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THE DEATH OF LIBERALISM · ESP · HIP QUIZ · FASHION FORECAST

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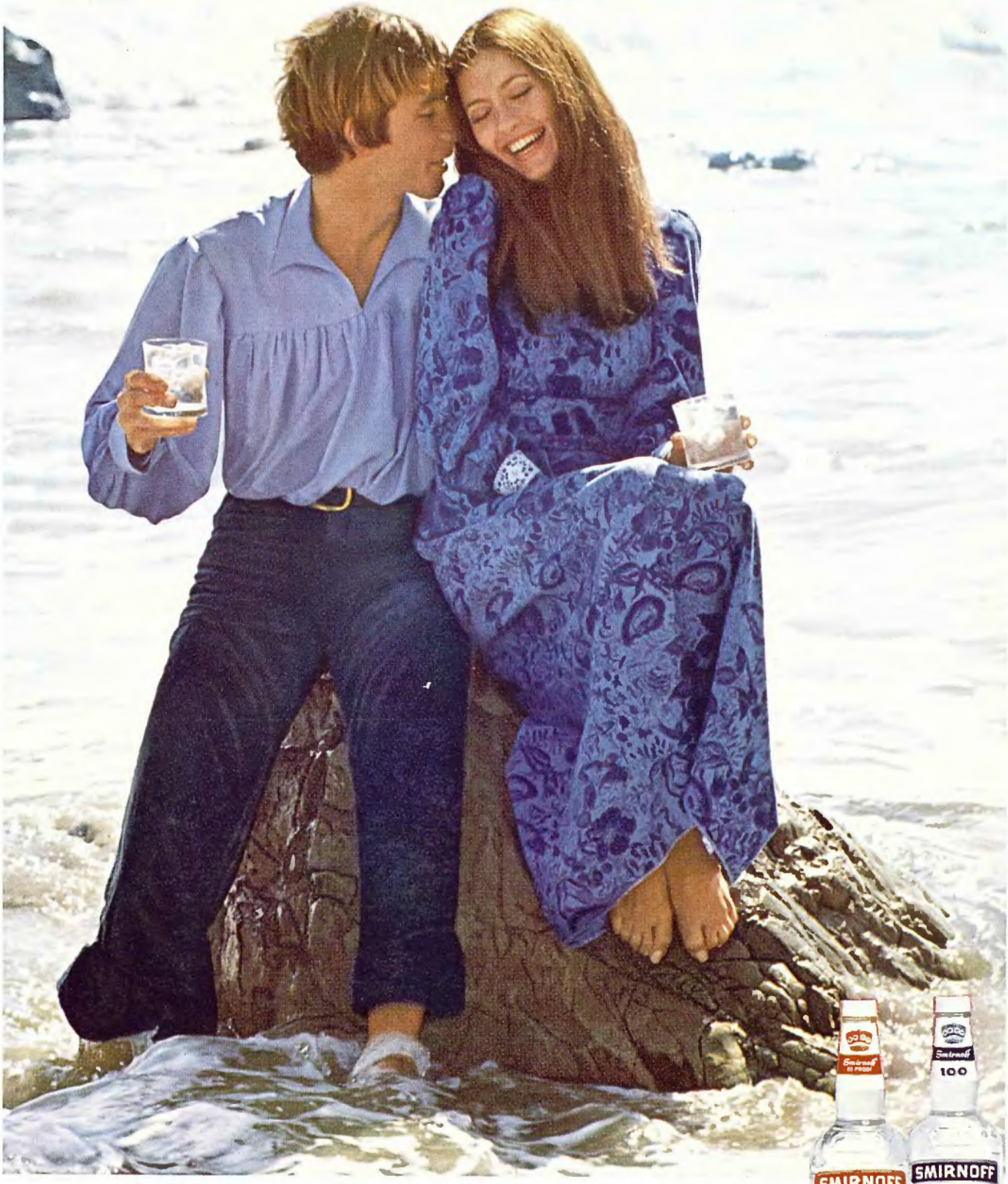

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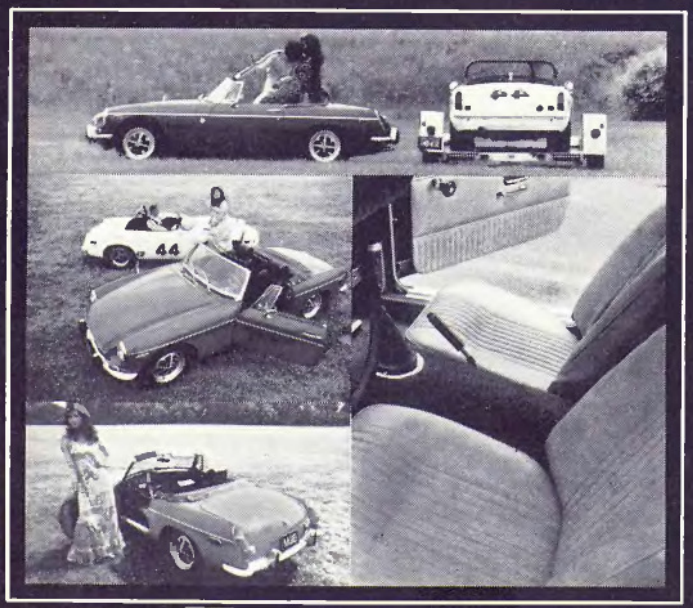

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PLAYBILL IS HOMOSEXUALITY more widespread in the U. S. today than it was a decade or two ago, or has it simply attained greater visibility? That's the first question faced by this month's *Playboy Panel*, and it leads into a wide-open discussion by 11 experts of varied sexual and psychosociological backgrounds. America's attitudes toward sex, A.C. or D.C., may be becoming liberalized, but political liberalism is moribund—the victim of arteriosclerosis—according to writer Jack Newfield. Newfield's article, *The Death of Liberalism*, will appear, in slightly different form, as an introduction to his book, *Bread and Roses Too*, to be published by E. P. Dutton this month. A powerful performance as the chauvinistic, archconservative General George S. Patton has made George C. Scott a front-runner for an Academy Award —which we hope he won't refuse in advance, as he did in 1961. Scott, a consummate actor and a compelling personality, is revealingly portrayed by Saul Braun in *Great Scott!* Both Braun and his subject are due for fresh exposure this fall: Scott as star of Universal's *They Might Be Giants* and Braun as author of a book of essays titled, he solemnly affirms, *Square America and Son of Square America Together Again for the First Time on This Continent* (Dial). In his article *Sixth Sense*, free-lancer Jules Siegel delves into the world of ESP and related phenomena. The girl he calls "C. Jolly" in his opening paragraph has since become Mrs. Siegel; their first child is due in May, and his precognitive intuition is that it'll be a boy. Illustrating *Sixth Sense* are six original sculptures by Iranian-born Chicago artist Parviz Sadighian. Even eerier than telepathy is the perception that dawns gradually—and terrifyingly—on the hero of Richard Matheson's *Duel*, who is pursued by a mysterious adversary seemingly bent on highway homicide. Associate Editor David Stevens describes roadway mania of another sort in *Baja's Queasy Rider*, his first-person account of the grueling Mexican 1000 auto race. Associate Travel Editor Reg Potterton admits he researched his companion piece, *Baja—The Other California*, at a more leisurely pace. "I caught a 150-pound marlin off Cabo San Lucas," he reports. "My biggest previous catch had been a two-ounce gudgeon in the Thames." Neither Stevens nor Potterton is fluent in Spanish, but they had less linguistic difficulty in Mexico than a fictional Chief Executive encounters with his bumbling answering service in Dan Greenburg's *Mister Noxon's Lockets*—and considerably less cultural shock than Zubin Mehta experienced with Frank Zappa, et al., as recounted by F. P. Tullius in *Zubin and the Mothers*. Greenburg has just finished his first movie role, as editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph* in Frank Perry's *Doc* (to be released by United Artists in May). Tullius, a knowledgeable observer of the hip scene, makes his PLAYBOY debut, appropriately enough, in an issue that also includes a wonderfully wacky hip quiz devised by staffers Craig Vetter and David Standish. An ingenious burglarproofing ploy is developed by Warner Law in *The Harry Hastings Method*. Law says about his story: "Since this will probably be read by a few burglars, I wish it known that I do not live in the geographical area described in the story, and there is nothing of the slightest value in my house except for my collection of puff adders, which I let roam loose." Paul Theroux depicts a far-out beauty contest in *The Miss Malawi Contest*, which—with December 1970's *Santa Claus in the Jungle*—will appear in his novel *Jungle Lovers* (Houghton Mifflin). Beauty, American style, is lavishly displayed in *Vadim's "Pretty Maids,"* a pictorial essay in which film maker Vadim Plemiannikow, better known as Roger Vadim, reminisces about the women in his life—from Brigitte Bardot to those in his first U. S.-made movie, MGM's *Pretty Maids All in a Row*. Natalie Wood's sister Lana shows hitherto unrevealed talents (as well as a good deal of herself) in *The Well-Versed Lana Wood*—with poems from a collection soon to be published. Contributing Editor Tomi Ungerer is also awaiting book publication; his *The Beast of Monsieur Racine* is due in May from Farrar, Straus & Giroux. "It's for children, and a bit outrageous," says Ungerer, whose current PLAYBOY offering is *Spring Rites*. And finally, there's Robert L. Green's *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, rounding out an April package that, we trust, will efficaciously exorcise the winter blahs.

TULLIUS

GREENBURG

THEROUX

GREEN

BRAUN

SADIGHIAN

LAW

STEVENS

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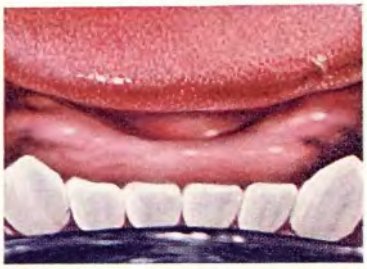
vol. 18, no. 4—april, 1971

PLAYBOY



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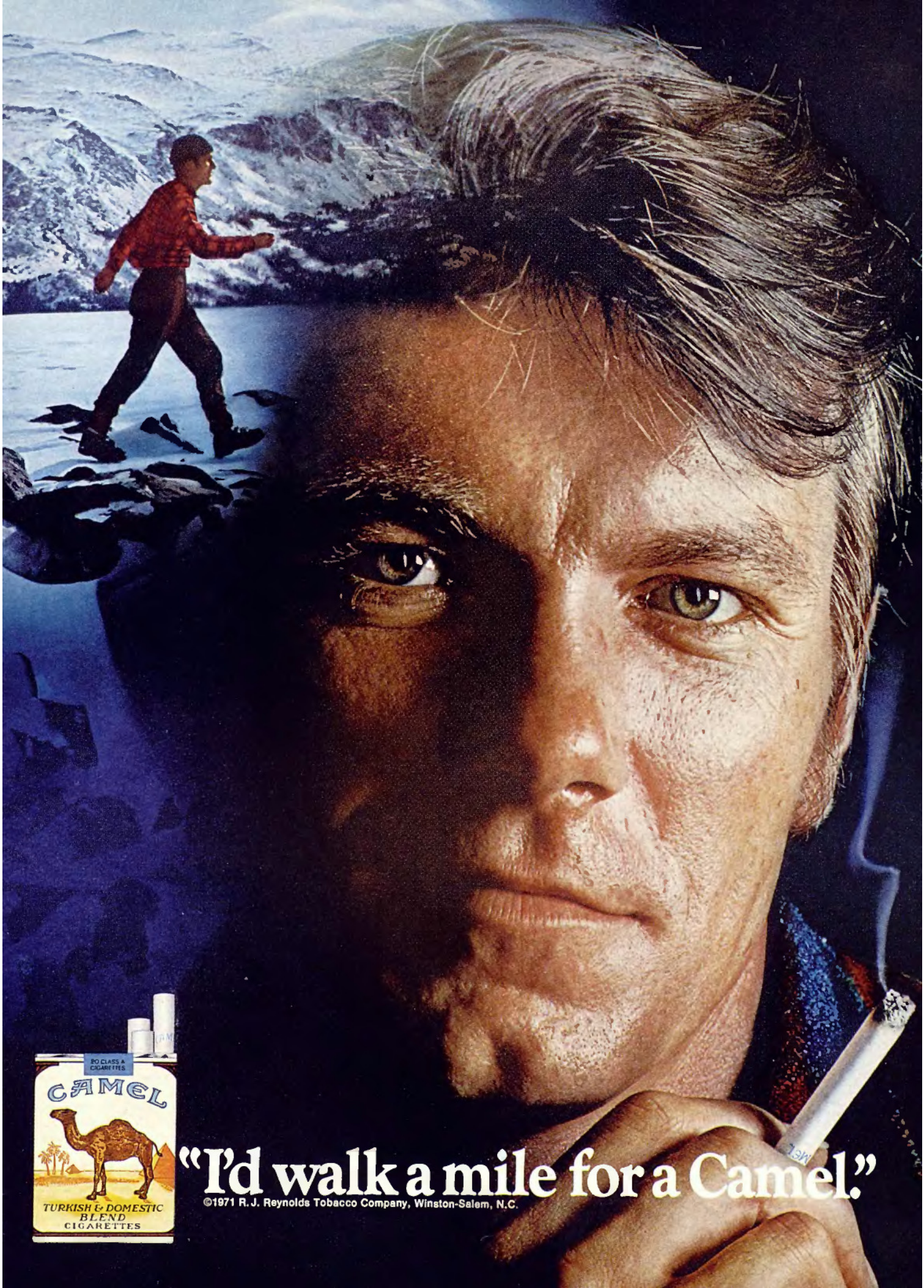

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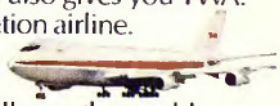

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BRINGING THE WAR HOME

I would like to commend you for publishing David Halberstam's *The Vietnamization of America* (PLAYBOY, January). It was an excellent and insightful examination of the damage the war has inflicted here at home as well as in Southeast Asia. The author's point that the war magnified all of American society's faults and the failure of many of its values is especially significant. If nothing else, Halberstam has shown the intense alienation and frustration many of us now feel over the war and what it has done to our country. He says he finds himself "rebelling more and more against the symbols of my own country." This is the same dilemma many people now face. In attempting to analyze this problem, Halberstam has performed a valuable and necessary service.

Pfc. Robert Marquez
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

David Halberstam would have us believe that through our own Vietnamization, the United States has lost its sense of values, its pride, its honor, its ability to contribute to the world and its sense of hope for the future. That a brilliant and often perceptive reporter—whose own influence on the American view of the Vietnam war can be easily acknowledged—has lost his own sense of hope seems clear. And it is sad to note, for this nation still has much to give to the world.

Few would seriously question that this tragic war has stirred bitter debate, divided both elected officials and voters, provoked massive demonstrations and produced confrontations that have ended in violence and death and left the nation angry, shocked and saddened. Yet, it is a war that will end. We are, however belatedly in some eyes, withdrawing from that unhappy conflict.

It wasn't Vietnam alone that brought many of the strains within American society into a new visibility. A series of dramatic events, including the shock of public figures falling to assassins' bullets, also forced us in the past decade to look anew at our nation. Other problems have been the jarring realities of racial prejudice, the tragedy of poverty and deprivation, the unfairness of an economy that allows some to grow fat while others starve. These problems may well have been exacerbated by the war but are not solely the result of it. It is a measure of our strength that we admit these problems and have made progress toward correcting them.

Halberstam suggests that we look to some other nation for advisors to teach us democracy and help with our values and institutions. Certainly we have gained a great deal from the knowledge of others and we will continue to do so, but Halberstam suggests that we have been destroyed by Vietnam and have little left to give to other nations needing assistance. As director of the Peace Corps, I cannot accept such a verdict. Any nation that can produce volunteers who work in the remote corners of the earth for the benefit of others cannot be without hope or without something to offer, something that people in other countries embrace with friendship. Prompted by this example, the United Nations has voted to establish its own Peace Corps, modeled after ours.

As long as we find in adversity a challenge and in innovation an opportunity, then we will have something to offer the world. It is far too early to abandon America.

Joe Blatchford
Director of the Peace Corps
Washington, D. C.

Halberstam has stated most clearly and authoritatively what many of us feel. His analysis of the divisions in the country today and of the forces behind them is disturbingly convincing. The effects a war can have on a nation, in all areas, almost defy enumeration; *The Vietnamization of America* has come uncomfortably close. One can only hope that Halberstam has not yet actually reached the desperation implied in his last paragraph but will see fit to continue his efforts to make America live up to itself, and possibly to live at all.

Barry R. Wood
Berkeley, California

MEMOSMANSHIP

Your put-on collection of memos between our fearless leader Richard Nixon and his stalwart advisors, *What Exactly Should I Make Perfectly Clear?* (PLAYBOY,

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Pub Cologne

The man who wears Pub is half way there

January), is one of the funniest things I have read in years. But, on second thought, maybe it's not so funny.

Ralph Norton
Las Vegas, Nevada

SAVE THE COUNTRY

After reading the three blueprints for post-Vietnam reconstruction, *A New Set of National Priorities*, in your January issue, it occurred to me that taking Federal funds from the military in order to implement new domestic programs would be a terrible waste of that most efficient organization, the Pentagon. Intelligent allocation of resources and an ability to "get the job done" are assets that the Department of Defense has in spades, as evidenced by the great strides our forces have made in Southeast Asia.

Peter L. Battles
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, California

Way back in 1966, U. S. Senator Gaylord Nelson, author of the *Cleansing the Environment* section of your *A New Set of National Priorities*, was one of the few Americans then willing and able to tell us the truth about the environmental crisis. At one of Lady Bird Johnson's beautification conferences, he gave new direction and depth to the movement. Now, all of a sudden, Senator Nelson sounds about as timely as last year's Earth Day. His article said, in effect, that the Federal Government has been blind, unchanging, lagging and spineless, and he concluded that we need more government, more governmental controls, and more taxes. Haven't we learned that such an approach won't work? The only policy that can save us is this: reverence for life. If Senator Nelson can help us adopt that one, not only the environmental crisis but racism and war, too, will begin to fade, and the really silent majority—the creatures with which we share this planet—will at last have great cause to rejoice.

Malcolm B. Wells
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

Thanks for *A New Set of National Priorities*. I was particularly interested in the comments by Cleveland Mayor Carl B. Stokes on the future of our cities and agree completely with his clear, effective description of the matter. As he pointed out, Cleveland doesn't have a monopoly on the problems of the city. The 96 major cities of America, as well as the smaller ones, are all confronted with the same problems. Unless the leadership of our Federal and municipal governments—in cooperation with business, finance and industry—faces the issue frankly, with the earnest desire to find the tools to accomplish the end result, Mayor Stokes's predictions could come to pass. There are no easy solutions. I congratulate PLAYBOY for taking the initiative in bringing these problems to the attention of its reading public in a comprehensive, forceful and imaginative statement of facts.

Arthur Rubloff
Chicago, Illinois

Realtor Rubloff conceived Chicago's Magnificent Mile of prestigious stores and office buildings and developed its vast Sandburg Village housing complex.

I have sent a photocopy of Mayor Stokes's *Saving the Cities* to the present White House inhabitant with the paragraphs on our national priorities circled in red. Maybe if all the readers of the article would take a minute to follow suit, we could make an impression on the President.

Judy Rosner
Chicago, Illinois

THE DISTANT SHORE

There are few stories that will make me cry—particularly science-fiction stories—but Arthur C. Clarke's *Transit of Earth* (PLAYBOY, January) did more than come close. Clarke, of course, is the best of the reality boys in the field; his own scientific background (from deep-sea diving to astrophysics) lends a verisimilitude to his stories that few other authors can match. It was a fascinating—if somewhat depressing, because of its possibility—story and the reader was as much there as it was possible for him to be. Not altogether a likable experience, but one that I wouldn't trade.

Robert Courtney
Chicago, Illinois

Thank you very much for Arthur C. Clarke's story *Transit of Earth*. I expect that we will have people on Mars within the next 100 years. It should be a fascinating experience and I would like to stick around to enjoy it.

Capt. Alan L. Bean, U. S. N.
NASA Astronaut
Houston, Texas

PAYING THE MUSE

I liked reading your collection of best-selling-authors' observations on *The High Cost of Fame* (PLAYBOY, January). It is always interesting to learn what my fellow craftsmen think about our work and its problems, the rewards we get and the price we pay for them. A successful book has its drawbacks, of course, but the rewards are great, too. Some of the people I have met because I am a well-known writer are horrors or hopeless bores, but others have become real friends. Having dined often on soup and crackers in a cafeteria, I could do it again, but I'd rather have a well-made cocktail and a lobster in a good restaurant. I like my new electric typewriter and the sense of security it gives me to have some extra money in the bank. I *like* being a best seller.

Gwen Bristow
Encino, California

Gwen Bristow's key to success was "The Calico Palace."

My writing isn't influenced one way or another by the degree of success (or disaster) that attended a previous effort. It seems to depend on cycles of enthusiasm, followed (at unpredictable intervals) by creative exhaustion or sterility. I have finally learned not to torment myself during the dry spells and to work 10–15 hours a day, for extended sprees, whenever the creative gremlins are flourishing within the mysterious abysses of the subconscious level. High creative spells or long noncreative miseries are much more a function of factors intricately involved within the creative self—and not formed by monetary responses. The real trouble with money-minded writers is that they try to imitate themselves after they hit the jackpot; and derivative work always looks and smells it. I have always disagreed with Samuel Johnson's crack: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."

Leo Rosten
New York, New York

*Rosten, whose most recent book is "Leo Rosten's Love Affairs, or People I Have Loved, Known or Admired," has also written "The Joys of Yiddish" and "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N."*

My *The Lord Won't Mind* was on the best-seller lists for a gratifying number of weeks, but perhaps success is different on a small Greek island. True, a total stranger called me from Reno, Nevada, but I was so stunned that I couldn't think of anything to say. To me, success was going down to the port every Tuesday and waiting for the boat to bring the international edition of the *Herald Tribune*, which reprints *The New York Times Book Review* best-seller list. Would I still be on it? The wait was repeated the next day, when *Time* arrived with a list of its own. There are only ten places on the list, so somebody has to go in order to make room for a newcomer. When I climbed aboard, Puzo was exhausted from months of exposure and didn't even notice it when I gave him a gentle shove. In quick succession, I disposed of Jimmy Breslin, Saul Bellow and Graham Greene. We picked up Updike, but he wasn't in very good shape and didn't survive. Dickey and I tested each other's strength for several weeks, but I needn't have worried. Irwin Shaw took care of him. Within a week, I received a posthumous but effective blow from Ernest Hemingway. You have to be ruthless to survive. Next time, I won't hesitate to bash Taylor Caldwell over the

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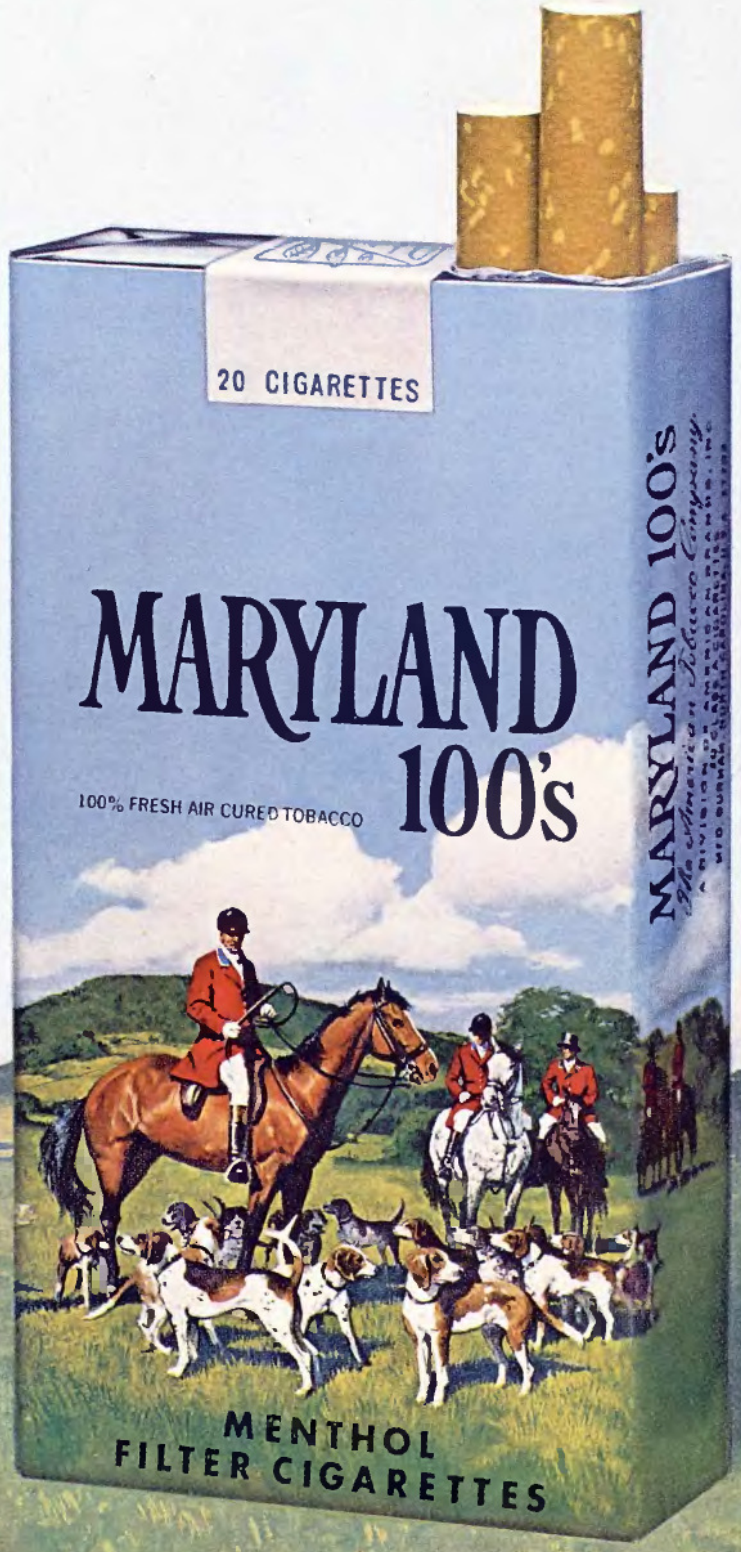

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head with an oar if I see her coming. That's what success does to you.

Gordon Merrick
Hydra, Greece

FLY NOW, PAY LATER

Evan Hunter—perhaps rightly—portrayed the generation gap as a monumental chasm in his really classic story *Terminal Misunderstanding* (PLAYBOY, January). Sam Eisler is a masterpiece of characterization and the depiction of Jennifer is a truly superb piece of writing. I don't know if it would be accurate to call Hunter an establishment writer, though his longevity in the field may qualify him for it, but I keep comparing his skill at handling the theme with that of the producers of the movie *Joe*. The adman and the hippies. Sam and Jennifer. Both superior jobs, and on essentially the same theme.

Robert Slavin
Seattle, Washington

THE BEST OF THE WEST

Your January interview with Mae West was a satirical masterpiece. As they say at the race track, she ran true to form. As her manager, attorney and advisor Jim Timony once warned Harry Richman, her piano accompanist, "If you ever have a romance in any way with Mae West, you're finished."

Israel Goodman
Louisville, Kentucky

THE BREATH OF DEATH

Arthur Paul's *Airscape #1* in your January issue is a saddening and absolutely ingenious idea—a blank page that is to be transformed into a work of art by pollution.

Joann Garin
Teaneck, New Jersey

I'm reminded by Arthur Paul's *Airscape #1* of a song I've recently been working on: *"Who'll cry when the world is over? / Who'll be sad when the world is gone?"*

Ernest Trova
St. Louis, Missouri

Creator of PLAYBOY's December 1970 introductory do-it-yourself multiple, Ernest Trova is an eminent American artist best known for his "Falling Man" series.

PLAYING FOR SADISTIC STAKES

Games for the Virginia Woolf Set, by David Stevens (PLAYBOY, January), was hilarious—so funny that I decided to try some of them out at a New Year's Eve party. The only question I have to ask smart-ass author Stevens is, Who's going to pay for my dentalwork? We got only as far as "Categories"; I imagine if we had made it through to "Lifeboat," I might have ended up in the hospital with a couple of broken arms and legs.

Sidney Brown
Minneapolis, Minnesota

AN AVERAGE JOE

In his *High Noon for Broadway Joe* (PLAYBOY, January), Lawrence Linderman called the shots pretty much like they were on the set for *The Last Rebel* with Joe Namath. I have seen the film in final cut and it's a better movie than I thought it would be. Although it won't make a star of Joe or get me any work, the damned thing is strangely entertaining and could easily make a hatful.

Jack Elam
Hollywood, California

Jack Elam has made a career of playing "the bad guy" in Westerns.

LOOKING FORWARD

I read *The Future of Ecstasy* in your January issue with much excitement. In this time of ecological crisis, it is encouraging to see a light being carried by a visionary such as Alan Watts. I hope this article will stir the deepest insides of uptight individuals, the deepest insides that are a part of the infinite.

Logan Lockabey
Costa Mesa, California

PLANE HUMOR

Major Howdy Bixby's Album of Forgotten Warbirds (PLAYBOY, January) is certainly of great interest, and I must congratulate Brock Yates and Bruce McCall on collecting such an incredibly humorous array of "forgotten aeroplanes." What a pity that they can never appear in *Jane's*! My secretary commented, "I thought the readers of PLAYBOY were interested in birds of a different kind." I don't think I can add anything to that.

John W. R. Taylor
Surrey, England

"Jane's All the World's Aircraft," the authoritative reference on the subject, is edited by Taylor.

Major Howdy Bixby shows unbelievable success in uncovering aircraft entirely neglected by the routine aviation writers. How admirable his analysis and how accurate the markings on drawings. Perhaps some will complain about the lack of photographs, but after all, these types were once all top secret. More details on the Snud U-14 are in my book *Korean Kombat Krates*, and I personally remember seeing the Humbley-Pudge leading an R. A. F. review given by Prime Minister Churchill in honor of Neville Chamberlain and Sir Oswald Mosley.

Ray Wagner
San Diego, California

Ray Wagner authored "American Combat Planes."

WHEN GAMES WERE GAMES

I have never read a more profound piece of nostalgia than Gerald Green's *Street Games* (PLAYBOY, January). Brooklyn born and bred, I recall each of those games vividly.

Seth A. Kock
North Springfield, Virginia

LIVING WITH LIBERATION

I read Joan Rivers' *Dear Women's Lib:* (PLAYBOY, January) and would like to put my vote on her side. She has stated the sensible woman's side of liberation very well, letting the world know that there are still some women in the world who love being what God made them.

Linda Rowbotham
San Diego, California

SUPER YARN

Craig Vetter's *Underground at the "Daily Planet"* (PLAYBOY, January), narrated by a stoned pothead Jimmy Olsen, was a great piece of humor. However, Superman, disguised as Clark Kent, no longer works directly for the *Daily Planet* but for a subsidiary, the Galaxy Broadcasting System. His new boss is Morgan Edge. And last but not least, Olsen's desire to slip Clark Kent a Kryptonite sandwich was rather fatuous, since all the "Green K" on earth was turned to harmless iron in *Superman #233*. It seems to me that PLAYBOY has made a Super-Blunder.

Vance Carruth
Seal Beach, California

It's difficult to keep up with the career of a man who moves faster than the speed of light.

Thank you for the hilarious *Underground at the "Daily Planet"* in your January issue. Vetter's humor seems perfectly timely, since the comic-book heroes of old have recently been exchanged for more "relevant" characters.

Randy Haddock
Culver City, California

EDITORS' CHOICE

I would like to thank George and Martha, Al Hamilton, Nat Hale, Benedict "Make-a-Million" Arnold and all the boys who fought in the American Revolution. Without them, my winning PLAYBOY's best-humor article of 1970 editors' award for my audit of *George Washington's Expense Account* (February) would have been impossible. There is nothing funny about a man's expense account, but I accept the prize in the spirit that it is given: PLAYBOY's desire to encourage historical scholarship. I'm sure my co-author would agree, "You've seen the article, now read the book": *George Washington's Expense Account*, by General George Washington and Private First Class Marvin Kitman (Ret.), Simon & Schuster, $5.95.

Pfc. Marvin Kitman (Ret.)
Leonia, New Jersey

I just got the news about my *The Americanization of Vietnam* (January)

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being named PLAYBOY's best essay for 1970 and I couldn't be more delighted. The honor is nice, the money is nice and the ease and pleasure of working with your editors on articles is even nicer.

David Halberstam
New York, New York

Thank you for your recent letter informing me of my award as runner-up best new writer (nonfiction). I am glad to realize the editors liked *Cine-Duck* (October). It means a great deal to me to know that my writing is appreciated, particularly by those whose judgment I respect. Once again, thank you for the medallion and for your confidence in my work.

Leslie Epstein
Flushing, New York

I was delighted to receive your best-short-story award for *Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!* (October). Thank you very much for the honor, the check, the medallion (which will look impressive on my desk here at the university) and for your interest in my work.

Joyce Carol Oates
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ontario

The handsome medallion naming my *Nuke Thy Neighbor* (July) as runner-up for PLAYBOY's best-satire award now sits on my coffee table, to which my daughters casually drag all guests to admire it. I have written for almost every major American magazine and I've found none that has shown the loyalty and generosity to its writers that PLAYBOY has shown to me.

Ralph Schoenstein
Princeton, New Jersey

My thanks to your editors for naming me PLAYBOY's best new writer of nonfiction in 1970 for *Furry's Blues* (April). Once, in Waycross, Georgia, when I was in the tenth grade, the dean of boys, a red-faced man who walked on his heels, impounded the issue of PLAYBOY I was reading in the schoolyard at lunchtime. I went downtown and stole another copy, but it wasn't until some time after the arrival of your silver Rabbit medallion —now perched on my mantel next to a picture of Jesus in a frame inscribed "Grand Ole Opry, Nashville, Tennessee" —that I thought of the dean and felt I had truly tasted the sweetness of revenge.

Stanley Booth
Memphis, Tennessee

Naming me best new writer (fiction) for my *Dotson Gerber Resurrected* (November) is yet another instance of PLAYBOY's vanguard involvement in the very real problems of America today. It is unfortunate, but nonetheless true, that black writers are almost never recognized for gut, repeat gut, writing about the isolated black experience. That you have done so is yet another tribute to PLAYBOY's unflinching, very forward-looking philosophy. It gives me great pleasure to receive the PLAYBOY award for the precedent it may establish for the rest of our national literature. I would like to publicly thank my agent, Owen Laster of the William Morris Agency, who convinced me to send my work to PLAYBOY in the first place, and pass along a salute to the editors of PLAYBOY for what can only be considered their very courageous decision to award a top prize to my work.

Hal Bennett
Hackensack, New Jersey

Your honor of naming my *The Giant Chicken-Eating Frog* (October) as best satire constitutes everything I have strived for as a writer, and I wish to thank everyone on your staff for making it possible. The medallion occupies the center of our coffee table, where it catches dawn's first light and casts little silver bunnies on the walls and ceiling—we love it!

Richard Curtis
New York, New York

Indeed, I am both proud and pleased to receive your award for my *Of Sanctity and Whiskey* (September) as runner-up best short story. You must forgive me for not acknowledging your letter sooner, but both it and the accompanying copy of PLAYBOY were impounded by the Irish censorship's minions in the Customs and Excise Department in Dublin. However, in their kindness, they extracted the letter and sent it on. I was surprised at this indication that we still have our mugwumps. PLAYBOY is now a periodical of considerable interest to all serious writers, thanks to your policy of seeking out and publishing the work of the best writers in the world.

Sean O'Faolain
Dublin, Ireland

Thank you for naming the three interrelated stories (January, March, July) excerpted from my novel *Rich Man, Poor Man* as best major work for 1970. I'd like to pay my respects to PLAYBOY for making three coherent narratives out of the mass of manuscript that I submitted. I've been fortunate enough to work with some of the greatest editors in the business, and yours rank with the best of them. I feel that PLAYBOY welcomes you. You can be far out and it says hello. You can be way in and it invites you in. You can say it in 25,000 words or 1000; it can be funny or sad or outrageous; and if it's interesting, you have the run of the house. The variety of the works that have won the awards for 1970 is a tribute to that creative hospitality.

