our species to make use of this method: of actually possessing selected minds for the purpose of passing on information. It is too violent a transformation for us. However, since we were there, and succeeding in not being swept away into a highly tinted confusion of pleasure, we agreed to stay where we were and the three we were possessing left the vehicle and walked out into the streets, shouting out the facts as we thought them: that there was little doubt that at some moment between now and five years from now, there would be a strong vibration of the planet at this point and that the greater part of the city might be destroyed, with severe loss of life. It was early in the day, but many of them were about. We were waiting for some sort of reaction to what we were saying, interest at the very least; queries; some sort of response to which we could respond ourselves with advice or offers of help. But of the very many we met in that brief progress through the streets, *no one took any notice at all*, except for a glance or a short indifferent stare.

### CAPTURE BY THE AUTHORITIES

Soon there was a screeching and a wailing, which we at first took to be the reaction of these creatures to what we were saying, some sort of warning, perhaps, to the inhabitants, or statements that measures toward self-preservation must be taken; but it was another vehicle, of a military sort, and the three (we) were taken up from the streets and to a prison because of the disturbance we were making. This is how we understood it afterward. At the time, we thought that the authorities had gathered us in to question us as to the revelations we had to make. In the hands of the guards, in the street and the military vehicle and the prison, we kept up a continuous shouting and crying


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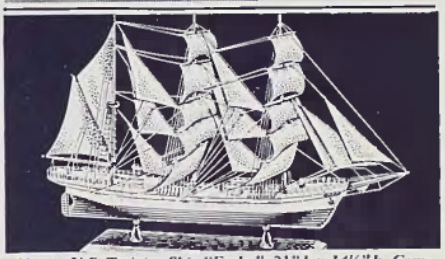

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out of the facts and did not stop until a doctor injected our three hosts with some other drug, which caused them instantly to become unconscious. It was when we heard the doctor talking to the guards that we first heard the fact of the previous catastrophe. This was such a shock to us that we could not then take in its implications. But we decided at once to leave our hosts, who, being in any case unconscious, would not be any use to us for some time, even if this method of conveying warnings had turned out to be efficacious—and it obviously was not—and make different plans. The doctor was also saying that he had to treat large numbers of people, particularly the young ones, for "paranoia." This was what our three hosts were judged to be suffering from. Apparently, it is a condition when people show fear of forthcoming danger and try to warn others about it and then show anger when stopped by authority. This diagnosis, together with the fact that the doctor and the authorities knew of the coming danger and of the past catastrophe—in other words, that they consider it an illness or a faulty mental condition to be aware of what threatens and to try to take steps to avoid or soften it—was something so extraordinary that we did not then have time to evaluate it in depth, nor have we had time since to do so, because—— AND FINALLY, TO END THIS NEWS FLASH, A REAL HEART-WARMER. FIVE ORDINARY PEOPLE, NOT RICH FOLKS, NO, BUT PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME, HAVE GIVEN UP A MONTH'S PAY TO SEND LITTLE JANICE WANAMAKER, THE CHILD WITH THE HOLE IN THE HEART, TO THE WORLD-FAMED HEART CENTER IN FLORIDA. LITTLE JANICE, WHO IS TWO YEARS OLD, COULD HAVE EXPECTED A LONG LIFE OF INVALIDISM; BUT NOW THE FAIRY WAND OF LOVE HAS CHANGED ALL THAT AND SHE WILL BE FLYING TOMORROW MORNING TO HAVE HER OPERATION, ALL THANKS TO THE FIVE GOOD NEIGHBORS OF ARTESIA STREET—— . . . the expected interruptions on this wave length; but, as we have no way of knowing at which point the interruption began, to recapitulate, we left the doctor and the guards in discussion of the past catastrophe, in which 200 miles of ground was ripped open, hundreds of people were killed and the whole city was shaken down in fragments. This was succeeded by a raging fire.

### HUMOR AS A MECHANISM

The doctor was discussing *humorously* (note previous remarks about laughter, a possible device for release of tension to ward off or relieve fear and, therefore, possibly one of the mechanisms that keep these animals passive in the face of possible extinction) that for some years after the previous catastrophe, this entire geographical grouping referred to the great fire, rather than to the earth vibration. This circumlocution is still quite common. In other words, a fire being a smaller, more manageable phenomenon, they preferred, and sometimes still prefer, to use that word, instead of the word for the uncontrollable shaking of the earth itself. A pitiable device, showing helplessness and even fear. But we emphasize here again that everywhere else in the System, fear is a mechanism to protect or to warn, and in these creatures, the function is faulty. As for helplessness, this is tragic anywhere, even among these murderous brutes, but there is no apparent need for them to be helpless, since they have every means to evacuate the city altogether and to—— THE NEW SUBURB PLANNED TO THE WEST. THIS WILL HOUSE 100,000 PEOPLE AND WILL BE OPEN IN THE AUTUMN OF NEXT YEAR FULLY EQUIPPED WITH SHOPS, CINEMAS, A CHURCH, SCHOOLS AND A NEW MOTORWAY. THE RAPID EXPANSION OF OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY, WITH ITS UNIQUE CLIMATE, ITS SETTING, ITS SHORE LINE, CONTINUES. THIS NEW SUBURB WILL DO SOMETHING TO COMBAT THE OVERCROWDING AND——

### THE JETTISONING OF PHASES I, II AND III

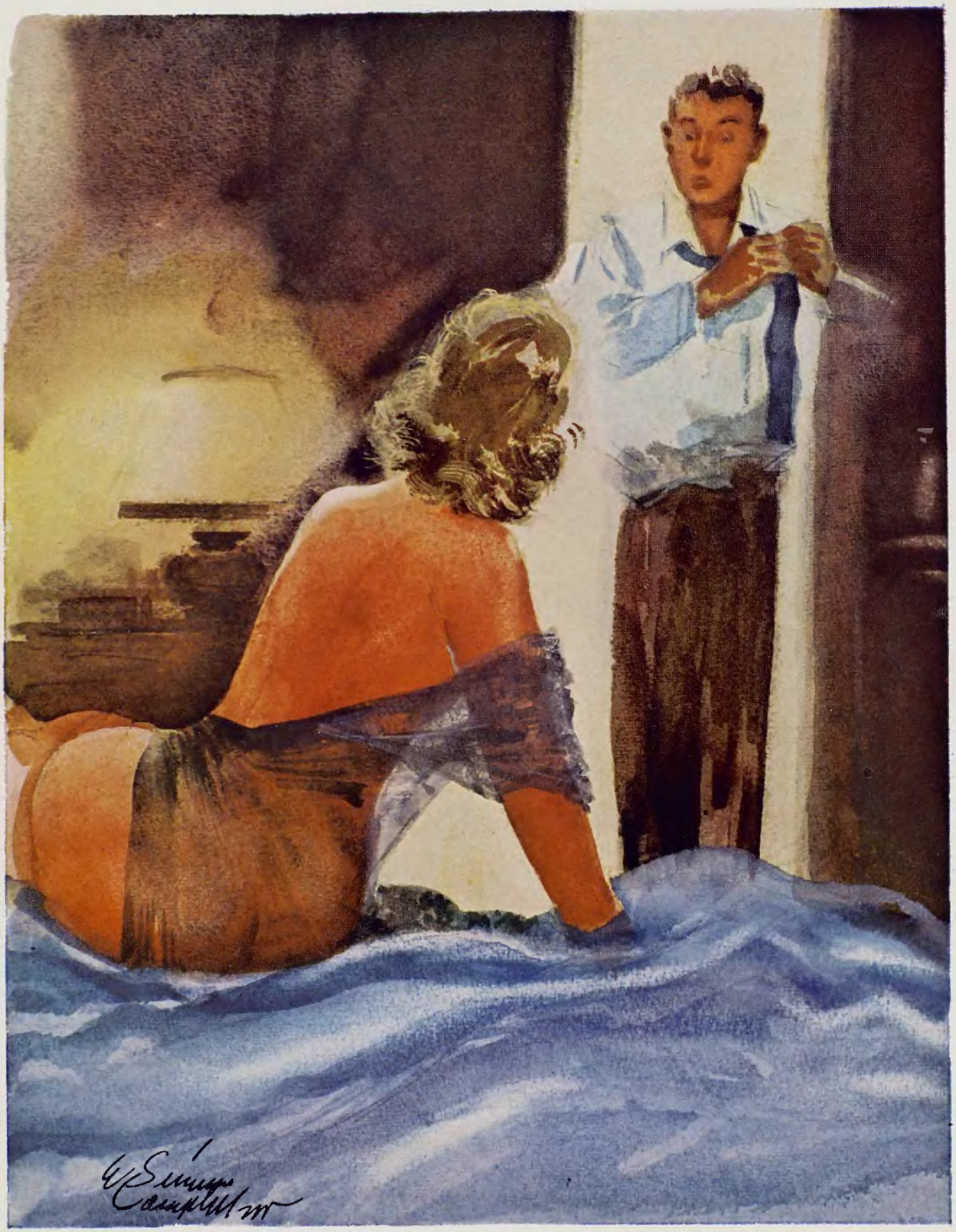
In view of the failure of Phases I and II, we decided to abandon Phase III, which was planned to be a combination of I and II—inhabiting suitable hosts to use them as loud-speakers and, at the same time, putting material into available thought streams for retransmission. Before making further attempts to communicate, we needed more information. Summarizing the results of Phase II, when we inhabited the three drugged young, we understood we must be careful to assume the shapes of older animals, and those of a technically trained kind, as it was clear from our experience in the prison that the authorities disliked the young of their species. We did not yet know whether they were capable of listening to the older ones, who are shaped in the image of their society.

### INABILITY TO ASSESS TRUTH

While at that stage we were still very confused about what we were finding, we had at least grasped this: that this species, on being told something, has no means of judging whether or not it is true. We on our planet assume, because it is our mental structure and that of all the species we have examined, that if a new fact is made evident by material progress, or by the new and hitherto unexpected juxtaposition of ideas that explains it, then it is accepted as a fact, a truth—until an evolutionary development bypasses it. Not so with this species. It is not able to accept information, new material, unless it is from a source it is not suspicious about. This is a handicap to its development that is not possible to exaggerate. We choose this moment to suggest, though of necessity briefly, that in future visits to this planet, with information of use to this species (if it survives), infinite care must be taken to prepare plenipotentiaries who resemble in every respect the most orthodox and harmless members of the society. For it is as if the mechanism fear has been misplaced from where it would be useful—preventing or softening calamity—to an area of their minds that makes them suspicious of anything but the familiar. As a small example, in the prison, because the three young animals were drugged and partly incoherent, and because (as it has become clear to us) the older animals who run the society despise those who are not similar to the norms they have standardized, it would not have mattered what they said. If they had said (or shouted or sung) that they had actually observed visitors from another planet (they had, in fact, sensed us, felt us) as structures of finer substance manifesting as light—if they had stated they had seen three roughly man-sized creatures shaped in light—no notice at all would have been taken of them. But if an individual from that section of their society especially trained for that class of work (it is an infinitely subdivided society) had said that he had observed *with his instruments* (they have become so dependent on machinery that they have lost confidence in their own powers of observation) three rapidly vibrating light structures, he would at least have been credited with good faith. Similarly, great care has to be taken with verbal formulation. An unfamiliar fact described in one set of words may be acceptable. Present it in a pattern of words outside what they are used to and they may react with all the signs of panic—horror, scorn, fear.

### ADAPTATION TO THEIR NORM FOR THEIR DOMINANT ANIMALS

We incarnated as two males of mature age. We dressed ourselves with the attention to detail they find reassuring. An item of clothing cut differently from what is usual for older animals will arouse disapproval or suspicion. Sober tones of color are acceptable; bright tones, except in small patches, are not. We assure you that if we had dressed even slightly outside their norm, we could have done nothing at all. It is the dominant males who have to restrict their choice of clothing. Women's garb is infinitely variable, but always changing, suddenly and dramatically, from one standardized norm to another. The young can wear what they please as long as they are not part of the machinery of government. The cutting and arranging of their head fur is also important. Women and the young enjoy latitude in this, too, but we had to see that our head fur was cut short and kept flattened. We also assumed a gait indicating



*"Of course, this is just a hobby of mine. My real interest is golf."*

soberness and control, and facial expressions that we had noted they found reassuring. For instance, they have a way of stretching the lips sideways and exposing the teeth in a sort of facial arrangement they call a smile that indicates that they are not hostile, will not attack, that their intentions are to keep the peace.

Thus disguised, we walked about the city engaged in observation, on the whole astounded that so little notice was taken of us. For while we were fair copies, we were not perfect, and a close scrutiny would have shown us up. But one of their characteristics is that they, in fact, notice very little about one another; it is a remarkably unnoticing species. Without arousing suspicion, we discovered that everybody we talked to knew that a disturbance of the earth was expected in the next five years, that while they "knew" this, they did not really believe it, or seemed not to, since their plans to live as if nothing whatsoever was going to happen were unaltered and that a laboratory or institute existed to study the past upheaval and make plans for the forthcoming one—— . . . AT THE BASEBALL GAME THIS AFTERNOON, A PORTION OF THE SCAFFOLDING GAVE WAY AND 60 PEOPLE WERE KILLED. THERE HAVE BEEN MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY FROM THE PRESIDENT, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE POPE. THE MANAGER OF THE SPORTS STADIUM WAS IN TEARS AS HE SAID: "THIS IS THE MOST TERRIBLE THING THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN. I KEEP SEEING THOSE DEAD FACES BEFORE MY EYES." THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT IS THAT THE BUILDING OF THE STANDS AND THEIR MAINTENANCE, AND THE PROVISION OF CRUSH BARRIERS, ARE SUBJECT TO MAXIMUM PROFIT BEING EARNED BY THE OWNERS. THE FUND SET UP AS THE CORPSES WERE CARRIED FROM THE STADIUM HAS ALREADY REACHED $200,000 AND MORE KEEPS POURING——

### THE INSTITUTE

We entered the Institute for Prognosis and Prevention of Earth Disturbance as visitors from Geographical Area 2—one allied at this time with this area and, therefore, welcome to observe its work.