Irwin Shaw
New York, New York

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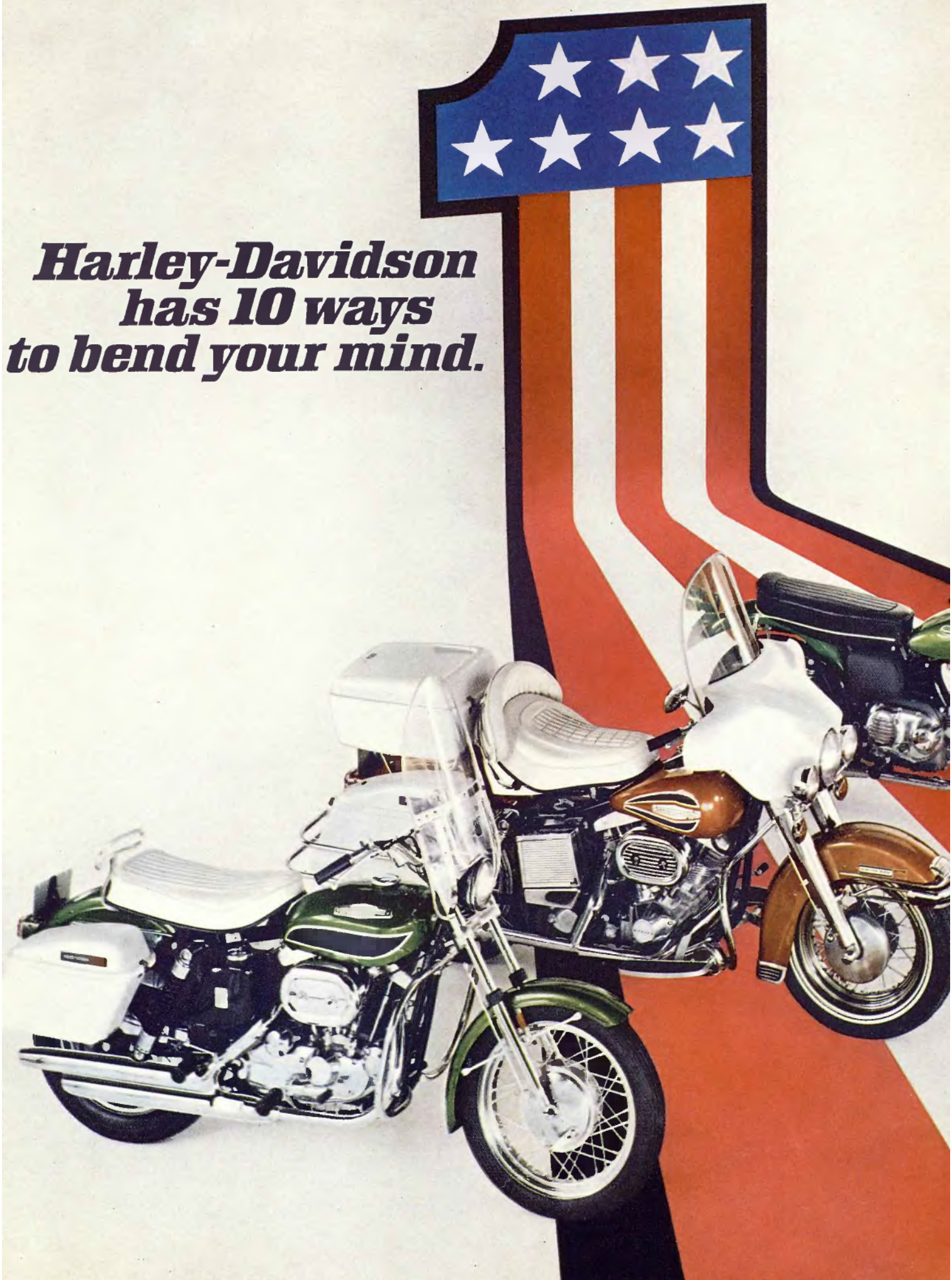
Harley-Davidson has 10 ways to bend your mind.



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2 You may NOT use proper nouns, abbreviations, contractions, words with a hyphen or apostrophe. Decisions on word eligibility will be made by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Only words appearing in the main body of Websters' Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary are eligible.

3 Word lists must be legibly typed or printed by hand on paper of your choice. You must also show total number of words made, plus your name, address and zip code. This is your entry.

4 Include with your entry the bottom flaps from any two packages of KENT or KENT MENTHOL cigarettes. Mail your entry and bottom flaps to KENT CONTEST, P.O. Box 1, Murray Hill Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Enter as often as you like; each entry must be mailed separately with two bottom flaps enclosed and postmarked by May 15, 1971, and received no later than May 25, 1971. Entries become property of Lorillard. Winners will be notified by mail.

5 Entries for this contest of skill must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entries are submitted and winners will be determined on the basis of the highest totals of eligible words.

6 In case of ties among potential Grand Prize Winners, a new phrase will be developed and will be supplied as needed to break the ties. Tie-breaking phrases will be sent by June 15, 1971 and must be returned by July 5, 1971. In case of ties among Second Prize Winners, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

NOTE: In the event of tie-breaking runoff further proof of purchase is not required.

7 The fifty Grand Prize Winners will each receive a one week stay for two at the elegant Churchill Hotel in London including a fabulous Castle tour and medieval feast in Kent, England. Trips will commence on August 8, 1971 and run through September 5, 1971. Each Grand Prize includes round trip air transportation for two and spending money of $500.

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8 Contest open to all residents of U.S. over 21 years of age, except employees of LORILLARD and their families, its advertising and promotion agencies. Winners may be required to execute affidavits of eligibility and releases for the sponsor's publicity purposes. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is sole responsibility of the individual winners. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Local laws and void wherever prohibited or restricted by law.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

With commendable fervor, the U.S. Postal Service has girded its loins, adrenalized its personnel and computerized its operations to assure a new kind of nondelivery—in this case, of mail that appeals to "prurient" interests. As reported in last month's *Forum Newsfront*, a citizen no longer must decide for himself what junk-mail advertisements offend him and then call the Post Office to demand the removal of his name from such mailing lists. Though he still may do this, the new Postal Reorganization Act of 1970 now invites him to merely advise the postmaster that he wishes to receive no "sexually oriented" mail whatsoever and his problem, theoretically, is solved. Once a month, the Postal Service will publish an up-to-date list of those who have written in with that request. The trouble with the old law was that too many people were finding *all* junk mail offensive, as was their legal right, and they were making themselves a thorough nuisance to Government grayfaces. (Some people declared they found grocery-store ads erotic; others complained of receiving "obscene" material—draft notices—from the Selective Service System.) Now the responsibility has been shifted from the citizen to the direct-mail advertiser, who must decide for himself if he is pandering and, if so, strike from his mailing lists the names of those who don't wish to receive his missives.

We are tempted to call this scheme a postal protection racket, since purchase of the monthly list by panderers is mandatory, and those who send mail to the names on it are subject to five years' imprisonment and a $5000 fine. But, of course, we won't. Instead, we will simply marvel at the Government's keen sense of priorities and shade our eyes at the brilliance of this new concept. Think of it: For the first time in history, a nation is compiling a list of all its citizens who don't like sex; or who like sex so much that they fear they couldn't resist direct-mail temptations to buy erotic literature. What such a white list might be good for, God only knows. Quite possibly it will prove to be the least useful directory of names ever compiled since the invention of the alphabet, which should earn it at least a mention in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

There's only one way we can imagine that the list could be put to some socially redeeming purpose. For every citizen unwillingly engulfed in the rising tide of filth we keep reading about, there is another whose unabashedly prurient interests are still being woefully neglected by the absence of his name from the mailing lists of pornography purveyors. After work each day, he returns home and finds nothing in his mailbox but bills, bank credit cards and siren songs for Arizona real estate. Under the new anti-pandering law, we think it should be his right—guaranteed by the Constitution's equal-protection clause—to have his name placed on a *second* list, to which the U.S. Postal Service would readdress all the smut mail rejected by those on the first list.

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The Reverend Dr. Joseph Fletcher, father of situation ethics and a professor at the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts, likes to collect heart-warming stories of human charity. He has passed along to us a letter received by a man who had donated a radio to a home for the elderly: "I am writing to thank you for the radio that you donated to the rest home. I enjoy it very much. I have lived here now for nine years. I am 82 years old. Life here is pretty pleasant. I only wish that I would get more visitors. It wouldn't be so bad if my grandchildren came to see me once in a while, but I guess they're too busy with their own lives to bother with an old woman like me. . . . My roommate's name is Mrs. Nelson. Four years ago, Mrs. Nelson's son, Fred, gave her a radio. Fred is a lawyer, so he can afford expensive gifts. He is very nice and always says hello to me when he comes to visit Mrs. Nelson. Mrs. Nelson is a very nice lady, but she is also rather stingy. Whenever I would come into the room while Mrs. Nelson was listening to her radio, she would immediately turn it off, so that I couldn't listen to it. I asked Mrs. Nelson many times if I could listen to her radio, but she would never let me. It's much easier to get along from day to day with some nice music to distract you. Once I became angry with Mrs. Nelson and we didn't speak to each other for two weeks, but it's better to talk to someone you don't like than to talk to nobody at all, so we made up. Now I have my own radio, though, and I can listen to the radio any time I want to. Last week, Mrs. Nelson's radio broke. She asked me if she could listen to my radio and I told her to go fuck herself. Sincerely yours, Ada Bixby."

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In Tarrytown, New York, an Italian immigrant who grew marijuana in his back yard explained to a village justice that he and his wife didn't use the stuff to smoke or sell. In their native Italy, said the man's wife, "We make soup, Christmas candies and other delicacies from the seeds. Children eat them as Americans eat peanuts. We also make clothing, doilies and towels from the dried plant fibers." She expressed sorrow that they wouldn't be able to let the judge sample the marijuana-seed soup, as they had promised when arrested, since "the detectives took all the seeds and plants away from us." They were let off with an admonition to cultivate less controversial crops.

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Forewarned Is Forearmed Department: A talent agency has apparently bilked hundreds of stage-struck Las Vegans out of thousands of dollars. For payment of $985, the Vegas-based firm produced a short screen test on video tape and took a few mug shots of the client, supposedly destined for viewing by TV and movie producers. The hopeful future star would then sit back to await Hollywood's call to greatness. The firm, of course, subsequently abandoned its offices, leaving behind unpaid bills for advertising and rent. Our tears of commiseration for the bilked clients are diluted by the fact that

they failed to heed the foreboding title of the late and unlamented company in question: Take One!

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The Japanese, marvelously adept at mastering so many Western skills, still run into trouble occasionally in the language department, as exemplified by this thoughtful admonition on a radiator cover in a Kyoto hotel bedroom: PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE VULVE INSIDE.

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Our Peerless Logic Award, National Security Division, goes to the U. S. Department of Agriculture for issuing a pamphlet telling "what to do with your fertilizers if there should be a surprise enemy attack upon the United States." The guide is intended for manufacturers of commercial fertilizer and notes, "The message of this folder has no meaning for persons and businesses that fail to survive."

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Outraged women in Nepal forced the resignation of a government minister who was found guilty of bigamy—and fined 25 cents.

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The underground *Chicago Voice* urges, "Rate war X, and don't let anybody go unless accompanied by their legislators."

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To a Florida road sign proclaiming JESUS SAVES!, some wit added, "And at today's prices, that's a miracle!"

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In Lexington, Kentucky, where city police who are late for work must submit three copies of a written excuse, one officer turned in this impressive explanation: "Due to metabolic inability to cope with a recent shift change, I did not respond to external stimuli, thereby remaining in a comatose condition."

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There resides in California an enterprising fellow who peddles modestly priced booklets and pamphlets on homemade bombs and other terrorist devices. Since he advertises quite openly, he's doubtlessly known to the authorities, as he acknowledges in a flyer promoting the sale of his *Militant's Formulary*: "Get one before they get me." Understandably, a good many people disapprove of disseminating such information and will take little comfort in the infernal machinist's nonpartisan, anti-discriminatory sales policy. He advertises in journals aimed at both the right and the left, and lists, along with his how-to materials, a selection of arm bands for every occasion and persuasion: Nazi, SS, Peace, Red Guard, Black Panther Party and the Confederacy. At best, he would seem to be an equal-opportunity destroyer.

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Mrs. Bess Myerson Grant, New York City's consumer affairs commissioner, tells of a woman who complained about a local computer-dating service. The unhappy customer got a guy all right, but when he showed up for the first date, he was wearing nothing but an overcoat.

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A 24-year-old Israeli Peeping Tom, charged with watching a girl undress, pleaded in a Haifa court that he was just following the example of King David, who, according to the Bible, fell in love with Bathsheba when he spotted her taking a bath. The man was acquitted.

ART

"God Almighty rubbish!" said Leo Stein, as sister Gertrude nurtured her idiosyncratic muse. He was so incensed by her moony writing style and loony coterie that he took all his pictures and moved out, thus beginning the dispersal of one of the most remarkable collections—next to Havemayer or Guggenheim—in the history of modern art. By the painstaking examination of old photographs of the Stein apartments, New York's Museum of Modern Art has reconstructed the collection and, after a sensational debut in New York, "Four Americans in Paris: The Collections of Gertrude Stein and Her Family," is traveling to Baltimore, San Francisco and Ottawa. The 225 paintings, drawings, photographs and sculptures are as noteworthy for their collectors as for their creators. In the first years of this century, Leo and Gertrude set up housekeeping at 27 Rue de Fleurus (Alice B. Toklas moved in only some years later), while their brother Michael and his wife Sarah lived around the corner on Rue Madame. Everybody who later turned out to be somebody visited their *salons*, and the walls were covered with examples of new works by Picasso, Matisse, Gris, Cézanne, Renoir, Manet, et al. Gertrude has gotten most of the credit for their discoveries and acquisitions, but all the Steins collected with fervor and fierce partisanship. Gertrude identified herself primarily with Picasso; Michael and Sarah with Matisse (who once said that Sarah understood more about his work than he did); and Leo with Cézanne and Renoir, all of whose work from the family collection he took with him when he left. The result of these highly individual tastes is stunning, conveying in full force the heady creative climate of Paris at the turn of the century. Witness to the connection between collectors and collected are the large number of portraits of the Steins themselves—not only the famous Picasso of Gertrude in Spanish style but others by Matisse, Picabia, Tchelitchew, Vallotton, Lipchitz and Davidson. Then there are the collectors' writings. Here is Gertrude on Picasso: "Something had been coming out of him, certainly it had been coming out of him, certainly it was something, certainly it had been coming out of him and it had meaning, a charming meaning, a solid meaning, a struggling meaning, a clear meaning." And of Picasso's famous portrait of her, she wrote in her inimitable way, "For me, it is I, and it is the only reproduction of me which is always I, for me." A remarkable quartet, the Steins: separate voices, but complementary, adventurous, exuberant, observant and assured. Art collecting, the way they did it, was indeed a creative act.

BOOKS

Barbara W. Tuchman's new work, ***Stilwell and the American Experience in China*** (Macmillan), ranks with her *The Guns of August*—no small praise. She's clearly enchanted by the legendary Vinegar Joe, the caustic, tactless, stubborn but valiant general who slogged alongside his foot soldiers through the blood, mud and rain of the terrible China-Burma-India campaigns. To a degree unmatched by any other major American figure, Stilwell's career was intertwined with the emergence of China as a unified, modern state. As a young and a middle-aged officer, he served in China for many years and, impatient with the pre-War cocktail-party set, journeyed, often on foot, through vast areas of the mainland. Fluent in several Chinese dialects, with an unequaled knowledge of the country and a brilliant strategic sense, Stilwell had the discouraging task in wartime of persuading the "G-mo," Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, to commit his enormous armies to the collective effort to defeat the Japanese. But Chiang simply did not want to fight them. His intention was to allow one barbarian nation to defeat the other, while he hoarded men and American military supplies for the post-War struggle with the Chinese Communists. This might have been brilliant gamesmanship if Chiang had not been so capricious, so corrupt, so incompetent and, worst of all, so badly informed about his own country that he was unaware that his regime, despite enormous American assistance, was collapsing all around him. Mrs. Tuchman brings this scenario to vivid life, from Stilwell's early days in China to his last, when he could see the United States sliding ineluctably toward the post-War commitments to Asia that landed us in the jungles of Vietnam.

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Of the plethora of books on the Black Panthers, Reginald Major's ***A Panther Is a Black Cat*** (Morrow) does far the best job of placing those bellicose and besieged revolutionaries in context. Formerly director of the educational opportunity

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program at San Francisco State College, Major spent three years researching the book by means of interviews, attendance at Panther meetings and trials, and analysis of police and court records. Major —who is black—shares the Panthers' refusal to continue being part of a submerged "colony" in the "mother country," but he is also critical of what he considers to be their serious failures: the lack of "a program which has extensions well beyond the obvious charisma of the present leadership"; the substitution of "ungainly adaptations of revolutionary rhetoric developed by Asians" for a badly needed "unified theory of Black American history"; and the Panthers' inability to establish broadly based alliances among blacks, including the black middle class. But Major admires the Panthers' courage, and he sifts through their rhetoric to construct a careful history of the party, along with absorbing individual portraits of Newton, Seale, Cleaver and such less publicized figures as Ray "Masai" Hewitt, David Hilliard, D. C. (Don Cox) and Emory Douglas. The fearful possibility of an eventual attempt at genocide, which hovers over the book, is the explicit theme of ***The Choice: The Issue of Black Survival in America*** (Putnam), by Samuel F. Yette, a black reporter in the Washington bureau of *Newsweek*. Neither a reckless alarmist nor a manipulative polemicist, Yette draws on his background in Government (including a period as chief civil rights officer for the Office of Economic Opportunity) and his reportorial experience to sound an urgent warning. It's Yette's argument that the nation's "25,000,000 blacks face a society that is brutally pragmatic, technologically accomplished, deeply racist, increasingly overcrowded, and surly." Blacks, in sum, will either shape up (according to controls and criteria mandated by the Government) or be restricted to their ghettos—with their leaders removed to detention camps. On the face of it, this seems to be a paranoid's vision. But Yette—through examination of Congressional hearings, interviews, his own observations at OEO and his close appraisal of the Nixon Administration—makes his vision seem disturbingly credible.

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Most New Yorkers only sighed after the disclosures of high-level graft and corruption that scandalized their city a few years ago. More disturbing was the monumental incompetence of the wrongdoers, which suggested that their crimes were only the tip of an iceberg and that the only honest public official is one who has no influence to sell or whose price has not yet been met. Though the headlines have faded, Walter Goodman discerned in this episode an archetypal example of civic corruption; he skillfully recounts and analyzes it in ***A Percentage of the Take*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). What distinguishes this case study from so many others is the writer himself. With the insight of a good novelist and the restraint of an honest reporter, Goodman brings closet skeletons back to life. The result is a suspenseful nonfiction mystery that orbits the short, unhappy public life of James L. Marcus, Mayor Lindsay's politically appointed water commissioner, who all too willingly stepped into the quicksands of corruption. Struggling desperately to keep from sinking, he managed only to drag down others with him —including the hitherto untouchable Carmine De Sapio, who rued the day he met so inept a crook. This detailed examination of the mechanics of miscreance leaves the reader to ponder the caliber of men in big business and high public office, the degree of ineptitude necessary for their exposure, the priorities of a judicial system that so lightly punishes this form of robbery, and just where the Federal Government—both the Justice Department and the CIA—fits into the business-politics-rackets triangle.

•

In recent months, the proliferation of books on the Pentagon and all that it symbolizes has become a minor industry. No one but a specialist—or a masochist —could read them all, yet anybody concerned with the present and future of America needs to be better informed about this ubiquitous institution. A first-rate primer is Adam Yarmolinsky's ***The Military Establishment*** (Harper & Row). It's long and complex, but that's the nature of the subject. Some will wish that Yarmolinsky raised more hell, but he's no revisionist or radical. A Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs under President Kennedy, he has come—belatedly, he concedes—to see that things aren't quite what he thought they were when he was one of Robert McNamara's bright young men. What he attempts in this 20th Century Fund study is a judicious look at the most powerful institution in American society. It's not as much fun to read, nor as likely to rouse people to action as an all-out polemic—but even a New Leftist would have difficulty faulting Yarmolinsky's scope. He's covered just about everything: the Pentagon's leverage on foreign policy, the Executive Branch, Congress and the economy; its potent influence on popular education, race relations, the university and academic freedom; its bumbling attempts to police domestic dissent, disorders and unorthodoxy. Considering his subject, Yarmolinsky may seem overly restrained, but his coolly factual approach is the greatest virtue of his book.

•

To write effectively about insanity, you have to be a little nuts yourself—witness Dostoievsky and Strindberg, to stick to the best in the field—but the sad truth seems to be that Doris Lessing isn't even remotely potty. This is clear from her new novel, portentously titled ***Briefing for a Descent into Hell*** (Knopf), which describes the mental breakdown of a classics professor, Charles Watkins, who goes on a kind of inner-space voyage—the inner space of his mind and, by analogy, mankind's—while lying in a hospital bed suffering from amnesia. Watkins' delirium, which takes up the first section of the book, is complicated and utterly without emotional impact; yet it is here that Mrs. Lessing hopes the reader will find those "important truths" that mental breakdown reveals to the suffering individual but that society has not yet been able to master and incorporate. It is only in her last, realistic section that Mrs. Lessing's talents as an acerbic social critic come into play. Watkins, it seems, dislikes his wife, his mistress and his profession, but neither psychiatry nor the world he inhabits seems capable of giving him other relationships or goals. A depressing finale, but, paradoxically, Mrs. Lessing's writing gets better and better as things get more and more hellish.

•

In the 1870s, according to H. L. Mencken, the "joint" entered underworld argot as "a low or disreputable den." (In later years, of course, it became synonymous with a marijuana cigarette.) In today's underworld argot, it means prison—whose residents have, of late, been writing up a storm. The current literary season is double jointed. There is, to name the lesser book first, James Blake's ***The Joint*** (Doubleday), which consists of a few hundred shrill and wheedling letters Blake wrote between 1951 and 1964 while in and out of prison (mostly in). Some of his letters were addressed to Nelson Algren, whom Blake had once met at a Chicago bistro; and it was through Algren's good offices that a batch of them was published by *The Paris Review* in 1958. Unfortunately, they appeared alongside another prison chronicle—Jean Genet's. Ever since, it would seem, Blake has confused himself with Genet. Blake is a homosexual, like Genet, and his cellmates are invariably large, loutish and lecherous. His favorite stopping place is Raiford State Penitentiary in Florida, and whenever he gets the urge to return, he goes to Florida, takes up a life of crime and tips off the police. "I wanted to go back to the tribe, to my people, in the joint," he explains. And then, abandoning Genet for Frost: "Home is where, when you go there, they can't turn you away." Less

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pretentious and more objective is ***The Joint: Prison American Style*** (Random House), edited by Robert Minton, a college teacher who has been visiting California prisons and encouraging inmates to write about their experiences. These unsentimental vignettes convey a picture of hundreds of thousands of men and women *"festering in the / abscessed womb / of the state"* (from a poem by Micha Maguire, a Soledad prisoner). At Soledad, the guards periodically foment bloody racial battles among the convicts; at San Quentin, recalcitrant prisoners are thrown naked into dark and narrow cells filled with the excrement of previous sufferers; in most, prison guards can bribe one convict to murder another (the going price seems to be two cartons of cigarettes). Prison atrocities, of course, have been revealed again and again—but the writers in this case possess authentic poetic powers. Readers of this book will surely get the message: that America's prisons are breeding grounds for the social pathologies they were intended to cure—and that the fault is ours.

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Harris Lewine's ***Good-bye to All That*** (McGraw-Hill) is a nostalgic look at the role cigarettes have played in Western culture, beginning with the Crimean War, when British cavalry officers brought back hand-rolled gifts from their Turkish, French and Sardinian allies, right up to Dr. Charles W. Mayo's obdurate insistence: "I just don't believe smoking causes lung cancer." Most of the book, however, concentrates on the golden age of tobacco—the Twenties, Thirties and Forties—an era when sophistication was synonymous with a lighted butt. *Goodbye*'s 128 pages can be taken in slow, easy draws or finished in the time it takes to smoke a quarter pack of Picayunes. Lewine puffs out tobacconalian minutiae faster than the old Camels sign on Times Square could blow a smoke ring. Though this trivia is intriguing, it's the 48 pages of illustrations, including four-color reproductions of Sweet Caporal, Home Run and Egyptian Prettiest packs (plus cigarette trading cards), that really justify the book's $6.95 price. A blue duotone shows La Dietrich lighting up in top hat and tails while Lewine comments that she "was the female nonpareil in the cinematic pantheon of smokers. She had a head start—coming from the decadent, amoral and narcissistic Germany of the Twenties—but it was through her Svengali, director Josef von Sternberg, that she dragged her cigarette beauty around with her the way an errant Rothschild might forever drive a dented-fender Bentley." On another page is Erich von Stroheim, "out of uniform, monocle, perfume, dressing gown and pistol range. But not out of cigarettes. Here, chainlighting a Turkish 'bomber.'" *Goodbye to All That* is a book filled with good reading *and* good taste—except perhaps for those struggling to quit.

•

F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose jazz-age novels and short stories stand near the summit of modern American literature, has become a favorite subject for lesser authors. Fitzgerald's own works are frequently quoted in—and carry the day for —***Crazy Sundays—F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood*** (Viking), Aaron Latham's critical account of those last few tragic years from 1937 until his death in 1940, when Scott was desperately clutching at Hollywood's flimsiest tinsel to save himself as a man and writer. The name of columnist Sheilah Graham, Scott's last mistress (who proudly told her story in *Beloved Infidel*), crowds these pages alongside those of Dorothy Parker, Sam Goldwyn and Joe Mankiewicz. Yet *Crazy Sundays* is less concerned with celebrity gossip than with a thorough study of the movie projects to which Fitzgerald was assigned, and from which he was, often as not, dismissed. Given access to film-company archives, Latham digs up a good deal of material heretofore neglected by Fitzgerald scholars, and most of it is acutely depressing. When Scott was neither drunk nor disorderly, he tried to cut his talent down to size for screen adaptations that outdid Hollywood's home-grown corn; by the time he learned how to write movies, he had a reputation as a loser in a town where winners take all. A generally idolatrous biographer with a marked fondness for footnotes, Latham eyes Fitzgerald's failings through a soft-focus lens, and approaches some of the scenarios as if they were Scripture. Raised eyebrows are in order when Latham begins comparing the women in Fitzgerald's life with the heroine of *Madame Curie* (one of the frustrating assignments for which Scott received no screen credit). Still, *Crazy Sundays*—taken from the title of his own grim short story about a Hollywood writer—makes a highly readable epitaph to a sorely troubled life.

•

How was a white man to understand what blacks "had been and were, how white people could or couldn't live with them in the future?" Such are the large questions that troubled white writer James Toback, and he decided that answers might be provided by Jim Brown —ex–football star, current movie star, symbol of black sexual clout. The resultant book is called ***Jim*** (Doubleday), but its subtitle really tells the story: *The Author's Self-Centered Memoir on the Great Jim Brown*. *Jim* is a remarkable book—not so much for what it reveals about Brown but for what it reveals about Toback; not for its revelations about black America but for its revelations about a part of white America. In his pursuit of Brown—and thus of himself —Toback goes one-on-one with Brown in basketball, teaches him tennis (only to discover that the student is about to become the master) and parties with him (the climax coming in a mixed-doubles match in Brown's bedroom). Says Brown: "If a heavy white cat wants to swing with a heavy black cat, that's cool. But the black cat ain't gonna beg for it, 'cause he's got his own thing going." Toback assumes that Brown is what being black is all about—a self-reliant, decent, straight person, "a personification of American success, a dreamer of its dreams, a possessor of that dream." The vision is shaken somewhat when a friend of Brown's tells Toback: "Jim Brown doesn't hold a prayer as the real black hero. He's talented, he's smart, he's generous; but he's involved in old ideas and old solutions—partying, pleasure, competition, work—making a mark in what is always going to be a *white* world. Hip black cats won't ride with that anymore." In the end, Toback doesn't quite know where to ride. And he reels out of Brown's world in a cloud of sentiment, striking out with his fists at a drunken white passer-by who has called Brown a nigger.

MOVIES

Love is the magic ingredient of ***Promise at Dawn***. Not everyday passion, but that pristine, once-in-a-lifetime romance between a boy and his mother, based in this case on novelist Romain Gary's nostalgic tribute to Nina, his indomitable mater, a Russian-born actress and madcap whose life was a series of flamboyant disguises. Playing all of Nina's parts—star, seamstress, taxi driver, tour guide and con artist—Melina Mercouri outcamps and outclasses Auntie Mame in the first screen assignment to match her talent since *Never on Sunday*. A battle-scarred but unsinkable beauty, Melina dominates her handsome surroundings no matter where the film takes her—from queening it on a movie set in snowy Leningrad to peddling snapshots of tourists on the sparkling Côte d'Azur. Producer-director-adapter Jules Dassin (Mercouri's husband in private life), best known as the man behind *Never on Sunday* and *Topkapi*, also plays a small role as the hammy Russian movie idol who appears to be Romain's absentee father, and plays it surprisingly well, though, for reasons of his own, under an assumed name. Last but by no means least of the three young actors who portray Romain up to the age of 25 is Assaf Dayan, son of Israeli defense minister Moshe. It's some boyhood, growing from prepuberty to moderate

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sex mania under the eagle eyes of an unpaid servant (charmingly played by Greek character actress Despo) and a mother who vows to make her offspring great. "It is decided . . . you are going to Berlin to assassinate Hitler," Momma decrees at one juncture, and never lives to know that her son the writer does, indeed, one day become a War hero as well as a French diplomat. In this post-Freudian age, to celebrate such motherly devotion as a source of strength rather than a prelude to homosexual hang-ups is both refreshing and courageous.

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Trying to review the current bumper crop of sexploitation epics is roughly comparable to appraising the artistic merits of sword swallowing or some other highly specialized indoor sport. About all one can do is to indicate the general trend of the new releases, now that relative freedom from censorship has put stag films and skin flicks—or a reasonable facsimile—into first-run movie palaces. One of the better examples of titillation adorned with redeeming social purpose is ***A History of the Blue Movie,*** director Alex de Renzy's compilation of famous and infamous pornographic shorts dating back to the 1915 classic, *A Free Ride* (photography by Will B. Hard). It's a memorable collection, all in all, featuring such winners as *On the Beach* (three nude girls, a man and a goat, also nude) and celebrated stripper Candy Barr as star of a memorable encounter in a Texas motel in the 1940s. The evidence here strongly refutes the prevailing belief among the young that sex was invented five or six years ago at a rock festival.

Mona is the wry and unblushing presentation of an engaged girl who—wanting to remain a virgin until marriage—eagerly obliges her fiancé with oral gratification. In fact, fellatio appears to be Mona's avocation, and she diligently practices it with total strangers. "Did you learn this by yourself?" asks one of her many unzipped acquaintances. "No, not by myself," Mona replies demurely. Played by shapely, saucer-eyed Fifi Watson, whose unique movie debut ought to guarantee her a reputation of sorts, *Mona* is an all but unadvertisable spectacle that may have to depend on—pardon us—word-of-mouth publicity. The well-endowed stud who plays her beau also makes out prodigiously with Mona's mom, who is surprised during an evening at home with her whirring vibrator. The quality of the photography is above average, but the effect is decidedly anti-erotic when all those swollen genitals fill a movie screen in close-up. Still, the sound track manages to supply local stimulation with beeps, screams, moaning, drums and the clash of cymbals. Sex cymbals.

•

The pitchmen's attempts to promote ***Say Hello to Yesterday*** as a *Brief Encounter* of the Seventies are pitiable at best. Noel Coward's poignant classic about the clandestine love of two middle-class married people has only one thing in common with this upstart imitator: Both sets of characters travel by train. Jean Simmons, as a bored suburban housewife, finds her shopping trip into London interrupted by a devilishly handsome teenager (Leonard Whiting, seen in Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*), who impulsively decides to seduce her. And so he does, after they have shopped, debated, joked a bit, walked in the park and narrowed the generation gap by happily climbing on a jungle gym. It all adds up to a simple case of Mod-meets-matron.

•

The Last Valley explains very little about the Thirty Years' War except that it was hell, naturally, and lasted unnaturally long (1618–1648). Survival at all costs is the issue faced by Omar Sharif, Nigel Davenport, Florinda Bolkan and the inhabitants of an idyllic Alpine village occupied by a ruthless captain (Michael Caine) and his mercenaries—a rapacious mob of Catholics, Protestants and nonbelievers. Despite the religious issues at stake, the spirit of ecumenism extends even to the accents overheard—everything from Arthur O'Connell's rural Americanese to Caine's oddly measured cadences that sound like a cross between Low German and baby talk. Swedish star Per Oscarsson has *Last Valley*'s most cohesive role as a fanatical village priest whose blind faith says a good deal about mankind's perennial lust for brutality invoked in the name of God. Writer-producer-director James Clavell's screenplay (from a novel by J. B. Pick), though formal and intelligent, is lacking in cinematic vitality. Having transported his cast and crew all the way to some stunning mountain scenery in Austria, Clavell favors sweeping long shots—which is great for the Alps, but leaves the human drama uncertainly focused.

•

Movies about campus radicals have been flopping faster than Hollywood can churn them out. One hopes so, at least, because the public sees them for what they are: bald attempts to cash in on the so-called youth market. ***The Pursuit of Happiness*** (based on a novel by Thomas Rogers) exudes an aroma of opportunism—but producer David Susskind and director Robert Mulligan have as much right as anyone else to seize an opportunity. Unswerving in its predictable course, *Pursuit* was filmed in Manhattan with Arthur Hill, E. G. Marshall, the late Ruth White and other trusty New York actors backing up Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey, two of the brighter new faces. Sarrazin plays a hip collegian who has become disillusioned with society (he was "Clean for Gene" in '68). Barbara plays a diehard political activist who loves him anyway. All their ideas about honor, truth and American justice are tested when the boy is convicted of manslaughter after an auto accident. Ignoring his wealthy family's advice on how to conduct his defense, he goes to prison and gets innocently involved in a crime of passion that links him with jailhouse homosexuals. When he sees a chance to escape, he takes it, swiftly grabs his coed and they head for the border. Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney suffered far worse fates back in the Thirties because they had stolen a few pennies to put bread on the table. It's not so easy to sympathize with the rich, righteous young radical portrayed by Sarrazin, whose behavior seldom makes sense—least of all when he condemns the values of the over-30 generation while blandly taking a what-do-you-want-from-me attitude toward anyone thoughtless enough to mention the woman he ran down and killed.

•

The heroine of ***Puzzle of a Downfall Child*** is a high-fashion model whose legendary face and figure are the envy of her sex. In fact, she is a pitiable creature—lovely but empty, vain, neurotic, a habitual liar and so fearful of not living up to men's expectations that she settles for furtive affairs with strangers collected in cocktail bars. Obviously, the lady has everything it takes to be deadly dull. That she rises above banality to become sympathetic, human—and even curiously courageous in the shadowy world she inhabits—is due to the electric presence of Faye Dunaway, proving her right to movie stardom as never before. There are no startling social or psychological insights in the scenario by Adrien Joyce (who wrote *Five Easy Pieces*), yet *Downfall Child*'s dialog is shrewdly tailored to provide its star with the smoothest one-woman show since *Darling*. Licking her wounds in an isolated beach shack after a mental breakdown, scoured by drugs and disappointment, the aging mannequin tape-records her story for a photographer friend (Barry Primus) who was also her lover once upon a time, briefly, way back at the beginning. Anyhow, she *thinks* he was and asks him—to make sure. As a narrative device, the interview is a clumsy and needless reminder that *Downfall Child* marks the directorial debut of former fashion photographer Jerry Schatzberg (who himself used to be

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Faye's constant offscreen companion). In collaboration with ace cinematographer Adam Holender, whose eye for beauty is generous to a fault, Schatzberg gives the film a glaze of visual style that partly conceals its lack of depth. Leave the probing to Dunaway.

•

It would appear that the pioneers of Israel's young new film industry face the same dilemma that confronts moviemakers everywhere: how to reconcile the opposing imperatives of art and commerce. Like their counterparts in London, Rome and Hollywood, they seem to achieve one or the other more often than both. Two recently imported Israeli films tell the tale. ***Lupo!***, already a box-office smash at home, is a frankly commercial folk comedy, by writer-director Menahem Golan, starring 25-year-old Yuda Barkan as an eccentric old used-furniture dealer who buys household goods from couples about to split. Equipped with a horse-drawn cart, a marriageable daughter in the army and oodles of ethnic humor, lovable Lupo is a crowd pleaser who makes *Fiddler on the Roof*'s famous Tevye look like a hardened cynic. Of course, Lupo marries off his Rachel to the son of the richest man in all of Tel Aviv, while he himself exchanges his horse for a shiny new truck and settles down with a fat, jolly Bulgarian lady who makes fine blintzes. By contrast with this corn, director Gilberto Tofano's ***Siege*** has yet to find a U.S. distributor willing to gamble on what may well be the finest dramatic film ever made about the restless quality of life in modern Israel. *Siege* would be worth seeing if only for exotic Gila Almagor's flawless performance as a bewildered young widow who has to come to terms with her dead husband's loyal friends, her fatherless son and herself before she can start to live again. Intimate and subjective, the story unfolds without a hint of sentimentality in a generally naturalistic style that borrows from the best European tradition. As a self-appointed protector who complicates the widow's first serious love affair, Yehoram Gaon injects a note of rough, honest humor. Only an archly mannered final scene—about the movie being only a movie, after all—mars *Siege*'s enlightened view of the way in which life-loving instincts renew and reassert themselves in a society forever on the brink of war.