A short description of this organization may be of use: There are 50 of their most highly skilled technicians in it, all at work on some of the most advanced (as advanced as ours in this field) equipment for the diagnosis of vibrations, tremors, quakes. The very existence of this institute is because of the knowledge that the city cannot survive another five years—or is unlikely to do so. All these technicians live in the city, spend their free time in it—and the institute itself is in the danger area. They are all likely to be present when the event occurs. Yet they are all cheerful, unconcerned and—it is easy to think—of extreme bravery. But after a short time in their company, discussing their devices for predicting the upheaval, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that like the youngsters in the machine for transportation, who steer it in such a way that they are bound to kill or maim themselves or others, they are in some way set not to believe what they say—that they are in danger and will most certainly be killed or maimed together with the rest of the population—— THE FIRE BROKE OUT AT DAWN, WHEN FEW PEOPLE WERE IN THE STREETS, AND WAS SO POWERFUL THAT IT REACHED THE FOURTH STORY FROM THE BASEMENT IN MINUTES. THE SCORES OF PEOPLE IN THE BUILDING WERE DRIVEN UPWARD BY THE FIRE, A FEW MANAGING TO NEGOTIATE THE FIRE ESCAPES, WHICH WERE MOSTLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES. AN UNKNOWN MAN IN THE STREET PENETRATED THE BUILDING, IN SPITE OF THE SMOKE AND THE FLAMES, AND RESCUED TWO SMALL CHILDREN LEFT CRYING ON THE SECOND FLOOR. ANOTHER TWO MINUTES AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE. HE INSTANTLY PLUNGED BACK INTO THE INFERNO AND BROUGHT OUT AN OLD WOMAN ON HIS BACK. IN SPITE OF PROTESTS FROM THE BY-NOW LARGE CROWD, HE INSISTED ON RE-ENTERING THE FLAMING BUILDING AND WAS LAST SEEN AT A SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW FROM WHICH HE THREW DOWN A BABY TO THE PEOPLE BELOW. THE BABY WILL SURVIVE, BUT THE UNKNOWN HERO FELL BACK INTO THE FLAMES AND——

### A BASIC MECHANISM

We believe we have established one of their mechanisms for maintaining themselves in impotence and indecision. It is precisely this: that they do continuously discuss and analyze. For instance, the technicians of this institute are always issuing warnings to the city's officials and to the populace. Their prognoses, one after another, come true—that minor vibrations are likely to occur in this or that area—yet warnings continue to be issued, discussion goes on. So accustomed have they become to this state of affairs that we found it was not possible to discuss active means for prevention with them. They would have become suspicious that we were some sort of troublemaker. In short, they do not find frightening discussion about the timing, the nature, the power of probable earth convulsions, but they are hostile to suggestions about the possible transfer of population or rebuilding of the city elsewhere. We have said that this is an infinitely subdivided society: It is the institute's task to warn, to forecast, not its responsibility to suggest solutions. But this mechanism—the role of talk—is only part of a much deeper one. We now suspect that a great many of the activities that they themselves see as methods of furthering change, saving life, improving society are, in fact, methods of preventing change. It is almost as if they were afflicted with a powerful lassitude, a lack of vital energy, which, in fact, must resist change, because it is so easily exhausted. Their infinite number of varieties of oral, verbal activity are expenditures of vital energy. They are soothed and relieved by stating a problem, but, having done this, seldom have the energy left to act on their verbal formulations. We have even concluded that they feel that by stating a problem, it becomes in some way nearer solution—— PROTESTS THAT THE THREE SKYSCRAPERS ON THIRD STREET ARE TO BE PULLED DOWN IN ORDER TO BUILD THREE MUCH HIGHER BUILDINGS, INSTEAD OF PUTTING THE MONEY INTO PROVIDING LOW-RATE ACCOMMODATION FOR THE CITY'S POOR, OF WHICH RECENT SURVEYS REVEAL THERE ARE 1,000,000 OR MORE, NEARLY A QUARTER OF THE TOTAL POPULATION, AND ALL IN ACCOMMODATIONS SO INADEQUATE THAT—— . . . for instance, debates, discussions, verbal contests of all sorts, public and private, continue all the time. All their activities, public and private, are defined in talk, public or private. It is possible that they are so constituted that for them, an event has not occurred at all unless it has been discussed, presented in words—— 35 CONVENTIONS IN THE MONTH OF MAY ALONE TOTALING 75,000 DELEGATES FROM EVERY PART OF THE CONTINENT, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME, THE TOURIST FIGURES FOR MAY TOPPED THOSE FOR ANY PREVIOUS MAY. THIS YEAR IS ALREADY A RECORD FOR CONVENTIONS AND TOURISM GENERALLY, PROVING THAT THE ATTRACTIONS OF OUR CITY, ITS SITUATION, ITS CLIMATE, ITS AMENITIES, ITS REPUTATION FOR HOSPITALITY, EVER INCREASE IN EVERY PART OF THE CIVILIZED GLOBE. IT IS ESSENTIAL TO STEP UP THE BUILDING OF NEW HOTELS, MOTELS AND RESTAURANTS AND TO—— . . . the one thing they do not seem able to contemplate is the solution that has seemed to us obvious ever since we observed their probable future and decided to devote so much of our own planet's resources to trying to help our sister planet—to evacuate the city altogether. This is incredible, we know. Of course, you will find it so.

### INDIFFERENCE TO LOSS OF LIFE

We can only report what we find—that at no point have the inhabitants of this city even considered the possibility of abandoning it and moving to an area that is not absolutely certain to be destroyed. Their attitude toward life is that it is unimportant. They are indifferent to their own suffering, assume that their species must continuously lose numbers and strength and health by natural disasters, famine, constant war. That this attitude goes side by side with

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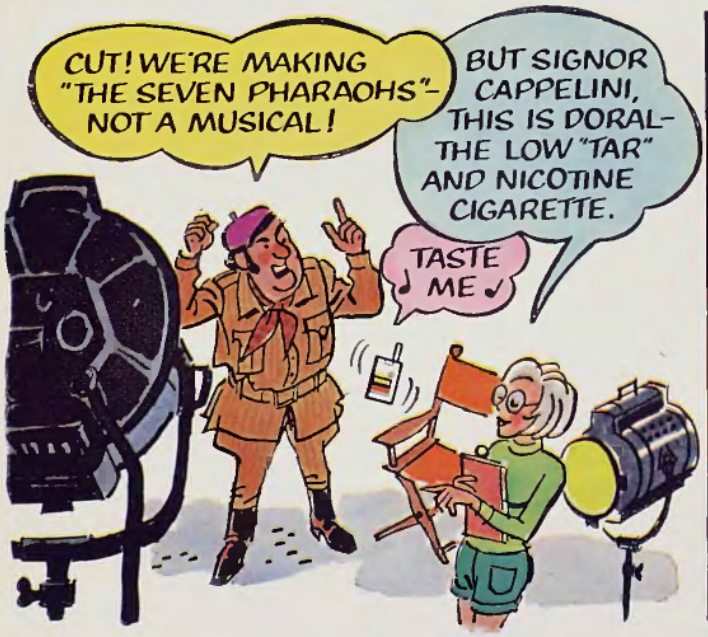


The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain ...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"

FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.

infinite care and devotion to individuals or to small groups seems to us to indicate—— THE DONATED SUM IS TO BE USED TO BUILD A MEMORIAL, TO BE ERECTED IN THE SQUARE. IT WILL BE IN THE SHAPE OF A COLUMN, WITH THE HEAD OF WILLIAM UNDERSCRIBE, THE DECEASED, IN RELIEF ON ONE SIDE.

LAID TO REST
UPON THE BREAST
OF NATURE
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

WILL BE CARVED ON THE OTHER. JOAN UNDERSCRIBE, WHO LOST HER HUSBAND FIVE YEARS AGO, HAS WORKED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FROM SIX A.M. UNTIL TEN AT NIGHT AT THE AVENUE MOTEL TO EARN THE SUM NECESSARY FOR THIS SIMPLE BUT MOVING MEMORIAL. SHE HAS JEOPARDIZED HER HEALTH, SHE CLAIMS. THE FIVE YEARS OF UNREMITTING TOIL HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL. BUT SHE HAS NO REGRETS. HE WAS THE BEST HUSBAND A WOMAN EVER HAD, SHE TOLD OUR REPORTER—— . . . on the point of deciding there was nothing we could do against such total indifference to their condition; but since they are at least prepared to talk about situations, we devised a plan—— THE BIGGEST ENTERTAINMENT EVER, COMBINING THE WORLD'S TOP CIRCUSES, ICE SHOWS, NONSTOP POP CONCERTS FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK, DAY AND NIGHT, NOT TO MENTION THREE OPERAS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST, THE BRITISH NATIONAL THEATER COMPANY IN THAT PERENNIAL ATTRACTION, THE INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL STAR ACE, THE THREE SISTERS, WHICH WILL BE ATTENDED BY OUR OWN FIRST LADY AND HER CHARMING DAUGHTERS AND A GLITTERING ARRAY OF STARS, INCLUDING BOB HOPE—— . . . "calling a conference" is to gather a large number of individuals in one place, in order to exchange verbal formulations. This is probably their main anxiety-calming mechanism; they certainly resort to it on every occasion, whether under that name, called by governments, administrative bodies, authorities of all kinds, or under other names, for very often this procedure is social. For instance, a conference can be called a party and be for pleasure, but discussion on a theme or themes will be, in fact, the chief activity. The essential factor is that many of the creatures assemble in one place, to exchange word patterns with others, afterward telling others not present what has occurred—— THE CITY'S CONSERVATION YEAR IS OVER AND MUST BE COUNTED A REMARKABLE SUCCESS. IT BURNED AN AWARENESS OF WHAT WE CAN EXPECT SO DEEPLY INTO ALL OUR MINDS AND HEARTS THAT INTEREST IS NOW NOT LIKELY TO FADE. A CONFERENCE TO—— . . . opinion.

### THEIR EDUCATION

The ability to define these, and to differentiate them from those of other people's, forms a large part of their education. When two of these creatures meet for the first time, they will set about finding out what opinions the other holds and will tolerate each other accordingly. Nonstimulating, easily tolerated opinions can also be called "received ideas." This means that an idea or a fact has been stamped with approval by some form of authority. The phrase is used like this: "That is a received idea." "Those are all received ideas." This does not necessarily mean that the idea or fact has been acted on nor that behavior has been changed. Essentially, a received idea is one that has become familiar, whether effective or not, and no longer arouses hostility or fear. The mark of an educated individual is this: that he has spent years absorbing received ideas and is able readily to repeat them. People who have absorbed opinions counter to the current standard of ideas are distrusted and may be called opinionated. This description is earned most easily by women and young people.

By that time, we were well known to everyone in the institute as Herbert Bond, 35 years old, male, and John Hunter, 40 years old, male. We had learned enough to avoid the direct "Why don't you take such and such steps?" since we had learned that this approach caused some sort of block or fault in their functioning, but approached like this: "Let us discuss the factors militating against the taking of such and such a step"; for instance, making sure that new buildings were not erected close to the areas where tremors or vibrations must occur.

This formulation was initially successful, evoking the maximum amount of animated talk without arousing hostility. But very shortly, strong emotion was aroused by phrases and words of which we list a few here: profit motive, conflicting commercial interests, vested interests, capitalism, socialism, democracy—but there are many such emotive words. We were not able to determine, or not in a way that our economic experts would recognize as satisfactory, the significance of these phrases, since the emotions became too violent to allow the conference to continue. The animals would certainly have begun to attack one another physically. In other words, the range of opinion (see above) was too wide to be accommodated. Opinion, that is, on matters to do with disposal and planning of population. Opinion concerning earth disturbance was virtually unanimous.

### BARBARIC SYSTEM OF TOWN PLANNING UNIQUE IN OUR SYSTEM, BUT SEE HISTORIES OF PLANETS 2 AND 4

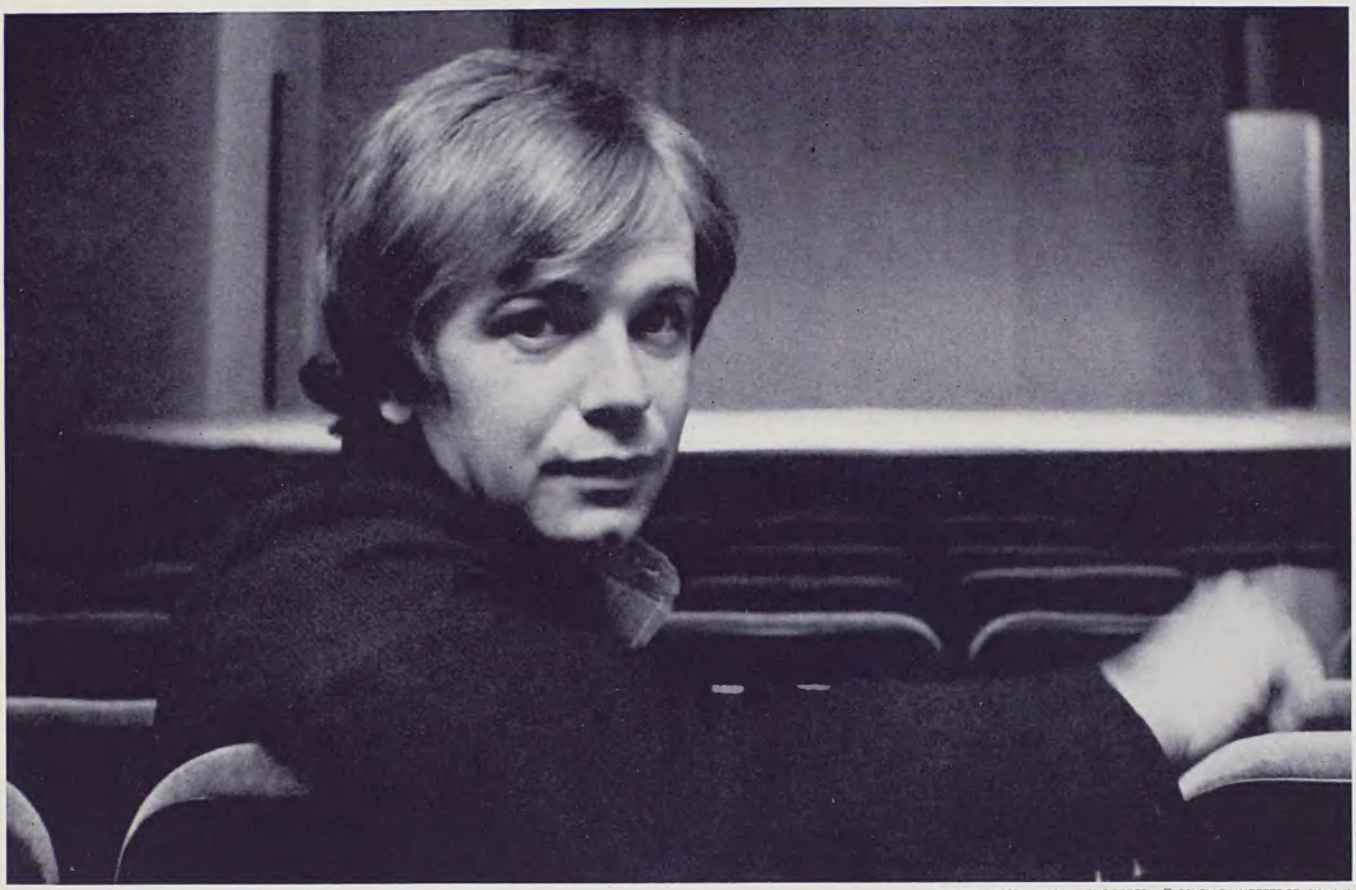
It appears that their population disposal, their city planning, is not determined by the needs of the people who live in an area but is the result of a balance come to by many conflicting bodies and individuals whose reason for participating in such schemes is self-interest. For instance: Before the violence engendered by this subject closed the conference, we had gathered that the reason a particularly large and expensive group of buildings was built directly in the line of maximum earth disturbance was that that part of the city commands high "rents"—that is, people are prepared to pay more to live and work in that area than elsewhere. Nor can the willingness of the builders and planners to erect buildings in the maximum danger area be put down to callousness, since in many cases the individuals concerned themselves live and work there—— THE EMERGENCY UNIT AT THE HOSPITAL IN WHICH A TEAM OF TEN DOCTORS AND NURSES WORKS AROUND THE CLOCK TO SAVE LIVES THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST AS RECENTLY AS FIVE YEARS AGO—AND ARE STILL LOST IN HOSPITALS NOT EQUIPPED WITH EMERGENCY UNITS. THE PATIENTS ARE USUALLY THE VICTIMS OF CAR ACCIDENTS OR STREET FIGHTS AND ARRIVE AT THE UNIT IN A STATE OF SEVERE SHOCK. SINCE AS SHORT A DELAY AS FIVE MINUTES CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, TREATMENT IS STARTED AS THE PATIENT IS LIFTED OUT OF THE AMBULANCE—— . . . as a good deal of the anger was directed against their own young, we left the institute and returned to the center of the city, where we again made contact with the young.