•

There are no technical advisors listed in the credits of ***Doctors' Wives***, though the movie features a graphic display of open-heart surgery as well as a messy probe into the sexual habits of five prosperous California physicians. Who's doing what to whose bored wife or brilliant husband? Well, everyone is doing everything with every available partner. Swinging Dyan Cannon, playing the film's briefest but brightest role as an impudent sextrovert, breaks up a ladylike poker game by telling the wives of her hubby's colleagues: "I'll sleep with each of your husbands and find out what you've been doing wrong." Next day, her husband shoots her dead in bed, accidentally injuring one of his closest friends. Hippocrates only knows what the A. M. A. is going to think about developments thereafter: doctors bribing doctors, interns balling wives, wives taking up golf and Lesbianism, a student nurse luring the entire medical staff to her bedside tape recorder for "research." The climax of *Wives* brings the murderous doctor (John Colicos) out of jail to perform brain surgery on the son of the black head nurse (Diana Sands), who is secretly the mistress of the chief of the clinic (Richard Crenna). Some good actors (Gene Hackman, Rachel Roberts, Cara Williams and Janice Rule) appear at moments of crisis and perform competently enough.

•

Doubling in brass for his own debut as a movie director, Alan Arkin gives a much-needed lift to ***Little Murders*** by casting himself in a bit role as a psychotic police detective who cannot bear the shame of several hundred unsolved homicides. The setting is a city rather like New York or Chicago, the scenario an elaboration of Jules Feiffer's play about an average American family up to its eyeballs in sex, identity problems, paranoia, power blackouts, obscene phone calls and random violence. Despite a terrifying display of liberated American girlhood by comely Marcia Rodd, and a nice ode to apathy as a life style by Elliott Gould (playing a photographer who passes his time shooting still-life studies of excrement), *Little Murders* induces occasional yawns until Arkin appears. Despite his efforts on both sides of the camera, however, Feiffer's work remains a nervously animated comic strip full of paper people aiming satirical darts at fixed targets. *Murders* is no laughing matter.

•

Homosexual and none too happy about it, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky leaps out of bed and flings himself recklessly into his *First Piano Concerto* to launch ***The Music Lovers***. The rest of the movie consists primarily of fag scenes, mad scenes, attempted seductions and sexual fantasies. All are used to illustrate the psychological underbrush of Tchaikovsky's greatest compositions—everything from the *Romeo and Juliet Overture* and *Swan Lake* to the *Symphonie Pathétique*. The cue for a bit of *Marat/Sade* set to music is a scene in which Glenda Jackson —an exemplary actress—is group-groped by the slobbering inmates of a lunatic asylum. Glenda plays the psychotic, oversexed but perpetually unsatisfied wife of Richard Chamberlain's Tchaikovsky. André Previn and The London Symphony play most of the sound-track music, while Chamberlain plays hell with legions of loyal fans, who remember him as television's *Dr. Kildare*. Poor Richard huffs and puffs and lunges and languishes in an apparent effort to revive a floridly romantic acting style that was thought to have died out (and should have) well before the turn of the century. Though often ludicrous, Chamberlain is blameless compared with scenarist Melvyn Bragg and producer-director Ken Russell, who plainly see *The Music Lovers* as an ironic title applied to the moneygrubbers and eager but frustrated ladies in the life of Peter Ilyich. His wife, his sister and his wealthy patroness, Madame Von Meck, greet every new piece he writes as an invitation to orgasm, and the baton, in effect, becomes Tchaikovsky's potent phallus—the only one they're likely to get a look at. The odd process of ransacking a composer's work for purposes of sexploitation brings out the grand-baroque side of Russell, who must have been carefully leashed when he directed last year's tasteful adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*. In *The Music Lovers*, Russell goes on a cinematic binge, trusting camera trickery to sell his kaleidoscopic portrait of Tchaikovsky as a man who conquered impotence and inversion by pounding out crescendos at the keyboard. Bad biographical movies were decidedly better back in 1945, when Cornel Wilde played Chopin in *A Song to Remember*. This is simply a film to forget.

•

The boy is a teenage honor student at prep school in Paris, living at home with his parents and sleeping with the family maid when he isn't lending her to a classmate. The older woman in his life is a passionate creature of 25 who gave up her career in journalism to keep house for a celebrated auto racer. Although this French love triangle has been laid out along familiar lines, ***The Tender Moment*** is directed with smooth confidence by Michel Boisrond, who wisely avoids fashionable camera gimmickry to tell his story straight. He can well afford to, with such a winning combination of assets in hand—beautiful young people whose romantic problems are just serious enough to cover their journey from the boulevards of Paris to an exquisite ski resort, and so to bed. Quietly sophisticated and knowingly sexy, *Tender Moment* is the creamiest import of French amour since *A Man and a Woman*. One key to the film's success is young Renaud Verley, who at 19 became a star overnight on the strength of his ardent, attractive, prematurely wise performance as the love-struck schoolboy. Holding their own opposite Verley are Nathalie

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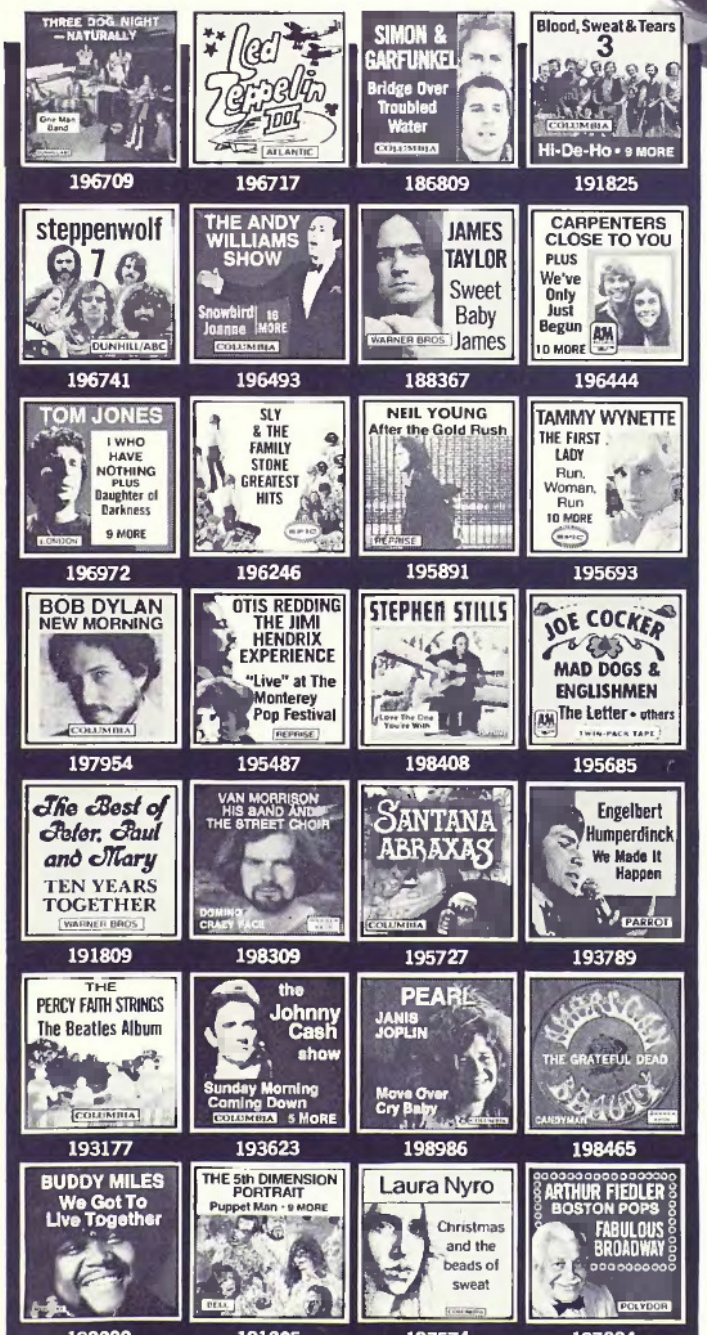

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Delon (wife of Alain) as the object of his affection, and Robert Hossein as the cat that's away, racing *his* engines in far-off Indianapolis.

RECORDINGS

John Lennon's latest solo effort, ***John Lennon / Plastic Ono Band*** (Apple), is much more of a personal statement than anything he ever did with the Beatles. Accompanied by music that is honed to the barest essentials, the lyrics are so simple as to almost be inane, but they do manage to deliver just enough to provide basic, beautiful communication. The cut that stands out is *God*, which seems to be an obituary for the whole Beatles trip and the audience that followed along in their footsteps. A string of "*I don't believe in _____*" (fill in the blank) is ended with "*Beatles*" and this is followed shortly by "*The dream is over. / What can I say? / The dream is over. / Yesterday / I was the dreamweaver / But now I'm reborn. / I was the walrus / But now I'm John. / And so, dear friends, you just have to carry on. / The dream is over.*" It's been said that John became bitter after his mother died and his father deserted him when he was young, and the opening and ending cuts of the album concern this traumatic event in Lennon's life. *Mother* fades out with pleading shrieks of "*Mama don't go / Daddy come home*," and on *My Mummy's Dead*, Lennon takes the voice of a child to recite a truth he's trying to accept.

•

Pearl (Columbia) is what her friends called her and that's the title of the late Janis Joplin's last-recorded album. Janis was into something new on this one, discarding the screaming that had become her trademark and delivering the blues either softly and beautifully or loud and clean. On Kris Kristofferson's moving *Me and Bobby McGee*, she accompanies herself with acoustic guitar and the ten tunes in the set—including the Ragovoy-Berns favorite *Cry Baby* and others with titles such as *A Woman Left Lonely*, *Get It While You Can* and *Buried Alive in the Blues*—are all part of the blues that lifted Janis to stardom and destroyed her.

•

The Noel Coward Album (Columbia) is made up of two LPs: *Noel Coward at Las Vegas*, issued in 1955, and *Noel Coward in New York*, which came out the following year. Together, these performances, masterfully backgrounded by Peter Matz, provide irrefutable evidence—if the issue were ever in doubt—that Coward is a lyricist on a par with Ira Gershwin and Larry Hart. The wildly eclectic verbiage and the beautifully constructed interior rhymes (the two best examples are *I Went to a Marvelous Party* and *A Bar on the Piccola Marina*) are joys to the ear. As a singer, Coward can best be described as brave, but as an interpreter of his own songs, he is faultless.

•

Elton John's first American album was lavishly praised by nearly everyone. His second, ***Tumbleweed Connection*** (Uni), is even better. It's pretty much all country rock this time, with fewer arty ambiguities in Bernie Taupin's lyrics, less overdriven lushness in Paul Buckmaster's arrangements, better control on producer Gus Dudgeon's part. This is strictly a team effort, but Englishman Elton is now properly the superstar. The dramatic range and intonational skill of his voice can encompass warm ballads such as *Come Down in Time*, lusty memories (*Amoreena*) and hard-rock allegories on the order of *Burn Down the Mission*. These modulations on country and folk themes have made this a superb album. It outdoes The Band on its home ground.

•

Guitarist Charlie Byrd—without the frills and fancy stuff—is a delight on ***The Stroke of Genius*** (Columbia). Charlie is backed by trumpeter Hal Posey, flutist Mario Darpino, brother Joe Byrd on bass and drummers Bill Reichenbach and Michael Redding. The session overflows with pretty melodies—George Harrison's *Something*, Fred Neil's *Everybody's Talkin'*, Antonio Carlos Jobim's lovely *Wave* and two tunes from Oscar Brown's *Joy* (*Brown Baby* and *What Is a Friend*)—enhanced by the brilliant and beautiful sounds of the Byrd guitar.

•

The ever-pretentious Eric Burdon is back with a seven-man group, War, but according to the evidence on ***The Black-Man's Burdon / Eric Burdon and War*** (MGM), it looks as though he's gotten himself in over his head this time. Always aspiring to blackness, Britain's Burdon seems to have linked up with some brothers who are a little blacker than he bargained for and their souls hang out throughout the double album package. Conga drums and jungle rhythms pervade and the ear opener is *P. C. 3*, a short bit of pornography with lyrics such as, "*I saw the size of her burning bush, the fire within blazing hot. / I knew she could accept everything I could give in one . . . soul-stirring hot shot.*"

•

Laura Nyro's beautiful album ***Christmas and the Beads of Sweat*** (Columbia) was arranged by Laura and Arif Mardin, the man who helped create the Aretha Franklin sound. Highlighting Laura's clear *bel canto* voice, the Mardin musicians—mostly Muscle Shoals and jazz people—do wonders to project that rocking, bigcity joy and sadness that is her province. *Blackpatch* and *Beads of Sweat* are rendered especially well and *Been on a Train* is as moving an anti-drug song as you will hear.

•

The tangled and sinewy music of Elliott Carter may not always be easy to fathom but it invariably rings true. Threading your way through one of his densely packed scores is like taking a cram course on the quality of contemporary American life, with all the tensions, confusions and aspirations of our complex technological world compressed into potent and pithy sonorities. Carter's latest work is one of his best: the tumultuous ***Concerto for Orchestra*** (Columbia), first performed last year and recorded immediately thereafter by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. There are scintillating fancies in this piece as well as growling acerbities, and Bernstein lends himself with equal conviction to both. William Schuman's more conventional *In Praise of Shahn* occupies side two.

•

If Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé are half as compatible in their private life as they are on records, it is indeed a marriage made in heaven. ***Steve and Eydie / A Man and a Woman*** (RCA) is loaded with goodies. The Lawrences are partial to a bossa-nova beat and it pervades the LP. Not that the two are tied down to Latin songs: there's the title ballad, a medley of *Love Is Blue* and *Autumn Leaves*, *Watch What Happens* and a fine, funky *Turn Down Day*.

•

Viewing Biff Rose with Dick Cavett on video a while back, it was hard to tell whether pianist-composer Rose was playing it straight or putting us on. With ***Biff Rose*** (Buddah), the jury is still out. Preciosity, camp and nostalgia are Biff's stock in trade and he conveys them in a piping tenor voice through snatches of art song, Tin Pan Alley, show tunes and folk. The pathway between satire and whimsy is a perilous one.

•

Richie Havens / Alarm Clock (Stormy Forest) shows Richie is still one of the last troubadours, just traveling around singing the songs he likes in his inimitable, gravelly, lived-a-lot voice. Backed by a band featuring Paul Williams on lead guitar, Richie has put together a set of nine songs that includes an interesting treatment of the Beatles' *Here Comes the Sun*, recorded live at the Cellar Door in Washington, D. C.

•

A Pause in the Disaster / The Satire of the Conception Corporation (Cotillion) is a comedy album of vast unevenness; interlarded with endless variations on the dope theme, none of which really makes

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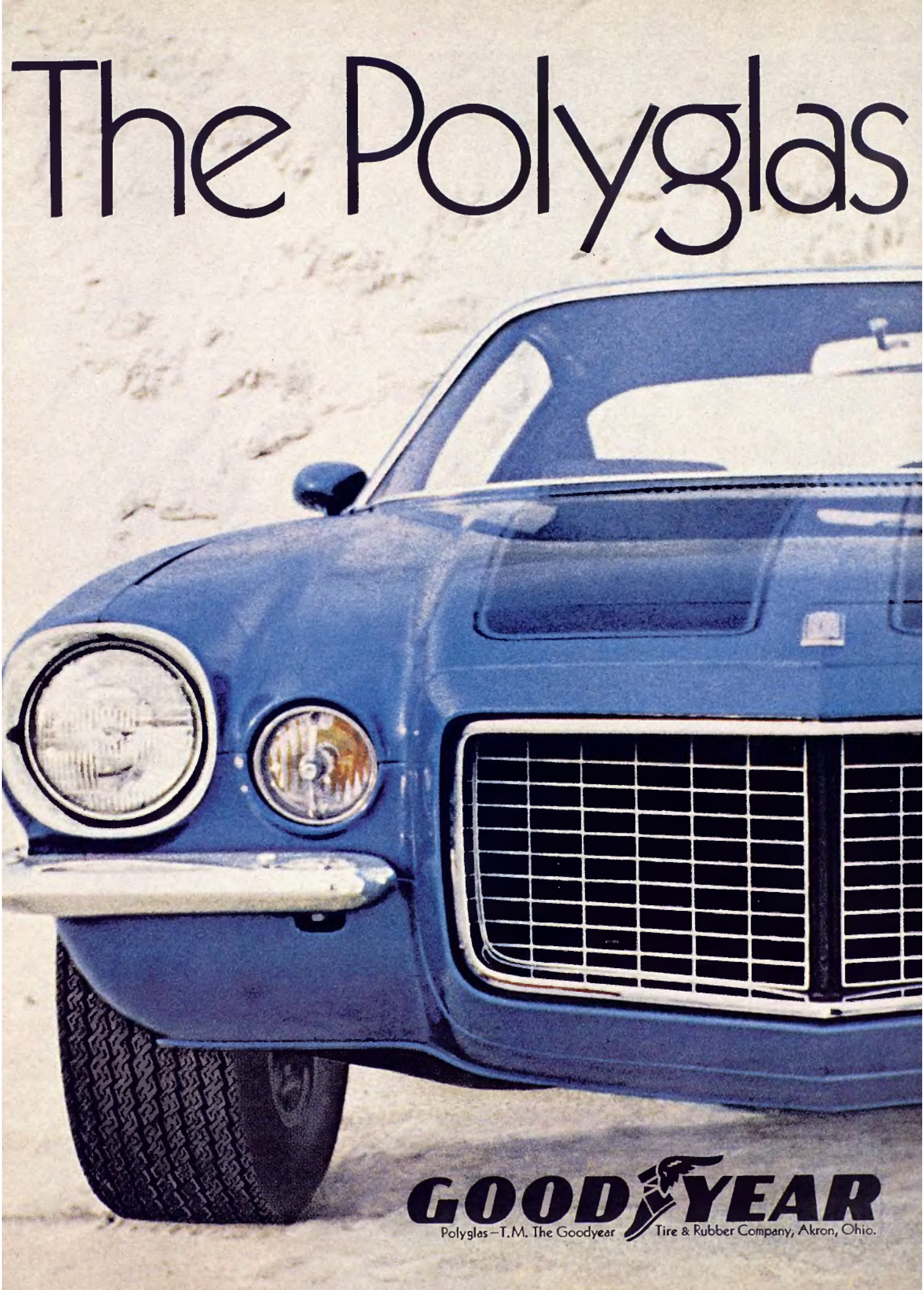

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it, are a number of genuinely funny *shticks*. One is a masterpiece: "Black for a Day" combines a devastating take-off on the all-too-familiar show with a manic put-down of racism. The contestants, who first have to tell why they want to be black (the last entrant, a Polish lady, wants to better herself), are working for prizes such as a year's supply of chitlins, two glorious weeks of harassment and a week in Biloxi, Mississippi, where the winner gets to attend a genuine lynching. The contestants are given 20 seconds to clean three Jewish suburban living rooms and 30 seconds to loot a store. There is also a bit called "The Disease Broker," in which a showbiz hopeful seeks a disease he can call his own but soon discovers that almost all are already taken by celebrities (J. Edgar Hoover has paranoia; Dick Clark has acne) and has to settle for the only one that's left. The ending has him practicing his spiel: "This is Rick Fortune for hemorrhoids. You may have this dreaded killer and not even know it. . . ." There are other delights sprinkled throughout that help make the LP, on balance, a winner.

•

Ragtime music has been a much-slighted segment of musical Americana, often thought of as a rather mindless accompaniment to silent movies not deserving of serious study. Joshua Rivkin, musical advisor to Nonesuch Records and now a member of the faculty of Brandeis University, has gone a long way toward setting matters aright. ***Piano Rags by Scott Joplin*** (Nonesuch), sensitively performed by Rivkin, covers such ground as Joplin's most famous work, *Maple Leaf Rag*, composed in 1899, and his *Magnetic Rag* of 1914, written toward the end of his life, and reveals the highly diverse, richly imaginative themes and variations that made Scott Joplin a major musical figure.

•

Elvis Country (RCA) is the latest by old swivel hips and he's still in there swiveling. The problem with the album, as with so many of Elvis' creative endeavors, is that the packaging tends to overshadow and distort the product. From the album's physical appearance to the sound track that has segments of *I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago* interjected at the end of the other cuts, it is overproduced. Still, Elvis cooks on *Whole Lot-ta Shakin' Goin' On* and *I Washed My Hands in Muddy Water*.

THEATER

A black-theater movement is erupting across the country—and it has nothing to do with the blind passions of Shakespeare's *Othello*, the voodoo mysticism of Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* or the fish-fry-in-the-sky whimsy of Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures*. Its

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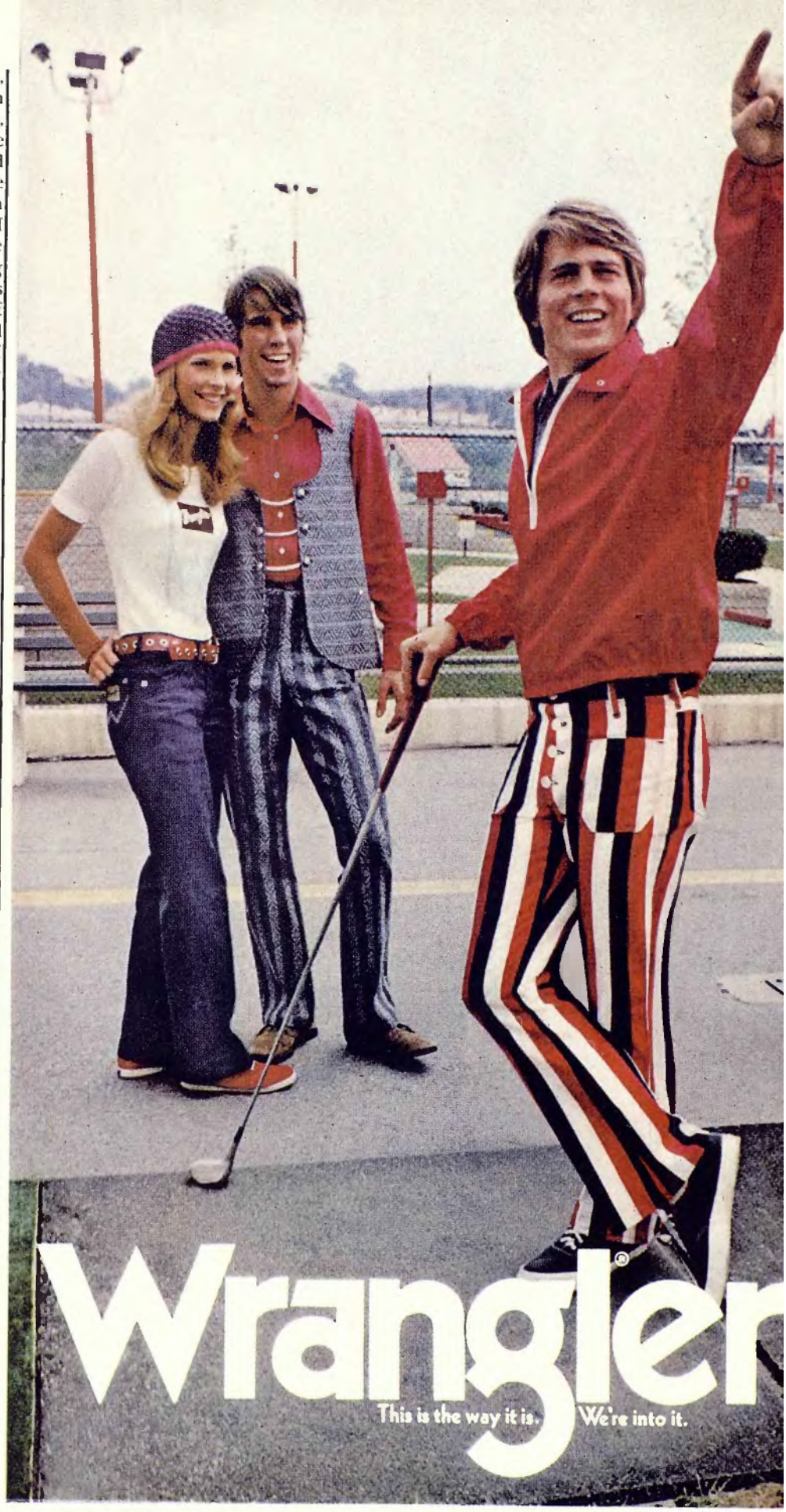
concerns are repression in Mississippi, turmoil in Harlem, racial injustice in Africa. As black poet Larry Neal sees it, "Black art is the spiritual sister of the black-power concept." Art intertwined with militant sociology has honorable antecedents. The Industrial Revolution produced Dickens; the Irish revolution of the 1920s produced Sean O'Casey; the proletarian movement in the U. S. during the 1930s produced Clifford Odets. It's probably too much to expect that any of the current black-activist playwrights will attain the niche of an O'Casey or even of an Odets, but there are some promising talents around. Charles Gordone won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for *No Place to Be Somebody*, a seething if sometimes confused portrait of black racism. Gordone's award was widely taken to be the Pulitzer committee's way of according delayed recognition to such playwrights as LeRoi Jones (*Dutchman*, *The Slave*), Ed Bullins (*The Electronic Nigger*, *Clara's Ole Man*), James Baldwin (*Blues for Mister Charlie*, *The Amen Corner*) and a growing list that includes the late Lorraine Hansberry, Douglas Turner Ward, Lonne Elder III, Adrienne Kennedy and Ben Caldwell. Their works are regularly performed in some 40 playhouses from coast to coast, ranging in age and size from Cleveland's elaborate Karamu House Theater, founded in 1915, to countless small groups that spring up in storefronts and churches in major cities. Among the newer theaters, two are especially noteworthy. The Free Southern Theater, founded in 1963 and based in New Orleans, tours small black communities in the South. The off-Broadway Negro Ensemble Company, founded in 1968, is a more professional group that has won considerable attention. Other well-known companies are the New Lafayette Theater and the National Black Theater in Harlem, Concept East in Detroit, Spirit House in Newark, The Inner City Repertory Company in Los Angeles and Aldridge Players/West in San Francisco. Fired with zeal and firm in its refusal to pull punches in the attack on Whitey, black theater has become a target of critics who contend that up-against-the-wall exhortations make poor art as well as bad race relations. A number of critics generally sympathetic to black-theater aims were disturbed, for example, by the rampant racism in Joseph A. Walker's *Ododo*, a musical produced by the Negro Ensemble Company, and appalled by Miss Hansberry's *Les Blancs*, produced posthumously on Broadway, which advocated genocide of nonblacks as a solution to the race problem. Black playwrights counter that their works are intended for black audiences and that white critics are not qualified to evaluate them. Their shrill tone of protest, they feel, is a natural outgrowth of the traumatic experience of black people



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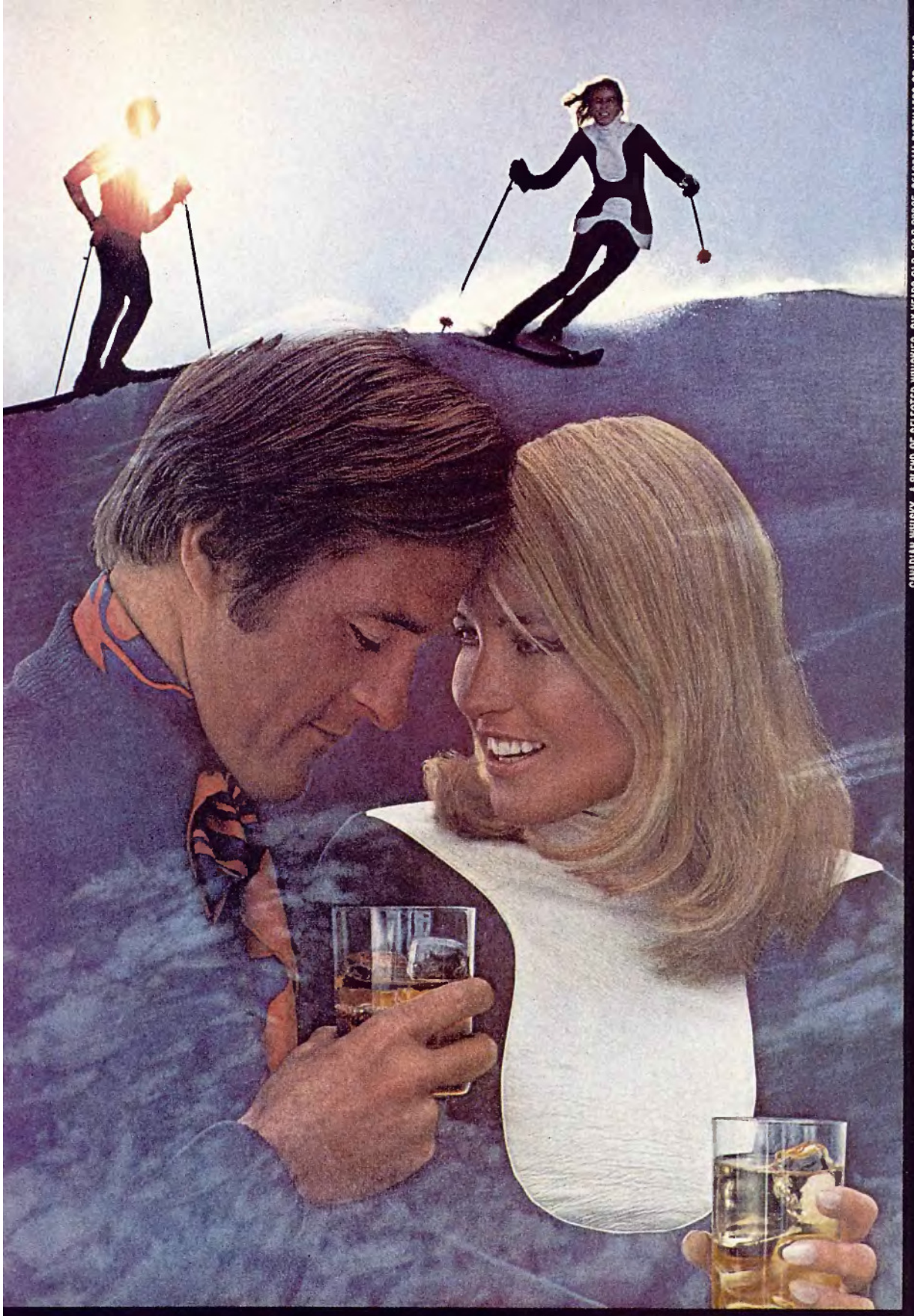
in America. Clayton Riley, a black critic, sums it up this way: "We have a rich, albeit anguished legacy to call upon when we choose—onstage or anywhere else—to tell one another about ourselves."

•

Nostalgia washed the 46-year-old musical ***No, No, Nanette*** back to Broadway, but whereas so many revivals depend merely on memories, not, not *Nanette*. This "New 1925 Musical" is full of fond recollections—but it's also a bountiful entertainment. As soon as Ruby Keeler comes onstage, looking almost like that star-struck girl in *42nd Street*, she evokes not only the Ruby that was but all those Busby Berkeley movie musicals. Then Ruby dances—a clattering, hard-tapping, stage-rocking dance. Her gray head looks down, as surprised as the audience, at the talent still throbbing in her feet. Next comes the chorus of Argyle-sweatered, apple-cheeked boys and gorgeous "Busby Berkeley Girls." Then another old movie memory, Patsy Kelly—playing a back-talking, baggage-smashing maid, as she has in millions of flicks—shuffles on. In the finale, Patsy, with the effrontery of a burlesque comic, pushes everyone aside and does a solo rat-tat-tap. "Eat your heart out!" she snaps at the cast. But it's the senior citizens in the audience who probably eat their hearts out. Ruby and Patsy look a little different, but they haven't really aged. The book, on the other hand, seems 2000 years old: The plot is ridiculous, the dialog is full of period slang like "None of your beeswax" and the show is too long. The young leads, Susan Watson as Nanette and Roger Rathburn as her beau, are simply adequate. But Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van, handling the subplot, make a classy dance team, as they used to say, and Jack Gilford nicely underplays the role of Ruby's moneybags husband. The Youmans-Caesar-Harbach score is chock-full of standards such as *Tea for Two* and *I Want to Be Happy*, and they are all well used. Raoul Pene du Bois is credited with production design, Burt Shevelove with the direction and adaptation, and Donald Saddler with staging the musical and dance numbers. All richly deserve the credits. But where does that leave Busby Berkeley as "production supervisor"? His stamp is all over this extravagant production—from the arm-linking chorus line to the Twenties decor. One number, among many, illustrates the essential Busby. A girl does a dance atop an enormous rolling beach ball. As she calmly keeps her balance, never misses the beat or loses her smile, she is, by herself, a showstopper. Then out roll one, two—six *more* girls on beach balls. The show, like the scene, is a multitude of delights. At the 46th Street Theater, 226 West 46th Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Upon graduation from college, I intend to become a high school teacher—which was fine with the girl I had hoped to marry; she understood full well that members of this profession seldom get rich. Unfortunately, her attitude toward me was not shared by the rest of her family, with whom I recently spent a weekend. They didn't like my hair, they didn't like my clothes, they didn't like my idea of becoming a teacher; they told me I was trying to marry above my station and that I could never give my girl the things she's accustomed to in life. Later, they told my girl they never wanted to see me in their house again. As a result, she's broken the engagement. Is there anything I can do?—E. D., San Jose, California.

To quote Charles Dickens:

> *O let us love our occupations,*
> *Bless the squire and his relations,*
> *Live upon our daily rations,*
> *And always know our proper stations.*

But that was a sardonic reference to the rigid class structure of 19th Century England. Here and now, a man is no longer measured by his occupation or social status. That is, he shouldn't be—but if the cockroach hasn't changed in 250,000,000 years, it is, perhaps, too much to expect our fellow man to live up to the 20th Century ideals we all profess. Your girl's acceptance of her parents' side indicates she is more their daughter than your fiancée. Start looking for someone who is willing to share your station and goals.

I seem to feel the beer served in New York faster than I do the stuff served back in my home town of Wheeling, West Virginia. Could this be the result of my drinking environment, or does the alcoholic content of beer vary from state to state?—R. B., New York, New York.

No doubt, both factors are involved. American beers range from 2.9 percent to 4.7 percent in alcohol by weight, with the average percentage being 3.6. West Virginia and certain localities in other states have set a maximum of 3.2 percent for beer, while some states (including New York) have no limit at all. In certain states, grocery stores sell beer below a certain percentage, while liquor stores sell all beer above that figure; hence, the same brand of beer in the same town may differ in taste and impact, depending on the place of purchase.

At 46, I have been divorced for ten years, and am currently escorting a 32-year-old divorcee whom I would like to marry. Unfortunately, she has four children and I am not about to take on this appalling responsibility after having raised three of my own. Whenever I visit them, I get such a warm welcome from all five that I am distressed. The kids should have a father, but I can't see myself fitting into that pattern the second time around. If I withdraw, however, I fear that this wonderful woman will be lost to me forever. What do you think I should do?—M. C., Seattle, Washington.

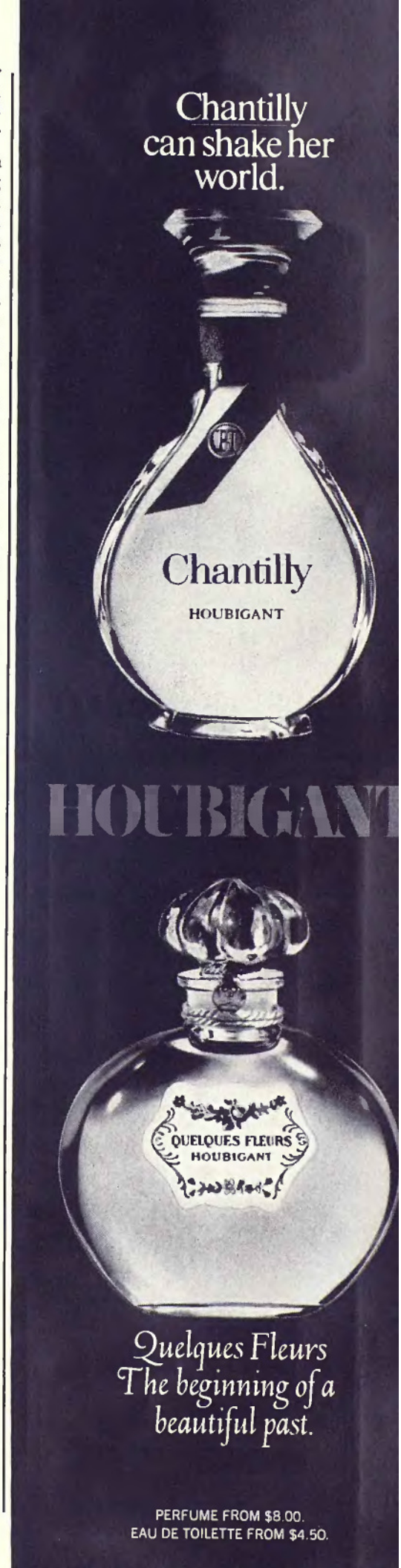
You have very little choice really, since the woman is not about to put her children in an orphanage to marry you. Marriage, in this case, is a package deal—the accessories are not optional. If you can't accept the "appalling responsibility," you'd be best advised to search for a stripped-down model, and let the woman find a man who is agreeable to be both husband and father.

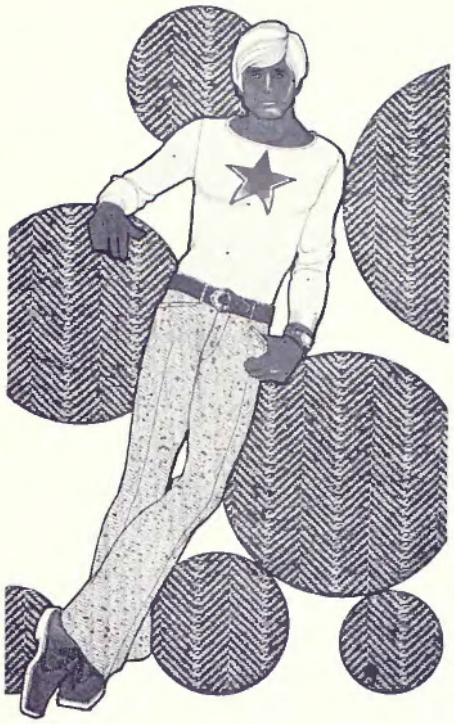
What's the difference between high efficiency and low efficiency in a speaker?—K. L., Phoenix, Arizona.

The efficiency of a speaker refers to its ability to convert electrical power (the output from your amplifier) to acoustical power. Some speakers are less efficient than others and thus need higher-powered amplifiers to drive them. There is little relationship between a speaker's efficiency and its quality or price.

I'll soon be 20 years old and I'm still a virgin. My parents were quite strict, which may explain the reason why, but now I wish to change my status. Unfortunately, I've run into an unexpected problem. I have slipped between the lily-whites with different guys five or six times in the past six months. The foreplay is great, but when I tell them that I'm a virgin (just before they enter), it's all over. The usual reaction is first that I'm joking, then a look of disbelief or puzzlement, then the guy just sort of forgets about me. I once asked why and my boyfriend at the time responded, "When a guy makes love to a virgin, either the girl hates him for taking her 'pride and joy' or else loves him more intensely than he can stand. Few men can take that kind of hate—or that kind of love—unless marriage is in sight." Do you think this is true and, if so, what can I do about it? Peace.—Miss L. M., Los Angeles, California.

In Alexander Woollcott's words, "There is less in this than meets the eye." Your boyfriend's statement may well be true for some men, but certainly not for all. Nevertheless, it is true that telling the male he is about to "deflower a virgin" just prior to the act may well put him uptight. Suddenly, he is





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confronted with the responsibility for future performances, the possibility of pain and psychological trauma on the part of the girl, etc. Even if the prospect is an inviting one, springing it on him at a moment like this usually jars him from his sensual mood, which is, to say the least, counterproductive. It's not your honesty that is self-defeating in this case, of course; it's your timing—which raises the possibility that you really don't want to change your status after all and deliberately tell your bed partners that you're a virgin to encourage precisely the response that you get. If you're really serious about losing your "pride and joy," tell the lucky fellow about your condition well before the act (or shortly after)—but not at the crucial moment.

In the near future, I plan to buy a sports car, but wonder how I can tell what particular gasoline I should use, since brands of gas seldom list their octane ratings. No doubt the majors would have a high enough octane rating, but what about the off-brands? Would an off-brand premium gas be rated high enough for my car? And is there any physical damage to the motor that would result from using a gasoline with an octane rating that's *too* high? I wouldn't care to blow the extra money charged for a premium gas out my tail pipe, either. —D. G., Des Moines, Iowa.

One recent study concluded flatly that neither the auto industry nor the refining companies could state the octane requirements of any particular car and that it's up to the motorist to determine this by trial and error. A major oil company has suggested that car owners try progressively lower-octane-rated (and, hence, cheaper) grades of gasoline until the car starts to knock, then go back up a blend. Since identical brands vary in octane from one part of the country to another, you might as well try the off-brand gasolines, too; according to Ralph Nader, most cut-rate service stations buy surplus gasoline from the majors. More gospel according to Nader: Using a gasoline with an octane rating either too high or too low is dangerous. If too low, it will wear the bearings, possibly crack the pistons and valves, and the output of hydrocarbon emissions (incompletely burned gas) will rise drastically. If the octane is too high, the extra money you pay is wasted and the air pollution (if using a leaded gas) goes up.

Recently, a girlfriend of mine came to visit my husband and me. There was quite a bit of banter about my husband having two girls and when it came time to go to sleep, my girlfriend and I jumped into bed and waited for my husband to come in and be shocked. Well, the joke was on me, because he jumped right under the blankets with us. We all laughed and kidded about it and then went to sleep—at least, I *thought* we all did. I awoke in the middle of the night to discover my friend and my husband making love. I was very shaken, but said nothing. Now I want to talk to him about it, but I don't know how. Though I don't consider adultery a major sin, nevertheless I was shocked and hurt and would like to know how to approach him on it.—Mrs. J. P., Cleveland, Ohio.

There's not much you can tell him, except to suggest that he restrict his balling to women not your friends and to places you're not at—so that at least you won't know about it. But then he could rebut with Oscar Wilde's famous line that the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. And who, after all, placed the temptation right in bed with him? Perhaps you ought to call it a draw, not say anything and be more selective about future house guests—both as to person and place.

A friend and I were discussing food and he stated that while in Japan he had eaten a Kobe steak and it was the greatest beef he'd ever had. Could you tell me why this particular type of steak is supposed to be so good?—D. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Kobe beef—which is actually produced in other parts of Japan, though it is shipped from that southwestern seaport —comes from cattle that have been fattened by force-feeding them on beer; some authorities consider it the tastiest and best-textured beef in the world. Costly though Kobe beef is, incidentally, it is not so costly as Wadakin and Matsuzaka beef, which are produced not far from Mt. Fuji. In this case, the cattle are raised individually in dark sheds, given beer mash for feed and massaged daily.

As a Don Juan, I am a definite flop; when I first meet a girl, I seem to continually misjudge what she expects of me. Most people consider me a likable guy and suggest I be myself, but some friends spend a lot of time developing "lines" and suggest I do the same. I'm torn—what do you advise? And please don't feed me a lot of platitudes; factual advice is what I need.—R. D., St. Louis, Missouri.

No one can tell you what to do during that crucial moment when you make a lasting first impression on someone of the opposite sex. But if you care to observe the experience of others, a recent sociological study indicates that there is a tremendous lack of communication between partners on first dates, due primarily to false expectations concerning what each is supposed to do. This is most demonstrable in the area of sexual advances, in which both sexes (with males taking the lead) behave in stereotyped ways, not necessarily because they want to but because they think

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How to improve drinks . . . secret of the "pros":

You can improve many mixed drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe — to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of an ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, Collinses, etc. The big difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can.* Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in this guide.) Compare them. The improvement is remarkable! But, to understand *why* this is true . . . make the simple taste test on the following page.

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good,* right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to create this unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor! First try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand *why* it improves most mixed drinks, too!

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Learn how to improve most drinks —

Make this simple test: The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it* . . . and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor . . . one that *tastes good* with *nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better.

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in liquor greatly improves this drink.

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Mix just like other recipe. Then sip it. The delicious flavor of Southern Comfort makes it taste much better!

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SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

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

Give your Screwdriver a new twist. Mix it with Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

SCARLETT O'HARA

A drink as intriguing as its namesake.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. It's as enticing as the French Quarter!

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

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

And the perfect brunch dessert . . .

ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL

½ peach or apricot
Chilled Southern Comfort

Put fruit in champagne or sherbet glass and add cracked ice. Fill with Southern Comfort. Serve with small spoon and a cocktail straw.

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1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in a short glass; add a twist of lemon peel. Southern Comfort is one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks, because it's smoother and more delicious than ordinary liquors.

Hint . . . ice is important!

To improve on-the-rocks drinks, mists, highballs, buy packaged ice. Professionally made ice is free of air bubbles, chemicals, impurities. That's why it's tasteless, crystal clear, slower melting, makes drinks taste—and look—better.

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MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

COLD TODDY

¼ tspn. sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in short glass. Add ice cubes and pour in liquor. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

For a toddy with full body, switch to Southern Comfort.

ordinary MANHATTAN

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

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now use recipe below. See how a switch in basic liquor improves this drink.

improved MANHATTAN

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

Mix it like the ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort gives your drink a superb flavor no other liquor can match.

Comfort* Manhattan, as mixed at the Mayflower's Town and Country Room, Washington, D.C.

*Southern Comfort®

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth; serve with a pearl onion.

ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
½ jigger (¾ oz.) sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass; add twist of lemon peel. (Often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

GIMLET

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

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (This drink is a distant cousin to the Martini.)

COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

Playing it cool at Ambassador Hotel's Now Grove, in Los Angeles

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass; add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. Enjoy a deliciously smooth combination.

The five pop posters shown in this guide make the perfect decoration for your Happy Hour party. See offer in back!

at-home happy hour: almost effortless way to entertain as you play

Just gather a group. You don't need a reason, for Happy Hour time is always in season. Snacks can be simple. But drinks, short or tall, must be *expertly* made: use this guide, have a ball.

GIN RICKEY

Juice, rind ½ lime • sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind and gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir.

To really "rev up" a rickey, use S. C. instead of gin.

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • 1 tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until the shaker frosts. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass.

To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.

*HOT BUTTERED COMFORT**

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel
1 jigger Southern Comfort • pat butter

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S. C. in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in glass when pouring hot water.)

MINT JULEP

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tspn. sugar
Dash of water • 2 oz. Bourbon

Put water in tall glass; crush mint and sugar in water. Pack cracked ice to top of glass. Pour in whiskey and stir until the glass frosts.

Make your next Happy Hour happier: Mix your julep with Southern Comfort, no sugar.

LEMON COOLER

Happy Hour happening at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour S. C. over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.

ordinary TOM COLLINS

½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Sparkling water

Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice: add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

Smoother Collins that's big at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

COMFORT* COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes: fill with 7UP. This is the best tasting — and easiest to mix — Collins of all!

*Southern Comfort®

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a smoother, better-tasting drink. Skip the gin and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.

COMFORT*, BABY!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
2 jiggers cold milk • 1 tspn. sugar

Dissolve sugar in milk in 8-oz. glass. Pour in Southern Comfort: add ice cubes and stir. (Optional: Dust lightly with nutmeg.)

RUM N' COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S. C. is to cola.

HONOLULU COOLER

"In" drink with the surf set at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ½ lime
Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack a tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice and stir.

This poster will set the mood for your old-time Happy Hour party. Get all five, see offer at right.

Have a happy hour with a theme: Serve a drink to fit your scheme.

Examples: Have a Luau Happy Hour. Greet guests with leis; serve Honolulu Coolers, island-type food. Or serve the Scarlett O'Hara at a Mardi Gras Happy Hour. A Derby Day Happy Hour is a sure winner — with Mint Juleps. Be creative, but keep it simple. This guide's full of drink recipes to inspire you.

Invite guests to dress for a "Gay Nineties" Happy Hour! Have barbershop singing, serve the

COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED

Gaslight Club favorite in Chicago, Washington, D.C., Beverly Hills, Paris

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
½ oz. sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass; add ice cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S. C.

Yo, ho, ho! Have a Treasure Hunt Happy Hour; reward them with a

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 1 tspn. sugar
2½ oz. light rum • 2 dashes bitters

Mix in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice. Stir vigorously until mixture foams. Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

Super swizzle: Use Southern Comfort and ½ tspn. sugar.

*Southern Comfort®

GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain.

ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream
1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.

STINGER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass.

Southern Comfort instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.

OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

One fifth Southern Comfort
3 quarts 7UP • 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice or add ice cubes; add orange and lemon slices. Serves 32.

Mix in advance! Add 7UP and ice when ready to serve.

COMFORT* EGGNOG

1 quart dairy eggnog mix
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10 . . . and pleases them all.

Single serving: Add 4 parts eggnog mix to 1 part S. C. in short glass. Stir; dust with nutmeg.

Set of **5 MOD POSTERS** *ONLY* **$1.00**

Get the terrific mod posters shown in photos in this guide. Printed in gay decorator colors on quality stock. Size: 19x27 inches. Ideal for den or bar, or Happy Hour party decoration. (Frames not included.)

Print name and address.
Send check or money order to:
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P.O. Box 12428, St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Price includes shipping charges. Offer void in Canada, Alabama, Iowa, Oklahoma, New Hampshire, Tennessee, Utah, Mississippi, Georgia, and other states where prohibited

Special Offer!

Save on this NEW line of Southern Comfort

Steamboat Glasses

New straight-side shape with broad gold lip, just like the latest expensive glasses. Handsome blue and gold decor.

A. HIGHBALL GLASS
Generous size for highballs, other tall favorites. **$3.95**
Set of 8 glasses (12-oz. size)

B. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED
All-purpose! Highballs, on-the-rocks, coolers. **$3.95**
Set of 8 glasses (13½-oz. size)

C. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS
For on-the-rocks, mists, "short" highballs.
Set of 8 glasses (8-oz. size) PLUS matching 2-oz. Master Measure glass (9 glasses) **$3.95**

D. ON-THE-ROCKS STEM GLASS
Popular shape for on-the-rocks, "short" drinks. **$3.95**
Set of 6 glasses (7½ oz. size)

E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS
Versatile glass enables you to pour all the correct measures. Marked for ½ oz.; ¾ oz. (½ jigger); 1 oz.; 1½ oz. (jigger); 2 oz. *sold alone* **60¢**

F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS
Color-mated to glasses, say "Smooth Sailing." **$1.00**
Five packages of 40 each

G. TALL COOLER GLASS
New tall, slender shape for Collinses, coolers. **$3.95**
Set of 8 glasses (12½-oz. size)

Print your name and address. Order items desired by letter and send check or money order to:

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Prices include shipping costs. Offer void in Georgia, New Hampshire, Mississippi, Tennessee, Canada

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they're expected to. A decisive contributing factor to the miscommunication between dates is the common use of a "line." The message seems to be: Act naturally. If your date can get a glimpse of the real you, perhaps she'll be willing to give you a glimpse of the real her; the discovery might be mutually rewarding.

Could you tell me how the term "the fourth estate"—referring to the press—originated?—C. T., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish essayist and historian, credited Sir Edmund Burke with first using the phrase while speaking in Parliament. Burke, according to Carlyle, had referred to the various estates of the realm—the lords spiritual, the lords temporal and the commons (making up the British Establishment of that time)—and then pointed to the reporters' gallery, saying: "And yonder sits a fourth estate, more important than them all." As it happens, Carlyle apparently attributed the remark to the wrong person; the phrase appears in none of Burke's writings but does show up in the works of Thomas Macaulay, the English writer and statesman of the period.

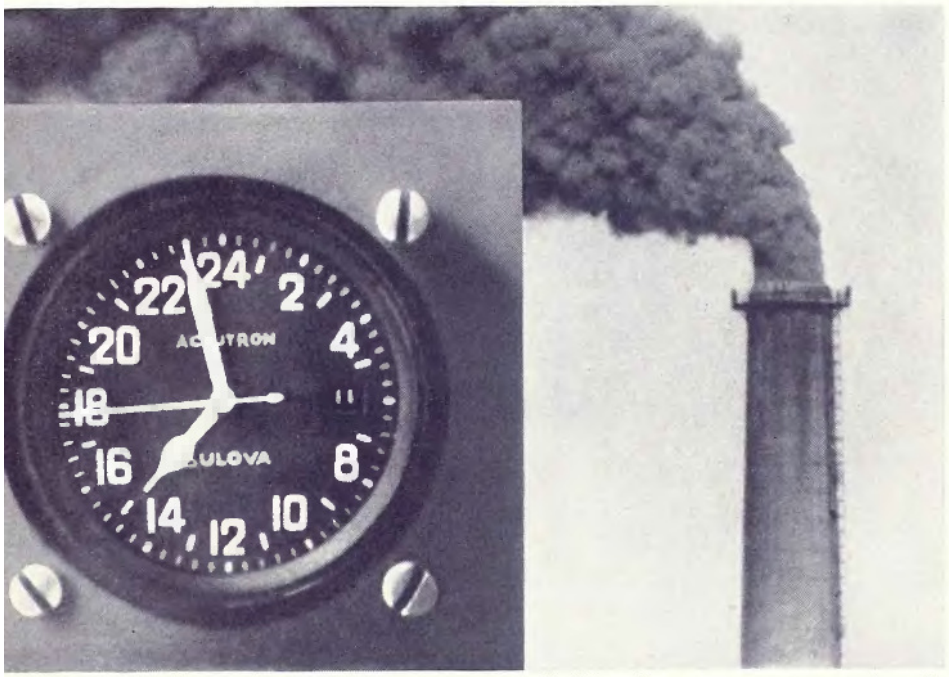
In reading through reports of the first few months of operation of New York State's liberalized abortion law—which allows a woman to have an abortion for any reason up to the 24th week of pregnancy—I've run across references to the "suction method" of abortion. I had always understood that most abortions, particularly during the early weeks, were done by dilatation and curettage. Just what is the "suction method"?—Miss A. T., Omaha, Nebraska.

An abortion by vacuum aspiration, which its proponents claim is easier, quicker and safer than a D & C, consists of dilating the cervix and inserting a clear-plastic tube, which is connected to a vacuum pump, into the uterine cavity. The tube is manipulated by the doctor over the walls of the womb and the fetal matter removed by low suction. Blood loss is usually minimal, operating time is short—usually ten minutes or less—damage to surrounding tissues is slight and recovery is rapid. Although the operation is relatively painless, it's usually done under some anesthesia. This method, incidentally, is seldom used after the 12th week of pregnancy.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 57.

"How an Accutron® watch movement helps me trap air polluters."



By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

The watch that's become an ecological instrument. Accutron® by Bulova.

Date and Day "AD": One-piece case and mesh band in 14k solid gold. Hand-applied black and gold markers on a linen textured silver dial. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. $600. Other styles from $110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from and returned to authorized Accutron dealer within one year of date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Company, Inc.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

1500 YEARS FOR RAPE

I have read about the black man who was sentenced to 1500 years for rape in Oklahoma City. What especially struck me were two facts mentioned in the *Tallahassee Democrat* account of the case: (1) No blacks were called as prospective jurors in the case. (2) A group of whites who gang-raped a girl in Oklahoma City a few years ago received sentences of three years each.

Ken Winker, Jr.
Tallahassee, Florida

COMPASSION

In Seattle, Washington, two young women were arrested, tried and convicted of unlawful possession of dangerous drugs, because they had received a quantity of marijuana from Tucson. The prosecutor asked for a sentence of two years each, and the probation officers recommended probation for both defendants, since this was their first conviction. Judge Frank H. Roberts, Jr., however, sentenced the first defendant to a minimum of five years in prison, after giving her an angry lecture against "narcotics" (he evidently believes marijuana is a narcotic). The Governor's Commission for Youth Involvement publicly criticized the judge for using psychological terrorism to combat drugs. However, when the second defendant came up for sentencing, the judge again gave his angry lecture—and again imposed a minimum five-year sentence. According to *The Seattle Daily Times*, the judge then said he had great compassion for the young women "but he also has compassion for the many persons who become victims of narcotics dealers."

Jeanne Manon Roland said, "O liberty! O liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name." I can only think, after reading of this cruel travesty, "O compassion! O compassion! What crimes are committed in thy name."

Thomas Johnson
Tacoma, Washington

POT-LAW REFORM

In *The Greening of America*, Charles A. Reich makes the following cogent observations:

> Surely the case of marijuana offers the most clear-cut example of a rigidity-repression syndrome at its most self-defeating. Accept any prevailing theory of government and marijuana ought to be legalized: the conservative doctrine that the individual should be free of government regulation; the liberal-reformist doctrine that controls are to be used only when science justifies them; the theory suggested by Marcuse that contemporary government can buy off dissatisfaction by allowing pleasures that pacify. Take an approach that is simply practical and realistic: the laws against marijuana are ineffectual, unjust in their erratic enforcement, tend to break down respect for law, and at the same time radicalize those people, particularly young people, who are threatened with criminal penalties for what they regard as a perfectly acceptable private practice. Nothing so directly threatens the stability of the State, then, as the present marijuana laws, yet the State persists in the suicidal course of trying to enforce them. Such a process may produce a good many arrests in the short run, but in the long run it promises only self-destruction for the State itself.

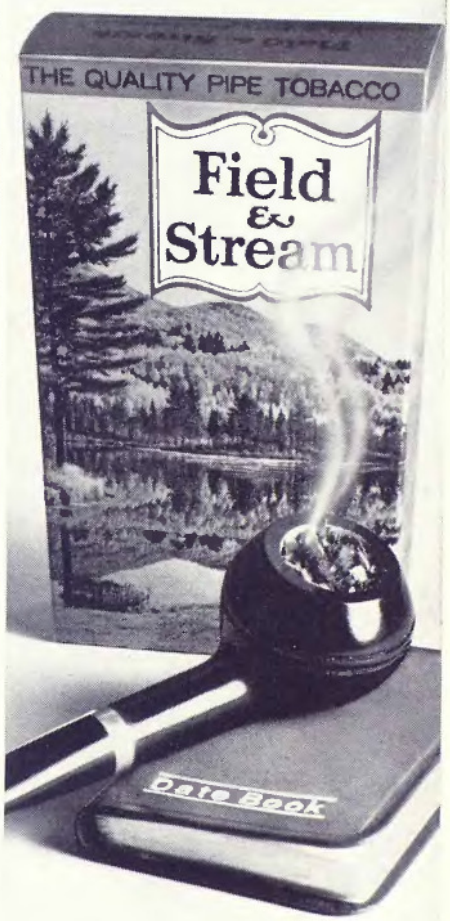
This strikes me as a rational assessment of the situation. Reducing the penalty for marijuana possession from a felony to a misdemeanor, as is often suggested these days, is probably inadequate. Partial reform usually aggravates a conflict instead of solving it; this is the curse of liberalism.

If we removed all penalties for possession, approximately 20,000,000 Americans who are now criminals might be brought back to the law-abiding community. Our judicial system might regain the respect of the young. There could be nearly 200,000 fewer arrests each year, freeing the police and courts and correctional institutions to devote more time to serious criminal problems. Finally, this reform would change the over-all political climate and induce a greater respect for civil liberties in general.

Even if the use of marijuana generates some harm, jail and punishment are not the best or the only approaches in such cases. Doctors, teachers, psychologists, social workers and ministers are all better able to minimize such harm than is the law.

I, therefore, propose to introduce a bill to the Illinois legislature removing all criminal sanctions for mere possession of marijuana, by persons over 18, in amounts

If your girl doesn't like the great autumn day aroma of Field & Stream...



start playing the field.

A quality product of Philip Morris U.S.A.

of less than ten grams (enough for ten cigarettes, usually).

Representative Leland H. Rayson
Illinois State Legislature
Tinley Park, Illinois

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION

It is time the United States saw the light and joined the trend of legalizing prostitution. Many European countries have legalized the world's oldest profession, with France being the most recent to make plans for government-controlled prostitution.

The method proposed in France would not, I think, be entirely adequate for the U. S.: France plans to have houses operated by government officials. It might be difficult to find qualified men in the U. S. to operate such establishments, and it's unlikely that U. S. women would want to work under Federally established conditions; no doubt they would prefer to set their own working hours and choose their own customers. And an American man might feel self-conscious walking into a state or Federally operated brothel.

An easier and better approach to legalized prostitution would be to require all prostitutes to register with the local board of health, to give each registered woman an identification card and to require a weekly checkup by a board of health doctor. Mandatory registration would allow the Government to control professional standards and an identification card would give the customer certain health guarantees. The woman would be free to set her own prices, work her own hours and choose her own customers.

True, many Americans would oppose legal prostitution, but such opposition would derive from religious ideas, and those not wishing to patronize prostitutes would not have to do so. The system would be of great benefit to society; it would reduce venereal disease and sex crimes and improve morale.

Frank Timmerman
University Park, Pennsylvania

An instance of legalized prostitution in the United States is described in this month's "Forum Newsfront."

SEX-EDUCATION DEBATE

My wife taught a sex-education course to fifth graders for several years, and here are some of the questions that the pupils asked in class:

Why is a duck or chicken egg so much larger than a human egg? My mother said I shouldn't eat sour things during my period—is this right? Why do puppies have sticky stuff and blood all over them when they are born? Why does a baby get slapped on its back by the doctor? Does it hurt the baby to be upside down in the womb? What happens if a baby dies while it is still inside the mother? What if the mother dies before the baby is born? What should you

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

ILLINOIS ABORTIONS LEGALIZED

CHICAGO—*A three-judge Federal court for the northern district of Illinois has forbidden the enforcement of the state's abortion law against licensed physicians operating in accredited medical facilities, provided they perform the operation during the first 12 weeks of pregnancy. Ruling in an A. C. L. U. case supported by the Playboy Foundation, the court found the law vague and infringing on the right of privacy.*

RAPE AND THE DEATH PENALTY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Fourth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals has held that rape cannot be prosecuted as a capital crime when the victim's life has been neither "taken nor endangered." The panel of judges ruled unanimously that, except in the most serious instances of forcible rape, the death penalty would represent cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment. The decision, which can be reversed only by the U.S. Supreme Court, is binding on courts in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the Carolinas, where 12 men are currently under sentence of death for rape.*

Abolition of the death penalty for any crime has been urged by the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws, which also recommends that all firearms be registered, that private ownership of handguns be outlawed and that punishment for marijuana possession be limited to a fine of under $1000.

JERSEY JUSTICE

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—*A United States citizen has been charged with sedition and insurrection for distributing a newspaper. In an escalating sequence of events, Marc E. Jahr, a 24-year-old former schoolteacher, was first arrested as a disorderly person for handing out copies of a militant underground paper,* Rising Up Angry, *which urged "armed struggle" as a means of social change and referred to policemen as pigs. At a court hearing, municipal judge Ervan Kushner informed the prosecutor that New Jersey's disorderly-person law had been ruled unconstitutional and told him to charge Jahr instead with criminally libeling the entire Paterson police force. A county grand jury went even further: Ignoring the libel charge, it indicted Jahr on three counts of sedition and insurrection under a state law passed in 1898 to fight labor organizers and last used in 1912. If convicted on all three counts, Jahr could be sentenced to 21 years in prison. First assistant prosecutor John T. Niccollai told newsmen he intends to make the charges stick regardless of how high the case might be appealed, and added, "There's too much of this going on—too many people advocating violence against the Government and against police officers, and I think it's about time someone took a stand on law and order."*

Judge Kushner earned a measure of legal fame in 1967 when he ordered fornication charges filed against an unmarried pregnant welfare applicant who was suing the father of her three children for support payments. Explained the judge, "I saw a crime being committed when a single woman walked into my court pregnant." The woman and her sexual accomplice were convicted of violating New Jersey's 1790 fornication law and the case is still under appeal.

COLLEGIATE COERCION

GENEVA, NEW YORK—*For probably the first time in legal history, a school has been indicted on criminal charges for failure to control students during a campus disorder. A special state grand jury handed down a four-count indictment against Hobart and William Smith Colleges—twin schools that share the same campus—alleging that the president and the deans tolerated student behavior constituting the crime of "first-degree coercion." A sheriff's-department raid had sparked a demonstration by several hundred students, who surrounded patrol cars and intimidated the officers into freeing five suspects arrested on drug charges.*

FLORIDA SEX CRIMES

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA—*Circuit judge Robert Beach upheld the right of police to spy on men's toilets through peepholes, in a case where an accused homosexual asked for suppression of evidence on the ground that this spying was an invasion of privacy. The public defender also tried to have the case dismissed on the ground that such peepholes do not exist in women's toilets, thus violating equal-rights laws; but the police officer on the stand would say only that he wasn't sure whether or not women's lavatories were under such surveillance. When the public defender pressed for a definite answer, the prosecutor objected, stating that the witness was "an intelligence officer, not a toilet detective." The alleged homosexual will have to stand trial.*

In nearby St. Petersburg, two parents were arrested for answering their eight-year-old son's sex questions by giving him a live demonstration of sexual intercourse. The husband has been ordered to take a psychiatric examina-

tion prior to standing trial; the wife already has been tried and convicted of committing a lewd and lascivious act in the presence of a child, and she faces a maximum of ten years in prison. The child is in custody of juvenile authorities.

UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT—*The state commissioner of motor vehicles has refused to reissue a driver's license to David E. Follett, an acknowledged homosexual who had spent four and a half years in prison on a sex-law conviction. State attorney general Robert K. Killian, who supported the action, told the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union that Follett's request for reinstatement of his license was disapproved because he "is an admitted homosexual and . . . his homosexuality makes him an improper person to hold an operator's license." Complicating the case is the fact that Follett has since been convicted of driving without a license, which gives the state additional grounds for denial.*

YAWNOGRAPHY

SAN FRANCISCO—*At a conference on sexual problems, a group of psychiatrists, criminologists and other specialists concluded that pornographic movies will rapidly decline in appeal as they become more available. Among those making the prediction was Dr. Alfred Auerback, professor of psychiatry at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, who said, "If you have seen it a few times, you have seen it all."*

Dr. W. Cody Wilson, executive director of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, told the conference he opposed restrictions on pornography for adults and said the commission "could not find any social harm or individual harm that could be directly attributed to the experience of pornography." He suggested that President Nixon and the U. S. Senators who rejected the commission's report had been "reading more of the headlines than the report itself."

LICENSED BROTHEL

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA—*For the first time, a Nevada county has taken advantage of the state's local-option law and has issued a business license to a brothel. According to U. P. I., the Mustang Bridge Ranch has been operating some 16 years under a "gentleman's agreement": The proprietor paid Storey County $1000 a month and the county looked the other way. Under the new ordinance, the ranch will continue to pay the county its monthly $1000, but as a license fee. The only commissioner to oppose the action did so on the ground that legalization should "not be restricted to a limited area to benefit only a few people."*

"MONKEY" LAWS EXTINCT

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—*The last "monkey" law in the country—forbidding the teaching of Darwinian theory in public schools—has been struck down by the supreme court of Mississippi. The ruling cited the U. S. Supreme Court's decision in a similar case in Arkansas in 1968 and held that the statute violates constitutional guarantees.*

HOLY SMOKE

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*A religion instructor at Sacramento State College has been suspended for conducting classroom experiments with marijuana. Associate professor Clark Taylor and his class in Evolution of Religious Consciousness wondered if marijuana can produce or enhance mystic experiences, as has been claimed by various Oriental and Occidental writers; by a vote of 18 to 3, they decided to find out. Explaining that "If there is no development of religious consciousness during the course, then the course is a flop," Professor Taylor says he is satisfied that marijuana, indeed, helped make the course a success. Unimpressed, the police have arrested him, and the college, in addition to suspending him, is considering firing him.*

REVENGE OF THE NARCS

LOS ANGELES—*After it published the names, addresses and home telephone numbers of 80 state narcotics agents as a service feature ("Know Your Neighborhood Narc"), the* Los Angeles Free Press *was convicted of receiving stolen property—the confidential list of names—and was sued in two civil actions for a total of $25,000,000. One of the suits has been settled out of court for $10,000, which must be paid to the state. A second suit alleging violation of the agents' privacy is still to be tried. The paper is currently appealing the criminal conviction.*

PUSHING FOR POT

SAN FRANCISCO—*A California company is marketing a new brand of cigarette-rolling paper called Acapulco Gold and will use the profits for a nationwide campaign to legalize marijuana. Dr. Michael Aldrich, editor of* The Marijuana Review, *and a business partner, Blair Newman, will distribute the paper through Amorphia, Inc.—a nonprofit "Cannabis cooperative" that hopes to capture at least ten percent of the current cigarette-paper market and earn about $150,000 a year. Profits will finance a publicity and advertising campaign to persuade middle-class America that present pot laws are unnecessary, unworkable, socially harmful and serve to aggravate the real problem of opiate and amphetamine abuse. Amorphia, Inc., has the earliest pending application to trademark the name Acapulco Gold.*

do if your period starts while you're in school? Where do you buy sanitary napkins and tampons? Why don't our parents answer our questions?

These are only a few of the common queries. I think all of them, but especially the last one, demonstrate that the conservative program of "teaching sex in the home" has been something less than a rousing success.

Thomas L. Sarbeck
Phoenix, Arizona

THE LIVING DEAD

A few months ago, I read Gloria Steinem in *McCall's* magazine attacking PLAYBOY for "beating away at the dead horse of puritanism." After all, she said, the erotic revolution is won, and we even have sex-education courses in our schools.

I wish Gloria Steinem would come to Iowa and look around. A group of 90 parents and grandparents in Iowa City is suing the State Board of Public Instruction for introducing sex education, which these people object to as illegally using tax funds for the "promotion and sale of obscene literature." And the way public opinion is running, I'm afraid to let you print my name.

That dead horse has quite a nasty kick.

(Name withheld by request)
Waukon, Iowa

PORNOGRAPHY AND CRIME

In a statement quoted in *Time*, Charles H. Keating, Jr., disagrees with the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and says that everyone knows "intuitively" that sex crimes will increase if pornography is legalized. Of course, nobody knows *anything* intuitively; intuition merely gives hints about what you might find if you investigated the subject objectively. These hints are sometimes right, sometimes wrong. In Denmark, sex crimes have decreased greatly since pornography was legalized, so it appears that Keating's intuition is wrong.

If freedom to publish pornography will decrease the chance of my wife or daughter being sexually assaulted, I say—despite Keating's bleatings—let's legalize the damned stuff.

Sp/6 Lybrand Smith
FPO San Francisco, California

PORNOGRAPHY IN SWITZERLAND

One of the strongest storms currently blowing on the American horizon has been created by the released report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. The $2,000,000 document, which calls for the repeal of all laws against pornography for consenting adults and the launching of a "massive sex education effort," has been bitterly attacked by President Nixon, Vice-President Agnew and a whole gaggle of Senators.

Before the various members of the

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Administration and the Senate denounced the findings, they might have taken a hard look at some facts in at least one other country. In Switzerland, where the over-all crime rate is generally regarded to be one of the lowest in Europe, the incidence of sexual offenses is uncommonly high. Psychiatrists in that country feel that the single most important reason for this phenomenon is the traditional rigidity and conservatism of the Swiss.

Calvinism was first introduced to the world from the steps of a church in Basel, Switzerland, in 1536. Since that time, asceticism has been a major characteristic of the Swiss personality. Incidents of sexual deviation as a reaction to this strictness have often assumed violent forms in the past. Today, advanced education and a relaxing of the old attitudes regarding sex have slowed the frequency of sexual offenses.

Gordon C. Haight
Grindelwald, Switzerland

HARD-CORPS PORNOGRAPHY

Congratulations on PLAYBOY's unique status here at West Point. The academy has done what the Supreme Court has never accomplished: It has defined pornography. According to Headquarters, United States Corps of Cadets, pornography is anything stronger than PLAYBOY.

It's also worth noting that not too long ago, it became unauthorized for a cadet's date to attend any West Point function without wearing a bra. The cadet will be punished for his date's appearance. It seems West Point is not keeping abreast of fashions.

(Name withheld by request)
West Point, New York

HAIL TO THE BLEEP

President Nixon has resolved an age-old problem; He has calculated the value of obscenity. While delivering a speech in Teterboro, New Jersey, during a barnstorming tour last fall, he was confronted by a group of hecklers. Suddenly, he pointed a finger at the demonstrators and declared, "One vote is worth a hundred obscene slogans."

At last, we have a mathematical scale by which to evaluate obscenity. If one vot is worth 100 obscene slogans, then 100 obscene slogans are worth one vote. If you run out into the street right now and utter an obscene slogan, you will register 1/100 of a vote, on the Nixon scale. Utter a few more, get your friends to hurl a few and, before you know it, you may have cast the equivalent of one whole vote. A few million obscene slogans could decide an election.