### THE INSTITUTE FOUND NOT USEFUL

The young ones working at the institute in menial and assistive positions were all of a different subculture, patterned on the older animals in clothing and behavior. The young animals we met in the city were in herds, or smaller groups, and not easily contacted by Herbert Bond and John Hunter, who, being older and dressed in the uniform of the dominant males, were suspected of being spies of some sort. We therefore reincarnated ourselves as two youngsters, male and female, having agreed to spend a fourth of what was left of our supply of power in trying to persuade them to agree on one issue and to act on it. For, like their elders, they discuss and talk and sing endlessly, enjoying pleasurable sensations of satisfaction and agreement with others, making these an end in themselves. We suggested that in view of what was going to happen to the city, they, the young ones, might try to persuade all those of their age to leave and live elsewhere, to make for themselves some sort of encampment, if to build a new city was beyond their resources, at

# DEWAR'S PROFILES

*(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")*



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

## TERRENCE McNALLY

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Playwright

HOBBIES: Rock Concerts. Opera. Tennis.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Kingdom and the Power"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: In spite of the enormous critical success of his play "Next," he feels a more personal accomplishment was sticking to writing through early failures.

QUOTE: "Today's audiences are into people to people things—relating to them, understanding them. When they realize that dramatically you can't get closer to people than an audience does with the actors and ideas during a play—then they'll start switching from movies to the legitimate theater. I'd like to help that happen."

PROFILE: As impatient as most with the problems that create today's social issues. But flexible, persistent, and keenly aware of the potential those same problems offer for dramatic use.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

*Authentic.* There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. ***Dewar's never varies.***

any rate, a place in which refugees would be welcomed and cared for.

FAILURE WITH THE YOUNG

All that happened was that a number of new songs were sung, all of a melancholy nature, all on the theme of unavoidable tragedy. Our encounter with these young ones was taking place on the beach and at the time of the fading of the sunlight. This is a time that has a powerfully saddening effect on all the animals. But it was not until afterward that we understood we should have chosen any time of the day but that one. There were large numbers of young, many with musical instruments. Half a dozen of them converted the occasion into a conference (see above) by addressing the mass not as their elders do, through talking, but through singing—the heightened and emotional sound. The emotion was of a different kind from that at the conference at the institute. That had been violent and aggressive and nearly resulted in physical attack. This was heavy, sad, passive. Having failed to get them to discuss, either by talking or by singing, a mass exodus from the city, we then attempted discussing how to prevent individuals from massing in the most threatened areas (we were on one at the time) and how, when the shock occurred, to prevent mass deaths and injuries and how to treat the injured, and so forth.

DESPAIR OF THE YOUNG

All these attempts failed. We might have taken a clue from the drugged condition of the three whose minds we at first occupied and from the indifference to death of the four in the metal conveyance. We have concluded that the young are in a state of disabling despair. While more clear-minded, in some ways, than their elders—that is, more able to voice and maintain criticism of wrongs and faults, they are not able to believe in their own effectiveness. Again and again, on the beach, as the air darkened, versions of this exchange took place:

"But you say you believe it must happen, and within five years."

"So they say."

"But you don't think it will?"

"If it happens, it happens."

"But it isn't *if*—it will happen."

"They are all corrupt, what can we do? They want to kill us all."

"Who are corrupt?"

"The old ones. They run everything."

"But why don't you challenge them?"

"You can't challenge them. They are too strong. We have to evade. We must be fluid. We must be like water."

"But you are still here, where it is going to happen."

"So they say."

A song swept the whole gathering. It was now quite dark. There were many thousands massed near the water.

*It will happen soon,*
*So they say,*
*We will not live to fight*
*Another day.*
*They are blind.*
*They have blown our mind.*
*We shall not live to fight,*
*We live to die.*

MASS SUICIDES

And hundreds of them committed suicide—by swimming out into the water in the dark, while those who stood on higher ledges by the water threw themselves in—— A DONATION OF $500,000 TO BUILD A BIRD SANCTUARY IN THE PARK. THIS WILL HAVE SPECIMENS OF EVERY KNOWN SPECIES IN THE WORLD. IT IS HOPED THAT SPECIES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION DUE TO MAN'S CRUELTY AND UNCONCERN WILL FIND THIS SANCTUARY A USEFUL BANK FROM WHICH THEY CAN REPLENISH AND STRENGTHEN VARIETIES UNDER THREAT—— . . . very low stock of power. We decided to make one last attempt, to concentrate our material in a single place. We decided to leave the herds of young and to return to the older animals, since these were in authority. Not to the institute, since we had proved their emotional instability. It was essential to choose a set of words that would not cause emotion—a received idea.

Now, the idea that the behavior of an individual or a group can be very different from its, or their, self-description is already part of their mental furniture and is enshrined in many timeworn word sets. For instance, "Don't judge by what he says but by what he does."

We decided to reinforce this soothing received idea with another of their anxiety-reducing devices. We have already noted that a conference is such a device. A variety of this is to put ideas into heightened or emotional sound, as was done by the young on the beach. We decided that neither of these was suitable for our last attempt. We considered and discarded a third that we have not yet mentioned. This is when disturbing or unpalatable ideas are put into ritual form and acted out in public to small groups or relayed by a technical device, "television," which enables visual images to be transmitted simultaneously to millions of people. A sequence of events that may fall outside their formal code of morality, or be on its border line, will be acted out, causing violent approval or disapproval—it is a form of catharsis. After a time, these sequences of acted-out events become familiar and are constantly performed. This way of trying out, of acclimatizing unfamiliar ideas, goes on all the time, side by side with ritual acting out of situations that are familiar and banal—thus making them appear more interesting. This is a way of making a life situation that an individual may find intolerably tedious and repetitive more stimulating and enable him to suffer it without rebelling. These dramas, of both the first and the second kind, can be of any degree of sophistication. But we decided on a fourth mechanism or method: a verbal game. One of their games is when sets of words are discussed by one, two or more individuals, and these are most often transmitted through the above-mentioned device.

We had reassumed our identities as Herbert Bond and John Hunter, since we were again contacting authority, and approached a television center with forged credentials from a geographic area called Britain, recently a powerful and combative subspecies, which enjoys a sort of prestige because of past aggressiveness and military prowess.

LAUGHTER, FUNCTIONS OF, SEE ABOVE

We proposed a game of words, on the theme "Don't judge by words but by actions." The debate took place last night. To begin with, there was a good deal of laughter, a sign that should have warned us. This was not antagonistic, "laughing at," which is found disagreeable but which, in fact, is much safer a reaction than "laughing with," which is laughter of agreement, of feeling flattered. This is commonly evoked by ideas that are still minority ideas, and the minorities consider that they are in advance of the mass. The aggressive and hostile laughter is, in fact, a safer reaction because it reassures onlookers that a balance is being kept, whereas the sympathetic laughter arouses feelings of anxiety in those watching, if the ideas put forward are challenging to norms accepted by them. Our thesis was simple and as already outlined: that this society is indifferent to death and to suffering. Fear is not experienced, or not in a way that is useful to protect society or the individual. No one sees these facts, because all the sets of words that describe behavior are in contrast *to* the facts. The official sets of words are all to do with protection of oneself and others, caution about the future, pity and compassion for others. Throughout all this—that is, while we developed our thesis—we were greeted by laughter.

These games have audiences invited to the places where they are played, so that the makers of the ritual can judge the probable reaction of the individuals outside all over the city in front of their television. The laughter was loud and prolonged. Opposing Herbert Bond and John Hunter, professors of words from Britain, were two professors of words from the local university. They have rules of debate, the essence of which is that each statement must have the same weight or importance as the preceding. The opposing professors' statements, of equal length as ours, stated the opposite view and were light and humorous in

*"Laverne, honey—it's your bath night."*

tone. Our turn coming again, we proved our point by stating the facts about this city's behavior in the face of a certain disaster—but we did not get very far. As soon as we switched from the theoretical, the general, to the particular, the laughter died away and violent hostility was shown. There is a custom that if people watching a ritual dislike it, they send hostile messages to the relay point. What Herbert Bond and John Hunter said caused so much violent emotion that the technical equipment used for listening to these messages broke down. While the two local professors maintained the calmness of manner expected during these games, they were nervous and, the ritual over, they said they thought they would lose their employment. They were hostile to us, as being responsible. They complained that as "foreigners," we did not realize that these rituals must be kept light in tone and general in theme.

When we two got to the door of the building, there was a mob outside, mostly of older animals, very hostile. The managers of the ritual game pulled us back and took us up to the top of the building and set guards on us, as apparently the mob was angered to the point of wishing to kill us—again, the focus of their anger was that we were foreign. We complied, since there was no point in creating further disorder and—— BRING YOUR DECEASED TO US, WHO ARE FRIENDS OF YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS IN YOUR DISTRESS, TREATED WITH ALL REVERENCE, CARED FOR AS YOU CARED WHEN MOTHER, FATHER, HUSBAND, WIFE, BROTHER OR LITTLE SISTER WAS STILL WITH YOU, THE SLEEPING ONE WILL BE BORNE TO THE LAST HOME, LAID GENTLY TO REST IN A PLOT WHERE FLOWERS AND BIRDS WILL ALWAYS PLAY AND WHERE YOU CAN VISIT AND MUSE . . . IN YOUR LEISURE HOURS, YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE A HAVEN WHERE YOUR THOUGHTS CAN DWELL IN LOVING HAPPINESS ON YOUR DEPARTED FRIENDS, WHO—— . . . We are running very short of power. There is nothing more we can do. This mission must be regarded as a failure. We have been able to achieve nothing. We have also failed to understand what is the cause of their defectiveness. There is no species like this one on any other planet known to us.

As the guards on our place of detention relaxed their vigilance, we simply dematerialized and returned to the craft. They will think we escaped or perhaps were the subjects of kidnaping by the still-hostile crowd that we could see from the top of the building where—— SHOCKING AND DISGUSTING PROGRAM THAT OFFENDED IN A WAY NO OTHER PROGRAM HAS IN THIS COMMENTATOR'S MEMORY. IT IS NOT WHAT WAS SAID BY OUR TWO VISITORS, IT WAS THE WAY IT WAS SAID. AFTER ALL, WE ALL HAVE TO LIVE WITH "THE FACTS" THAT THEY SO NAIVELY SEEM TO IMAGINE ARE A REVELATION TO US. FOR SHEER BAD TASTE, CRUDITY OF TONE, UGLINESS OF MANNER AND INSENSITIVITY TO THE DEEPER FEELINGS OF THE VIEWERS, NOTHING CAN BE COMPARED WITH PROFESSORS BOND AND HUNTER LAST NIGHT.

DEPARTURE FROM THE PLANET

We are now reassembled as our original six and will shortly be returning. We have a tentative conclusion. It is this: that a society that is doomed to catastrophe, and that is unable to prepare for it, can expect that few people will survive except those already keyed to chaos and disaster. The civil, the ordered, the conforming, the well-tempered can expect to fall victim at first exposure. But the vagabonds, criminals, mad, extremely poor will have the means to survive. We conclude, therefore, that when, within the next five years, the eruption occurs, no one will be left but those types the present managers of society consider undesirable, for the present society is too inflexible to adapt—as we have already said, we have no idea why this should be so, what is wrong with them. But perhaps concealed in this city are groups of individuals we did not contact, who saw no reason to contact us, who not only foresee the future event but who are taking steps to——

*The West Coast Examiner*

Sam Baker, a farmer from Long Ridge, said he saw a "shining round thing" take off 100 yards away from his fence yesterday evening as the sun went down. Says Sam: "It rose into the air at such a rate it was almost impossible to follow it with my eyes. Then it disappeared." Others from the same area claim to have seen "unusual sights" during the past few days. The official explanation is that the unusually vivid sunsets of the past month have caused strong reflections and mirages off rocks and stretches of sand.

MILITARY SECTOR III TO H.Q.
(TOP CONFIDENTIAL)

The UFO that landed some time in the night of the 14th, and was viewed as it landed, remained stationary for the entire period of seven days. No one was seen to leave the UFO. This is exactly in line with the previous 12 landings in the same spot. This was the 13th UFO of this series. But this was rather larger and more powerful than the previous 12. The difference registered by Sonoscope 15 was considerable. This UFO, like the previous 12, was only just visible to ordinary vision. Our observer, farmer Jansen H. Blackson, recruited by us after the first landing a year ago, volunteered that this one was much more easily seen. "You had to stare hard to see the others, but I saw this one coming down, also lifting off, but it went up so fast I lost it at once." The suggestion from M 8 is that all 13 are observation craft from the Chinese. The view of this section is that they are from our Naval Department 15, and it is my contention that as they have no right of access to this terrain, which is under the aegis of War Department 4, we should blast them to hell and gone next time they try it on.

AIR FORCE 14 TO CENTER

The alightings continue—number 13 last week. This was also unmanned. Confirm belief Russian origin. Must report also two further landings to the south of the city, both in the same place and separated by an interval of three weeks. These two craft identical with the series of 55 alighting to north of city last year. The two southern landings coincided with the disappearance of 11 people, five the first time, six the second. This makes 450 people gone without trace during the past two years. We suggest it is no longer possible to dismiss the fact that the landings of these craft always mean the disappearance of two to ten people with the word coincidence. We must face the possibility that all or some are manned, but by individuals so dissimilar in structure to ourselves that we cannot see them. We would point out that Sonoscope 4 is only just able to bring these types of craft within vision and that, therefore, the levels of density that might indicate the presence of "people" might escape the machine. We further suggest that the facetiousness of the phrase Little Green Men might mask an attitude of mind that is inimical to a sober evaluation or assessing of this possibility.