David J. Graulich
Morganville, New Jersey

THE DISMAL SCIENCE

The hypothalamotomy operation (*Forum Newsfront*, January) is merely the

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283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
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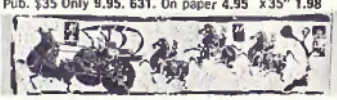

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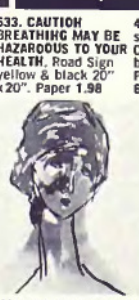

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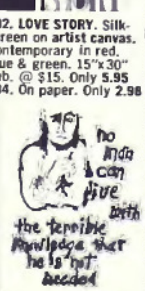

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latest of the outrages of the psychiatric profession against gay people. In California, the Underground Press Syndicate reports, castration and lobotomy are still used frequently. (There have been over 19,000 sterilizations ordered by judges in recent years, though it is impossible to tell whether these are castrations or vasectomies.) Elsewhere, electroconvulsive therapy is popular, even though it occasionally obliterates memory. And, of course, there are the aversion therapies beloved by behaviorists. These Pavlovian tactics will suppress homosexuality (for a while, at least)—but they can also be used to suppress heterosexuality or any political activity or religious belief, as well.

Right now, the big fad in California is aversion therapy that utilizes a paralytic drug. As it is described in an article in *Clinical Medicine*, the victim loses control of all muscles, including those needed for breathing. He is taken to the brink of death and kept alive only by mechanical means. At least 90 patients have endured this therapy. Often, homosexual behavior does cease afterward. Some skeptics say this therapy works only because it frightens the patient so much that he's willing to do anything to avoid a second treatment—but these are the same types who raise that objection to electroconvulsive therapy. Meanwhile, some evidence indicates that, because it cuts off the oxygen supply to the brain, this treatment can lead to permanent brain damage. Dr. Grant M. Morris, professor of law at Wayne State University, has commented that this experimental therapy is in apparent violation of the Nuremberg Code, under which German doctors were convicted of crimes against humanity.

Since psychiatrists are doing these things only to faggots and not to other unorthodox types, though, there's nothing to worry about, right? Wrong. According to the U. P. S., a young man accused of an unnatural act with his fiancée recently was sent to a hospital where these dubious therapies are practiced. A married man *can* be sent there, under California law, for acts consensually performed with his wife.

Gay Liberation Front
San Francisco, California

See "The Playboy Panel: Homosexuality" on page 61 in this issue.

CROSSTIANITY AND CHRISTIANITY

Long ago, Bernard Shaw distinguished between crosstianity and Christianity. The former is the sadistic moralism of the Holy Inquisition and of our present-day bluenoses and puritans; the latter is the true spirit of Jesus, who said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

Crosstianity was illustrated recently by the president of the International Conference of Police Associations, when he announced a vendetta against legislators and judges who are trying to end legal persecution of homosexuals. Christianity was illustrated by a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about the experience of a man who made his homosexuality public (after hiding it for years) by joining a homophile civil-liberties organization:

> "My boss called me in," he said. "He told me: 'We've found out something about you that shocks us. We'll give you the opportunity to resign.'
>
> "Then," said [the man], "I tried to purge [the boss's] mind of stereotypes about sexual identity. Two weeks later, he told me he'd talked to his minister and others. And, he said, 'Maybe this is what it's all about to be a Christian.' "

The man stayed on the job.

Alan Johnson
San Francisco, California

SOCIOLOGY OF SWAPPING

Most of your readers who have expressed themselves about mate swapping, pro or con, base their arguments on moral judgments. For contrast, I call everybody's attention to the following objective analysis by two sociologists, Duane Denfeld and Michael Gordon, writing in *The Journal of Sex Research*:

> Of the alternatives to mate swapping, the one that comes to mind immediately is what might be called "bilateral prostitution." . . . There are, however, economic problems associated with bilateral prostitution. It might place a greater drain on the family's financial resources than swinging and, more significantly, create conflict over budgeting for the extramarital sexual expression of the husband and wife, i.e., how is the decision on allotment of funds to be made? Perhaps of greater concern is that it would separate the husband and wife for recreation at a time when a great deal of emphasis is placed on "familistic" activity, especially of the recreational variety, e.g., couples play bridge together, bowl together, boat together and so on. . . .
>
> Given such considerations, the advantages of mate swapping as a solution to the problem of marital sexual monotony become obvious. . . . To begin with, the cost is probably less than that of bilateral prostitution and it is much more easily integrated into the normal recreational or entertainment budget. Second, it keeps the couple together, or at least in the same house. But further, it is an activity that involves common planning and preparation, and provides subject matter for conversation before and after, thus it could further consolidate the marriage. Finally, the sexual activity that takes place is, to a greater or lesser extent, under the surveillance of each; this means that each exercises control over the extramarital activity of the other, and the danger that the sexual relationship will become a romantic relationship is minimized. This, of course, is also facilitated by the brief and segmented nature of the relationship.

In short, the family that lays together stays together.

Ed Brown
Los Angeles, California

ANOTHER ENDED AFFAIR

My husband was always busy with his job; he worked long hours under a lot of pressure and was always too tired or too tense to pay attention to me. A verbal flirtation with a business colleague of his led, when the time and place were right, to an affair.

My lover was extremely attentive, considerate, gentle and exciting. I felt like a feminine, desired woman again, a feeling I hadn't had for a long time. But then I began to believe I had fallen in love with this man. One night, I murmured the words "I love you," and from that moment, our relationship changed. Suddenly, there were significant silences, petty annoyances and fewer meetings, till one day, he announced he was quitting his job and going out West. My whole world fell to bits.

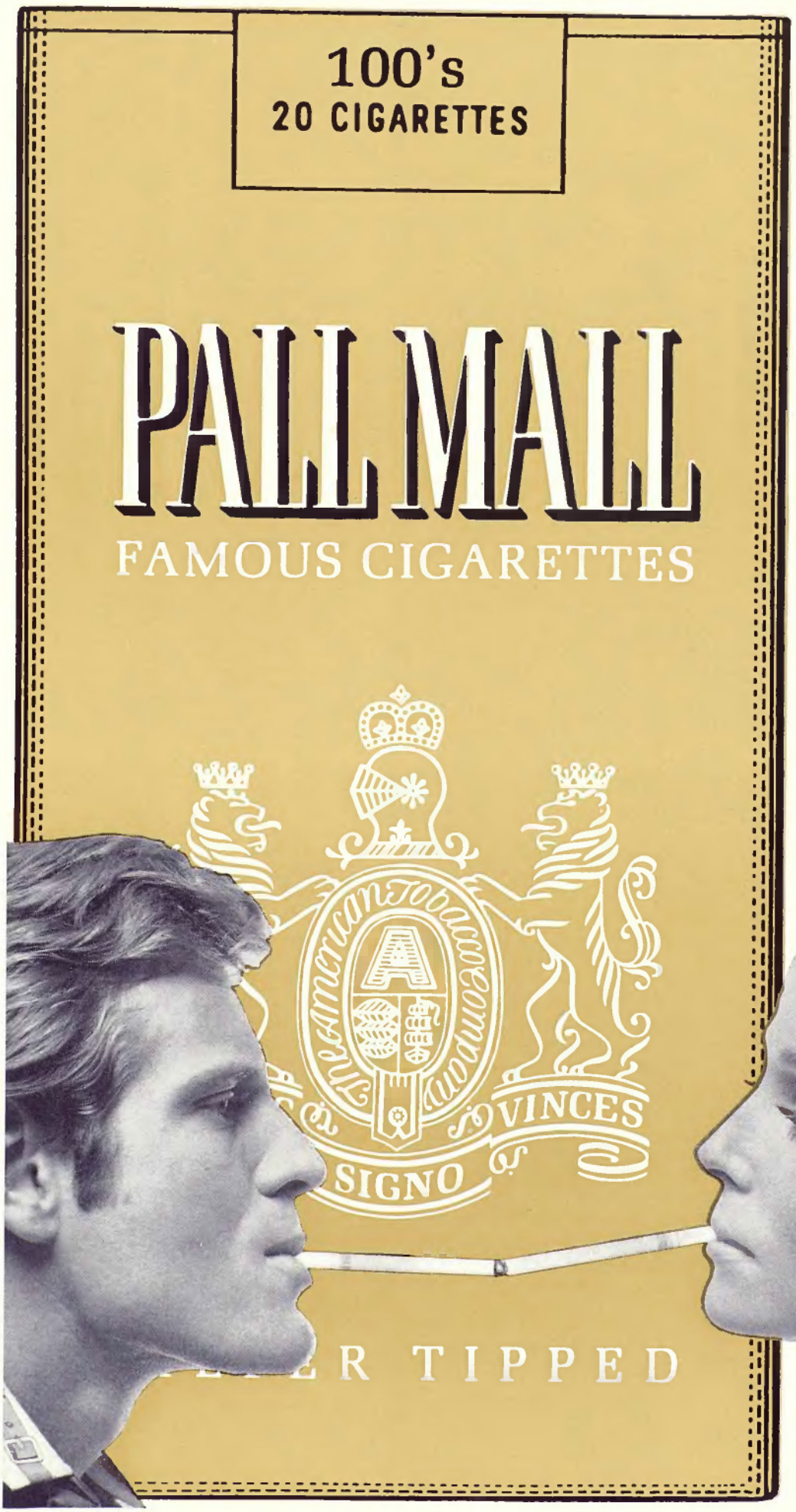
Many men think a married woman is a relatively safe partner in an affair because even though she strays, she still loves her husband and children and doesn't intend to make or seek other commitments. But a woman will fall in love in spite of what is prudent. If her lover is single, she will threaten his singleness, and if he is married, she'll threaten his marriage. He usually beats a hasty retreat.

I am lonelier than I was before. I think a married woman is well advised to resolve her marital problems with her husband rather than to add to them by taking a lover.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

THE UNTIE THAT BINDS

In 1962, I was married in a church, had a reception, the whole bit. I had a child and, in 1968, my husband and I were divorced. For a year, we lived apart. In 1969, my ex-husband moved back in with us and became my lover. We are all happier. As far as the two of us are concerned, we are even more joined together than when we had that



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(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

TRIVIALIZING SEX

What is happening to sexual privacy in American society? In recent years, most of us have been focusing on the question of what people may display. We've gotten used to the idea of nude photographs in magazines, even to portrayal of the genitalia. By the same process, we've come to accept increasing frankness in movies and in the theater, to the point that actual sexual intercourse is now being exhibited on stage in some cities. I don't oppose freedom of expression, but I wonder what effect all this will have on our daily lives.

How much are people going to have to see, whether they want to or not? How much will they be expected to display? Obviously, we are not about to pass laws making public nudity or public sex mandatory, but what about the powerful discipline of social pressure? The day is coming when we won't be able to go to the beach without seeing nude bathers. One may feel like a creep if he's unwilling to go nude himself. Even if the nudity of others and one's own nudity are acceptable, isn't this likely to take a great deal of excitement out of private nudity? I raise the same question about movies and plays: the way we're going, almost every show will have scenes in which the actors appear completely naked and in which they perform sexually. How much of this before we become jaded? Similarly, how much longer before orgies become as commonplace at private social gatherings as serving liquor is today? And then what will happen to the singular thrill of sex?

I don't believe I am a puritan, but I do believe that certain restraints on sexual activity may help us enjoy sex and life more. I can't help but feel that a couple of kids furtively making love on a living-room couch in defiance of the mores of their community are probably having more fun than other kids at a sex party who are just doing what everybody else is doing. At least in the first instance, they know they want sex because they are risking some measure of conventional disapproval to enjoy it. In the second instance, the disapproval would be focused on the people who abstain from sex; therefore, how can anyone in the group be sure he's really indulging for the fun of it?

J. A. Kennedy
Chicago, Illinois

HUMANIZING SEX

Women's liberationists sometimes accuse PLAYBOY of advocating a way of life that dehumanizes women and reduces sexual intercourse to an activity that is hedonistic, mechanistic and emotionally uninvolved. This is untrue; actually, PLAYBOY has helped develop an authentic human sexuality. In a hung-up culture in which sex of any sort is treated as a no-no by conservative moralists, PLAYBOY has restored fun, freedom and frolic to sexual pleasure. PLAYBOY has raised for public discussion and dialog the ethical issues of premarital and extramarital intercourse, the legalization of abortion and homosexuality and the viability of marriage and cohabitation. With people seeking to develop new life styles, PLAYBOY has aided by breaking down those traditional limitations that have tyrannized the human potential.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Ross Chandler, Ph.D.
State University College
New Paltz, New York

MEN'S LIBERATION

I agree 100 percent with George F. Doppler re men's liberation (*The Playboy Forum*, January). A man who enters a legal marriage contract in America today consigns himself permanently to the status of chattel slave, even if the contract is voided by subsequent divorce. Marriage has become a demasculinizing institution, and the average divorced man—legally trapped by our pro-female courts, forced to labor endlessly to support a woman from whom he has been divorced for years and, now, during the past few years, accused of every crime under the sun by the women's-liberation movement—is a baffled, defeated, disoriented animal. Driven by guilt and his so-called responsibilities on one side and by rage and desire to rebel on the other side, he cannot comprehend the laws that have enslaved him—nor his own early conditioning that prevents him from fleeing to Tahiti or some other safe refuge beyond the reach of the alimony courts.

The women's-liberation movement is here to stay. Now is the time for a men's-liberation movement. Anyone can join by merely reading the divorce laws of his state and meditating on them deeply when he is tempted to marry. Avoid that temptation, keep your freedom and be a man, not a bond slave or a whipped cur.

Mac Thurston
Studio City, California

ALIMONY PRISON

I am in prison on a charge of nonsupport. My only means of getting out is to make some kind of payment to the court on the amount I owe but, being a poor man, I don't have the money. The reason I couldn't pay is that I've remarried and my new wife and I have one child. I'm not able to get a well-paying job, and we barely make it from week to week. My first wife is remarried and is better off financially than I

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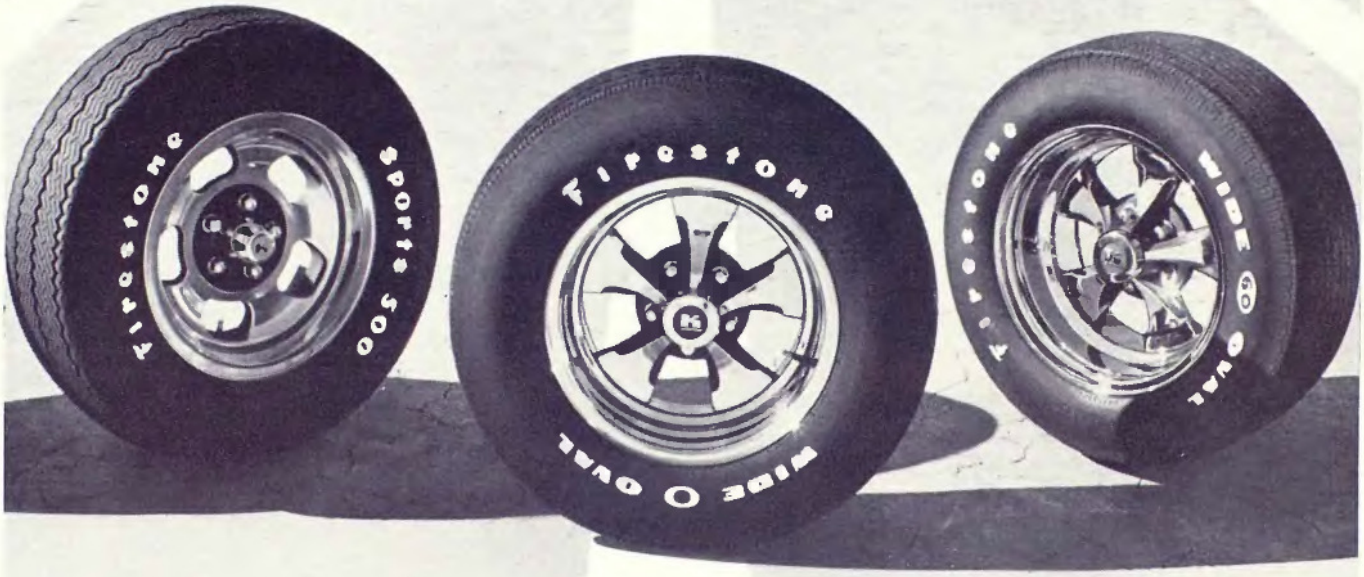

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am. What am I supposed to do with my life?

Now that I've been jailed, my second wife is thinking of leaving me. I can't blame her. I can't do anything to appeal this case or to get released on parole. I don't have money for a lawyer; if I did have any money, I wouldn't be in this mess. A criminal has more rights than me.

Charles Norfolk, Jr.
Jessup, Maryland

DAY-CARE CENTERS

The December 1970 *Playboy Forum* mentioned the Community Coordinated Child Care Program, or 4-C. The 4-C Program, sponsored by the Federal Government, enables communities and states to plan for child care. Public officials, representatives of business and labor, parents and other public-spirited citizens band together to explore the community's resources and needs and determine the priorities, which then become the 4-C Program. Such programs, often the chief voice for children in their communities, can receive planning and administrative funds from a variety of public, private and Federal sources.

The 4-C Program, as a Federal instrument, does not provide funds for—nor does it operate—child-care centers. The function of 4-C in Washington is to provide technical assistance on organizational and program development and funding resources for child-care centers. The 4-C Program as a community or state organization is essentially a planning and administrative body.

The best mailing address for information on 4-C is: 4-C Division, Office of Child Development, Box 1182, Washington, D. C. 20013. Our staff will be pleased to provide information and assistance on the many phases of vitally needed children's services.

Preston Bruce, Chief
4-C Division
Office of Child Development
Washington, D. C.

WOMEN IN THE JUNGLE

A schoolteacher from East Orange, New Jersey, wrote in the January *Playboy Forum*: "My experience with the business community has been so appalling—the discrimination against women so blatant—that I am as angry as the most enraged extremist in the feminist movement. It is virtually impossible to climb out of the clerical staff into the kind of administrative position for which my education and abilities qualify me." As a woman who has successfully dredged herself out of the steno pool into a responsible position as editor of two nationally circulated trade publications, I am offended by the lady's self-pitying attitude.

Our entire editorial staff is female and, in addition to producing five magazines every month, we enjoy cooking for men, sewing, knitting, jelly making, raising children if we have them and all the other traditional female pastimes. In short, we're normal. Among my female acquaintances are advertising managers, sales managers, office managers, personnel interviewers, physicists, biologists and even a company president. Who's stuck in the steno pool? Not us.

I become increasingly disgusted listening to the wailing of people who blame their failures on anything handy except themselves. There's plenty of opportunity out there in the business jungle if you're willing to work at it and have a little intestinal fortitude and patience.

Marilyn Tobin
Somerville, New Jersey

ABORTION IN NEW YORK

Possibly my personal experience with abortion in New York would be informative or reassuring to other women. I found out that I was pregnant on a Thursday and was panic-stricken. (I had been juggling my birth-control pills and had missed taking them a few days the previous month.) I called the Family Counseling Service in New York and they directed me to call the Park West Hospital, at which I was given an appointment for the following Tuesday. I flew to New York, underwent the operation and was released the next day. The speed of the whole procedure helped me to keep my sanity. The cost was $375, plus plane fare.

I felt fine the day after the operation and, with a little added Blush-on, was able to return to my normal officework, with no one the wiser. The people at the hospital couldn't have been nicer to me. I met only one woman there who was a resident of New York; the others were from Chicago, Dallas, Atlanta and Cincinnati.

(Name withheld by request)
Fredericksburg, Virginia

ABORTION AND ETHICS

Last December, I made a proposal about abortion legislation, speaking as a priest and an instructor in medical ethics, and I have received quite a bit of mail as a result, most of it pro. I thought you might be interested in the proposal, so I enclose the following account from *The Marshfield News-Herald*:

> New legal limits on abortion were proposed today by the Reverend Thomas E. Langer, medical-ethics instructor at St. Joseph's School of Nursing here.
>
> Speaking to the class of junior student-nurses, Father Langer noted the fact that the EEG (electroencephalogram) is now employed to determine the legal death of an individual and proposed that the EEG be also employed in determining the legal moment of life's beginnings.
>
> "This time limitation could be the new legal limits for a uniform abortion law in our country," Father Langer proposed. "While my proposal will still not allow Catholics to have abortions, it will place abortion laws on a good medical footing.
>
> "The present debate about abortion is not a struggle for an abstract principle," Father Langer noted. "It is a struggle to defend human life and that is what our laws must also defend.
>
> "In our pluralistic society that allows for difference of opinion and philosophical approaches to life and the meaning of life, legal limits must be based on sound medicine. If we are now using the EEG to draw the legal line of death, then why not use it to draw the legal line for the beginning of human life as well? . . . This would at least place our abortion laws on a sounder medical footing than what they are at present. At least we would be attempting to be consistent," the priest concluded.

The Rev. Thomas E. Langer
St. Joseph's Hospital
Marshfield, Wisconsin

THE ENLIGHTENMENT GAP

In the November 1970 *Forum Newsfront*, an item appeared stating, "The Department of Defense has directed its world-wide military hospitals to provide abortions and surgical sterilization services for all Armed Forces personnel and their dependents." A similar story was published in *Stars and Stripes*.

However, a friend of mine went to the Munchweiler Annex in Germany to get an abortion. She is married to an American GI, already has two small children and is very upset over having another baby. Personnel at the hospital told her they haven't heard anything official about the new abortion policy and, therefore, can't help her. It will soon be too late for this woman, but all Americans stationed overseas are affected by this situation and would be grateful for PLAYBOY's help in finding out whether or not they actually are entitled to abortions and sterilization.

Kay Caplin
APO New York, New York

Your friend was apparently a victim of obstructionism within the Army hierarchy. An official of the U.S. Department of Defense told PLAYBOY *that a series of directives on abortion and surgical sterilization policies were issued in July and August 1970. The Navy and Air Force promptly complied, issuing orders of their own to implement the new policy. The Army, however, displayed extreme reluctance to accede to the policy and did not issue the necessary orders until January 1971. The official told us that complaints such as that of your friend*

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The Plaza's Penthouse is the outstanding showroom in Miami Beach—the kind of place where the other stars come to catch the shows. Headliners have included Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé, Liza Minnelli, Tony Bennett and Marlene Dietrich—all bringing a special kind of musical excitement to the Beach.

In addition to the fine swimming at either pool or beach, Plaza Swingathon guests are treated to a tour of the nearby Seaquarium; and an 18-hole golf course is available for guests, as well as all the sun sports.

The Jamaica Swingathon is a tropical package in our Ocho Rios Club-Hotel with all the fine features you've come to expect from Playboy—VIP Room, Playmate Bar and Penthouse—plus some special Caribbean extras.

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*Per person, double occupancy, exclusive of transportation, taxes and gratuities.

LAKE GENEVA OPENS CONVENTION CENTER

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN (Special)—The Playboy Club-Hotel here, already rated the foremost resort in the Midwest, now is becoming the outstanding convention center in the nation.

"It's a perfect place to get down to business," reported an executive of the Skyline Corporation, after his firm staged a gathering in the newly opened Convention Center.

The center is a triumph of careful planning. Exhibitors (such as snowmobile builders Rupp Manufacturing) are delighted with the display space—enough room for 160 booths.

"A tremendous advantage is our direct shipping service with no drayage requirements," said Don Miller, Director of Sales at Lake Geneva. He explained that trailers up to 40 feet in length can roll right into the exhibit area, making displays easy to erect.

The new Convention Center—following the handsome architectural style of the Main Lodge—adjoins the lodge and can accommodate 1700 guests in a meeting and 1250 for a banquet.

Built in at the Center are such helpful features as permanent phone jacks, water and electrical outlets, a sound system and a highly flexible lighting system, plus a special kitchen for on-the-spot service.

Plaza Opening "Spectacular"

MIAMI BEACH (Special)—The press hailed it as "the year's most spectacular opening" when Hugh Hefner performed the honors at the grand unveiling of Playboy Plaza here.

Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé serenaded the opening and won repeated ovations at the premiere of the Plaza's Penthouse.

The Plaza is a complete resort and includes those special Playboy touches our keyholders have come to expect: Playmate Bar, VIP Room, Penthouse and swinging, beautiful Bunnies, plus a unique Celebrity Bar in the lobby, which already is the unofficial gathering place for show folk in Miami Beach.

There's also the Sidewalk Café, a round-the-clock bistro serving everything from a delicatessen snack to a hearty London broil done to your taste. And for sun, guests can bask poolside or at the beach.

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may be expected to cease now that the Army's orders have gone out. Sadly, there may be a large number of women for whom it's too late.

PEACE AND OTHER EVILS

A brigade order posted in a plan of the day at Camp Pendleton Marine Corps Base, in California, reads:

> No vehicle will be allowed on Camp Pendleton that displays decals, paintings or written matter suggestive of association and/or membership with groups such as Hell's Angels, Nazism, communism and/or any other group organization that does not conform to standards of acceptable conduct.

The Provost Marshal's office advises that the "peace" decal is prohibited under this regulation.

(Name withheld by request)
Camp Pendleton, California

ANTI–FLOWER POWER

Most Americans not in the Service do not realize what extreme power a commanding general has over the men under his jurisdiction. If he wants to ban the peace sign and flower stickers, he can. Who can stop him? Certainly not anyone who is his inferior in rank. Life is made unbearable—legally—for anyone who rocks the boat.

I'm out now and can speak my piece. What I want to know is this: How long will the Armed Forces be allowed to ignore or to modify the Constitution to suit the whims of military commanders?

Fredrick Luffman
Sacramento, California

ANTI-WAR OFFICERS

As of January 1971, the total number of American dead in Vietnam reached over 44,000. Despite the tendency of many citizens to dismiss the war as an unfortunate fact of life, the tragedies continue—the weekly increments of death, devastation of the countryside, the anguish of the prisoners of war. Settlement of the war appears little closer than it did years ago. Disengagement is agonizingly slow.

We of the Concerned Officers Movement feel the prosecution of the war to be a grave national blunder. National honor is upheld only in pursuing legitimate goals that are in line with the moral ideals of this country. This truism is overlooked by many of the citizens who sanction continuation of the war in Vietnam. An examination of the Vietnam conflict raises provocative questions, such as why we support a regime whose policies of internal order are manifested by "tiger cage" confinement cells and other kinds of mistreatment that parallel the acts of barbarism of the so-called enemy, or why we have destroyed a country we ostensibly intend to protect.

We believe that if more Americans independently exercised their minds and consciences on the issue of Vietnam, realization of the tragic folly of that conflict would bring about its quick end. Blind approval, rationalized by patriotic symbols and rhetoric, evades individual responsibility and is in diametric opposition to this nation's proud heritage of democratic thought.

(Signed by 19 officers)
Concerned Officers Movement
Norfolk, Virginia

WAR TO END WARS

A letter in the January *Playboy Forum* compares a U.S. Army sergeant, who wrote, "In order to get rid of violence, it's necessary to use violence," to Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who wrote that the only way to eliminate war "is to oppose war with war." I find it hard to see the similarity. The Army sergeant is the type of violent pig who makes war in the first place. Mao's philosophy is that since war exists already, one can't make the situation any worse by waging a war against warmakers. If the right side wins, it will mean the end of war altogether.

Nadia Reed
Woodside, California

Oh.

ASTRONAUTS AND GLADIATORS

I agree with D. J. Romano's critique of the U.S. (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1970) except for his put-down of space research. At the rate we are poisoning this world—and with the slow and half-hearted attempts being made to save our environment—the stars may be the last possible chance to save Homo sapiens. Romano's comparison of the gladiators of ancient Rome, whose primary skill was fighting and killing for the amusement of the populace, to the scientifically trained astronauts, who explore other planets to bring back valuable information, is absurd. It is the knowledge we have gathered and are using that separates us from the Romans. Space research is an instance of man using his brains and energies for something besides fighting and war.

Mark S. Cvetko
Bellflower, California

ECOLOGY AND TECHNOLOGY

Your replies to Gary Reed and Forrest E. Dawkins (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1970 and December 1970) were accurate insofar as you attributed our environmental ills to misapplication of technology rather than to technology itself, and your contention that only an acceleration of technology will wipe out poverty has some justification. But an extension of our *present* technology to the underdeveloped nations will most certainly bring about disaster, both for them and for us. Right now, for instance, when our own pollution problems are critical, we continue to export our technological blunders and half measures to unsuspecting countries around the world, and, while laws against dangerous pesticides are being drafted here, the same poisons are being dumped on India.

While I'm no horse-and-buggy advocate, I sometimes think we could use a 20-year moratorium on progress, while we decide what progress really is—and what kind of technology will help, not harm, humanity.

John V. von Dohlen
Fort Wainwright, Alaska

Sir Charles Snow, in "The Two Cultures," R. Buckminster Fuller, in "Utopia or Oblivion," and John McHale, in "The Future of the Future," have all pointed out that—with a few exceptions—backward nations do not retrace the history of technology as they industrialize: They begin copying the very latest achievements of the advanced nations. Each such nation also goes through the transformation from craft industry to mass production more rapidly than all preceding nations. It is, therefore, almost certain that, if nonpolluting technology can be created in the industrial nations, the new nations will quickly reproduce it and will not repeat our errors of the past two centuries. Furthermore, it's too late in the game to call a recess: Our present problems will destroy us if we call a halt and do nothing for two decades. As McHale points out in his new book, "The Ecological Context":

> *The nature of the crisis is such that no local measures can now, in themselves, be wholly effective or sufficient unless they are considered within the whole system. No piecemeal acts of emergency-pressured political legislation can, alone, do more than postpone catastrophe. . . .*
>
> *In this sense, there are no local ecological issues which may be decided within wholly local and apparently autonomous contexts. Ecology is about the entire web of intricate relationships that make life itself possible on earth. . . .*
>
> *Each separate "issue" must be systematically expanded to explore its relationships and ramifications with other "issues."*

McHale and Fuller both agree that, at a minimum, we need to push technology forward in nonpolluting exploitation of such energy sources as solar, water, wind, tidal and nuclear power, while phasing out the traditional polluting oil, gas and other fossil fuels; and we must also set up international early-warning systems to alert all local governments to possible negative ecological effects of each technological project. All of this can be done only by bringing the backward nations

(continued on page 208)

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discussion

PLAYBOY PANEL: HOMOSEXUALITY

a symposium on the causes and consequences—social and psychological—of sexual inversion

PANELISTS

IRVING BIEBER, M. D., 62, is clinical professor of psychiatry at New York Medical College in Manhattan, chairman of the research committee of the Society of Medical Psychoanalysts and president-elect of the American Academy of Psychoanalysts. He is the senior author of *Homosexuality: A Psychoanalytic Study* and many other works on psychoanalysis. He has a psychoanalytic practice in New York City.

PAUL GOODMAN, 59, received his doctorate at the University of Chicago and has since risen to prominence as an author and educator. A writer of social criticism (*Growing Up Absurd*), poetry (*Hawkweed*), novels (*The Empire City*), autobiography (*Five Years*) and co-author of *Gestalt Therapy*, Goodman has long been known for the passion of his attacks on anachronistic social systems and for the frankness with which he advocates the bisexual life style.

RICHARD H. KUH, 49, a trial lawyer practicing in New York City, was graduated from Harvard Law School *magna cum laude* and served as assistant district attorney in New York City through 1964. He has taught law and written and lectured widely on diverse aspects of criminal justice. His 1967 book *Foolish Figleaves? Pornography In—And Out of —Court* foreshadowed many of the conclusions of last year's Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.

DICK LEITSCH, 34, is executive director of the New York Mattachine Society, a homophile referral and counseling service. A columnist for *Gay*, a homosexual newspaper, he has also written articles on homosexuality for many major publications and is a spokesman for the homophile movement on television talk shows and the college lecture circuit.

PHYLLIS LYON, 46, is one of the founders of the Daughters of Bilitis, an international Lesbian society founded in San Francisco in 1955, and was the first editor of its magazine, *The Ladder*. She serves currently as vice-president of The Council on Religion and the Homosexual, and is the assistant director of the National Sex and Drug Forum. She and her partner of 18 years, Del Martin, are co-authoring a book on the Lesbian in a changing world, scheduled for publication late this year.

MARYA MANNES, 66, born in New York City, is a prolific essayist, journalist, critic and social commentator who has been writing professionally since the late Twenties. During World War Two, she was director of a research bureau for the Office of War Information and, later, an intelligence analyst for the Office of Strategic Services. She consolidated her reputation as a social critic and gadfly with the 1958 publication of *More in Anger*, a collection of essays. In the same year she was awarded the George Polk Memorial Award for magazine reporting.

JUDD MARMOR, M. D., 60, a member of the National Institute of Mental Health Task Force on Homosexuality, is the editor of *Modern Psychoanalysis: New Directions and Perspectives* and also of *Sexual Inversion: The Multiple Roots of Homosexuality*. He is clinical professor of psychiatry at the school of medicine of the University of California at Los Angeles and director of the divisions of psychiatry at Cedar-Sinai Medical Center. He received the Silver Medal for Distinguished Service to the Field of Psychiatry from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons.

TED McILVENNA, 39, was graduated from Willamette University in 1954 and earned his theological degree from Pacific School of Religion in 1958. For three years, he studied social theory and social design in this country and abroad, then served for five years as senior minister of a Methodist church and director of a marriage-counseling service in Hayward, California. He was the organizer and first president of The Council on Religion and the Homosexual, and was the convener of an international conference on Church, Society and the Homosexual held in London before passage of Britain's homosexual-law-reform act in 1967. He is also the colounder and codirector of the National Sex and Drug Forum and director of development and operational education for San Francisco's Glide Foundation, a church-related institution involved in the design of new methods for radically humanizing social problems.

MORRIS PLOSCOWE, 66, a former New York City magistrate, is a member of the Manhattan law firm of Littauer, Gordon, Ullman, Riseman and Ploscowe, and adjunct professor of law at New York University Law School. Along with Dr. Marmor, he was a member of the National Institute of Mental Health Task Force on Homosexuality. Author of *Sex and the Law* and *The Truth About Divorce*, Judge Ploscowe has long been a leader in programs of law reform in the areas of sex, crime and marriage.

WILLIAM SIMON, 40, received his Ph.D. from

MARMOR: *In our culture, homosexuality is considered deviant from accepted norms, but in other times and cultures, it wouldn't be regarded as pathological.*

TYNAN: *With overpopulation an imminent threat to civilized life, the only valid reason for disapproving of queers has vanished. We ought to encourage them.*

LYON: *Many in women's lib are forming Lesbian relationships, because they view men as oppressors who wish to exploit them as sexual and household servants.*

PLOSCOWE: *Homosexual marriage is a damnation. If they want to live together, that's their business, but they don't have to have the institution of marriage.*

the University of Chicago and spent three years at the Institute for Sex Research, at Bloomington, Indiana, where he co-edited, with John H. Gagnon, *Sexual Deviance*. More recently, he co-edited, again with Gagnon, *The Sexual Scene*. The author of numerous papers and articles, he is now program supervisor of sociology and anthropology at the Institute for Juvenile Research, in Chicago, and associate professorial lecturer at the University of Chicago. Dr. Simon's current research, sponsored by the Public Health Service, focuses on youth and youth cultures.

KENNETH TYNAN, 43, who is probably best known in this country as the deviser of the erotic revue *Oh! Calcutta!*, began his career as an iconoclast as a schoolboy in Birmingham, England, where, in a mock parliamentary election, he ran as an independent candidate advocating the repeal of laws governing homosexuality and abortion. Asked to withdraw, Tynan handed the headmaster not only his own resignation but those of the other three candidates. He was graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1948 and quickly established himself as England's leading young drama critic. After writing for several months in that capacity for *The New Yorker*, he returned to England, where he became film critic of the London *Observer* and literary manager of Britain's National Theater. A champion of sexual frankness in his roles as both critic and theater administrator, and often at the center of critical controversy, he is currently at work as co-scenarist, with Roman Polanski, on the latter's film version of *Macbeth*, being shot by Playboy Productions in Great Britain. He is also a PLAYBOY Contributing Editor.

PLAYBOY: Until fairly recently in the U. S., homosexuality was something of a forbidden subject, but in the past few years it has come into the open. Books about homosexuals have reached the best-seller lists; plays and movies have portrayed homosexual life with relish, if not always with accuracy; radical gay-activist groups have sprung up and, in some areas, have clashed with police in street fighting. At least one homosexual church is flourishing in California and, in some states, homosexual couples have attempted to obtain marriage licenses. Is all this the result of an increase in the number of homosexuals in America, or simply a sign of greater frankness in public discussion?