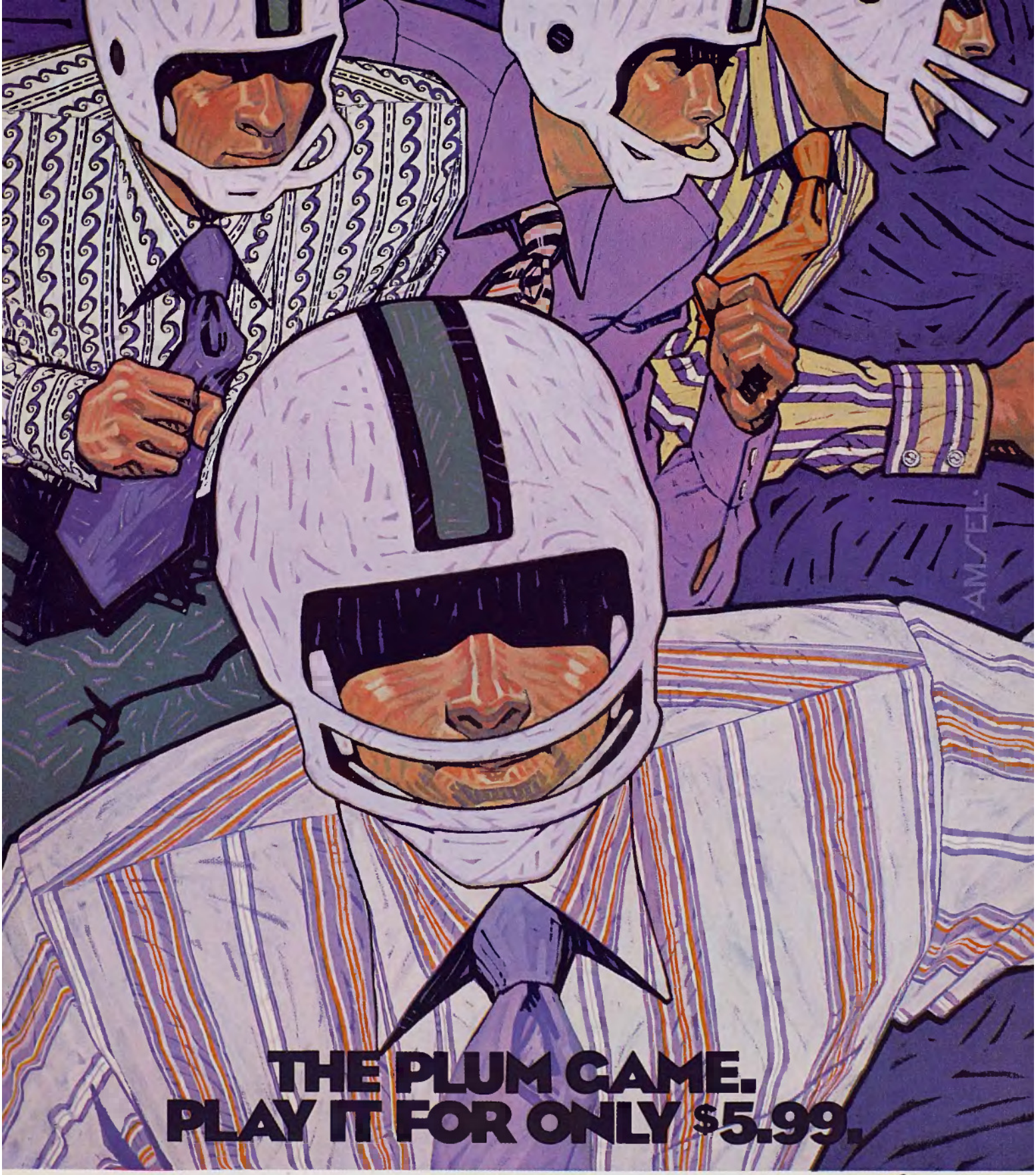
Confirm at earliest if we are to continue policy of minimizing these disappearances. We can still find no common denominator in the *type* of person taken off. The only thing they all have in common is that they were, for a variety of reasons, somewhere in the areas in which these craft choose to descend.

*The West Coast Examiner*

Our observer at filling station Lost Pine reports that groups of people are driving south out of the city to the area where the latest UFOs are known to descend and take off. Last night they numbered over 50,000.

AIR FORCE 14 TO CENTER

In spite of Total Policy 19, rumors are out. We consider it advisable to cordon off the area, although this might precipitate extreme panic situation. But we see no alternative. The cult called Be Ready for the Day is already thousands strong and sweeping the city and environs. Suggest an announcement that the area is contaminated with a chance leak of radioactivity.

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# SEX IN CINEMA

*(continued from page 186)*

world, because neither the men nor the women derive any lasting pleasure from their frantic lovemaking. And lovemaking without love becomes, as in the final sequence, a commodity to be bought and sold. Women's libbers could hardly agree more, although they probably hate the picture for showing it like it is instead of the way they want it to be.

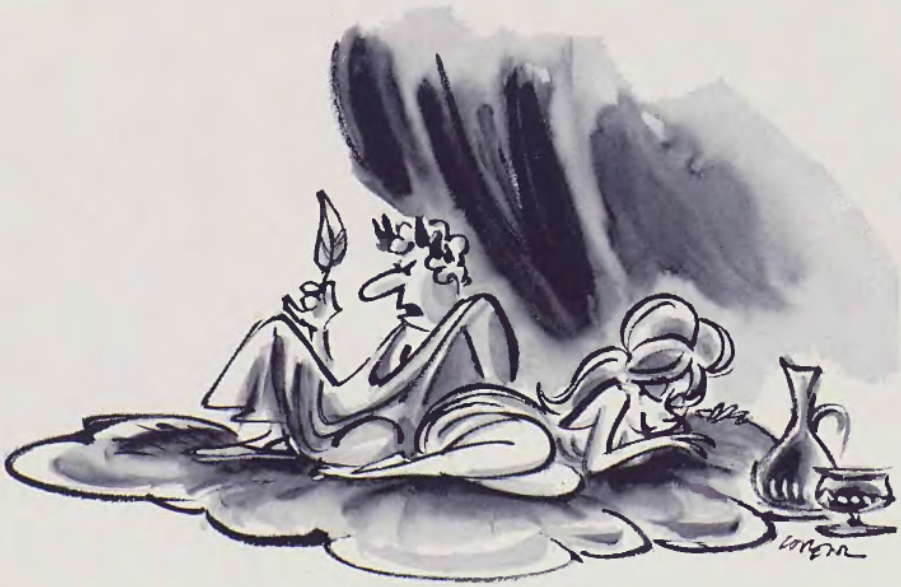
*Carnal Knowledge* came as the culmination (though not necessarily the conclusion) of a series of movies that, generally in the guise of comedy, have been reconsidering—among other things—the venerable institution of marriage. There was a time when the screen insisted that everything after the wedding bells was unadulterated bliss. Part of the shock of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, at least in its screen incarnation, was its revelation that married life could be sheer hell. Then, as wife swapping entered the vocabulary (and immediately became the theme of several low-budget exploitation pictures), the major companies began to consider the possibilities in such films as *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, Divorce—American Style* and, this year, *I Love My . . . Wife* and *Doctors' Wives*. Invariably, however, the proper pairs ultimately sorted themselves out and the marriage was saved, just as it always had been in the past.

*Carnal Knowledge* is exceptional in that it suggests, quite casually, that there was nothing worth saving in the Garfunkel-Bergen marriage and nothing in the Nicholson–Ann-Margret relationship worth marrying. Not coincidentally, Jules Feiffer's script for *Little Murders* also takes a rather dim view of connubial bliss, and not only in his devastating glimpses into the home life of the Chamberlains and the Newquists. When Marcia Rodd proposes to Elliott Gould, it's because, as she puts it, "I want a strong, vital, self-assured man that I can protect and take care of."

Robin Stone, the hero of Jacqueline Susann's *The Love Machine*, is clearly the kind of strong, vital, self-assured man that no woman has to protect or take care of, although in the course of Jack Haley, Jr.'s racy filmization of the novel, quite a number try. Most prominent among the ladies making the effort is Dyan Cannon, as the oversexed wife of a television-network executive (Robert Ryan) who is less effective in the bed than on the board. Clearly the ball-breaker type, Miss Cannon discovers Robin (John Phillip Law) as a newscaster on her husband's network and has him promoted to the head of that department less because he is newsworthy than because he is bedworthy. But when she discovers that his attentions have strayed, she proceeds to have him ousted on a morals charge—as a homosexual! His swish photographer pal (David Hemmings), who has been supplying Robin with girls, provides the pretext. The film, true to the novel, includes a gamut of sexual encounters with glamorous models, ambitious career girls and even an outsized whore (whom Robin beats furiously in an all-too-rare fit of self-loathing for his indiscriminate appetites). But however tawdry and treacly, it's all handled with a veneer of polish and sophistication; and what with the luxury of its settings, the boldness of its language and its behind-the-scenes revelations of how a TV network supposedly operates, *The Love Machine* has every possibility of becoming the *Airport* of 1971.

Columbia reportedly paid more than $1,000,000 to Jacqueline Susann for the rights to her novel, gave her husband, Irving Mansfield, the title of executive producer and used Jackie herself for a bit part as a television newscaster. Fox has been somewhat more reticent about revealing the sum paid to Irving Wallace for his best seller *The Seven Minutes*, but it turned the filming over to that shrewd, fast-shooting ex–king of the nudies, Russ Meyer, who willingly relinquished that title after last year's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. *The Seven Minutes*, like *The Love Machine*, contains only an occasional flash of nudity. It is concerned, instead—as is Meyer himself—with the question of what constitutes the candid treatment of sex and what is to be construed as pornography. The costly running battles that Meyer has fought with the censors over his previous works have seemingly come into focus in this story of an ambitious district attorney (Philip Carey) who busts a bookstore for selling an allegedly pornographic novel, *The Seven Minutes*. (The minutes referred to are those it takes a woman to achieve orgasm.) All is cleared when the presumably deceased author (Yvonne De Carlo) takes the stand and reveals that her book has had a positively therapeutic effect on an impotent young man charged with the brutal beating of a girl while under the influence of her lascivious literature. On the surface, Meyer's treatment is his customary tongue in cheek; but beneath his slick handling of obviously exploitable material is the indication that he really means every anticensorship barb he shoots out.

More frankly exploitational were such films as Avco Embassy's *The Sporting Club*, a horror story set in a Midwestern upper-class resort whose privileged members enjoy blood sports not limited to wild fowl and game. An all-out orgy climaxed this ugly film's festivities until the distributors toned down their prints for release. In *Impulsion*, architect Alejandro Rey returns from a business trip to find his wife in bed with his best client. After murdering the man, he returns from another trip to find her balling his teenage son (by a previous marriage). In *B. S. I Love You*, young Peter Kastner, playing a producer of television commercials, wends his way upward through the advertising jungle by bedding his boss (Joanna Barnes) as well as her nymphomaniacal daughter (JoAnna Cameron). Melvin Van Peebles' *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, with its self-imposed X rating, for all its anti-Whitey indignation tends to emphasize its hero's prowess in a succession



*"Damn it all, Leda! One of these pillows is leaking—the whole bed's full of feathers."*

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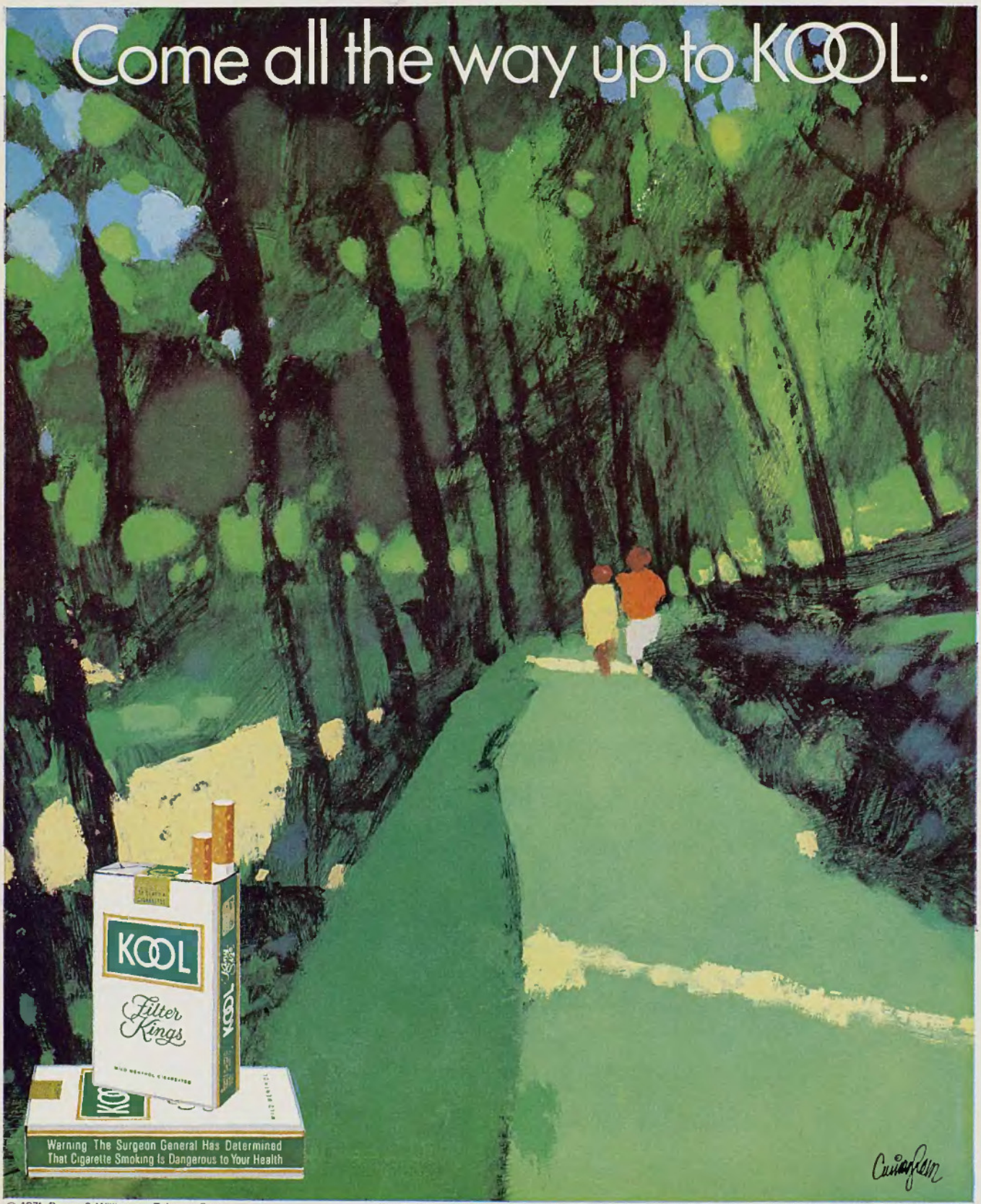


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of beds. *Where's Poppa?* offered its famous "tush" scene, with Ruth Gordon hungrily kissing the bared behind of her son, George Segal. John Cassavetes' *Husbands* supplied its trio of foot-loose males on a drunken toot in London with an equal number of agreeable bed partners. In most of these pictures, nudity is rampant, and in all of them, sexual activity is central to the development of the story.

But along about the middle of the year, the studios began to get the message desperately being flashed not only by their own M. P. A. A. but by box offices all over the country. Excessive erotica was *out*. An X or even an R on an expensive picture could cost them millions at the till. The studios began making "voluntary" cuts—even when the film makers protested. *Von Richthofen and Brown*, a tepid account of aerial combat in World War One, had originally been spiced with such moments as the pilot making out with a girl on the wing of his plane. Ironically, when it—and other such amorous interludes—disappeared, there was little left to the movie. Universal's *Two-Lane Blacktop*, the subject of a gaudy prerelease layout in *Esquire*, emerged with most of its gaudiness excised. Similarly, Cinema Center's *The Christian Licorice Store*, which had gone into production as the most with-it and far-out picture of the year, proved a tame and routine offering once its sex scenes had been clipped. Even films already in release, such as *Carnal Knowledge* and *The Sporting Club*, were subjected to additional scissoring in the interest of public acceptance. The pendulum was taking its toll.