LEITSCH: *Can you imagine a mother telling her Lesbian daughter, "Do I have a girl for you!," or Cardinal Cooke marrying a gay couple in St. Patrick's Cathedral?*

BIEBER: *Evidence of developing homosexuality in preadolescence and early adolescence is an urgent indicator that both the child and his parents need help.*

SIMON: *If the Lesbian admits she's homosexual, she risks dismissal; if she doesn't, she gets passed over for promotions on the grounds that she may marry and leave.*

KUH: *The homosexual's sex life is likely to be loveless one-night stands; his life, even filled with friends, is basically alone; long-term mutual commitment is rare.*

MANNES: *People are discovering the worth of being what you are, whether the norm or not. You have as much right to live and love as you like as the next person.*

GOODMAN: *To get rid of the laws against homosexuality, homosexuals must get together and join in blow-ins. You create the world you want by doing what you want.*

LEITSCH: I think there are more overt homosexuals today than at any other time in history. And I think this is healthy, because there are correspondingly fewer closet queens—men who hide their homosexuality—or latent and repressed homosexuals. There are two reasons for this: First, the homosexual subculture has come to the surface; thanks to the larger sexual revolution, homosexuality is more open and people are better informed about it. Men and women who think they may be homosexually inclined can find gay bars, clubs—and other homosexuals in them. They can experiment sexually and find their niches. The old isolation each homosexual used to feel is rarer today; every homosexually oriented person now knows that he or she isn't the only one in the world. Second, the social taboos against homosexuality have been relaxed—just as those against freer and more open sexual expression of every kind have been. Psychiatrists and clergymen aren't as likely as they used to be to recommend heterosexual marriage as a "cure" for homosexuality, nor is it as necessary as it used to be for homosexuals to put up a façade. Social pressure used to result in male homosexuals taking wives—or Lesbians taking husbands—as "fronts." One need only read a biography of Oscar Wilde, or of André Gide, to understand what effect that had on the spouse. Not long ago, someone I know made the flip comment, "I have nothing against fags, but I wouldn't want my brother to marry one." I told him, "Better your brother than your sister."

MANNES: I think one of the reasons homosexuals are more visible nowadays is that they accept themselves much more freely. They've begun to take a pride in being different, where formerly they felt they should probably be ashamed. It's part of a general change in attitude toward nonconformity; difference from the crowd has become a thing of value rather than a deformity. People are discovering the worth of being what you honestly are, without concealment, whether you're the norm or not, whether you're the majority or the minority. You have as

MC ILVENNA: *Young people are moving into group sex, and when you get more than two in bed, you have at least a tolerance for touching a body of the same sex.*

much right to look as you like, to live as you like—and to love as you like—as the next person.

KUH: My experience would lead me to avoid relying on court observations or police records to prove anything about the amount of homosexuality today. If you have a shake-up in the plainclothes division, which makes most of the homosexual arrests, you're probably going to get more arrests; when police manpower is increased by some percent, you're going to get more arrests; if you get a police drive against sex deviates, you're going to get more arrests. But that doesn't necessarily mean there is more active homosexuality. It would seem to me, just as a layman, that one sees more homosexuality today because—especially in a city like New York—some of its manifestations are more open than they were ten years ago, as some of the other panelists have suggested. Whether, quantitatively, more homosexuals exist, I don't know. But I do know that police figures would be an extremely unreliable measure.

TYNAN: Well, there are certainly more *admitted* homosexuals than there used to be, because public attitudes have grown more permissive. And this may have contributed to a general but illusory notion that there has been an over-all increase.

BIEBER: I agree that the greater visibility of homosexuality, particularly in large urban areas, reflects a change in sexual mores. There may also be an increase in the absolute numbers of homosexuals with the increase in population. But whether there has been an increase in *percentage* is simply not known. We can only speculate.

MARMOR: I think that's right. But evidence exists that when a society becomes progressively more urbanized and more complex technologically, as ours is doing, it becomes more difficult for men to define and fulfill the masculine role. Thus, in such societies, this may be one of the contributing factors to an increase in the actual percentage of homosexuals.

BIEBER: I don't know what evidence Dr. Marmor is referring to, but in Mexico the cultural, hypermasculine mystique called *machismo* has tended to water down as technology, education and general sophistication continue to develop. This makes cultural concepts of masculinity *easier* to fulfill as society advances. According to Dr. Lionel Ovesey, conflicts over an inability to fulfill cultural expectations of masculinity produce problems he has referred to as pseudo homosexuality, not true homosexuality. These men may develop fears about being homosexual, but they do not respond with sexual arousal to members of the same sex.

SIMON: Maybe social conditions do make it difficult for young men to fulfill their fathers' idea of what a man should be; but they're not going to give up women just because of that. Straight and gay people are both being freed from stereotyped notions of how to come on as men or women, but that doesn't mean there are more people doing homosexual things to one another. The proportion of the population that's homosexual probably remains static.

PLAYBOY: Are there reliable estimates of what that proportion is?

LEITSCH: In *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, Kinsey says that 37 percent of all American males have had at least one homosexual experience leading to orgasm and that somewhere between two and ten percent of American males are exclusively or primarily homosexual. There are 100,000,000 males in America, so if only two percent are labeled homosexuals, then there are 2,000,000 male homosexuals in the United States today. Plus a lot of Lesbians.

LYON: I've always placed the figure a good deal higher. It's impossible, with the present attitudes of society, to obtain an accurate census, and I may be estimating too high, but I've always figured that there is an equal number of male and female homosexuals and that the total figure probably comes to around eight to ten percent of the population. That makes nearly 20,000,000 people who are more committed to homosexuality than to heterosexuality.

BIEBER: The only statistics in which I have any confidence were those published by the Armed Forces after World War Two, in which about 10,000,000 Americans served. The Army reported that four tenths of one percent were rejected at induction centers for homosexuality; another four tenths of one percent were *separated* from the Services because of it and, perhaps, an additional one percent—and this is an extravagant estimate—were undetected. This brings the total to about two percent, which accords with Mr. Leitsch's lowest statistic. But he arrived at a figure of 2,000,000 male homosexuals in the civilian population by taking two percent of the 100,000,000 males in the United States. What he didn't take into account is the fact that a substantial percentage of that 100,000,000 are children. Had he done so, the absolute number of estimated homosexuals would be considerably lower.

MARMOR: I think all the figures we presently have are dubious. When Kinsey was defining male sexual experience, he drew up a heterosexual-homosexual continuum scale on which individuals who were exclusively heterosexual in fantasy and behavior were numbered zero, those who were exclusively homosexual were numbered six, and there were various gradations in between. According to Kinsey's estimates, there are anywhere between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 more or less exclusively homosexual men in American society—that is, men who would be scored as five or six on the Kinsey scale—and almost all the statistical estimates I'm familiar with indicate a lower incidence of homosexuality among females. When we include men who would be scored as three or four on the Kinsey scale—that is to say, those who are more or less bisexual—the percentages are probably appreciably higher, but we simply do not have any reliable figures. Kinsey's figures are open to question because of the looseness of his definition of homosexuality. For example, I don't think that the exploratory homosexuality of adolescents—which he included in his estimates—has anything to do with the homosexuality that we're concerned with in this discussion. Most adolescents are desperately heterosexual. The only reason they fool around with members of their own sex is that our culture blocks them from doing the heterosexual fooling around they would prefer. They're not homosexual.

SIMON: Some new data bears that out. The best part of the Kinsey male sample —those males interviewed while at college —was recently retabulated. About one third of the total group had had a homosexual experience in which either the subject or a partner had an orgasm. But out of that number, about half had had the experience before they were 15. Of the rest, one ninth of the total group had experiences confined to late adolescent experimental homosexuality. That leaves only one eighteenth—five or six percent—of the total who had any real adult homosexual experience. Half of these were exclusively homosexual and the other half had mixed amounts of heterosexual and homosexual experience.

MARMOR: Tabulating experiences is the only clear statistical measure we have, but even if the figures were trustworthy, they wouldn't be a precise guide to the number of homosexuals now in existence. Since the spectrum of human sexual behavior ranges all the way from exclusive homosexuals who have never had any heterosexual relations to exclusive heterosexuals who have never had any homosexual relations, I think you could describe the homosexual only as an adult who is motivated by a definite preferential erotic attraction to members of the same sex. Such a preference usually involves overt sexual relationships, but not necessarily: A person can be homosexual in his erotic motivations and desires, yet be inhibited about actually engaging in overt homosexual acts. There are homosexual virgins as well as heterosexual ones.

BIEBER: From a theoretical point of view, I conceive of two distinct categories—heterosexual and homosexual. Heterosexuality is part of normal biosocial

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development, while homosexuality is always the result of a disordered sexual development. The two categories are, therefore, mutually exclusive and cannot be placed on the same continuum. What *can* be placed on a linear continuum are various types of homosexuality, ranging from exclusive homosexuality to bisexuality with a predominance of heterosexuality and only occasional and sporadic homosexuality.

Individuals who are consistently turned on by members of the same sex are certainly homosexual; yet there are men who engage repetitively in homosexual acts but are not consciously aware of being turned on. Young male prostitutes sometimes deny sexual arousal and insist they do it only for money. I would regard such young men as homosexuals, as I would regard any other individuals—including bisexuals—who engage repetitively in homosexual acts.

LEITSCH: The key issue is, surely, whether a person *thinks* of himself as a homosexual. There are people who are heterosexually married and have lots of heterosexual experience that they may or may not enjoy and who have only occasional homosexual experiences; but if they think of themselves as being homosexual, in my definition they are. You can't define a homosexual by counting acts.

BIEBER: A man is homosexual if his behavior is homosexual. Self-identification is not relevant. I have known men who are exclusively homosexual but who don't think of themselves as homosexual because they always take what they consider to be the masculine role. I agree that one cannot define homosexuality by counting acts, yet one does have to do *some* counting. An isolated homosexual experience doesn't define a man as homosexual; but if he has one such experience every year, he would have to be considered homosexual.

McILVENNA: I think it's totally pointless, destructive and narrow-minded to categorize homosexuals in this way, and talk of their "disordered sexual development." More and more young people today are trying to teach themselves to love one another regardless of gender, and they're certainly not disordering their development. They're developing in ways that the uptight would never understand. Men who make love to men and women who make love to women are far, far healthier than people who daren't accept their sexuality at all.

BIEBER: Instead of directing the terms pointless, destructive and narrow-minded at me personally, it would be more in keeping with the spirit of an exchange of ideas to drop *ad hominem* remarks and instead pay attention to the substance of the discussion. The terms loving and making love have widely different meanings. It is normal for women to love women and for men to love men. It is not normal for a man to "make love" to a man. It doesn't disorder sexual development for two men to make love to each other. It is merely evidence that their sexuality has already *been* disordered. The question of which is healthier—homosexuality or no sexuality—is not a good question to begin with, since both situations indicate sexual difficulties.

GOODMAN: Other things being equal, I would expect people to engage mostly in heterosexual activity, but also to have some homosexual activity both for pleasure and to enrich friendship.

BIEBER: Fully heterosexual adult males cannot be aroused sexually by other men and they have no desire for homosexual activity. In what way homosexual activity would "enrich" a heterosexual friendship is quite beyond me, and Mr. Goodman hasn't told us.

LEITSCH: It would be hopelessly confusing to lump such people together with exclusive homosexuals and with people who have no homosexual experience but who have repressed homosexual fantasies, and call them all homosexuals. It seems to me a mistake to use the word homosexual as a noun at all; it should probably be used only as an adjective to describe types of behavior: homosexual acts, homosexual orientation. If the word must be used as a noun, it should be limited to include only those people who are primarily homosexually oriented and who think of themselves as homosexual. Perhaps it should be narrowed to include only those who live and function in the homosexual subculture.

PLAYBOY: What exactly *is* the homosexual subculture? What kind of life style do most homosexuals adopt?

PLOSCOWE: The homosexual way of life varies enormously from person to person. When you're talking about those who have committed themselves to a definite preference—with no ifs, ands or buts—then you often find them congregated in certain professions: acting, interior decoration, design, hairdressing, etc. Many of them will live together almost like husband and wife. They go to gay bars and socialize almost exclusively with other homosexuals.

SIMON: In its most visible form, the gay world is simply a sexual market place, with definite similarities to the single-swingers-bar world that's common now in nearly every city. The homosexual world has more than bars, though. Steam baths, for example, have always been a congregating place. In these places, homosexuals can negotiate their sexual experiences—but, of course, as in the singles bars, not everybody makes out all the time. So the gay scene is also a place where sexual frustrations are focused. People go into it often desperately wanting something they know they will very probably fail to find, and the scene can seem lonely and frightening to many. To anyone familiar with the gay world, it won't come as a surprise that masturbation is still the commonest sexual outlet for the homosexual and accounts for the largest part of his sexual experience.

LEITSCH: The gay world is bound together by one thing: sexuality. It makes all homosexuals brothers and sisters. They have nothing in common other than this. You meet men in a bar, and the only common subject is homosexuality; it's the one thing we may go home together for. Take me, for example. As a kid I moved to New York—originally from Kentucky, a provincial hick country boy. I had a bachelor's degree. By being gay, I was able to move in circles I wouldn't have gotten into otherwise. All around the world there are gay bars. It's always easy to be accepted. If you went to England as a straight person, you probably wouldn't meet many English people; you'd spend most of your time in tourist places. A homosexual would immediately find his way into the English homosexual subculture.

SIMON: Those homosexual men who don't find their way into this society—or who reject it—run grave risks in trying to act out their sexual impulses elsewhere. But the gay world can be a trap, too. People may spend too much time there, or commit themselves to it so much that they cut themselves off from important nonsexual experiences common to the straight world. Unlike other subcultures, the homosexual community has very limited content. It may reduce the problems of access to sexual partners and reduce guilt by providing a structure of shared values, but the shared-value structure is often far too narrow to transcend other areas of value disagreement. The college-trained professional and the bus boy, the WASP and the Negro slum dweller may meet in sexual congress, but the similarity of sexual interests doesn't eliminate the larger social and cultural barriers. The subculture is such a small world, however, that it constrains most members to participate in it only on a limited basis, reducing their anxiety and conflicts in the sexual sphere and increasing the quality of their performance in other aspects of social life. But the fact remains that the homosexual community is in itself an impoverished cultural unit.

PLAYBOY: Do Lesbians lead the same sort of life?

LYON: Well, there are now four or five female bars in my city, there is more "public" behavior among Lesbians than there used to be and there are more women involved in the movement than ever before. Women's lib has been a strengthening force. But most Lesbians still visit each other's homes; that's where most of their social life is. Or they go away for weekends. It's a much more discreet, private life.

PLAYBOY: If the Lesbian scene is so much

more restrained than the male homosexual scene, this must make it more difficult for the young Lesbian to meet a partner or partners. Miss Lyon, how did you handle that phase of your life that homosexuals call coming out, when you first identified yourself as a homosexual and began to explore the homosexual community?

LYON: I think I was a strange, atypical case. I simply didn't know Lesbians existed. All my early-life experience was heterosexual—until I was about 24. All my life I had been interested in women: I sought out women as friends. I used to fantasize about feeling and touching women, but somehow I don't remember this as a sexual awareness or experience. Then I met someone who explained my feelings and told me about Lesbianism, and that was the first I knew of it.

PLAYBOY: Did the readjustment cause much strain?

LYON: Well, not immediately. My friend and I knew each other three years before we finally got together; then the stress occurred. I felt when I walked down the street that everyone would know. After I worked through all this, the problems disappeared. I talked to my sister about it, and that was no problem. I wanted to talk about it with my father, too, but he refused to discuss it, although I felt he'd found out or suspected the truth somewhere along the line.

PLAYBOY: Was coming out difficult for you too, Mr. Leitsch?

LEITSCH: Yes. I came out when I was about 17 and assumed no one would understand, that people would be unsympathetic. Then, when I was 19, my parents found out. They were suspicious and guessed. I had a cousin who was a priest—a prison chaplain, I believe. He told my parents he thought I was queer. My parents went out and learned about homosexuality. Surprisingly enough, when they knew for sure that I was a queer, they were very tolerant and understanding and interested and they demanded to meet my friends. So there had been no reason for me to be panicked for the two or three years before they knew.

SIMON: Many male homosexuals go through a crisis of femininity when they first identify themselves as gay. They "act out" in relatively public places in a somewhat effeminate manner; some, in a transitory fashion, wear female clothing. After all, they've abandoned one of the major supports of their masculinity—the nonsexual reinforcement females give to the masculine status. It's not surprising that the very core of masculine identity should be seriously questioned. A few males retain this pseudo-feminine commitment; a few others emerge masquerading as female impersonators. But the tendency is for this kind of behavior to be a transitional experiment for most male homosexuals, an experiment that leaves vestiges of camp behavior.

PLAYBOY: Is this confusion about how to behave in public accompanied by any parallel confusion about how to behave in bed?

SIMON: Most homosexuals probably make their sexual adjustments quite easily, but there are common exceptions. There's the attitude, for example, that "You're not really queer until you've blown somebody." A butch type may happily go on letting himself be blown and still think of himself as perfectly straight. But this type usually ends up on the other side of the counter. A lot of homosexuals pass through the phase of only being passive inserters, but eventually they find themselves both giving and receiving. There's a typical case in Laud Humphreys' book *Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places*, a sociological account of homosexual activity in public lavatories. There's a man described there who at first will only be blown; he says he "wouldn't have been caught dead with one of the things in my mouth." But he ends up the biggest cocksucker in town. Most homosexuals have indulged in anal intercourse, too, but only infrequently; at least that seems to be true of the American male homosexual. For some American gays, of course, anal intercourse is their primary mode of experience, but in general, fellatio is more common. In other cultures it may well be different. We have only fragmentary data for foreign countries, but judging by the homosexual literature, buggery seems to be more common in the Middle East and on the Continent, particularly in England. I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Bieber, you said earlier that homosexuality is "the result of a disordered sexual development." Were you implying that homosexuality is a form of mental illness?

BIEBER: No. I do not regard homosexuality as a mental illness. I regard it as a psychologically rooted sexual disorder in the same sense that I consider chronic frigidity in a woman or impotence in a man to be a neurotically evolved condition. Frigidity and impotence come about because of unconscious and unrealistic fears that sexual gratification, or gratification with certain partners, will invite punishment and injury. Homosexuality comes about for similar reasons. Homosexuals have unconscious fears of reprisal that they associate either with heterosexual intercourse itself or with fears of having a sexually fulfilling, *sustained* love relationship with a woman. In my view, homosexuality is maladaptive because it is based on fears that are not realistic, and not because of cultural unacceptability. It would be no less abnormal if it were culturally accepted. In a sense, homosexuality is a type of heterosexual inadequacy. Homosexuals whom I have examined—and these number in the many hundreds, including nonpatient homosexuals—suffer from a seriously impaired sense of masculinity, whether or not they are aware of it. A colleague referred a homosexual to me to see whether I could find evidence of any significant psychopathology. My colleague was convinced he had found a so-called normal homosexual. The man I met was about six feet tall, athletic-looking and weighed about 190 pounds. When I asked whether he saw himself as a well-built, strong man, which he obviously was, he said he had no such image of himself and didn't think any homosexual thought of himself that way.

GOODMAN: It's meaningless to say that homosexuality is pathological, per se. True, it *is* pathological to be unable to function heterosexually; after all, the heterosexuality of animals must be deeply ingrained; otherwise the species wouldn't survive. But one's performance of homosexual acts is of no significance if his heterosexual activity is unimpaired. He would operate bisexually, and that's that. Homosexual activity under good conditions is obviously enjoyable, and sometimes—for geographical reasons, like being on a ship or in a barracks—it's practical, too. If there were a strong block against engaging in homosexual acts under such conditions, this in itself would be neurotic.

BIEBER: Homosexuality is never unrelated to fears and inhibitions associated with heterosexuality, whether the homosexuality is exclusive or whether a man is bisexual. The dynamics of sexual behavior center on fear of attack by men perceived as powerful, competitive and dangerous. The bisexual takes flight into a homosexual experience usually after he has experienced sex with a woman. In this way, he attempts to act out his psychological problems with men. Often, it is a submissive gesture. In part, he is saying unconsciously, "Look, guys, I don't really mean it. I'm with you and I've given her up to you and for you." After a good heterosexual experience, a bisexual will often feel compelled to have sex with a masculine type who psychologically represents the men he fears, and then eroticizes as a way of neutralizing the fear. In such a situation, the bisexual is motivated to please his partner in all sorts of sexual ways to forestall the anticipated attack.

LEITSCH: I simply can't accept these theories. I don't think homosexuality itself is psychopathological or causes psychopathology; I think social attitudes toward it do. You hear very frequently that homosexuals are paranoid, that they think everyone is after them. But if you read the newspapers, you see that the cops *are* after them; the government is after them and everybody else is after them. It's not paranoid to think someone is after you if he really *is*. You also

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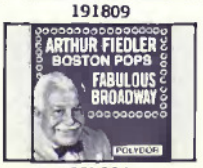

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have everyone telling you that you're sick and you're criminal and you're a sinner. You obviously develop feelings of being inadequate and unwanted.

BIEBER: Society and social attitudes neither create nor maintain an individual's homosexuality, though a repressive society foments a gloomy, unpleasant atmosphere as well as realistic problems connected with persecution. I've known a fair number of homosexuals who are intellectual, for example, and could easily settle into intellectual social circles, but most don't. There aren't many sophisticated people around who concern themselves about the sexual preferences of their friends; most couldn't care less. Yet exclusive homosexuals, as a rule, live in a homosexual world. I think they isolate themselves because they're afraid to mix on an intimate level with heterosexuals. They experience anxiety with "straight" guys. They are afraid that, if their homosexuality is exposed, they will be humiliated and rejected. This, of course, does happen. Insecurity and ignorance abound, so it's important that homosexuals choose heterosexual friends with care. Another important reason for their social isolation is the need not only to get away from straight men, who may represent the father figure, if you like, but they also must avoid the company of sexy women, who might arouse heterosexual feelings—which they wish to avoid. Consequently, many live an atypical social life. They are not necessarily completely unconnected to other circles, but in the sense that heterosexual friendship groups aren't part of the fabric of their daily existence, a kind of self-imposed social ghetto existence is very common. The result of this separation is, of course, an accentuation of their differences as a group.

LEITSCH: I disagree that homosexuals are afraid to mix with heterosexuals. It's more boredom than fear that limits interaction. Heterosexuals are very nice people, but they do tend to talk about what broads they're trying to screw or which diaper services are most reliable.

BIEBER: I can think of a very long roster of heterosexuals who are not boring, including members of this panel.

MARMOR: I just can't agree that homosexual behavior is inherently pathological. Normalcy is a culturally defined phenomenon. In our time and culture, homosexuality is considered to be deviant from accepted norms, but in different times and in other cultures, homosexuality hasn't always been so defined and therefore wouldn't be regarded as pathological.

BIEBER: I believe Dr. Marmor is incorrect in his view that normalcy can only be culturally defined and that homosexuality would not be pathological in a society that accepted it. He implies that if our society accepted it, homosexuals wouldn't suffer any more psychological problems than heterosexuals. During the Victorian era, frigidity was regarded as normal. Can we therefore assume that frigidity created no psychological problems for a woman or for her husband because it was culturally defined as normal? I think not.

LEITSCH: I understand pathology to mean a condition that prevents an individual from functioning in society, that prevents him from having meaningful relationships and that causes unhappiness. Many, if not most, homosexually oriented people are very happy, function well in society, make their livings, contribute to the community's well-being and are not "sick" in any way—except by definition.

BIEBER: An individual may function quite well in society and appear happy, yet be schizophrenic. There is a common misconception that if an individual is effective and gets along well, he is therefore "normal" and that serious psychopathology is necessarily absent. Some notable world leaders, artists and scientists have had serious psychiatric disorders. So even if a homosexual is comparatively well-adjusted, this doesn't mean his homosexual adaptation, as such, is normal.

I'd like to add that criticism is often leveled at the clinician who views inversion as pathological because he presumably sees only the "troubled" homosexuals. I had occasion during my military service to examine a sizable sample of nonpatient homosexuals, and I didn't find any significant differences between patient and nonpatient homosexuals in regard to family history or the psychodynamics that characterize homosexuality.

LEITSCH: Calling homosexuality sick is like calling it sinful. A value judgment is made that has no basis in objective criteria. There are responsible psychiatrists who laugh at the notion of homosexuality being a sickness, just as there are very moral people who feel that homosexual acts between consenting adults in private aren't sinful. But I must admit that the gay world is as likely to label behavior sick as the straight world is. Many overt homosexuals are convinced that closet queens are sick and unhappy; middle-class monogamous homosexuals are sure that their promiscuous younger brothers are unhappy; and the promiscuous ones are positive that the monogamous ones are miserable. Some homosexuals feel guilty about not being unhappy. They were taught that homosexuals *must* be unhappy and feel guilty if they aren't.

SIMON: It may be the 20th Century's form of the puritan ethic to see all pleasure-seeking behavior as pathological. In the puritan's view, pleasure is something that must be paid for and the payment nowadays is supposed to be a disturbed psyche. Not only do we pathology-hunt among homosexuals, we look for and delight in finding pathology in others who are presumed to be enjoying themselves more than the rest of us.

On the other hand, there's no denying that homosexuals as a group are probably in a higher-risk category than are heterosexuals. Because of their personality developments, they run the risk of greater unhappiness; they're likelier to become mentally ill or alcoholic, or to act in ways that block full development. Homosexual life contains great potential for demoralization, despair, self-hatred and a significant escalation of individual psychopathology. This potential is suggested by some recently collected data from a group of 550 white homosexual males. About one half reported that 60 percent or more of their sexual partners were persons with whom they had sex only one time. Between 10 and 20 percent reported that they often picked up their sexual partners in public toilets. An even larger proportion reported similar contacts in other public or semipublic locations. Between a quarter and a third reported having been robbed by a sexual partner. Between 10 and 15 percent reported having been blackmailed because of their homosexuality. For two fifths of the respondents, the longest homosexual affair lasted less than one year, and for about one quarter, kissing occurred in one third or less of their sexual contacts. About 30 percent reported never having had sex in their own homes. And two fifths of these men, finally, indicated serious feelings of regret about being homosexual, giving such reasons as fear of social disapproval or rejection, inability to experience conventional family life, feelings of guilt or shame, or fear of potential trouble with the law. These data suggest a depersonalized character, a compulsive quality about the sexual activity of many homosexuals, which cannot be reckoned as anything but extremely costly to them.

In no society that I know of is homosexuality a desired or even anticipated outcome of the child-rearing process. The whole society is weighted toward producing and accommodating heterosexuals. This doesn't mean that all heterosexuals are automatically better off than homosexuals; we all know exclusive heterosexuals who are sicker than many homosexuals. It may mean that life must continually present more problems for the homosexual. It doesn't automatically follow, of course, that a homosexual is incapable of leading a happy and productive life. In this post-Freudian world, major psychic wounds are increasingly viewed as par for the human condition. As one major psychiatric theoretician observes, few survive the relationship with their parents without such wounding.

PLAYBOY: What is the nature of the parental wounding that turns people into homosexuals rather than heterosexuals?

BIEBER: In the researches my colleagues and I carried out, we found that the central causative factors were located in the family. I would say that parents are the chief designers of the homosexual pattern, and in most cases, the parent-

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son relationship has a particular style. There is usually an inappropriately intimate, overclose relationship between the son and the mother, and more often than not, she prefers him to her husband. She acts in quite a paradoxical fashion; we call it double-bind behavior. She is often, on the surface, puritanical; yet she will be intimate and seductive with her son. She may share his bed far beyond the time a boy snuggles in bed with his mother; she may appear in various stages of undress and so forth. In contrast, the father communicates hostility openly or in hidden ways. Of all his children, he is least fond of this boy, although he may have a pretty good relationship with his other sons. He plays a crucial role in the development of homosexuality. Most male homosexuals love their mother but will tell you: "I hated my father" . . . "He wasn't there" . . . "I don't want any part of him" . . . "I'm not at all like him." There is also, almost always, a history of grossly defective ties with childhood groups and troubled relationships with siblings, particularly brothers. But one must keep in mind that parents largely determine a boy's emotional preparation for peer-group participation. Many a parent of a homosexual interfered with their son's choice of friends and thus set the conditions for his lone-wolf behavior.

MARMOR: That's very true. A great deal of evidence has accumulated to show that peer experiences play a powerful role in normal sexual development. But often the mother of a male homosexual contributes to her son's homosexuality by intruding on his relationship with his peers. Mothers instill fears in their sons of the usual competitive peer experiences and make their sons overdependent, interfering with normal development of their assertiveness and masculinity. It's characteristic of homosexuals in their early life that they tended to feel like outsiders to their own peer groups.

LEITSCH: Everybody develops his sexual orientation the same way, no matter whether he's gay, straight, bisexual or a compulsive masturbator. I don't think many people any longer accept the fatuous theory of Dr. Bieber and his associates that everyone is born to be heterosexual, and anything that diverts him from exclusive heterosexuality is sick. Dr. Bieber has even said that bachelorhood is a sick state, that only heterosexual marriage is healthy and "normal." In light of recent sex research, all of this is much too simplistic. As man evolved from lower animals, he developed the part of the brain that controls learning and conditioning, but at the same time, he lost the directional instincts of the lower animals. Hence, we have to *learn* our sexuality. Each of us is born with a sex

drive that's undirected. Parental example, the attitudes of our teachers, relatives and peers toward sex, our whole environment, direct our sexual drive. We're programmed, much as a computer is, by the information that's fed into us. The system is designed to program heterosexuality and monogamy into us; but, for a variety of reasons, the programming process sometimes indicates that an alternative is better. There's nothing unhealthy about this; it's perfectly normal.

BIEBER: I don't hold with this *tabula rasa* view that one is born without any sexual orientation and that culture and society intervene to direct sexual-object choice. There is no animal species that doesn't have inborn mechanisms to guarantee heterosexual arousal. In most mammals, smell is the determining mechanism. There is convincing evidence that smell is a heterosexual triggering mechanism in man. It's important in the early phases of childhood sexuality and even in later adult arousal. If social pressures alone facilitated the heterosexual response, man would be the only species without inborn programming for heterosexual arousal, and this is most unlikely. Moreover, if, as Mr. Leitsch argues, society preaches heterosexuality so ardently and thus directs sexual choice, the obvious question is: Why would anyone then become homosexual? Incidentally, the research that produced the theories Mr. Leitsch thinks of as fatuous received an award from the American Psychiatric Association in 1964. Quite contrary to his opinion, our work has received wide acceptance, though not in the homosexual press, I'm sorry to say. It has been gratifying to my associates and me to have made a contribution that is respected in scientific circles.

MARMOR: The kind of family structure that Dr. Bieber and his colleagues have described certainly renders a child more vulnerable to the possibility of becoming homosexual. But if one has this kind of family structure, one is not inevitably going to become homosexual. There are heterosexuals who come from this kind of family background. On the other hand, there are many homosexuals who emerge from family structures quite different from that described by Dr. Bieber. Moreover, I think it's worth noting that Dr. Bieber's model family refers specifically to male homosexuality and not to female homosexuality. No single, specific family background has been elicited for female homosexuality at this point in our investigation; our studies indicate that multiple causes are involved there also. No one family background can be a total explanation. But all the answers are simply not yet in. My own clinical experience suggests that the development of

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homosexuality depends on a complicated conglomeration of factors that vary in terms of quality, quantity and timing in their impact on the developing child.

BIEBER: I can't think of any category of human behavior where we have all the answers. Homosexuality is no exception. But we have to be willing to set forth hypotheses based upon clinical experience about what we think contributes to it. The data we systematically collect may or may not support our hunches. In our research, it did. To say that homosexuality is complex and has various determinants doesn't help us find answers. In our study, we never said that only one type of parent-child relationship engenders inversion. But we did find a representative type—the close-binding, over-intimate mother and the hostile father. Some homosexuals had mothers who were rejecting, harsh and seemingly unconcerned. Some had nagging, aggressive, overbearing and very possessive fathers. Some came from disadvantaged groups and broken families. In such cases, causative factors have to do with underprotection. Such men usually wind up as effeminate, unassertive and overly dependent on an older man. But we never found a homosexual who had a reasonably warm and constructive relationship with *both* parents. Where heterosexuals have a family history similar to those found among homosexuals, we invariably found homosexual problems, even though they may not be acted out. When parents of homosexuals are compared with parents of heterosexuals, there is almost always a clear indication of differences in attitudes and behavior. In general, parents of homosexuals are much more demasculinizing.

GOODMAN: The family as a whole is important, but I agree with Dr. Marmor that there seem to be many possible causes. One obvious, important one is resentment or hostility toward a mother or sister in early years. Disgust with a woman's smell or a woman's taste becomes an important block. But if you go behind this disgust, there is almost always some kind of weaning problem; your mother starved you, so you don't want to have anything to do with her. Another cause is probably incestuous feelings. Since the mother and sister are forbidden sex objects and are very strongly desired at an early period, and since you must have sexuality, you give up the more incestuous article. Fear of punishment is another important cause. It was very important in my case. Throughout childhood, although I was a great one to play ball games and so forth, I was also rather sexy in the heterosexual line and was continually punished. I was put back four grades in school, once for kissing a girl in the alley and another time for writing a love note to a girl. Our society's antisexuality hits especially at heterosexuality while you're growing up, so that it becomes too goddamn much trouble and risk. At a later stage, homosexual practice has most of the social sanctions against it, but at the earlier stage it's the heterosexual practice that has the sanctions against it.

LEITSCH: A good friend of mine had similar experiences. He attended Catholic schools and was taught at an early age that boys don't have sex with girls—at least not until they're married. He had five or six premarital experiences with girls but he invariably felt guilty, dirty and full of shame after each one. The priests had neglected to program into him the information that they considered homosexual acts just as bad as—or worse than—premarital sex. To this day, my friend feels guilty about heterosexual experiences but feels no guilt or shame about his homosexual contacts.

MANNES: I'd like to suggest another factor that may work after childhood. If there is any increase in homosexuality among men, it might well be the direct result of the sexually aggressive female. I don't mean here what is conventionally thought to be the aggressive woman—that is, the woman who works or has a career. But what I often observe, with a kind of horror, is a predatory woman working on some sensitive male in an attempt to trap, possess or marry him just to get some sexual esteem and gratification. A young man of 17 or 18 who is more or less compliant by nature, tender and with a vulnerable ego, would automatically turn to another man in fear of this kind of man-eater. In a sense, he would find a much deeper commitment to human equality with another man than he would with this kind of predatory woman, who seeks to trap him into a house, a mortgage, a secure office job and all the consumer hang-ups that go with marriage.

BIEBER: A homosexual personality would have to be already developed for such a thing to take place. Boys who reach adolescence without a homosexual pattern do not become homosexual. Children who have reached adolescence with a homosexual pattern get a second chance at this stage. During this critical period, constructive experiences with peer mates or with adults such as teachers and admired figures may strengthen a masculine identification and redirect a boy toward heterosexuality.

PLAYBOY: Whether or not predatory women play a part in driving some men into homosexuality, the picture commonly drawn of homosexuals in many books, plays and movies shows them as hostile to women, and homosexual literature often paints females as castrating monsters. Do most homosexuals really hate the opposite sex?

LYON: I don't think there is nearly as much hatred across the homosexual-heterosexual line as people think. Lesbians aren't fundamentally man-haters, and male homosexuals aren't fundamentally woman-haters. The most fundamentally man-hating group I've ever run across are heterosexual women who have just discovered how badly they've been oppressed by men. I once went to a meeting of the National Organization for Women and the three Lesbians there all felt we had never heard such a violent hatred toward men. It was really fantastic and frightening. A lot of women in the women's-liberation movement are gathering together in small encounter-type groups to support one another while they try to find out what it means to be a woman in our society and to get their heads straight. But this kind of thing tends to lead to an anti-male bias. If you read and talk about how women have been degraded and put down, you snarl at the next man you see. There are some Lesbians who hate men and some male homosexuals who hate women, but in large measure, I find that people really want to tear down existing barriers so they can get along better with one another.

MANNES: I guess I've met and known far more male homosexuals than I have female—unless I've been awfully unperceptive. Many of them are real friends and colleagues whom I respect for what they do and the way they live. I think there is a certain ease among male homosexuals which allows them to give more freely to women. One can be relaxed enough to know that they exist first as human beings and then as homosexuals. There are even times when I think literary descriptions of women by homosexual men are in many ways more astute or acute than what totally heterosexual men might give.

TYNAN: It's true up to a point that homosexual playwrights have a special insight into feminine psychology that enables them to write superb roles for women. But they're nearly always portraits of tragic, neurotically defeated women, victimized by a patriarchal society in the same way that queers are. When it comes to creating nontragic female characters, queers are no more skilled than heteros.