Symptomatically, Universal, which enjoyed a modest success and wide critical approbation with its film *Taking Off*, decided to cool it a bit after the initial engagements. One of its comic highlights was a madrigal, *Ode to a Screw*, sung deadpan into the camera by a girl who, with marvelously Elizabethan *sang-froid*, repeats the word fuck several dozen times. Universal bleeped out the offending word for showings in more sensitive areas following its first runs. *Taking Off*, directed by Czech-born Milos Forman, was but one of the many films of 1971 that prolonged the youth cycle begun a year ago. In Forman's picture, the daughter of a middle-class couple (delightfully portrayed by Buck Henry and Lynn Carlin) runs off to Greenwich Village to make her way as a folk singer. At the end of the film, she returns with her intended, a particularly hirsute rock musician, to the bosom of her family—after her parents have been exposed to a pot party and an experimental game of strip poker. Queried by the father, the musician explains that he earned $290,000 last year—but adds bitterly that his taxes will help support the very establishment he has been singing against.

If Forman's film is gently satiric, *Making It* (the titles of these youth-oriented movies are distressingly similar) offers a more astringent view. Kristoffer Tabori makes it with just about everybody on his college campus, including the 30ish wife of his phys-ed instructor and an 18ish coed who soon believes she is pregnant. She isn't, but his mother is, by a since-deceased inamorato; and in the film's rather gruesome finale, the boy is forced to look on while Mom is aborted because the doctor assumes that he was responsible for her condition.

Unwanted pregnancy is also the theme of *Friends*, in which two teenagers, Sean Bury and Anicee Alvina, run off to the south of France and discover the delights of unmarried love—until Anicee is unfortunate enough to have a baby. In *Summer of '42*, another of 1971's numerous coming-of-age movies, 17-year-old Gary Grimes loves 22-year-old Jennifer O'Neill from afar. When she learns that her husband has been killed in the war, she makes poignant love to the boy in a long, silent and strikingly sensual scene. Perhaps the highlight of the film, however, in both humor and audacity, is a sequence in which young Grimes embarrassedly outwaits all the other customers in a drugstore so he can buy a packet of prophylactics without attracting attention. (A scene in *Carnal Knowledge* has Garfunkel actually displaying a condom on the screen—a movie first.)

*Red Sky at Morning* closely follows the pattern of *Summer of '42*, with the exception that young Richard Thomas is initiated into the mysteries of love by a girl his own age. And in *Glen and Randa*, a low-budget enterprise by Jim McBride that's making its way through the art-house circuit, teenagers Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton (who spend the first 20 minutes of the film running through a wilderness without a stitch) learn all about sex, if nothing else, in a world supposedly devastated by the bomb. At the film's end, with Randa alarmingly pregnant, Glen devises a decidedly unorthodox coital position that, with an assist from grizzled Woodrow Chambliss, permits him to continue his lovemaking despite her abdominal encumbrance. When love finds Andy Hardy these days, the accent is on the hardy.

Further pointing up the as-yet-unnarrowed horizons of the permissible is a new emphasis on penises. As few as two years ago, Robert Forster's heavily shadowed but still obviously nude romp through a sequence in *Medium Cool* was enough to earn the picture an X. Today, far more protracted—and unshadowed—male nudity (as in *Drive, He Said*) garners an R. In *The Last Movie*, Dennis Hopper strips his private parts of their last vestige of privacy when he uses them to ravish an obliging chick (while a passing priest looks on with less shock than envy).

But beyond the occasional viewing of a penis, several 1971 offerings centered their entire plots on the male organ. This was hardly surprising in the case of a film like *Pinocchio*, a rather clever—if obvious—adaptation of Collodi's fairy tale that rendered it no longer suitable for the kiddies. It was produced specifically for the sexploitation market and abounded with bouncy, bosomy girls, all anxious to sample Pinocchio's outsized endowment (which, incidentally, was never exposed to the camera). But it was the highly respectable Cinerama corporation that presented *The Statue*, in which no less a star than David Niven sets off in jealous pursuit of the man who modeled for the penis on the larger-than-life statue of himself carved by his wife, Virna Lisi. Since the statue resembles him in every other respect, he is certain that the part in question belongs to one of her lovers. And in *Percy*, imported from England by MGM, the hero (Hywel Bennett) spends much of the film searching for the anonymous donor of the penis transplant that gave him a new lease on life. Along the way, as in *Pinocchio*, he encounters innumerable bed partners—Elke Sommer, Britt Ekland, Adrienne Posta and Sue Lloyd among them—all eager to sample his new "Percy." As a sort of reverse to the coin, Anne Heywood is seen in *I Want What I Want* as a rather girlish young man who does a Christine Jorgenson and emerges as a very womanly young woman. For anyone interested, the surgical details are spelled out *in extenso*.

Homosexuality also figured prominently on the screen this year. Until 1970's *The Boys in the Band*, the homosexual had been generally represented cinematically by rabbit-faced Franklin Pangborn or by W. C. Fields's recurrent nemesis, Grady Sutton. Either he was a figure of fun and derision or he was barred from the screen altogether. Today, the homosexual is often portrayed sympathetically—although he may also be a figure of fear. In *The Love Machine*, David Hemmings is at first amusingly bitchy; later, he becomes Robin's lethal foe. In *Get Carter*, a gutsy crime melodrama starring Michael Caine, the ferocious beating that Carter takes early in the film is clearly inspired by his betrayal of an earlier homosexual relationship. *Villain*, also British made (and also for MGM), offers Richard Burton as a homicidal homo with a special affection for the razor. In addition, he has a nasty penchant for beating up his pimping lover, Ian McShane, before making love to him. Gene Shalit, NBC's acerbic movie critic, pondered aloud

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Burton's own penchant for such roles, after his appearance last year as a homosexual barber in the disastrous *Staircase*. "He certainly didn't learn it at home," purred Shalit.

On the other hand, Ken Russell's opulent film biography of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, *The Music Lovers*, makes that tragic composer's homosexuality the key to both his greatness and his misery. Although in love with the fluttery Count Chiluvsky, Tchaikovsky—played by a bearded and teary-eyed Richard Chamberlain—marries the neurotic Nina Milukova (Glenda Jackson) in the hope of straightening himself out. The marriage is a preordained failure, as clearly indicated by a scene in which a nude Miss Jackson writhes on the floor of their train compartment in a vain attempt to rouse the ardor of her new husband. After their divorce, she progresses to nymphomania and madness, epitomized at the finale by a weird sequence in an asylum where, like a caged animal, she whirls among the waving, outstretched arms of the male inmates in the surrounding cells. Tchaikovsky himself has a lurid homosexual fantasy in which he shoots the heads off all the female members of the cast to the cannon booms of the *1812 Overture*, then commits suicide. *The Music Lovers* may leave something to be desired as biography, as history and as a valid study in abnormal psychology, but it's marvelously baroque moviemaking.

Similarly, until a few years ago, the theme of homosexual love (albeit unrequited) that runs through Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* was enough to bar this splendid, tragic *novella* from the screen. Last year, after *The Damned* demonstrated that even the most overt forms of depravity could secure important play dates in this country, director Luchino Visconti was commissioned to begin production of Mann's neglected classic. *Death in Venice* is a gentle story—indeed, less a story than a character study of the moral disintegration of an aging composer (Dirk Bogarde) through his growing infatuation for a beautiful 14-year-old Polish boy (Björn Andresen). The boy, aware of his power, does no more than grant the man a fleeting smile, but this is enough to make the composer stay on in Venice despite a spreading cholera epidemic. Done with exquisite taste, and with a perfect re-creation of its Venetian pre–World War One settings, it is a film of rare beauty and even rarer understanding of the power of a homosexual attraction.

But the year's most flagrant display of homosexuality is to be found in John Herbert's adaptation of his controversial prison drama, *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. Herbert made the film, like the play, deliberately shocking in order to point up the need for prison reform, particularly in the area of placing first offenders among hardened criminals and known perverts. Young Wendell Burton, given six months for the possession of marijuana, is locked in a cell with three experienced convicts—Queenie, Rocky and Mona. Queenie, as the name implies, is a flaming fag who immediately wants to set the boy up as the "old lady" of a con who can protect him. But Rocky, in a frightening sequence set in the prison shower room, forcibly buggers Burton and makes him become his lover. There is a chillingly graphic gang-bang in a recreation hall and dialog—especially Queenie's—even more explicit as the innocent boy is gradually shaped into a homosexual tough. The action, every bit as sordid and sadistic as it sounds, climaxes with an obscene parody of a Christmas pageant in which Queenie, in drag, dances a striptease for the assembled prisoners and staff during which he wantonly exposes himself full in the face of the warden's wife. *Fortune and Men's Eyes* makes *The Boys in the Band* look like Laurel and Hardy in *Pardon Us*.

The screen image of the Negro has undergone an even more significant change within the past year or so. Was it only three years ago that Stanley Kramer was hailed as an interracial trail blazer for permitting Sidney Poitier to kiss (however discreetly) Katherine Houghton in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* Traditionally, blacks have been portrayed on the screen as asexual, wholesomely exemplified by Poitier among the nuns in *Lilies of the Field*. Last year's *Watermelon Man*, of course, showed Godfrey Cambridge married to a white woman—but that was because he thought *he* was white as well. In 1971, all that seems to be changing. The black is now playing himself *as* himself and luring into the moviehouses vast numbers of black patrons who are positively reveling in the very idea that a man of color might have a sex life as interesting and varied as his Caucasian counterpart's. The trend is perhaps best illustrated by Melvin Van Peebles' *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*—independently produced, directed and starred in by Van Peebles—which has gained an enormous following in the black community. Gordon Parks's *Shaft*, starring Richard Roundtree in the title role, has also captured considerable support, despite extensive pruning by MGM. As originally filmed, its detective hero—a kind of blackface Bogart—is seen balling his mistress in the opening sequence, just as a girl is being kidnaped on the street outside. The screams of the girl mingle with the orgasmic moans of the mistress. Although this scene is missing from the picture as released, Roundtree has ample opportunities to display his sexual prowess in the footage that remains uncut. Uncle Tom has all but disappeared; Tom Cat is taking his place.

The ladies of women's lib also forced their way onto the screen in 1971, with Jane Fonda—one of the movement's more ardent spokeswomen—scoring particularly as the shrewd, intelligent, manipulative (and manipulated) callgirl in *Klute*, a superior murder melodrama. Julie Christie, the opium-puffing bordello

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madam in *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, also does much to dispel the myth of male superiority—even to the point of demanding a cash payment in advance from her business partner, Warren Beatty, before he can sleep with her. The hard-core porno market, inevitably, has contributed its mite: *The Sensually Liberated Female*, produced by something called the Institute for Adult Education, demonstrates how women can get along without men—by masturbating, with or without mechanical assistance. And from New York's underground Newsreel Films came *The Woman's Film*, a 45-minute compilation of oncamera interviews that argue the case for women's lib in ways that are variously impressive, irresistible and downright irritating.

Another provocative theme that's been receiving major coverage in the press, although scant attention on the screen as yet, is the growing proclivity of young priests to desert the holy Church in favor of holy matrimony. Last year, there were *Act of the Heart* and *Pieces of Dreams*, both of which explored the subject with a romanticism bordering on sentimentality. There is a certain irony in the fact that the two films that dealt with the topic this year, a good deal less tearfully, were both made in Italy, a Catholic country; our native film makers, apparently, are not nearly so anxious to take on the religious establishment. Perhaps producer Carlo Ponti's own well-publicized difficulties in legalizing his marriage to Sophia Loren had something to do with his decision to back Dino Risi's bitter and cynical comedy, *The Priest's Wife*, which co-stars *Signora* Ponti and Marcello Mastroianni. At any rate, there is no disguising its anticlerical intentions, particularly when, after having impregnated Miss Loren, priest Mastroianni is first advised by a superior to keep her as a mistress if he likes, then dissuaded from leaving the Church by promotion to a cushy job in the Vatican. Although the film is played for laughs—apart from a touching visit to a married, disillusioned and defrocked priest—and it's made clear that Sophia is the pursuer, not the pursued, the script is dotted with enough sharp jabs at the clergy to make any good Catholic squirm.

Far more pointed (which is perhaps why, at presstime, it hasn't yet been shown in the United States) is Marco Vicario's *The Married Priest*. The story of a handsome and virile young Sicilian cleric (Lando Buzzanca), it emphasizes his growing inability to cope with the sexual temptations he encounters in Rome—and especially those proffered by a comely callgirl (Rossana Podesta). At first, as her spiritual father, he tries to reform her; but since marriage is the only kind of reformation that interests her, he lays plans to leave the Church. Again, the Church hierarchy intervenes, suggesting hypocritical ways in which he can, in effect, have his cookie and eat it, too. Actually, *The Married Priest* goes considerably further than *The Priest's Wife* in delineating the pleasures to be derived from such an arrangement, as personified by such tempting postprandial delights as Magali Noel, Barbara Bouchet and Silvia Dionisio. Despite pained outcries from the Catholic newspapers, both films were immensely popular in Italy.

Nor have the nuns escaped scot free. One of the year's more startling releases was Warner Bros.' X-rated *The Devils*, written and directed by Ken Russell (of *Women in Love* and *The Music Lovers*). Based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun* and John Whiting's stage adaptation of the novel, Russell's script depicts graphically the well-documented debauchery in an Ursuline convent in the year 1632. The randy Father Grandier (Oliver Reed) is the object of the nuns' overwrought affections. His very presence wracks the good sisters to undreamed-of heights of eroticism—particularly Sister Jeanne (Vanessa Redgrave), whose humped back and canted head make her the least likely candidate to share his virtually communal bed. Whereupon the sister claims that she has become possessed by the Devil, and a sadistic young priest is dispatched by Richelieu to take care of both Grandier and the sister. By the time he arrives, the nuns are running naked and hysterical through the convent, heaping obscenity upon obscenity. (A Warner minion, sent to England shortly before the film's release, eliminated some closeups of nuns masturbating, nipple sucking and engaging in oral copulation, but the action that remains in the long shots is more than merely suggestive.) Perhaps the film's most shocking moment comes when the official exorcist, a brawny and intense young man, seeks to flush out the Devil from Sister Jeanne's lustful body by pumping a noxious, bubbling brew between her legs with a giant bellows. Its moral seems to be, as Grandier hauls himself to the stake on his broken legs, that any man who succumbs to his humanity by messing around with women must expect to come to a bad end.

By a curious coincidence, Jacques Rivette's *The Nun*, based on Diderot's 18th Century classic anticlerical novel, *La Religieuse*, opened in New York almost the same day as *The Devils*. The coincidence is heightened by the fact that the film had been made—and banned—in France in 1966. In it, Anna Karina, sent to a convent by parents who would rather avoid the expense of a dowry, revolts against the cruelty of her superiors and the monotony of life behind the walls. Although deeply religious, the girl is transferred to another, more worldly convent—where she promptly enkindles the Lesbian desires of her mother superior (Liselotte Pulver). By now a bit mad, Sister Suzanne flees to the world outside, only to find it even more corrupt. The story ends with her suicide. The French had banned the film originally at the insistence of the Catholic Church, though Rivette's essential bitterness—like Diderot's—seems directed less against the Church than against selfish, mean-spirited parents who hypocritically consign their daughters to the religious life rather than spend their money to rear and educate them to a proper place in society. In Silvio Clementelli's *The Lady of Monza*, Anne Heywood suffers an even worse fate than Sister Suzanne. As Sister Virginia, she is raped, gives birth and is sealed alive in a brick cell.