BIEBER: The idea that homosexuals hate women is a fictitious one. When there is no threat of heterosexual involvement, homosexuals as a group tend, as Miss Mannes notes, to feel very much at ease with women—more so than with heterosexual men. And, frequently, they trust women more than they do men. This isn't hard to understand. After all, the most meaningful love object in their childhood was their mother, and often a sister. As I emphasized before, there is usually a history of having hated and feared males, even though they may have admired them. In our study, we found that most of the homosexuals became depressed after a prolonged period of time without the company of women.

PLAYBOY: If homosexuals have such a

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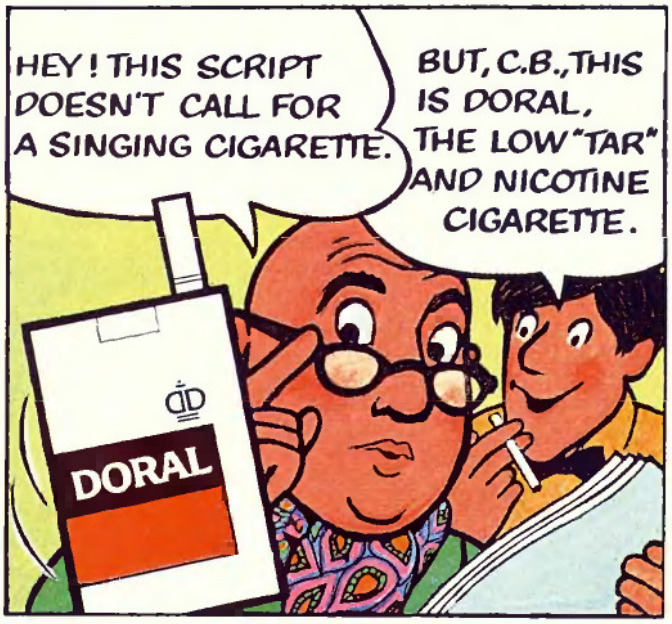

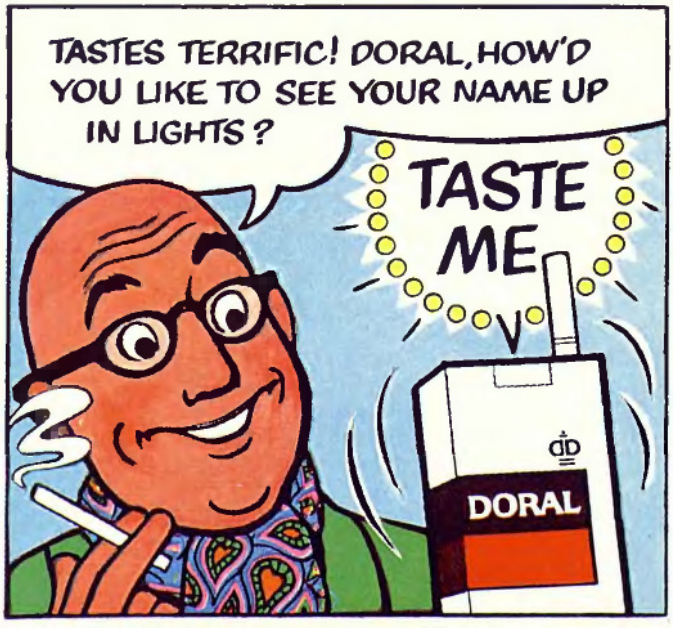

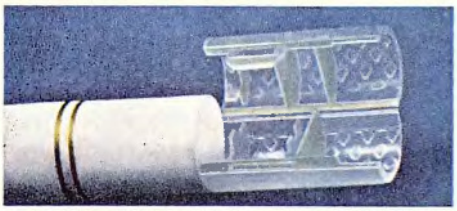

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close and comfortable relationship with women, why is it that when they imitate women, on stage or off, they often seem to copy—and sometimes caricature—the least likable and most grotesque elements of the female stereotype?

LEITSCH: I don't know why, but whenever homosexuals try to emulate the opposite sex, you're right that invariably they seem to choose the worst possible models. Drag queens usually dress themselves up like 42nd Street prostitutes. Butch Lesbians almost always mimic longshoremen, truck drivers and sometimes thugs.

TYNAN: Waspish, spiteful, bitchy, malicious—these are some of the characteristics of a type of queer we've all met, and also, as you point out, among the less admired characteristics of women. But these may be the common attributes of discontented second-class citizens. Society victimizes queers, so it must expect them to develop antisocial attitudes. Some queers behave as if they were taking a long-term revenge on heterosexual society for having rejected them. This may not be very lovable of them, but it's wholly understandable.

LEITSCH: It's partly a "Fuck you, world" attitude, partly a gibe at society's rules. Society says that men should behave like a Western gunfighter, but the queen imitates Bette Davis. It's the ultimate put-down of society's expectations. Why do you think Mae West is so popular in the gay world? Hell, she's been satirizing the female role longer than most of us have been alive.

PLAYBOY: It's a common heterosexual belief that all male homosexuals act effeminate—even when they're not imitating specific women—and that all Lesbians are butch. What's the truth?

LEITSCH: A male homosexual can be as masculine as any other man. I value my masculinity as highly as my heterosexual brother values his, and I'm no more of a sissy than he is. And Lesbians don't have to be mannish, either.

LYON: In the 1940s in San Francisco, the Lesbian bars were usually filled with women wearing butchy tweeds or men's clothes—and an opposite type wearing very feminine garb—but this isn't what's going on now. This whole pattern of breaking down into butch and fem has really changed over the years. At the beginning of a relationship between two young women, often the only pattern they have on which to base their relationship is the masculine-feminine pattern of their father and mother. But pretty soon most Lesbians find out that's not what they want. The same thing happens with male homosexuals. They aren't playing out the husband-and-wife thing, either. You end up with two people living together, sharing all the various tasks, each doing whatever he does best and not worrying about whether it fits into the conventional roles of husband or wife, man or woman. I think this is part of a larger drift in the whole society. We're moving away from specific kinds of dress, behavior and roles that have been connected culturally with being a man or a woman.

LEITSCH: Male homosexuals are generally regarded as effeminate simply because most people can't spot a homosexual who doesn't swish. And most of us don't.

TYNAN: Yes, in general, you can't tell that a man is queer unless he wants you to know. Lenny Bruce had a marvelous routine about a mother who never understood why her grown-up son hadn't got married: "He's so good-natured," she says. "A night doesn't go past he doesn't bring home some poor Serviceman, some guy who ain't got a place to sleep." Some queers do like to make a big production of their queerness, doing the full swishing and lisping bit, but many male homosexuals are as butch as John Wayne, and I've known Lesbians as kittenish as Truman Capote. Conversely, don't be fooled by young Englishmen who wear lace shirts and wave their hair; most of them are as heterosexually randy as gibbons. Many people have traits normally associated with the opposite sex, but this doesn't mean that they're homosexual.

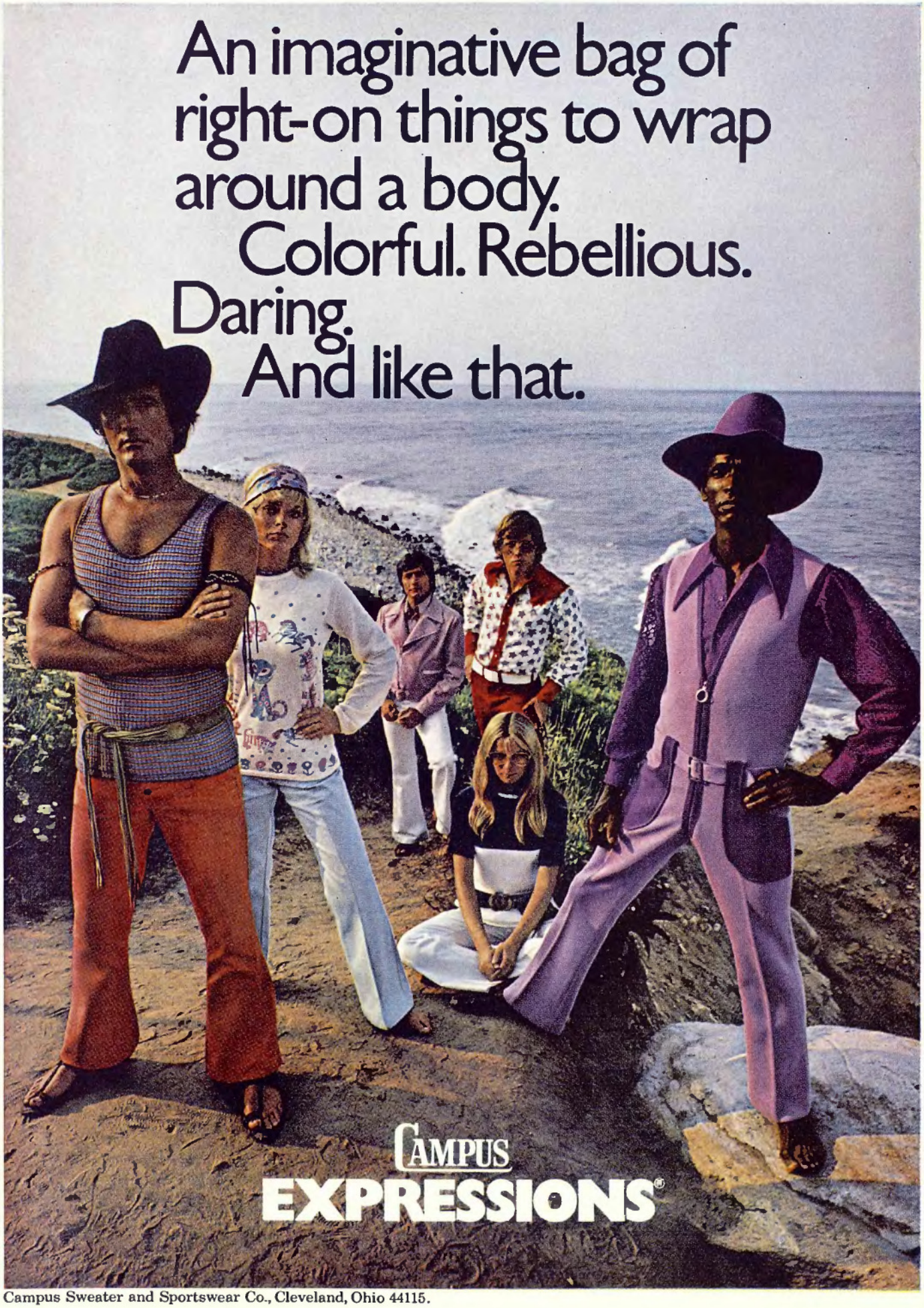
PLAYBOY: Conversely, again, it's widely believed that homosexuals are randier—and more promiscuous—than heterosexuals. Is this another myth?

MARMOR: This is one of the myths that exist with regard to all minorities. Minority groups are considered inferior and therefore closer to "animals." In a society that thinks of sexuality as "animalistic," it clearly follows that in the popular mind, minority groups are thought more sexual. I've seen many homosexuals as inhibited and moralistic about expressing themselves homosexually as some heterosexuals are about heterosexual activity. But as a general rule, homosexual men are able to be freer in expressing their sexuality toward each other because the same kind of binding factors and interpersonal commitments don't generally exist between them that exist between men and women. There is no danger of pregnancy and no social expectation of marriage. One therefore sees a greater degree of promiscuity among homosexuals than among heterosexuals.

TYNAN: The belief that queers are sexier, more promiscuous and less capable of controlling themselves than other people is usually held by very insecure heterosexuals. Of course, as long as we imprison queers for their activities, we expose them to the constant threat of blackmail, and in these circumstances an anonymous one-night stand may be safer than a long-term relationship. Considering the perils of the law, it's amazing how many durable homosexual "marriages" there are. And—bizarre as this may seem to sexual bigots—the binding factor in these liaisons is love. Plato thought that love between men was the highest form of human affinity, and he certainly didn't exclude sexual love. And Shakespeare's sonnets are unquestionably love poems, despite the fact that many of them are addressed to a young man whom he described as "the master-mistress of my passion."

LEITSCH: To a degree, it *is* true that homosexuals are sexually hyperactive, though. I don't think we're basically any more sex-oriented than anyone else; but our sexuality is inflated all out of proportion because society keeps screaming about our sex life, our sex life, our sex life—until it's built up to the most important thing in our lives. It's the thing that can send us to jail, the thing that can get us fired from our jobs, the thing that can turn our parents and friends against us. Naturally, we develop defensive attitudes toward it, and sex is built up in us as something more important than it should be. It's what makes us different from the average man and binds us together as a group. The man next to me in a gay bar may be a black millionaire with five doctoral degrees, politically conservative and an orthodox Jew. I might be poor, white, uneducated, a political radical and strongly agnostic. If we develop any kind of relationship, it will probably start with sex. Gay relationships turn into more meaningful relationships only if the parties have more in common than their homosexuality. That's just the opposite of the traditional heterosexual relationship, where the two partners usually find common ground, then progress to sex.

GOODMAN: And homosexual promiscuity can be a beautiful thing—if you're prudent about V. D. It can be profoundly democratizing, throwing together every class and group more than heterosexuality does. I've cruised rich and poor; middle class and *petits bourgeois;* black, white, yellow and brown; scholars, jocks and dropouts; farmers, seamen, railroadmen; heavy industry, light manufacturing, communications and finance; civilians, soldiers and sailors; and, once or twice, cops. Probably for Oedipal reasons, I tend to be sexually anti-Semitic, which is a drag. But only gross stupidity, obsessional cleanliness, racial prejudice, insanity and being habitually drunk or high really puts me off. There is a kind of political meaning, I guess, in the fact that there are so many types of attractive human beings. I have something to occupy me on trains and buses and during the increasingly long waits at airports. I have something to do at peace demonstrations. No doubt the FBI with their little cameras have innumerable pictures of me groping somebody. Saint Thomas said that the chief human use of sex—in addition to the natural law of procreation—is to get to know other persons intimately. That has been my experience. A common criticism of homosexual promiscuity, of course, is that it



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involves an appalling superficiality of human contact, so that, rather than democracy, it's a kind of archetype of the inanity of mass urban life. I doubt that this is generally the case, though I don't know. My experience has been the opposite. Many of my lifelong personal loyalties had sexual beginnings. But is this the rule or the exception? Given the usual coldness and fragmentation of community life at present, my hunch is that homosexual promiscuity enriches more lives than it desensitizes. Needless to say, if we had better community, we'd have better sexuality, too.

McILVENNA: I don't like the term promiscuous; I think we give it bad connotations it doesn't deserve. The church has been one of the causes of this hang-up on sex acts. One of the reasons churchmen can't say that homosexuals should have sexual relations is because then they would have to say that heterosexuals, outside of marriage, could have sexual relationships, too. In fact, given the opportunity, heterosexual males would probably act out to the same degree as homosexuals. And why shouldn't they?

SIMON: Some homosexuals are undoubtedly sexually hyperactive, but I'm not sure that this remains a constant factor in most homosexuals' lives after their initial entry into the gay world. Probably the greatest rate of sexual activity occurs when the homosexual first comes out. He has finally become free of any inhibiting doubts he may have had about his sexual preferences and whether he should act on them; he feels a new freedom, and this frequently releases a great deal of sexual energy. He often pursues sexual contacts nearly indiscriminately, with more vigor than caution. It's parallel to that period in the heterosexual's life when he's first married, and coitus is legitimate and pursued with a substantial amount of energy. This high rate of marital coitus declines as demands are made on the young couple to take their place in the framework of a larger social system. Perhaps the same easing off of sexual activity occurs in the homosexual's life when he adjusts to his new pattern.

BIEBER: Promiscuity among homosexuals is not a myth. It is more the rule than the exception. A significantly higher percentage of homosexuals than heterosexuals are promiscuous. Promiscuity is an indicator of sexual and personality difficulties, not of vigorous sexuality. During lectures, when I have said that the female prostitute is mostly a sexually inhibited woman, it draws a reaction of incredulity and amusement. Yet many prostitutes are frigid in professional and even nonprofessional heterosexual encounters. The Don Juan is not too distant a cousin to her. Psychoanalysis has illuminated the psychodynamics of Don Juanism: He doesn't flit from one beautiful flower to an even more beautiful one because he can't resist satisfaction; rather, he takes flight from each one because he is afraid of the gardener. Promiscuous people are not primarily motivated by sexual pleasure-seeking. Like Don Juan, they harbor fears associated with having close sexual relationships with one partner. Under the rationalization of boredom or of an insatiable hunger for variegated experience, most homosexuals leave their relationship after a brief period. Or, if a closeness develops into a meaningful friendship, sex usually disappears and the search for sexual gratification continues elsewhere.

Seriously pathological mechanisms may be acted out in homosexual promiscuity. For example, some men are compulsively driven to find the biggest cock in town. They spend their time in a never-ending search for a gigantic organ, and they are relatively unconcerned with the person to whom it is attached. Various psychodynamics may be delineated, such as a desire to get strength or masculinity magically from a large penis. It is also a way of attempting to repair a defective sense of masculinity, or a way of symbolically castrating the father figure so as for once and for all to destroy his threatening power. After sucking off a big cock, one person dreamed that he had blood on his teeth. I have spoken to homosexuals who have had fellatio with 20 men in one day, but they experienced little gratification themselves. Their reward was fatigue and disgust. Loneliness is common among homosexuals and much cruising is motivated by the need for human contact. In such encounters, the individual is oriented to pleasing his partner in any way desired. Personal sexual pleasure is but a second consideration.

Another very important side of sexually compulsive behavior is the matter of filling in time left open by an inability to get involved in meaningful tasks because of inhibitions in work and creativity. This kind of screwing time away also occurs among heterosexuals who for some reason cannot allow themselves to pursue fulfilling jobs. In psychoanalytic therapy, as such problems are resolved, obsessive-compulsive sexuality tends to disappear.

TYNAN: One of the purposes of psychotherapy, as understood by work-minded psychiatrists, seems to be to carry out in the 20th Century the task schoolteachers and moralists took upon themselves in the 19th: to divert the time that could be devoted to pleasure so that it is penitentially dedicated to earnest effort and gain. One can understand why, in a country so dependent on a happy work force, certain psychiatrists hold that pleasure is some sort of aberration to be qualified by such words as obsessive and compulsive. The idea that there is a legitimate maximum time allowed for sexual pursuits is monstrous and dismaying evidence of the durability of puritanism in our benighted culture. If homosexuals devote more of their time to sexual enjoyment than heterosexuals do, it's their gain and our loss. If I had to choose between a physically fulfilled homosexual life and a triumphantly successful but physically unrewarding career as a nominally heterosexual business executive, I hope I would have the humanity to choose the former.

BIEBER: Mr. Tynan is confusing what we term work inhibition, or work block, with compulsive working, which excludes other pleasures. I am speaking of people who can't do the things they want to and who would get great pleasure out of doing them if they could. I am referring to writers who cannot write because they are blocked, performers who cannot perform because they suffer from stage fright, fine athletes who can't compete successfully because they tighten up in the clutch. As pleasurable as sex is, there are many other pleasures in the repertoire of a fulfilled person. Fortunately, Mr. Tynan has not had to choose between a fulfilling heterosexual life and a successful career.

PLAYBOY: In discussing sexual activity, we have focused almost exclusively on the male homosexual. Does the female have an equally active sex life?

McILVENNA: Well, we certainly don't see any more promiscuity between female homosexuals than we do among other women. The male of the species in our society, heterosexual as well as homosexual, acts out sexually much more than the female.

LEITSCH: I think things may be changing a little bit, but as a group, male homosexuals, at least the ones I know, have fewer hang-ups and restrictions than Lesbians about what kind of sex they're willing to have, and with whom. But Lesbians have always had lots of restrictions about how much sex they were willing to have. Some time ago a Lesbian friend of mine told me she was breaking up her relationship, which had been going for two years. I had thought they were very happy together, so I asked her what had happened, and she said, "After two years I finally put my foot down and said, 'OK, we're going to have sex and tonight is the night.'" And her lover started crying and said, "Oh, God, why does it always have to end in sex?"

LYON: Most of this is really explainable by the fact that Lesbians are brought up as women. They aren't trained to be aggressive in the pursuit of a partner in the way that young men are. It's very difficult for a young woman even if she gets up the nerve to go to a bar. Then she has to get up enough courage to take the second step—to talk to somebody. Usually, how a woman goes about meeting other Lesbians is to meet one person

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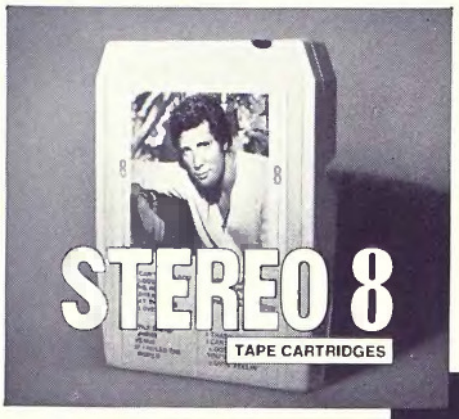

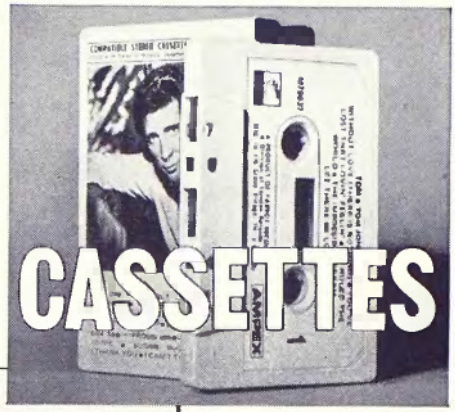

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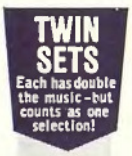

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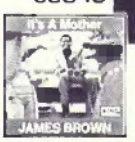

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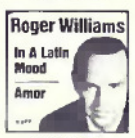

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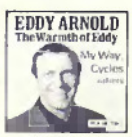

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who has several friends and they have more friends, and eventually you get into a circle of some sort. Many Lesbians live either in a pair relationship or in a circle of friends for most of their lives without branching out in any way.

LEITSCH: Just as males in our society are told they should be sex-oriented and promiscuous, females are taught to be romantic and antisexual. This is even more evident in the homosexual than in the heterosexual community. Males tend to have large numbers of sex partners and a wide variety of sexual experience, and Lesbians tend to be more romantic, to date a long time before ever going to bed together, to be monogamous when part of a couple and to be sexually conservative.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't gibe with the way erotic books and movies depict Lesbians, who are shown involved in wild sexual activities that include the use of dildos and other penis substitutes. Are these distortions?

SIMON: Almost totally. They're fantasies created to turn on the heterosexual male, and are revolting to many Lesbians. In general, penis substitutes aren't part of Lesbian practice at all. Mutual masturbation and cunnilingus are much more common.

LEITSCH: I would guess that female homosexuals are more uptight about sex and sex techniques than female heterosexuals, because, at least, female heterosexuals mix with males and have to be sexually creative and adventurous, if only to win and keep their men. The sexual revolution is finally being felt in the Lesbian world, though. I don't know if Lesbians are actually practicing a bit of promiscuity, partner swapping, extra-"marital" affairs and orgy-going, but at least they don't freak out at the mention of such things anymore.

LYON: Yes, there is a change going on, especially among young people. You find more young women saying, "I'm not going to be caught in the bag of settling down yet. I want to be free to go to bed with whatever girl I find." You didn't find this five years ago, or even three years ago. Every Lesbian used to think she had to find a partner and settle down, but many of them aren't worried about it anymore. This means there is going to be a great deal more direct sexual activity on the part of the Lesbian than there used to be. That's part of a whole new generation.

PLAYBOY: Despite this new freedom, many homosexuals—male and female—are attempting to legalize homosexual marriages. Do you think that such legal contracts are either likely or desirable?

MANNES: I think marriage is unimportant, and is becoming increasingly so, except where children are involved. If two people want to live together for as long as they love each other—whether they're man and man, woman and woman or man and woman—I personally see no reason why such a union needs any external sanctification by the state or the church. If the partners feel they need some sort of legal contract because of property rights or taxes or inheritance, there's no reason why they shouldn't have one, but I frankly feel that marriage itself is very much on the way out over the next few decades—unless a couple bears children.

TYNAN: I don't see that homosexual marriage is any more desirable or undesirable than heterosexual marriage, which is certainly in need of reform. I agree with Miss Mannes that it's a dying institution.

PLOSCOWE: Among my other virtues or vices, I teach family law, specifically separation, annulment and divorce. And I think the idea of homosexual marriage is a damnation. It's an idiotic idea. Marriage is primarily an institution for family and for children. If homosexuals want to live together, that's their business, but I have never understood why they have to have the institution of marriage. They can own property jointly, they can sign for loans jointly. The only thing they can't do is file joint income-tax returns, and that's certainly not justification enough for wanting homosexual marriage licenses. I think it's just a way of affronting the heterosexual even further. Many homosexuals are exhibitionists, and to me this cry for a marriage license is more of their desire for exhibition.

KUH: I agree. I think the idea is absurd, completely undesirable. It would indicate that society is formally giving its blessing to such unions. Although it may be that society should discontinue heaping obloquy upon homosexuals, I don't think homosexuals should, by mocking marriage, hasten its demise—the rumors of which I, for one, believe to be grossly exaggerated.

GOODMAN: I don't think homosexual marriage is desirable either, but for different reasons. I don't think homosexual monogamy is a healthy state. In a life that offers very few opportunities to avoid loneliness, it's probably better as a defensive maneuver to have a permanent friend than not, but such a life style doesn't get the full richness out of homosexuality. The main advantage of homosexuality at the adult level is a cultural one: It's a way of being close to people. One way of getting to know people is to have sex with them, and once you're real friends, normally the sexual tie would weaken very rapidly. But the friendly closeness would survive and you'd have a permanent friend. The same thing occurs in the master-disciple relationship, which I think is a very important part of the homosexual picture. The essence of a master-disciple relationship is that the disciple grows up. Something is very wrong in that relationship if the disciple hasn't been taught to discard the master. Homosexual acts and homosexual relations, when they're in a broad spectrum of sexual activity, have positive cultural advantages that are very difficult to achieve otherwise. Homosexual marriage would cut off these advantages.

BIEBER: I doubt if homosexual marriage is a realistic concept at all. Marriage is a heterosexual institution based on heterosexual relationships. I haven't observed a love relationship between homosexuals that has any analogue to such a relationship between a man and a woman. I'm sure that there are homosexuals who have very warm and loving feelings for other men, and when they get into the so-called love relationship, it tends to be very enthusiastic and supposedly passionate in the beginning, but that very rapidly changes. Where the two men really like each other, sex often drops out and sex is had with other people. This is quite different from a heterosexual relationship. If a man and woman really have a good loving relationship and a good sexual relationship, it gets better in a way that's not true among homosexuals. Of course, that doesn't mean there are no long-standing partnerships between two homosexuals, where they continue sex in the context of a warm, friendly and loving relationship. But most of the relationships are far from loving; they're punctuated by all types of conflicts, and the large majority don't last long. If a homosexual relationship lasts two years, that's a long time.

MANNES: My experience is obviously limited, but I can testify to the fact that I know, among my direct friends and acquaintances, six all-male couples who have lived together for a long time and still do. Whether these are typical, I have no way of telling.

MARMOR: It's true that one finds a greater number of people among homosexuals who have difficulty in making commitments, whose relationships with one another are relatively unstable and may even show a higher proportion of neurotic patterns than is true among heterosexuals. But I disagree with Dr. Bieber in his assumption that being homosexual, *ipso facto*, inevitably means that such an individual has a massive incapacity for satisfactory human relationships. Over the years, I've known many homosexuals who have lived with partners in stable relationships not particularly different from relatively stable heterosexual relationships, and who lived lives of quiet dignity, respectability and responsibility within our social system. They have also had good friendships with nonhomosexual individuals of both sexes. Although I agree with Dr. Bieber that a large proportion of homosexuals show evidence of emotional impairment and instability, I object to the stereotyping of all homosexuals in this manner.

BIEBER: I don't believe, nor have I ever

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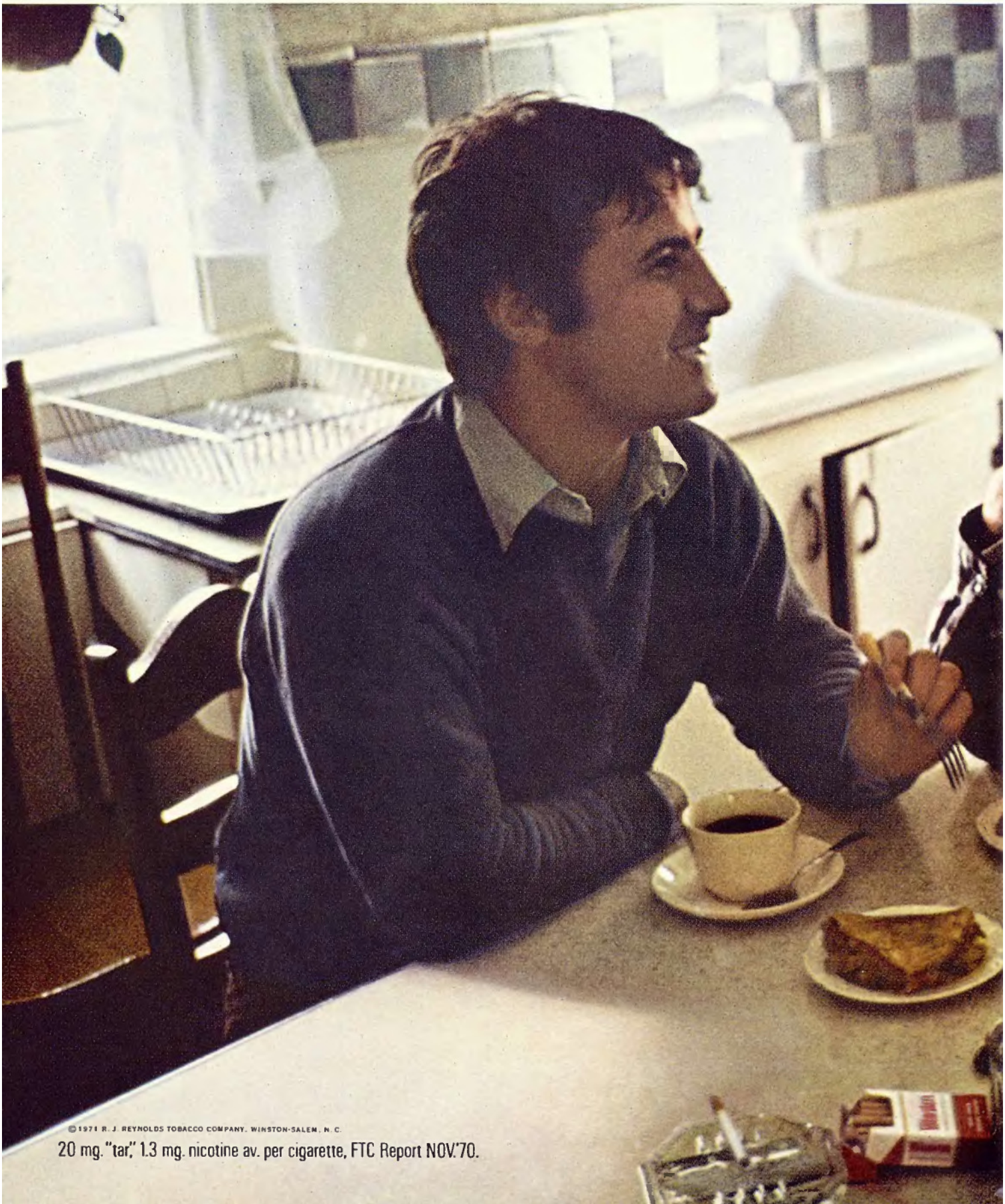

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written, said or indicated, that homosexuals had a "massive incapacity for satisfactory human relationships." I wonder where Dr. Marmor got this notion from? Of course, homosexuals are capable of profound, warm and loving interpersonal relationships. The presence of psychological problems doesn't preclude an ability to establish good human relationships. What I said was that they frequently are unable to combine a close interpersonal relationship with a sexual one. In my experience, I haven't found that there are many homosexuals who live as couples in a stable union that can be compared with heterosexual pairings. I don't think that it's of any great importance whether or not a homosexual partnership endures, but the fact is, very few such relationships are lasting.

MARMOR: I don't want to beat this issue to death, but all of Dr. Bieber's writings about homosexuals emphasize the severity of their psychopathology and are relatively silent about their personality strengths. Moreover, he has expressed the conviction that homosexuality is "incompatible with a reasonably happy life." I consider the former to be a distortion of emphasis, and the latter, an inaccurate generalization.

BIEBER: Dr. Marmor seems to be chiding me for not giving emphasis to the strengths of homosexuals. When I, as a physician, point out a condition as pathological, I am making a medical statement, not a pejorative value judgment or a minimizing criticism of the individual who has the condition. I don't have to apologize or reassure when making a diagnosis or explicating it. Besides, I don't see that personality strengths accompany homosexuality per se; strengths exist where they do quite apart from inversion and despite it. To me, homosexuals are human beings. As such, I am for them as I am for all humans. In my social and professional relations with homosexuals, I am not aware of having any less respect or consideration for them than for anyone else. It is not I on this panel who refers to them as "queers," to which no other panelists seem to take umbrage—not even the homosexuals. As for the condition itself, I am not for it any more than I am for any physical or psychological disorder. As for the happiness angle, I admit that it is difficult to assay and quantify happiness. Yet among the many men I have interviewed who are homosexuals, I have never observed evidence of a sense of contentment and satisfaction—happiness, if you will. One might say that's because I've seen only homosexual *patients* and they would not likely be happy people. But I have seen a great number of *heterosexuals* who are patients, and I have not infrequently observed an underlying sense of contentment despite discomforting anxiety or other symptoms. Homosexuals as a group have an underlying depression they often conceal under the gay façade. Mart Crowley, who wrote *The Boys in the Band* and is very sensitive to the problems of homosexuals, summarized the matter by the line, "You show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse."

McILVENNA: I know many homosexuals who seem as happy as anyone else, and as for their relationships not being lasting—I'm not sure that so many *normal* males in our society would stay with one mate if it weren't for the existence of alimony and sanctions against the male who is divorced. I know many homosexual couples who have been together for a long period of time. I wonder what has contributed to this durability?

LEITSCH: I would guess that the best homosexual relationships involve two people with slightly different characteristics, with one partner probably being a little older than the other. I've noticed that couples in which both partners are of about the same age, economic bracket, educational level, degree of attractiveness, etc., tend not to last long. Somehow, it seems easier for persons of different levels to interact and communicate. Each brings to the relationship something the other doesn't have, and can have only through his partner. But, on the whole, it's Lesbian relationships that tend to be long-lived. Male homosexual partnerships are most often transitory. This is partly due to the kind of programming males and females get in our society, and partly to the lack of any equivalent of a marriage license for homosexuals. If a heterosexual marriage goes on the rocks, maybe because the husband is sleeping around and decides he'd rather spend the rest of his life with his girlfriend than with his wife, society becomes involved. There's the hassle over the divorce and child support and alimony payments, and there's usually pressure from family, friends of both partners, and maybe the church. Divorce also causes a loss of face. When a homosexual relationship goes on the rocks, there's no big deal: If there's joint property, it's simply split up and one or both partners moves out. It's so easy to break up, it's not surprising that gay "marriages" usually don't last a long time. What's surprising is that so many last 20, 30 or more years. The record in my circle of friends is 55 years.

LYON: You can share and do a lot of things together without a license; my friend and I have one bank account, one house and one car together. But we probably pay three times as much income tax. I would hope that this kind of inequity could be changed. Society might well institute some kind of legal binding together for any two people who wish it. If this happened, I suspect that the church would eventually consent to performing homosexual marriages, if the church is still around—and if marriage is still around.

SIMON: Possibly we shouldn't be measuring heterosexual and homosexual life styles by the same standards. Heterosexual preferences fit in with a whole host of general social expectations about what someone should be at different ages or stages of the life cycle. An additional number of expectations and social arrangements exist to reinforce the patterning of a life predicated on a heterosexual preference. Homosexuals will—and most of them do—adapt as best they can, and for many this involves a denial of many of the experiences and opportunities available to heterosexuals. Most male homosexuals and many females will never experience the role of parent, and relatively few homosexuals—at least, male homosexuals—will know either the joys or the constraints of a long-term relationship. I don't see why we can't just accept that as a hard fact of life. This doesn't mean that all homosexual experiences are, by definition, more impoverished than those of heterosexuals. But it does mean that they will be different.