Meanwhile, as outlined by John Bowers in PLAYBOY's *The Porn Is Green* last July, there has been a vast upswing in the American porno market—a blossoming, however, that is not precisely a boom. For one thing, thanks to the enormous expansion of the minitheater operations (over 100 in Los Angeles alone), exhibitors are now beginning to complain about "overseating"—a neat euphemism for the fact that there are considerably more seats in the hard-core theaters than there are customers to fill them. Consequently, where once they were getting five and six dollars a ticket, many houses have now reduced their prices to two and a half and three dollars, with further discounts for couples (heterosexual, that is). One Los Angeles theater, the Xanadu, offers "six hours of continuous hard adult erotica"; others tout free popcorn. And in Texas, there's a theater that, in addition to its marathon hard-core entertainments, provides free coffee and sandwiches for its more indefatigable customers.

If the exhibitors are beginning to feel the pinch, the producers of porn pictures are being hit even harder. Because production values are hardly a primary consideration in this field, it has been invaded by a small army of amateur and semiprofessional film makers who can—and do—supply stag reels and hard-core features for astonishingly little money. But in their all-out competition for the dollar, they have been consistently pushing down their rental prices, thus cutting sharply into the profit margin of what is already a very risky production operation. In addition, the operators of porno houses have already earned the reputation of being extremely unreliable about giving the producers an honest accounting of their take, or even about making any payments whatsoever. And the porn producer is hardly in a position to sue. Lowell Pickett, a San Francisco hard-core film maker, recently stated that the only way he could afford to expand his production arm was by creating his own chain of theaters. "Otherwise," he said, "I'm at the mercy of the exhibitors"—and he indicated that the quality of their mercy is decidedly strained. Or, as

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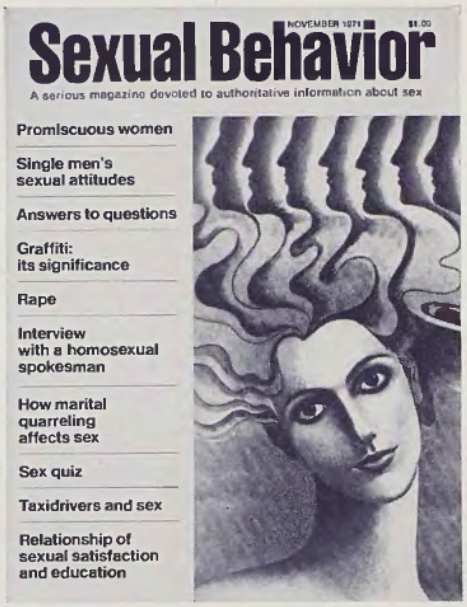


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Harold Marenstein, a New York producer, succinctly put it, "Not only are you lucky to see any rental money; you're lucky to get your print back."

But the field has certainly increased in visibility, if not in viability. Last December, the same enterprising Pickett introduced San Franciscans to the First International Erotic Film Festival, a week-long affair that attracted considerable attention not only in the local press but nationally and internationally. In January and February, he played highlights from the festival at the Sutter Cinema and he plans to repeat the experiment early next year on an expanded basis, possibly in San Francisco's historic Palace of Fine Arts. Meanwhile, Ken Gaul, former managing editor of *Screw*, will stage the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival this month. Last March, Bill Osco, a Hollywood hard-core producer, opened his *Harlot* at a Beverly Hills art house as a benefit for the Los Angeles Free Clinic, with all the lights, limousines and television coverage normally reserved for prestigious studio premieres. Even the hard-core homosexual houses are expanding their operations. New York's Park-Miller (formerly the Henry Miller) Theater just off Times Square, with an estimated weekly gross of $30,000, now stages an annual amateur homo-film festival that just about packs the house. Deciding that "gay is beautiful," last summer, two Chicago theaters—the Bijou and the Newberry—began showing only fag films.

Perhaps the most revealing index to the new permissiveness in the field of sexploitable entertainments, however, is the fact that domestic production has at this point completely displaced the European in audience favor. Last year's *Without a Stitch*, imported from Denmark, was the last foreign-made sexploitation feature to score in the American market. *I Am Curious (Blue)*, *Her and She and Him*, *Nana* and *The Laughing Woman* all proved to be major disappointments to their distributors. And even after fighting *Quiet Days in Clichy* through the American courts for the right to show it in this country, Grove Press turned the picture back to its Scandinavian producers early in the year after it had garnered a meager $75,000. The sole film to come from Europe in 1971 that carried anything stronger than the domestic fare was Denmark's *Animal Lover*, purportedly a documentary on the subject of bestiality. It showed, with documentary candor, a particularly unattractive farm girl having sexual relations with a pig, a stallion and a dog. When *Animal Lover* was successfully prosecuted in notoriously tolerant San Francisco (with a penalty of six months in jail and a $1000 fine for the theater operator), enthusiasm for the subject promptly waned throughout the country. An American essay in the same field, *Deviations on Gratifications* (which perhaps unintentionally forms the acronym DOG), got no farther than Los Angeles.

The strongest entry in the 1971 sexploitation sweepstakes was undoubtedly Sherpix' *The Stewardesses*, which to date has grossed $10,000,000 at the box office. Its primary novelty is the short-lived 1953 vogue for 3-D movies, here applied to the nudie field. Although abundantly fleshy, *The Stewardesses* is far from pornographic, merely recounting the sexual misadventures of a group of airline hostesses once they get on the ground. There is considerable group groping and considerable nudity, but sex acts are merely implied—which may explain its success with audiences who would never dream of entering a hard-core house. Indeed, after its initial engagements in sex houses in San Francisco and Los Angeles, Sherpix refused to go the way of all flesh any longer. In Boston, it played the huge downtown Music Hall Theater with a special 70mm print. In Milwaukee's respectable Riverside, according to *Variety*, "Pic did $36,000 in one week, biggest take at that house since *The Swiss Family Robinson* in 1954."

If the border line between a nudie like *The Stewardesses* and a hard-core film is not always clear to the novice, there were a number of pseudo documentaries in 1971 to help fix the boundaries. *A History of the Blue Movie* and *Hollywood Blue*, for example, were simply compilations of old stag reels—often the very ones that were kept under lock and key at the Kinsey Institute only a few years ago. Fitted to commentaries drawn largely from our own findings, as published in PLAYBOY in November 1967, they had the sole merit of bringing the stags out of their sniggering *sub rosa* world of legionnaire smokers. As documentaries, and hence with the redeeming social value that was considered necessary to discourage legal action, they were shown without interference in virtually every large American city.

*Hollywood Blue*, produced by Bill Osco, attracted extra attention by including two shorts that seemed to mark the cinematic debuts of two young performers who later rose to stardom. One depicts an encounter in a park between a sailor and a Marine, and its stag action leaves little to the imagination—including the identity of the future star. As Joyce Haber put it in a "blind" item that ran in her syndicated *Los Angeles Times* column last February, "Discussing whether the boy in question is really the star of today has been the very 'in' game at New Hollywood parties for weeks. I'm here to tell you that the 'game' is unnecessary. To see that scene in *Hollywood Blue* is to get the answer—but fast." An inspection of the still on page 173 of this issue might seem to confirm Miss Haber's positive identification; but it's worth remembering that both Miss Haber and the correspondents of *Variety* were all too ready to accept the heroine of *The Appleknockers and the Coke Bottle*, another of the shorts in *Hollywood Blue*, as Marilyn Monroe—simply because the film's commentator said so. Although the truth will probably never be known for certain, since the film was obviously made about the same time as the famous MM calendar photo, many feel that the girl isn't Marilyn at all but a look-alike named Arline Hunter, who enjoyed brief popularity in girlie magazines of the early Fifties as "the poor man's Marilyn Monroe."

Not all the porno documentaries of 1971 have consisted of clips from stag reels. *Making the Blue Film*, like Alex de Renzy's *Pornography in Denmark* last year, shows something of the actual filming of stag movies, extended interviews with several of the uninhibited performers in these films, plus excerpts from more of the stags of the past. *Kama Sutra 71* opens with a kind of slide-lecture travelog of the famed erotic art that adorns several of India's ancient temples, then gets down to business with an Indian man and maid demonstrating—against sleazy Hollywood backgrounds—the techniques and positions described in that well-known handbook of love. *Famous Homosexuals of History* is just what the title implies, tailored for the gay trade. But perhaps the year's most absurd effort in this direction is *The Flanders and Alcott Report on Sex Response*, which, to the accompaniment of unctuous pseudoscientific narration, reveals how a dozen or so young men and women got over their various sexual inhibitions. If the "patients" in this film had any inhibitions to start with, they certainly overcame them with incredible alacrity.

Hovering between porn and *cinéma vérité* is Lawrence Hauben's *Venus*, a self-consciously arty account of the film maker's six-week affair with actress Sally Kellerman. The picture has three basic shots. One shows Sally fixing her face interminably at a vanity mirror and making small talk with Hauben about the film he proposes to make. Another is a rather claustrophobic view of Hauben's pad, accompanied by a tape-recorded telephone call in which Sally is pleading with him to come back to her (to which he replies cryptically, "You work at a very emotional and subjective level"). And the third is an even more cramped view of his bed, with the two of them balling in various positions. The picture, shot perhaps two or three years ago but only just revised for release, reveals Miss Kellerman as vain, vulnerable and very human—and Hauben as a creep exploiting

*"Your not getting the job, Miss Fawcett, has absolutely nothing to do with your tendency to lisp."*

for all it's worth his brief intimacy with a girl who has since become a star.

*The American Dreamer*, with Dennis Hopper in the title role, is the opposite side of the same coin. Film makers Lawrence Schiller and L. M. Kit Carson are obviously hero-worshipers. Hopper is a star, and they respect everything that made him not only a cultist actor but a cultist director. And Hopper, apparently responding to their admiration, gave them everything they could hope for—including a naked stroll through an Arizona town and a bathtub scene with two groupie types soaping him down. Both *Venus* and *Dreamer*, in the name of documentary, represent an invasion of privacy that makes one wonder if their subjects knew or cared that their privacy was being invaded—or if that might have been what they wanted all along.

The newest twist in the porno field, one that began to appear at the end of 1970, is the introduction of a story line to set up and carry the stag action. Often, the stories are as uncomplicated as a nursery tale. In *Mona*, the trail blazer in this field, the heroine is a nymphomaniac (it's as simple as that) and the narrative merely follows her as she gives oral gratification to assorted young men in a variety of unlikely places, including an art theater during a performance. In *Love, Yolanda*, an aging but still sexy actress, managing the career of her niece, arranges for her to meet a succession of eligible young men and finally throws an orgy for her as a sort of coming-out party—because "that's the way you get jobs in the movies." The heroine of *Harlot* attends Hollywood High, but the kind of homework she enjoys has nothing to do with classroom assignments. She may be averse to paying bus fares, but she's more than generous in rewarding anyone who gives her a ride home from school. The film's highlight is a three-way grapple—strictly hard core—atop a Los Angeles office building, caught by a helicopter with a telephoto lens. Interestingly enough, the performers in these films—generally young and attractive—are beginning to shed the anonymity that has traditionally surrounded stag-film making, and such "stars" as Fifi Watson, Fran Spector and Mary Rexroth are now building their own followings in the porn circuit.

But while all these films intersperse hard-core action with the narrative footage, many of their producers are already beginning to have second thoughts. Not only is the hard-core market severely restricted, it's also subject to constant and costly harassment through police raids and vice-squad crackdowns. Court cases can drag on for weeks, with legal fees mounting by the hour. (One San Francisco exhibitor was recently fined $1000 for showing a porn movie but declared that the trial transcripts alone cost him over $1200.) Because dramatic films are far more expensive to make than straight stag reels, since they involve actors (as opposed to performers), sets, costumes and considerably more complicated shooting for dialog sequences, their producers are being forced to look beyond their original field. Bill Osco and Howard Ziehm, for example, began their *Flesh Gordon* as an opulently budgeted stag movie but ultimately re-edited it for general release. The producers of films such as *My Secret Life*, based on the anonymous memoirs of an exceedingly promiscuous Victorian gentleman, are happy to accept an X rating, because it (quite fairly) points up the film's erotic content. At the same time, because the specifics of the gentleman's secret life are spelled out on the sound track rather than on the screen, the film was able to open in New York at Loew's State II on Broadway. Had it been the other way around, *My Secret Life* would have remained secret, indeed.

Typical of today's market is Leo Productions' handling of the San Francisco–made *Cozy Cool*. A gangster adventure picture with perhaps 12 minutes of stag action in its almost two-hour running time, it was released in two versions—one X and one R. In the R version, although all the sexual activity relevant to the plot is retained (the heroine has been instructed to reach orgasm with a rival gangster at precisely 1:20, so that he won't notice his safe is being blown), the details of penetration, as well as close-ups of fellatio, have been removed. As in the soft-core sexploitation films—and in most Hollywood movies—the sexual acts are implied rather than depicted. While it remains to be seen whether *Cozy Cool* will enjoy the best of both worlds, the very fact that it has been edited in two versions further emphasizes the cooling of the market for hard-core material. The trouble, it would seem, is not that the public is repudiating sex per se but that it's now beginning to reject those pictures that offer nothing *but* sex. Significantly, it's the hard-core market—particularly as represented by the "sex-education" documentaries—that's being hit the hardest.

One development that this entire field is watching with unconcealed interest is the booming video-cassette market. "Cassettes will be the greatest pornography road-show library going," predicts Joe Solomon, an independent distributor of sex films. Several producers, including such front-runners as Russ Meyer and Radley Metzger, admit that they've already been approached by one or another of the cassette manufacturers—but most add that, to date, the offers have not been accompanied by hard cash. Recalling the early days of television, when pictures sold for a fraction of what they might have earned a few years later, most of the film makers have adopted a wait-and-see policy. No doubt, this attitude is augmented by their awareness that at least half a dozen cassette systems, all totally incompatible, are presently vying for position. There is real fear that in making a deal with one company or another, they might be backing the wrong horse—and at the wrong time, as well. On the other hand, producers freely say that once the cassette market settles down, many of their more pressing problems will be over. Pictures will then be rented or purchased by consenting adults for showing in the privacy of their own homes, thus minimizing the ever-present threat of police and vice-squad raids on X-rated moviehouses. And the makers of sex films, whether of the nudie or hard-core variety, will have access to the wider audiences (and additional income) they could never hope to reach through commercial television.

Presumably also awaiting this happier day are any number of European pictures produced with one eye on the home market, the other on the American distribution that so unexpectedly evaporated during the past year. In Denmark, Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen followed their *Freedom to Love* with an even more forthright documentary variously titled *Why Do They Do It?* and simply *Why*. The film, made in three sections, involves straightforward interviews with a white and black Lesbian couple, with two heterosexual couples who make a living by performing their sex acts in public, and with a country girl who, in both the literal and the figurative sense, takes care of animals. Although the film's scientific thrust is underscored by the fact that the filming took place before a large audience of Copenhagen university students, no American distributor has yet bid for the picture. Nor has anyone picked up Denmark's entry for last year's Academy Awards, *Lone*, a sensitively directed, semifactual story of a promiscuous teenage girl that climaxes with a clinically detailed account of her abortion, shot in huge and disconcerting close-ups of clamps, forceps and probes being forced up her vagina.

In Germany, where the film scene is particularly depressed, most theaters in major cities are now running sex films almost exclusively, and the majority of movie companies are hoping to stay in business by supplying them. Successful films of the past year or so have included such titles as *The Monk with the Whip*, *The Oldest Profession in the World*, *Count Porno and His Girls* and *To the Main Thing, Darling*, all of which are practically self-explanatory. A new series on teenage sex, inaugurated with *Schoolgirl Report*, moved on this year to *Girls and Gynecologists*. Notwithstanding its educational-TV title, the informative

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aspects take second place to the exploitative. In each of the seven cases treated—one the victim of multiple rape, another with venereal disease, a third suffering because she believes her breasts are too small—the girls turn up nude for their examinations, and then the film switches to graphic flashbacks to display the origins of their troubles. In *Grimm's Fairy Tales for Adults*, the tales have been perverted with a vengeance. Prince Charming must rouse his Sleeping Beauty sexually; and the Wicked Queen doesn't want Snow White's heart, she wants her sex organs—to eat. Snow White (Marie Liljedahl, who once played in *Inga*) not only writhes naked amid frogs and snakes, she also performs fellatio on a bull. *OK*, which was Germany's official entry for last year's Academy Awards, is another of the European films that is having trouble finding American distribution. Its purportedly antiwar theme centers in excruciating detail on a squad of American GIs in Vietnam who gang-bang, then murder a native girl.

Despite all this, even Germany for a time debated whether or not to invite, to its Berlin Film Festival, Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Decameron*, based on Boccaccio's ribald classic. Cannes, which is hardly the world's most puritanical festival, had earlier rejected it; and the Germans themselves were of two minds right up to the deadline. Described by a *Variety* correspondent as "the most sexplicit picture of the year and probably in the history of Italian cinema," the film is reportedly a multiepisode treatment of Boccaccio's bawdy tales, one of which involves a young man who, pretending to be deaf and dumb, becomes the stud of his local convent. Despite Pasolini's reputation, there is considerable question as to whether it can ever play American theaters, even though it took one of the top awards at Berlin, where it was finally admitted.

France, increasingly hamstrung by ever-tightening censorship, managed to produce few films in 1971 that generated any real excitement. Significantly, one of the best, Louis Malle's *Le Souffle au Coeur* (*The Murmuring Heart*), which won accolades at the Cannes festival, was deemed objectionable by the French precensor board because it includes a youthful initiation into a brothel, a juvenile seduction and a scene in which the teenage hero makes it with his mother. As was true of Malle's earlier *The Lovers*, none of this is played for shock value but, rather, as an insight into the growing awareness of a 14-year-old boy. The film hasn't been released in this country.

The English studios were in such deep trouble in 1971 that virtually any picture of interest—*The Music Lovers*, *Get Carter*, *The Devils*—was made for, and prepaid by, an American company. One of the kinkier of these, produced by Hammer Films for fun-loving American International, was *The Vampire Lovers*, a rather skillful interlacing of sex and horror. Instead of the familiar Lugosi-style vampire, we see the living dead represented by curvaceous Ingrid Pitt, a sultry brunette fatally drawn to creatures of her own sex (though the fatality is unfailingly theirs). Miss Pitt, who recurs in the film as Carmilla, Mircalla and Marcilla, also departs from the vampire norm by nipping her victims not on the neck but on the breast, which adds not only a touch of Lesbianism but also a *frisson* of voyeurism whenever the doctor must examine a shapely corpse for the telltale marks. And where a stake through the heart was formerly good enough to dispatch the doughtiest vampire, now nothing less than decapitation suffices.

From Belgium came another vampire tale, *Daughters of Darkness*, described by its director, Harry Kümel, as "a Gothic fairy tale for full-grown adults." They had better be. In it, the lovely Delphine Seyrig (of *Last Year at Marienbad*) arrives out of season at a plush Ostend hotel with a most voluptuous companion, and the two girls begin to terrorize a young honeymoon couple. (The groom, we discover, is something of a terrorist himself: In a sudden transport of rage, he beats his bride with his belt.) We also discover soon enough that Miss Seyrig is a vampire, the Bloody Countess of the 16th Century, who owes her youthful good looks to some 800 virgins in whose blood she has bathed in her time. While still sucking the blood of virgins in nearby Bruges, she begins for some reason to concentrate on the no-longer-virginal girl at the hotel, and her companion becomes equally interested in the young husband. It is sex *cum* sadism to its last exquisite detail, when the vampire and the bride bash in the face of the husband and enjoy his blood together.

The Italians travel the sexual-sadistic route in *Il Gatto a Nove Code* (*The Cat o' Nine Tails*), this one obviously beamed at the American market by reason of its co-stars, James Franciscus and Karl Malden. A mystery melodrama written and directed by Dario Argento (who last year filmed the spine-tingling *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage*), it includes incest, homosexuality, vast doses of sadism—knifings, garrotings, a death plunge down an elevator shaft—and the cool beauty of Catherine Spaak as she offers herself, nude, to Franciscus. It was rated GP for the United States.

And this points up not only a major weakness in the coding system of the Motion Picture Association of America but the next battleground on which the pro-censorship forces here seem likely to regroup. For a long time, it has been argued that the reason American pictures have been so violence prone is that they have been sexually deprived. If love cannot be freely expressed, so ran the argument, it finds ultimate expression in acts of sadism and masochism. Back in the days when the Production Code, with its arbitrary "Thou shalts" and "Thou shalt nots," ruled the screen, this seemed true enough and explained a great deal about our movies. For the

*"Next time, Harriet, get rid of your bubble gum!"*

past few years, however, the Code has, in effect, been suspended. There is very little of sex, love, nudity or perversion that can't be shown on the American screen—and not necessarily with an X rating.

But for all the permissiveness of the American screen today, violence has not disappeared. Quite the contrary. It has grown stronger, more prevalent, more obscene. In *The Grissom Gang*, most of the cast is machine-gunned in glorious Metrocolor before the film has run its course. In *The Hunting Party*, Gene Hackman takes an obviously perverted pleasure in stalking an outlaw gang with a high-powered rifle, splattering them all over the landscape, then vengefully shooting his unfaithful wife (Candice Bergen) in the crotch. In *The Beguiled*, a group of convent girls and teachers avenge themselves on their seducer, Clint Eastwood, by sawing off his leg —in close-up. Throat cuttings, wrist slashings, genital smashings, knifings, beatings, amputations, shotgun blasts that sprinkle the scenery with gore—these have become a customary ingredient of today's standard screen fare. And, more often than not, rated GP. Where the European censors are far more apt to award an X for excessive violence, the M. P. A. A. remains obsessed with sexuality and nudity; and the net effect of this has been to render its rating system somewhat less than satisfactory as far as either "parental guidance" or the churches are concerned.

And so, to the backlash against the new permissiveness in sex onscreen that began last year, there is now added the mounting fear that our movies are growing too violent for their own—or our own—good. Without question, these two issues are being linked by the pro-censor forces in their redoubled efforts to gain the support of otherwise liberal moviegoers in moving to shackle not only violence but sexuality onscreen.

Also without question, the M. P. A. A.'s rating system, with its imprecise classifications and blinkered concentration on nudity, has helped create this situation. For true decency implies more than the mere absence of lewdness, just as true obscenity extends beyond simply the explicit depiction of sexual behavior. Sex and violence belong on the screen if they are there as an intrinsic part of the film maker's artistic and moral statement about his world. But neither art nor morality can be legislated. They can only be encouraged and supported by those enlightened audiences who see beyond the surface of the action into the spirit that motivates it. The saddest fact is that the industry, if only in its own self-interest, has failed to take the initiative to make this happen.

# PLAYBOY'S EXECUTIVE QUIZ *(continued from page 187)*

expanded to play a role in promoting him as well. Promotions, top management insists, should be based on something more solid than test scores.

The main criterion is past performance, as judged by executives who themselves have been promoted over the years. The men who grant promotions like to think they have good evidence to support their decisions, but, since a promotion means elevating a man to a new and more difficult job, evidence from the past is never conclusive. When all is said and done, the decision to promote is made on the basis of a gut feeling in those who do the promoting. They call this feeling business instinct.

Successful executives are perhaps the only people who know what business instinct is, and even they have trouble defining it, though they'll tell you that they know it when they see it. And for them, that's quite enough. But the concept of an occult business instinct raises the hackles of the psychological-testing community. With some justification, the testers feel that any behavioral trait, if accurately enough defined, can be measured on a properly constructed psychological test. If such tests haven't worked in the past, the reasoning goes, either top management has failed to define its terms adequately or the test has not been refined to the necessary degree of sophistication.

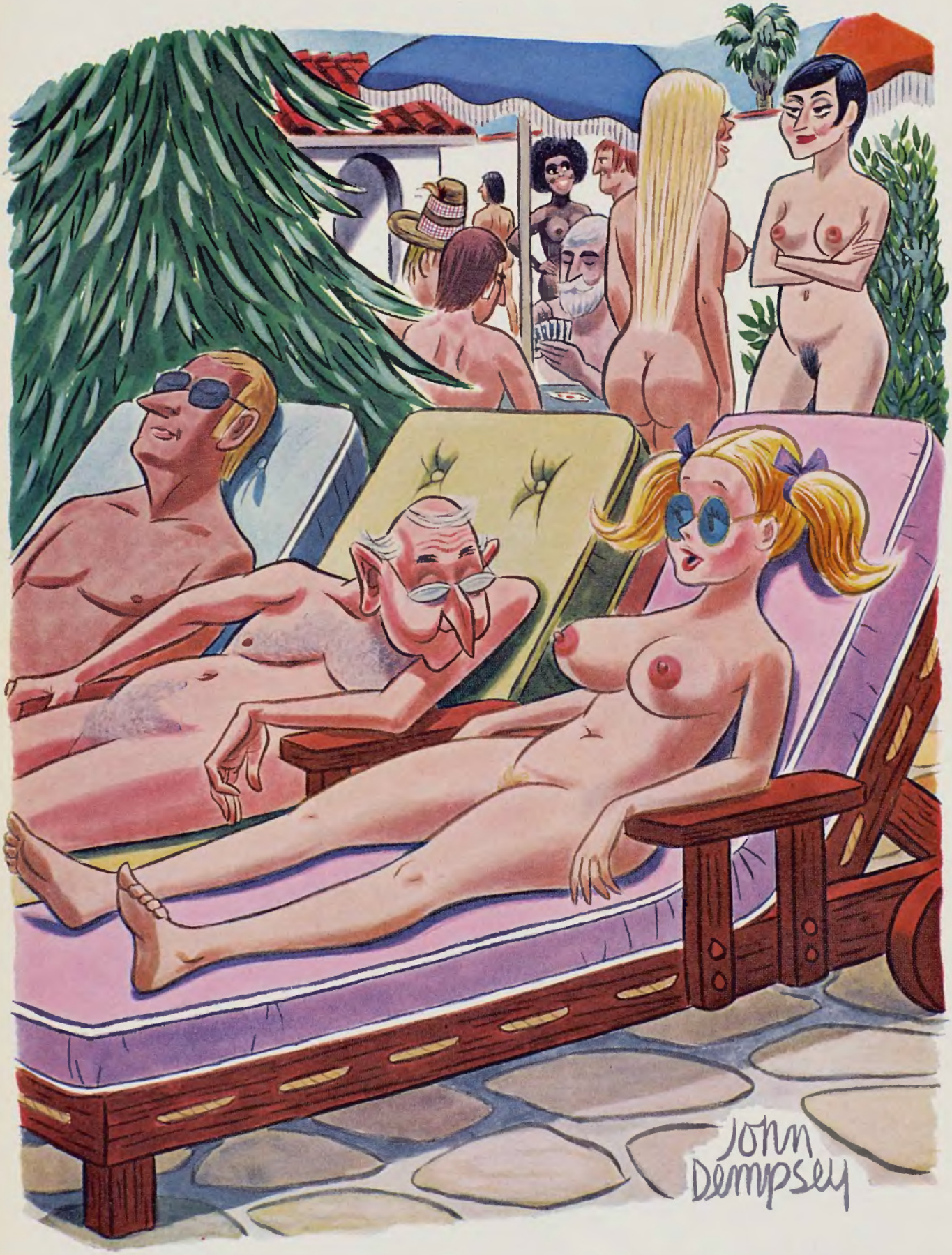
Testers being what they are, it's not surprising that they tend to blame the top echelon. If the firm's key man had a degree in behavioral science, then surely he could tell the testers precisely what he was looking for. But, of course, if he had such a degree, he'd be evaluating Rorschach tests in the personnel department instead of running the company. The argument is circular and, therefore, endless. Most likely, it will continue to be resolved in favor of management, which, after all, can always fire its testers, but testers can seldom reciprocate.

Even though management usually remains unwilling to rely on such tests in its promoting process, this hasn't prevented the testers from using them on captive job applicants. The results have been surprising. Nowadays, in addition to testing an applicant's suitability for the job he's applying for, the testers can make eerily accurate judgments about his potential for future advancement—measuring, in effect, whether he has the skills to qualify him for higher positions.

The quiz that follows was developed by PLAYBOY's own industrial psychologist. It's based on one that has been in use for a number of years and has shown a high degree of accuracy in predicting management performance. It is as authoritative as any brief questionnaire can be, at this date, and we have checked its validity in a survey of 150 executives whose scores have been compared with ratings given them by their superiors.

Of course, you will not achieve an accurate self-evaluation unless you answer all questions with ruthless honesty. No person from personnel will be interpreting the results, and your boss would most likely ignore them anyway, so there's no reason not to be candid.

1. How much anxiety or discomfort have you felt when speaking before a large group?
   a. very little
   b. little
   c. some
   d. much
   e. very much
2. In the past, how often have people misunderstood your writing?
   a. never
   b. rarely
   c. sometimes
   d. often
   e. very often
3. How often have people misunderstood what you have said to them?
   a. never
   b. rarely
   c. sometimes
   d. often
   e. very often
4. How much difficulty have you had writing reports over the past several years?
   a. very little
   b. little
   c. some
   d. much
   e. very much
5. How often have you found it difficult to sell ideas to your superiors?
   a. very seldom
   b. seldom
   c. sometimes
   d. often
   e. very often
6. Based on past experiences, how self-confident would you say you are?
   a. extremely, sometimes to an unrealistic degree
   b. very
   c. somewhat more than average
   d. about average, and realistic about it
   e. not very
7. How often have you set difficult goals for yourself but still attempted to reach them?
   a. very often
   b. often
   c. sometimes
   d. seldom
   e. never
8. Over the past year, how often have you taken risks?
   a. generally
   b. frequently
   c. sometimes
   d. seldom
   e. hardly ever
9. How comfortable have you been in new places and situations?
   a. very comfortable
   b. comfortable
   c. sometimes comfortable, sometimes uncomfortable
   d. uncomfortable
   e. very uncomfortable
10. How have you usually reacted to new opportunities?
    a. have taken advantage of all
    b. have generally tried to take advantage of all
    c. have taken advantage of some and not others
    d. have not had many opportunities, but have taken advantage of the ones you've had
    e. have failed to take advantage of many
11. How often have you found that working with others interfered with getting your own job done?
    a. never
    b. rarely
    c. sometimes
    d. often
    e. very often
12. Which of the following comes closest to describing you?
    a. friendly and outgoing, with many friends
    b. very jolly, life of the party
    c. have a few really close friends and a number of acquaintances
    d. difficult to get to know, but friendly after a time
    e. mostly enjoy being alone
13. Your favorite jobs have been those in which you:
    a. interact with many people
    b. work with a medium-sized group
    c. work with a small group
    d. work closely with one person
    e. work by yourself
14. On social occasions, when you have encountered a stranger, you have generally:
    a. introduced yourself immediately and tried to start a conversation
    b. introduced yourself immediately and carried the conversational ball
    c. introduced yourself and waited for him to respond
    d. waited for him to make the first move
    e. avoided such encounters
15. How often have you found that working with others increases tension or destroys your concentration?
    a. never
    b. rarely
    c. sometimes
    d. often
    e. very often
16. In the past, you have handled your personal finances by:
    a. closely budgeting yourself and keeping exact records of what you spent




*"How long's it been since you had your eyes checked, Mr. Oglesby?"*

*"They say Europe has dried up as a source of restaurant personnel."*

b. keeping records and spending according to a general plan
c. not keeping records but planning your expenditures
d. trying to watch budgets and keep records but without much success
e. playing it strictly by ear

17. How do you feel about tasks requiring routine operations and repetitious calculations?
a. rather enjoy them
b. don't mind them once in a while
c. indifferent, can take them or leave them
d. dislike them but would undertake them if well paid
e. don't like them under any circumstances

18. To what extent do you keep regular hours and run your life by a schedule?
a. to a great extent
b. considerably
c. somewhat
d. slightly
e. not at all

19. If something in your home needs fixing, you typically:
a. attend to it immediately
b. put it off until a few important matters are cleared up
c. put it off until you have most other things out of the way
d. let it go until absolutely necessary
e. call in a repairman

20. How well organized do you consider yourself?
a. extremely
b. largely
c. moderately
d. slightly
e. not at all

21. How much have red tape and administrative rules and regulations bothered you on previous jobs?
a. not at all
b. very little
c. somewhat
d. quite a bit
e. tremendously

22. How do you feel about economic success?
a. it's the most important thing in life
b. it's important
c. it's nice to have
d. it's not important
e. it makes no difference at all

23. How often have you tried out wild or experimental ideas on your business associates?
a. never
b. rarely
c. sometimes
d. often
e. constantly

24. How much have you enjoyed discussing commonplace topics with conventional people?
a. very much
b. often
c. sometimes
d. rarely
e. not at all

25. How do you rate your creativity compared with that of your associates?
a. not creative
b. slightly creative
c. average
d. more creative than most
e. very creative

26. How much has it bothered you to be notified at the last minute of work to be done?
a. not at all
b. little
c. somewhat
d. considerably
e. very much

27. How would you describe your capacity for tolerating ambiguity, frustration and confusion?
a. very great
b. greater than average
c. above average
d. about average
e. probably less than average

28. In the past, when you were in the midst of a problem, an interruption:
a. didn't bother you at all—you even enjoyed it
b. didn't bother you much
c. bothered you only a little, but you preferred not to be interrupted
d. annoyed you, but not extremely
e. annoyed you very much

29. You have generally preferred to work on:
a. so many things that you can't finish them all
b. many things simultaneously
c. several things at a time
d. a couple of things at a time in order to remain interested in your work
e. one thing at a time so you can do a thorough job

30. When you have thought deeply about something and reached a conclusion, how difficult has it been for someone to change your mind?
a. nearly impossible
b. very hard
c. quite hard
d. somewhat difficult
e. not difficult

31. When you're out with friends, how often are you the one who suggests where to spend the evening?
a. almost always
b. frequently
c. about as often as anyone else in the group
d. rarely
e. never

32. How long have you generally persisted in pushing to have an idea or a project accepted?
a. as long as possible
b. a long time
c. for a while
d. not very long
e. not at all

33. When in school, you were:
a. extremely ambitious
b. quite ambitious
c. about average in ambition
d. not very ambitious
e. not at all ambitious

34. How displeased have you been when your suggestions were ignored?
    a. very much
    b. much
    c. some
    d. little
    e. very little
35. In dealing with a new person, have your initial impulses been cooperative or competitive?
    a. very competitive
    b. largely competitive
    c. about half and half
    d. largely cooperative
    e. very cooperative
36. Which of the following was most typical of your school relationships?
    a. You were usually a leader.
    b. You were sometimes a leader.
    c. Everyone was about equal.
    d. You usually followed someone else's lead.
    e. You generally tried to conform.
37. In the past, how have you usually behaved in conferences or on committees?
    a. You felt free to express your views and easily swayed others.
    b. You felt free to express your views, but others didn't always share them.
    c. You were reluctant to express your views, but they were usually well received.
    d. You were reluctant to express your views and unsure of their reception.
    e. You usually didn't participate.
38. When you were in school, how much did you influence other people?
    a. very much
    b. much
    c. some
    d. little
    e. very little
39. Compared with others, how do you think you have rated as a supervisor?
    a. in the top one percent
    b. in the top ten percent
    c. in the top 20 percent
    d. in the upper half
    e. in the lower half
40. In past group discussions, to what extent have you tried to make others see your point of view?
    a. to a great extent
    b. to a large extent
    c. to a moderate extent
    d. to a slight extent
    e. not at all
41. If a subordinate challenges your decision, you are willing to listen closely and change your mind on the basis of new facts:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. always


# Lip Savers are more fun than that other chapped lip stuff.

As much as you might have liked the good old stand-by lip balm, you've got to admit that it was never much fun. So you probably used it only when you really had to. After your lips began to chap.

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**Don't wait until your lips are chapped to use Lip Savers.**

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42. You allow subordinates to participate in decision making, but you make the final decision yourself:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. occasionally
    d. usually
    e. always
43. If an employee does an unsatisfactory piece of work, you keep an eye on him:
    a. so management won't get uptight
    b. until he begins to show improvement
    c. until he shows moderate improvement
    d. until he shows considerable improvement
    e. until he achieves excellence
44. You think it is very important to see that your staff gets a fair deal from higher management:
    a. strongly disagree; it's up to higher management to decide what's fair
    b. disagree
    c. it depends
    d. agree
    e. strongly agree
45. You have private conferences with employees to help them improve:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. now and then
    d. often
    e. at every opportunity
46. When you appraise a subordinate's performance, you discuss both his strong and his weak points, indicating ways he can improve:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. always
47. You believe in promotion only in accordance with ability; seniority should not be considered:
    a. strongly disagree
    b. disagree
    c. it depends
    d. agree
    e. strongly agree
48. You feel it is necessary to increase your subordinates' knowledge of the company so that they can relate their work to corporate objectives:
    a. not at all
    b. very slightly
    c. somewhat
    d. in most cases
    e. always
49. You are confident that your subordinates will do satisfactory work without constant pressure from you:
    a. strongly disagree
    b. disagree
    c. it depends
    d. agree
    e. strongly agree
50. You try to let your staff handle their own jobs even when they make mistakes:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. always
51. You are as interested in keeping employees happy as in getting them to work hard:
    a. not at all
    b. very slightly
    c. somewhat
    d. in most cases
    e. always
52. When the quality or quantity of departmental work is not satisfactory, you warn subordinates that your own superiors will crack down unless there is an improvement:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. always
53. You want to know what your employees do on their own time:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. always
54. You feel that grievances are inevitable and you try to smooth them over as best you can:
    a. never
    b. rarely
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. almost always
55. You disapprove of unnecessary conversation among your subordinates during working hours:
    a. very strongly
    b. strongly
    c. somewhat
    d. slightly
    e. do not object at all
56. You don't feel that employees need to understand the reasons for doing a job:
    a. strongly agree
    b. agree
    c. depends on the situation
    d. disagree
    e. strongly disagree
57. For the sake of harmony, you'll overlook violations of petty or unimportant rules:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. often
    e. always
58. Problems among your workers will usually solve themselves without interference from you:
    a. strongly disagree
    b. disagree
    c. it depends
    d. agree
    e. strongly agree
59. You encourage subordinates to generate their own projects rather than wait for orders:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. occasionally
    d. frequently
    e. very frequently
60. Other things being equal, all workers on the same job should receive the same pay:
    a. strongly agree
    b. agree
    c. it depends
    d. disagree
    e. strongly disagree; merit should be rewarded

*"Ah, what do we have here? Scorpio rising?"*

61. You give the most difficult jobs to your most experienced workers:
    a. always
    b. usually
    c. sometimes
    d. seldom
    e. never
62. You hesitate to make a decision that will be unpopular with your subordinates:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. sometimes
    d. usually
    e. always
63. You watch work closely and criticize whenever necessary:
    a. always
    b. usually
    c. sometimes
    d. seldom
    e. never
64. If an inexperienced subordinate has trouble with a difficult job, you put him to work on something else:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. occasionally
    d. usually
    e. always
65. You give broad assignments and let subordinates do their own planning:
    a. never
    b. seldom
    c. occasionally
    d. usually
    e. always
66. You are very concerned that your subordinates are content and that they have the things they need:
    a. not at all
    b. to a slight extent
    c. somewhat
    d. usually
    e. almost always

SCORING

The first 40 questions measure characteristics in eight broad categories directly related to management success. Add up your score for each category, counting each A answer as 5, B as 4, C as 3, D as 2 and E as 1.

COMMUNICATION
Total for questions 1–5 _____
SELF-CONFIDENCE
Total for questions 6–10 _____
SOCIABILITY
Total for questions 11–15 _____
WORK HABITS
Total for questions 16–20 _____
MANAGEMENT ORIENTATION
Total for questions 21–25 _____
FLEXIBILITY
Total for questions 26–30 _____
INITIATIVE
Total for questions 31–35 _____
LEADERSHIP
Total for questions 36–40 _____
Total for questions 1–40 _____


# Harvey Wallbanger is taking Bloody Mary's place at brunch.

Even the best of drinks cloy after a time. So more people are switching from Bloody Marys to Harvey Wallbangers at brunch.

Simple to make. Take 6 ounces of orange juice, add 1 ounce of vodka, and then splash ½ ounce of Galliano over the top.

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Next time, why not let Harvey Wallbanger fill in for Bloody Mary.

**Fond of things Italiano? Try a drink with Galliano.**

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*Communication* involves the clarity of your thinking, your ability to convey it precisely in both speech and writing and your composure when dealing with others. The better managers in our sample group generally scored above 16.

*Self-confidence* measures how you face new places and people, how you relate to others, how you take advantage of opportunities, how willing you are to take risks and your own view of yourself. (A poor self-image almost always indicates correspondingly mediocre performance.) Good management men score above 19.

*Sociability* indicates how you conduct yourself with others—whether you act aggressively in social situations or follow the crowd, and how much you enjoy working with other people. The better managers score above 18.

*Work habits* bespeaks your ability to be a self-starter and self-organizer, as well as to cope with the detail work that is usually involved in carrying a job through to completion. A good score exceeds 17.

*Management orientation* simply shows how well you like managerial tasks. Lone-wolf professional or creative types score especially low in this category. The better managers score above 15.

*Flexibility* is a measure of your capacity to handle a variety of projects at one time, to tolerate confusion and disorder and to keep your cool when confronted with last-minute reversals and interruptions. Also included in this section are your reaction to rigid schedules and your preference for a job that keeps you in motion. The best executives score above 15.

*Initiative* indicates high ambition, competitiveness, persistence and the extent to which you believe in your ideas. Good management men score above 19.

*Leadership* measures your past and present influence over the people you have met, your ability to keep your head while under fire and your willingness to accept responsibility. A good score is above 20.

A total of more than 125 for all eight characteristics strongly indicates good executive performance and good potential. If you scored this high overall but dipped below the good scores in a few categories, those are areas in which improvement will help you become a better manager.

If your total is below 99, you've flunked the test. You are not just inadequate management material, you probably are not management material at all. But before considering yourself a failure as a human being, hang in a bit longer. First, add up the totals for the first five categories—communication, self-confidence, sociability, work habits and management orientation. Solid research has shown that many characteristics of successful managers are conspicuously absent in creative people. The man of fertile and inventive mind has often had an unhappy childhood and has been somewhat antisocial ever since. He frequently underestimates his talents, resents working on any schedule but his own, rebels against authority, tends toward extremes in both thought and action and simply cannot fit the moderating role that comes so easily to the successful executive.

With a total score under 75 in the first five categories, you would be deluding yourself to expect much success in a management career. You'd be miserable if you tried and, given the increasing sophistication of today's personnel-testing apparatus, you'd have a tough time getting there in the first place. Prospective corporate employers don't want you, because you don't want them. Instead, strive to work on your own, in whatever creative field most appeals to you. Rather than being a corporate staff engineer, set up your own office. Or, depending on your interests, you might belong in medicine, architecture, show business, education, the arts, law, you name it. An organization man you aren't. Thoreau would have scored perhaps 30 in these five categories, and Michelangelo and Da Vinci wouldn't have done much better. Count your blessings, but ignore the rest of your score.

• • •

The remaining 26 questions measure the style and effectiveness of your executive leadership. For these questions, A answers count 1; B, 2; C, 3; D, 4; and E, 5. Add up your total for questions 41 through 51 and then compute your total for questions 52 through 66.

STEP ONE

Total for questions 41–51_____

STEP TWO

Total for questions 52–66_____

A high score on step one—anything over 45 or so—indicates that you are capable of getting maximum performance from your subordinates by achieving a fine balance between strictness and permissiveness that fosters a work environment neither authoritarian nor anarchistic. You are fair and open-minded and you can expect the work of your subordinates to reflect these good qualities. The best executives in our sample averaged 44 on step one; if your score was near that (or, especially, above it), you are blessed with the psychological make-up of a first-rate manager. A score substantially under 44, however, indicates that you have a problem, and step two may help you find it.

Step two measures deviation from the ideal norm wherein the manager neither drives his workers mercilessly nor lets them trample all over him. The perfect score for step two is 45. In our sample, almost all the good executives clustered between 40 and 50. A score that deviates significantly from this range, whether higher or lower, indicates a manager who is not getting maximum performance from his employees. He has, in fact, committed the basic error described by both Confucius and Aristotle: straying from the middle path.

If you scored above 50 on step two, you are probably too lenient. Executives who rate exceptionally high here are often criticized for being "overly democratic." They place great emphasis on friendship with their employees—so much so that performance suffers. If you fall into this category, you shy away from criticizing employees even when they need it, you waive the rules so frequently that you can't rule the waves and you hesitate to hand out difficult assignments, perhaps preferring to do them yourself. (One of the unarguable factors in executive success is not the ability to do a job well but the ability to get others to do it well.)

With a score well below 40, you have gone too far in the opposite direction. Your department is not achieving maximum productivity, because the staff worries more about your unfavorable reaction than about doing its job. *In extremis*, your employees are paralyzed with fear. Executives of this type are overly domineering, insensitive to the needs of subordinates and run their departments the way Victorians ran homes for wayward girls. Such managers usually claim to be preoccupied with production. Actually, they are sabotaging production by failing to take advantage of their workers' individualism. If you find yourself in this category, loosen up.

One final word: A corporation is a social matrix in which many personalities meet and merge. If social psychology has demonstrated any proposition beyond doubt, it is that interpersonal networks tend to reinforce themselves. If an executive is too permissive, the reason is not totally his own personality; it is partly a creation of the matrix itself. He may, for instance, be reacting to an overly dominant superior or to a professionally oriented boss who is so creative as to ignore management problems, or even to a boss who is himself too people centered. Whatever the case, each person in the web is subtly and unconsciously maintaining the habits, good and bad, of all the others. A worthwhile use for this quiz, therefore, is as a group project. A brain-storming session afterward might shed surprising light on how defects in some executives are actually responses to those above and below them. This is well worth learning. No failure is incurable unless everyone involved tacitly agrees to treat it as such.

*"And you call yourselves a wild bunch!!"*

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