KUH: Let's face it: The over-all picture that emerges quite clearly is that, by and large, the homosexual's life is a barren one; his sex life is likely to be loveless one-night stands, often with little or no communication; his life, even when filled with friends, is basically alone; and rarely is there any long-term mutual commitment between two persons. His existence parallels that of the overaged playboy, although there's a social shunning of the homosexual that the playboy doesn't experience. Sure, there are unhappy marriages between men and women, and even the best marriage poses some trials. But—and I don't mean to rhapsodize—in the typical man-woman marriage, isn't the potential for love, for tranquillity, for communication, for *substance* in a relationship, such that we sell short if we encourage anyone to forfeit his chances for it by choosing the life of a homosexual?

LEITSCH: I think the argument goes in the opposite direction. With all the money, training and effort that society puts into heterosexual marriages, it's pretty terrible for them to fail a third of the time. The whole society is organized to make marriage work—taxes, schools, advertising, everything—and yet, look at all of the unhappily married people. Maybe mankind is basically queer, and it takes all the efforts of society to get the sexes interested in each other. With all the crap homosexuality puts up with, it does pretty well, and with all the help heterosexuality gets, it's doing pretty badly.

PLAYBOY: Among the things homosexuals have to put up with are laws against their sex lives. In most states of the Union, there are statutes—many of them now being challenged—that proscribe

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homosexual acts even when performed in private by consenting adults. Do any of you feel that these laws serve a useful purpose?

TYNAN: It seems to me that law reform is inevitable, and the formula adopted by many European countries appears the most sensible: Homosexual acts taking place in private between consenting adults should be legalized.

KUH: Were I a legislator, I guess I would somewhat reluctantly agree with Mr. Tynan. But I can see the arguments for keeping the laws against this deviance on the statute books, and I don't think we can blithely write them off as antediluvian. England's Lord Devlin, commenting on the Wolfenden Report's recommendation to legalize private consensual adult homosexual conduct, suggested that "We should ask ourselves in the first instance whether, looking at it calmly and dispassionately, we regard it as a vice so abominable that its mere presence is an offense. If that is the genuine feeling of the society in which we live, I do not see how society can be denied the right to eradicate it." One of the functions of lawmaking is line drawing, and with enough of the community revolted by homosexuality—and I think when you move from our major sophisticated cities to our more old-fashioned rural areas, you will find homosexuality is a revolting concept to much of the citizenry—the law may soundly draw a line against it, whether or not you and I may personally agree with that line drawing.

SIMON: I partly agree that the law has to make sense to the population that must live with it, but I also think that most people's attitudes are more tolerant than you suggest or even than many of us realize. Homosexuals aren't very important one way or the other to most people, but our research shows that among college students, about half the boys and over half the girls said they would remain friends with someone they discovered to be homosexual. Over half of both boys and girls felt there was an element of homosexuality in all of us. No more than ten percent felt that homosexuals should be excluded from society. And studies of other segments of the young showed that working-class youth have attitudes only slightly less liberal. In public discussions, most people probably come on with a tough line merely because they assume it to be the most socially acceptable or, at least, the safest attitude.

TYNAN: Intolerance of homosexuality seems to be a trait of the older generation. Ernest Hemingway, I'm sorry to say, was typical of his time in taking an illiberal view of queers. Once, in the course of an anecdote about a famous theatrical queer, he stunned me by saying, "Then Mr. X came into the restaurant, and I raised my glass and smashed it on the table, as any gentleman does when a homosexual enters the room." I'm glad I never dined with him at a smart London restaurant after an opening night. The place would have been hip-deep in broken glass inside of ten minutes.

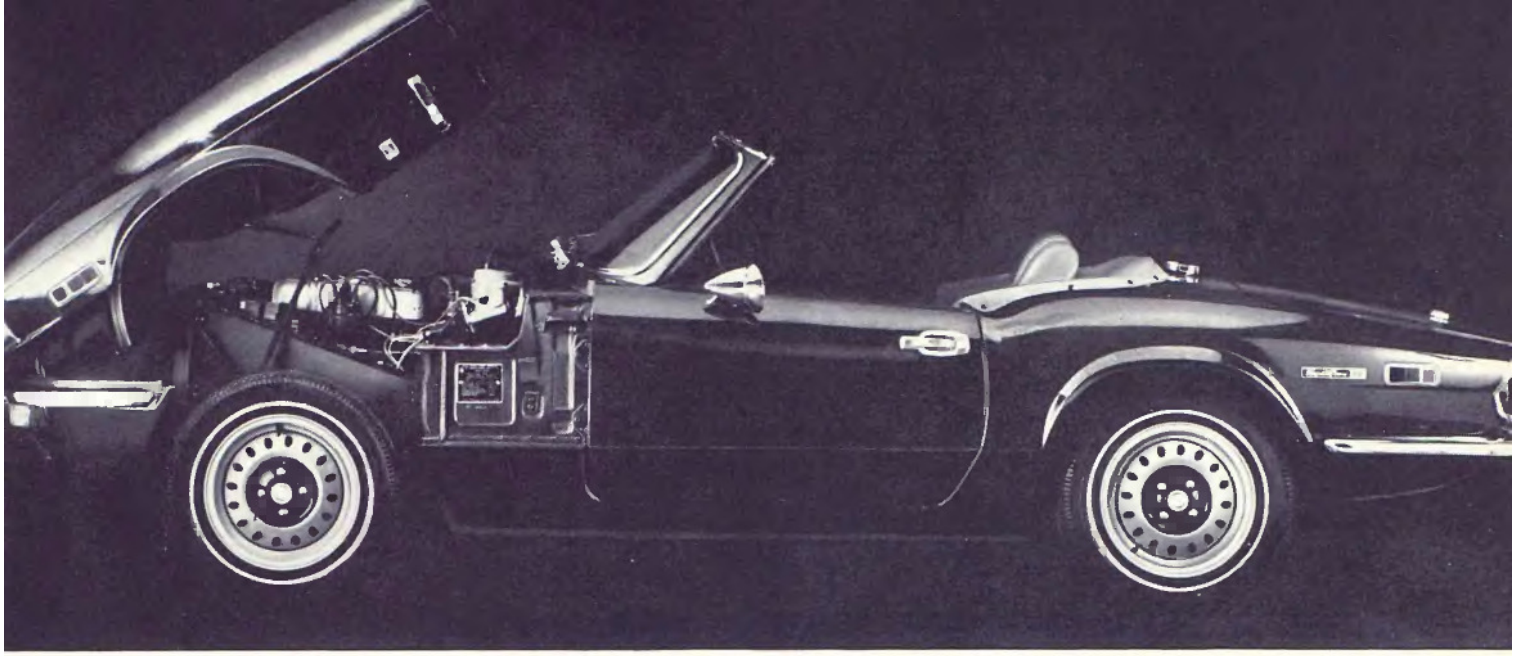
KUH: I'm not at all sure that citizen attitudes are becoming as tolerant as has been suggested. In New York—a state that has now legalized abortion—an able state commission a few years ago recommended that sexual activities between consenting adults, "privately and discreetly indulged in," not be considered criminal. But the state legislature overrode that recommendation, and in New York—as in most of the states—consensual sexual conduct among adults of the same sex remains criminal. But if attitudes *are* changing, that change is all to the good, and I join you in applauding it. Our laws, however, in many areas—like it or not—still reflect what legislative judgment deems to be moral values. Hence, we have laws in a number of areas, many of them sexual, that most of our society seems content to keep, although it would be difficult to show that they protect society against any real damage. We have laws against bigamy, laws against public nudity, laws against obscenity, laws against adultery and laws against abortion. We have our Sunday blue laws, laws against mercy killing, against narcotics use and against gambling. In any one of these areas that deal mostly with conduct among willing adults, one would be hard put to show a concrete harm that's being dealt with; these are laws that enforce concepts of morality. But all is not sweet reason. Emotion, tradition, a sense of propriety, all have a hand in shaping our laws. Even the most primitive societies have their taboos, and we have ours. When we substitute law for anarchy, inevitably our lawmakers adopt the biases of our society.

PLOSCOWE: I've heard that argument again and again and again. You always run into it when you talk of reform in sex laws or reform in the birth-control or abortion laws. The law doesn't set moral standards. Moral standards are set by our religious groups, by our philosophies, by the conscience of our people. The law is supposed to set standards that involve damage to other people or damage to society generally. We have to distinguish between law and morality. Much of the trouble with the law has been the confusion of sin and crime. A sin should not necessarily be a crime. They are not synonymous. If the religious groupings want to consider homosexual acts as offenses, even as very serious offenses under the ecclesiastical law or under ecclesiastical standards, I certainly wouldn't interfere. This is an area where the church can step in, but the law really has no business there.

KUH: I believe there is some kinship between law and morality. Quite possibly, the law has an obligation in some areas to legislate morality. This is an old-fashioned concept that a good many of my liberal friends attack. These same liberals will attack wire tapping as being inherently immoral, regardless of its use under close court supervision and its proven value against narcotic wholesalers and spies and others. Racial discrimination is outlawed because it, too, is immoral. The death penalty is attacked as immoral—on the grounds that the state has no business taking a life under any circumstances—quite apart from the other arguments for and against its use. Were bullfighting to be introduced in Madison Square Garden, liberals—although they eat meat that bellows and bleats as it's being slaughtered—would lead the pickets and denounce bullfights as degrading and immoral. My point here is simply that whether one believes that the law should enforce concepts of morality really seems to depend upon whose particular ox is being gored.

BIEBER: I see no reason to have any laws that punish private homosexual behavior between consenting adults, and this is actually the *de facto* situation in most states. There is no reason to have such laws and I think removing them would be a constructive and realistic thing.

KUH: I think we could agree that if a man with homosexual tendencies never meets a practicing homosexual, it's unlikely that he himself will become one. The law can assist in reducing the likelihood that he will meet one. We have quarantines against scarlet fever, quarantines against other diseases—I know I overdraw the analogy—but I simply suggest that if open acceptance of homosexuality may encourage the latent homosexual to become an active homosexual, then a law that declares public policy against homosexuality may conceivably serve some quarantining purpose. I don't think we, priding ourselves on our liberalism, can simply write off such laws as wrongly interfering with the private pursuits of practicing homosexuals. We must remain ready to recognize that arguments for retaining these laws are entitled to our consideration. Entertaining the considerations on both sides, and balancing them, we may then reach our conclusions. Although we are becoming increasingly permissive, increasingly tolerant of conduct that a few years ago was generally deemed abhorrent, psychiatric thinking isn't unanimous in believing that homosexuality is simply another way of being normal, one that homosexuals can and should accept. Psychiatric thinking ten years hence may suggest that this era's permissiveness did more harm than good. None of us can be sure. And the law, particularly the criminal law, often acts as a sort of sea anchor for society; it moves, but far more slowly than the seas of social change. It serves, and maybe serves desirably, to slow our acceptance at any one moment of what



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may, at that particular time in history, falsely seem the revealed truth.

BIEBER: I want to comment on Mr. Kuh's point that if a homosexual never met another one, he would not become one. Some men who are brought up in rural communities where they never met or heard of homosexuals until well into late adolescence have reported to me that they believed they were the only men in the world who were attracted to other men. These people became homosexuals without having had any contact with homosexuals. If there were no overt homosexuals around to act as models, individuals with a homosexual pattern would soon find one another and discover it for themselves.

MANNES: In other words, the laws against homosexuality have no deterrent effect whatsoever. But even if they did, I don't think the state should have any right to interfere in what an individual male or female does with his or her own body. To me this is the next civil right we have to establish. It's really nobody's business but the consenting adult's, provided that none of these tastes or combinations involves a violation of another person's rights.

SIMON: It's also important not to have laws that are impossible to enforce; otherwise, the structure of law enforcement is discredited. As Miss Mannes suggests, the present legal proscription of homosexual behavior has done and can do little to curb homosexual behavior. All it can apparently do is create conditions under which the homosexual is compelled to run greater risks in pursuit of his sexual goals. It's like Prohibition, except that fewer people are involved.

MARMOR: As a matter of fact, we have concrete evidence that legal sanctions against homosexual behavior have not proved effective. Homosexuality is no more common in France, Sweden and the Netherlands, where it is not a crime, than in the United States, where it is.

KUH: Our law, whether enforceable or not, provides precepts that may help to guide the impressionable. Legalizing adult homosexuality may suggest social approval of such conduct to youngsters, who tend to emulate their elders. The stigma of criminality, although it may intensify guilt feelings in some homosexuals, may at least help the A. C. / D. C. youngster to shape his actions in a heterosexual direction.

McILVENNA: The most desirable thing the law can do is to do less. Whatever consenting adults do in private, as Miss Mannes said, is their own affair, and should have nothing to do with the law as long as it doesn't involve coercion. But that doesn't deal with the problem of the police even when the law is changed. It doesn't deal with some of the police and others who, after the law changes, will still think they should enforce *God's* law, whatever that is, upon homosexuals, who they feel must be punished. But I think we ought to move toward a liberalization of all laws about sexual activity in general. We need to do this in order to free not only homosexuals but all of us.

KUH: But how far do we carry the idea of letting adults do, in private, whatever the spirit of the moment impels them to do? Suppose a play like *Futz*, in which the hero has intercourse with a pig, touches off a public wave of hitherto repressed or secretive bestial acts. Are they, too, to be legalized? Mightn't that get the S. P. C. A.'s goat? Is the standard concerning sex laws to be one of anything goes, as long as neither force nor children are involved? Society has the right to be concerned in such matters.

PLAYBOY: Surely, only if homosexuality represents a danger to society. Does it?

LYON: I really can't think of any conditions under which the homosexual could possibly be dangerous to society, particularly in a time when procreation is no longer considered the justification for sex. The real danger is the other way around: Society is dangerous to homosexuals—and to heterosexuals, too, for that matter. The danger is in sexual hang-ups and the wasted potential of human beings—homosexual and heterosexual—because of them. Sex should be a liberating experience allowing human beings to respond to one another openly, freely and reciprocally without rigid role definitions.

McILVENNA: I think one of the reasons people feel homosexuality is a threat is that many of us are fearful of our own sexuality. We've used the homosexual as a scapegoat, possibly because he has been identified as a sexual offender. Many people believe that, somehow, the homosexual is going to prey upon little boys and that he's much more sexual than he actually is. It's a fear that springs out of insecurity about one's own sexual identification, which in turn results from our antisexual bias and fear.

MARMOR: Homosexual practices that violate public decency or involve the seduction of minors are a source of concern, but so is the equivalent kind of heterosexual activity. They should be treated equally by the law. Apart from this, homosexuality isn't dangerous to society. Moreover, homosexuals can have just as strong a sense of moral responsibility as do well-adjusted heterosexuals. Homosexuals should be evaluated as individuals, and it should not be assumed that they have poor control over their sexual impulses because they are homosexuals.

BIEBER: I agree. A study by a Dr. Doshay in 1943 demonstrated that of a series of 108 boys between 7 and 16 years of age who had been seduced by older men, none of the youngsters later became homosexual. An isolated homosexual event does not produce it. Homosexuality isn't a contagious disease, nor is it dangerous in the sense that it's going to destroy society.

KUH: I can see some degree of danger to society in homosexuality—far slighter than that of murder, as an extreme, but nonetheless some degree—and apparently the legislatures of most of our states agree, since they have various statutes making homosexual activities criminal under certain circumstances. One of the dangers—maybe a prime one, as Reverend McIlvenna suggested—is the potential for the seduction of minors. Whether or not the minor who is seduced by an older man goes on to become a homosexual, I think you would agree that the experience may be traumatic and ultimately harmful. A further danger to society that motivates legislators is a moral danger. Whether or not the law *should* legislate morality, this is an area in which, traditionally, it has. And, traditionally, homosexuality is clearly deemed a moral danger.

LEITSCH: I think your concern for minors is unwarranted. From my observation, pedophiles usually tend to be heterosexuals. I once studied the pages of the *Daily News*, New York's catalog of sex crimes, for a one-year period. Ninety-seven percent of all the reported sexual assaults on children—and seduction of minors is legally considered to be assault—were by an adult man on a little girl. From that evidence, one could make a better case for keeping heterosexuals away from children than for excluding homosexuals from contact with kids.

BIEBER: I find that homosexuals as a group are not sexually oriented toward children. Some individual men may be, but very few. In general, Mr. Leitsch is correct that pedophilia is usually heterosexual. I try to get the point across to parents that they need not be afraid that their children will be seduced or misled if they're in contact with a homosexual. I have analyzed several men whose fathers were homosexual, but the sons didn't become homosexual. The idea that homosexuals are dangerous and that you have to keep them away and worry about them doesn't accord with my clinical experience.

SIMON: It's the dreadfully ignorant child who is most impaired by early homosexual experiences. Frequently, such a child has hysterical parents who make the act seem more significant than the child had felt it to be. There may be nothing going on in the child's mind until the parents put it there. Such a reaction can cripple children.

MANNES: I agree. There's a great deal of evidence that many men, who later turn out to be good husbands, fathers and members of the Rotary, had—in the Army or in college or earlier—one or two homosexual experiences that in no way changed the ultimate course of their

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lives. If a boy is so completely turned on by early homosexual experience that it knocks out any desire toward being heterosexual, then he's probably on his way anyway.

BIEBER: A boy doesn't get turned on to homosexuality as one would turn on an electric light. A great deal has gone before to prepare him to respond this way and even to invite seduction from an adult.

KUH: Putting aside the case of consensual statutory rape of a 16-year-old girl by a 19-year-old man, and talking about sex between really young youngsters and considerably older adults, I think more men are fondling little girls than they are little boys. But I do think that there is some evidence of interest by adult homosexuals in youngsters and in very young men. I suspect it exists more than the permissive would choose to recognize, and less than the conservative would like to believe. There are some homosexuals who are happiest with adolescents or recent postadolescents, just as there are some heterosexual adults who think it heaven to have a beautiful young girl on their arm rather than someone more in their own age and maturity group.

MARMOR: This may well be true, but what of it? It's no more abnormal for older homosexuals to be attracted to young men than for older heterosexuals to be attracted to young women. And it would be an unwarranted assumption to conclude that older homosexuals are more apt to seduce young men than heterosexuals are to seduce young women.

LEITSCH: Things can often work the other way, too. Young people have their sexual needs, and masturbation gets tiresome and doesn't sate the curiosity they feel about sexual relationships with others. Young homosexuals want to get laid, just like young heterosexuals do. Being jailbait, they have difficulty in finding adult partners, but looking for partners in their peer group is dangerous, too, because an advance to the wrong person can lead to ostracism or arrest. Older homosexuals are more likely to be recognizable, they can provide entry to the gay world and they're less likely to reveal to anyone that the affair took place. I can tell you from experience that there are a hell of a lot more young men trying to get older men in bed than there are older homosexuals looking for schoolboy partners. In many cases, it may be more appropriate to talk about old-man molesters than to talk about child molesters.

GOODMAN: In a healthy society, I can't see what harm there would be in an older man introducing a younger man to homosexual pleasures. But in their concern for the young, most people have overlooked an advantage in the laws against homosexuality. A happy property of sexual acts, and perhaps especially of homosexual acts, is that they are dirty, like life: As Augustine said, "*Inter urinas et feces nascimur*," "We're born amid piss and shit." In a society as middle class, orderly and technological as ours, it's good to break down squeamishness, since it is our overfastidiousness that causes us to institutionalize our sick and aged, to repress our children's earthy natural instincts and to discriminate against people different from ourselves. And the illegal and catch-as-catch-can nature of much homosexual life at present breaks down other conventional attitudes. Although I wish I could have had my parties with less apprehension and more unhurriedly, it's been an advantage to learn that the ends of docks, the backs of trucks, back alleys behind the stairs, abandoned bunkers on the beach and the washrooms of trains all provide what Marlowe called "infinite riches in a little room."

PLAYBOY: You're talking about sex in public or semipublic places, Mr. Goodman, where even heterosexuals could expect some harassment from the law. Can the police really enforce the law against totally private sexual acts with any consistency unless they grossly violate the laws against privacy invasion?

KUH: The likelihood of the police learning about such acts is microscopic, and desirably so. I know of not a single arrest in New York City or New York State for such private acts over the past many, many years; there may have been some, but very, very few. For any one case that the police might find out about—if they're interested in learning of it, and many, wisely, are not—there may be 10,000 that they have no knowledge of, because there is no complaint and no public scene. If two people meet in places other than public, the opportunity for police to observe them meeting and to know that they are about to engage or have already engaged in homosexual acts is nil.

PLOSCOWE: Occasionally, of course, the police will come into contact with adolescent boys who are somehow involved in sodomistic acts. And when they arrest a homosexual prostitute, they may start inquiring who his customers were. And this may wind up with the arrest of a lot of people, many of them quite respectable in the community.

KUH: With due respect, Morris, I think you overstate it. Even if police wanted to prosecute in such circumstances—and, by and large, there is no reason to believe that the police or courts in America today have any interest in private conduct among consenting adults—they'd have no case legally in most jurisdictions if all they had was the statement of a male prostitute as to who his customers were. Neither as a prosecutor nor a defense lawyer have I heard of a single arrest being made on a prostitute's statement—male or female—as to what customers he or she had. I'm afraid we have enough anti-police feeling now, among homosexuals and others, without intensifying it by painting the police as bogeymen in a field in which they have not been such. Yes, they do arrest homosexuals for hustling, just as heterosexuals are arrested for hustling professionally, but equally clearly, they rarely arrest people for private homosexual acts not publicly solicited, and they don't arrest lists of people whose names may turn up on the tongue or in the address book of a hustler. Enforcement even against public acts is often difficult, and therefore spasmodic. Obviously, the police would become known very quickly in gay bars where homosexuals solicit one another. They might make one arrest in a gay bar, but the same policeman isn't going to be able to make another; so the enforcement is quite different from the letter of the law.

McILVENNA: You clearly associate with a better class of policeman than I do, Mr. Kuh. I've had experience with the fallout of homosexual witch-hunts in a number of communities. I specifically remember a training film from an Ohio municipal police department that had made movies of men having sex in a public toilet. They reported the success of follow-up prosecutions against other men whom these men confessed to having had sex with. The voice boomed out, "This man is now serving 10 to 20 years for sodomy"—just like *Dragnet*. This may not be typical of the police, but your characterization is a little too much on the side of sweetness and light.

PLOSCOWE: The kind of witch-hunt enforcement you're talking about is extremely sporadic in large cities. Even enforcement of solicitation statutes is mostly directed toward discouraging homosexuals from meeting in particular locations such as comfort stations or public parks, and enforcement is simply a temporary activity. As soon as the police heat is taken off, things always slip back to normal.

PLAYBOY: If enforcement of the laws against private sexual activity is rare and enforcement of the laws against solicitation sporadic, it could be argued that the laws should be rescinded rather than disregarded, since they are obviously out of touch with common practice and affect only those involved.

KUH: It would seem to me that laws against public solicitation—whether by males or females—are desirable. When we get into public conduct, we have the problem of appearances; with something as public as solicitation, the community has an even greater right to be concerned. If certain areas of town are known as homosexual or heterosexual pickup districts, a honky-tonk quality develops that a community might sooner avoid. Also, the unwary visitor can be embarrassed if he goes to a public toilet and is solicited. Not only may he be embarrassed but, if he's queer and if his reaction is too ambivalent, he may find

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himself involved in a very common shakedown situation, with con men posing as plainclothes cops. I think there are very valid and compelling reasons for laws against public solicitation of one male by another.

TYNAN: But what reason could there possibly be for laws against solicitation if there were no laws against homosexuality? The shakedown would become impossible and the embarrassment a vestige of ancient prejudice. In any case, I would suggest that a certain amount of sexual embarrassment is good for people, in that it forces them to re-examine the nature of their sexual roles. The man who first discovered that he had an Oedipus complex was no doubt extremely embarrassed, but his discovery was a boon to his fellow human beings.

LEITSCH: There's a very simple test possible that would show whether or not people are morally offended by homosexual solicitation: The police should initiate no prosecutions for solicitation. Let private citizens initiate all complaints. That would be a fairly good barometer of how the public feels, and of how much homosexuals impinge on straights. It would also remove the police from a possible source of corruption—the easy shakedown of the cruising gay.

PLOSCOWE: Young street hoods are also frequently involved in assaulting and robbing homosexuals. I suspect there may be some gangs that specialize in robbing the more affluent homosexuals.

KUH: Many of these young males regard themselves as, and may be, heterosexual; but they see an easy buck, either by being paid for engaging in an act with a homosexual or going to his hotel room, pounding the daylights out of him and taking his money and his watch. In most such cases, the homosexual won't report the incident, whether or not he believes his own conduct is unlawful, because of the social obloquy involved. Law enforcement is powerless because it hasn't been notified; consequently, you get an anarchistic situation in which the homosexual lives at the mercy of the young hood who likes to beat up homosexuals for fun as well as profit.

LEITSCH: But this situation isn't created by homosexuals, who are unlikely to get involved in criminal behavior, except as victims: the victims of blackmail, the victims of gangs of hoods looking for someone to beat up. They pick the neighborhood queer as the most likely person not to hit back too hard. Homosexuals get involved in criminal behavior simply because most states disapprove of their meeting and getting together. The authorities disapprove of bars, restaurants and clubs that cater to homosexuals, so these places usually become very shady and fall into the hands of gangsters. The church isn't going to give Saturday-night dances for homosexuals, but the Mafia will give you a bar. So homosexuals get mixed up with criminals. But they don't tend to be murderers or bank robbers in any greater degree than heterosexuals.

BIEBER: Homosexuals, by and large, are law-abiding. But crimes are committed by homosexuals against other homosexuals. Cruising activity can wind up in beatings, robberies and occasionally murder. Even a seemingly stable liaison can end in unlawful violence. But crimes by homosexuals against the heterosexual community are rare.

SIMON: Attempts to control homosexual behavior have produced a whole series of crimes that present police enforcement can't handle. The data collected by Kinsey and his associates indicate that more than one out of every four homosexuals gets robbed and rolled at least once. That's an awful lot of crimes. And sometimes, as we all know, a would-be robber hits his victim harder than he intended and then the police have a murder on their hands—a murder that's frequently hard to solve because most homosexuals, as Dick Kuh pointed out, can't risk exposure. This strikes me as a very expensive price to pay for a program of police suppression of public forms of homosexuality, particularly when the programs themselves don't work. It must also be demoralizing for the police to implement laws they know they can't consistently enforce.

KUH: Bill, I don't disagree. You and Dick Leitsch have emphasized that homosexuals are preyed upon without any realistic redress. But I think it would be improper to conclude that this is the fault of our laws in any but the most marginal respects. Homosexuals don't come forward when victimized not because the law punishes their homosexual conduct but because of the public condemnation they fear might follow their self-exposure. That condemnation is not the result of laws; the laws are the result of the same strong anti-homosexual public feeling. The typical prosecutor is far more interested in convicting extortionists or thieves than in prosecuting the homosexual victim. I've seen prosecutors and the press—and this is typical, not the exception—join forces time after time to keep such victims clear of public identification in pursuing the goal of convicting the serious criminal who has victimized homosexuals.

McILVENNA: If it's true that the police are willing to protect homosexuals in blackmail and murder cases, then I think they should make this clear to the homosexual community.

PLAYBOY: This discussion of the laws and their enforcement seems to have been, again, exclusively male-oriented. Why?

PLOSCOWE: Well, the laws themselves traditionally reflect this orientation. In English law, the statutes against sodomy have always been directed only against men. In America, the states' laws are more all-encompassing. Crimes against nature are variously defined and the majority of states prohibit fellatio and cunnilingus, whether heterosexual or homosexual. Only Illinois, Connecticut and Alaska no longer have such laws, though the Texas sodomy law was recently declared unconstitutional and the state is appealing the case to the Supreme Court. In New York, married people are exempted from the provisions of the sodomy laws. But male homosexuals have definitely borne the brunt of law enforcement in this area. The sodomy statutes are only rarely enforced against heterosexual couples and never against Lesbians. The Kinsey team couldn't find one case sustaining the conviction of a female for homosexual activity in the hundreds of sodomy opinions they searched through, and those opinions dated from 1696 to 1952.

MARMOR: In rabbinical law, male homosexuality is a serious crime, but female homosexuality is a disqualification for marriage only to a rabbi. On a deeper level, however, these differences reflect the attitudes that exist toward male and female sexuality. In our society, women are considered less sexual creatures than men. Consequently, what they do to each other isn't as disturbing. Moreover, laws are made by men, so they tend to reflect the fact that female homosexuality doesn't threaten the heterosexual male as much as male homosexuality does.

LYON: I think this relationship to the law is one of the primary differences between the life styles of the male homosexual and the Lesbian. Male homosexuals have much more trouble with the law, but the Lesbian really doesn't get arrested much at all. Part of this may be related to the different values that society puts on men and women, but it's also related to the kind of sexual life style that the male homosexual leads. He tends to do more open soliciting than Lesbians do, and in more public places.

PLAYBOY: If the laws were changed, do you think there would be more or fewer homosexual acts performed?

KUH: Does the law against murder deter potential murders? I don't know, but one theory of criminal law is that it does. Under that theory, it seems to me reasonable for legislators to think that liberalization of the laws would result in more homosexuality. Making murder a crime may not deter the wife who, after a dozen years of being kicked and beaten by her drunken husband, finally plunges a kitchen knife into him; but when we're talking about deterring the acting out of a latent drive that otherwise law-abiding people may harbor, the arguments for deterrence are strong.

LEITSCH: If social laws and attitudes were

(continued on page 164)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man riding the crest of the good life. A traveler whose sense of adventure knows no boundaries. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by one of every two men under 35 (more than any other magazine) who had the time and the money to take a trip to the Caribbean, Bermuda or the Bahamas in the past five years. Want this man to go vacationing with you? Make sure your itinerary includes an advertising schedule in PLAYBOY. It's the most direct way to reach him. (Source: *1970 Simmons.*)

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fiction

By RICHARD MATHESON

duel

in broad daylight on a public highway, that crazy son-of-a-bitch truck driver was trying to kill him

AT 11:32 A.M., Mann passed the truck.

He was heading west, en route to San Francisco. It was Thursday and unseasonably hot for April. He had his suit coat off, his tie removed and shirt collar opened, his sleeve cuffs folded back. There was sunlight on his left arm and on part of his lap. He could feel the heat of it through his dark trousers as he drove along the two-lane highway. For the past 20 minutes, he had not seen another vehicle going in either direction.

Then he saw the truck ahead, moving up a curving grade between two high green hills. He heard the grinding strain of its motor and saw a double shadow on the road. The truck was pulling a trailer.

He paid no attention to the details of the truck. As he drew behind it on the grade, he edged his car toward the opposite lane. The road ahead had blind curves and he didn't try to pass until the truck had crossed the ridge. He waited until it started around a left curve on the downgrade, then, seeing that the way was clear, pressed down on the accelerator pedal and steered his car into the eastbound lane. He waited until he could see the truck front in his rearview mirror before he turned back into the proper lane.

Mann looked across the countryside ahead. There were ranges of mountains as far as he could see and, all around him, rolling green hills. He whistled softly as the car sped down the winding grade, its tires making crisp sounds on the pavement.

At the bottom of the hill, he crossed a concrete bridge and, glancing to the right, saw a dry stream bed strewn with rocks and gravel. As the car moved off the bridge, he saw a trailer park set back from the highway to his right. How can anyone live out here? he thought. His shifting gaze caught sight of a pet cemetery ahead and he smiled. Maybe those people in the trailers wanted to be close to the graves of their dogs and cats.

The highway ahead was straight now. Mann drifted into a reverie, the sunlight on his arm and lap. He wondered what Ruth was doing. The kids, of course, were in school and would be for hours yet. Maybe Ruth was shopping; Thursday was the day she usually went. Mann visualized her in the supermarket, putting various items into the basket cart. He wished he were with her instead

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

of starting on another sales trip. Hours of driving yet before he'd reach San Francisco. Three days of hotel sleeping and restaurant eating, hoped-for contacts and likely disappointments. He sighed; then, reaching out impulsively, he switched on the radio. He revolved the tuning knob until he found a station playing soft, innocuous music. He hummed along with it, eyes almost out of focus on the road ahead.

He started as the truck roared past him on the left, causing his car to shudder slightly. He watched the truck and trailer cut in abruptly for the westbound lane and frowned as he had to brake to maintain a safe distance behind it. What's with you? he thought.

He eyed the truck with cursory disapproval. It was a huge gasoline tanker pulling a tank trailer, each of them having six pairs of wheels. He could see that it was not a new rig but was dented and in need of renovation, its tanks painted a cheap-looking silvery color. Mann wondered if the driver had done the painting himself. His gaze shifted from the word FLAMMABLE printed across the back of the trailer tank, red letters on a white background, to the parallel reflector lines painted in red across the bottom of the tank to the massive rubber flaps swaying behind the rear tires, then back up again. The reflector lines looked as though they'd been clumsily applied with a stencil. The driver must be an independent trucker, he decided, and not too affluent a one, from the looks of his outfit. He glanced at the trailer's license plate. It was a California issue.

Mann checked his speedometer. He was holding steady at 55 miles an hour, as he invariably did when he drove without thinking on the open highway. The truck driver must have done a good 70 to pass him so quickly. That seemed a little odd. Weren't truck drivers supposed to be a cautious lot?

He grimaced at the smell of the truck's exhaust and looked at the vertical pipe to the left of the cab. It was spewing smoke, which clouded darkly back across the trailer. Christ, he thought. With all the furor about air pollution, why do they keep allowing that sort of thing on the highways?

He scowled at the constant fumes. They'd make him nauseated in a little while, he knew. He couldn't lag back here like this. Either he slowed down or he passed the truck again. He didn't have the time to slow down. He'd gotten a late start. Keeping it at 55 all the way, he'd just about make his afternoon appointment. No, he'd have to pass.

Depressing the gas pedal, he eased his car toward the opposite lane. No sign of anything ahead. Traffic on this route seemed almost nonexistent today. He pushed down harder on the accelerator and steered all the way into the eastbound lane.

As he passed the truck, he glanced at it. The cab was too high for him to see into. All he caught sight of was the back of the truck driver's left hand on the steering wheel. It was darkly tanned and square-looking, with large veins knotted on its surface.

When Mann could see the truck reflected in the rearview mirror, he pulled back over to the proper lane and looked ahead again.

He glanced at the rearview mirror in surprise as the truck driver gave him an extended horn blast. What was that? he wondered; a greeting or a curse? He grunted with amusement, glancing at the mirror as he drove. The front fenders of the truck were a dingy purple color, the paint faded and chipped; another amateurish job. All he could see was the lower portion of the truck; the rest was cut off by the top of his rear window.

To Mann's right, now, was a slope of shalelike earth with patches of scrub grass growing on it. His gaze jumped to the clapboard house on top of the slope. The television aerial on its roof was sagging at an angle of less than 40 degrees. Must give great reception, he thought.

He looked to the front again, glancing aside abruptly at a sign printed in jagged block letters on a piece of plywood: NIGHT CRAWLERS—BAIT. What the hell is a night crawler? he wondered. It sounded like some monster in a low-grade Hollywood thriller.

The unexpected roar of the truck motor made his gaze jump to the rearview mirror. Instantly, his startled look jumped to the side mirror. By God, the guy was passing him *again*. Mann turned his head to scowl at the leviathan form as it drifted by. He tried to see into the cab but couldn't because of its height. What's with him, anyway? he wondered. What the hell are we having here, a contest? See which vehicle can stay ahead the longer?

He thought of speeding up to stay ahead but changed his mind. When the truck and trailer started back into the westbound lane, he let up on the pedal, voicing a newly incredulous sound as he saw that if he hadn't slowed down, he would have been prematurely cut off again. Jesus Christ, he thought. What's *with* this guy?

His scowl deepened as the odor of the truck's exhaust reached his nostrils again. Irritably, he cranked up the window on his left. Damn it, was he going to have to breathe that crap all the way to San Francisco? He couldn't afford to slow down. He had to meet Forbes at a quarter after three and that was that.

He looked ahead. At least there was no traffic complicating matters. Mann pressed down on the accelerator pedal, drawing close behind the truck. When the highway curved enough to the left to give him a completely open view of the route ahead, he jarred down on the pedal, steering out into the opposite lane.

The truck edged over, blocking his way.

For several moments, all Mann could do was stare at it in blank confusion. Then, with a startled noise, he braked, returning to the proper lane. The truck moved back in front of him.

Mann could not allow himself to accept what apparently had taken place. It had to be a coincidence. The truck driver couldn't have blocked his way on purpose. He waited for more than a minute, then flicked down the turn-indicator lever to make his intentions perfectly clear and, depressing the accelerator pedal, steered again into the eastbound lane.

Immediately, the truck shifted, barring his way.

"*Jesus Christ!*" Mann was astounded. This was unbelievable. He'd never seen such a thing in 26 years of driving. He returned to the westbound lane, shaking his head as the truck swung back in front of him.

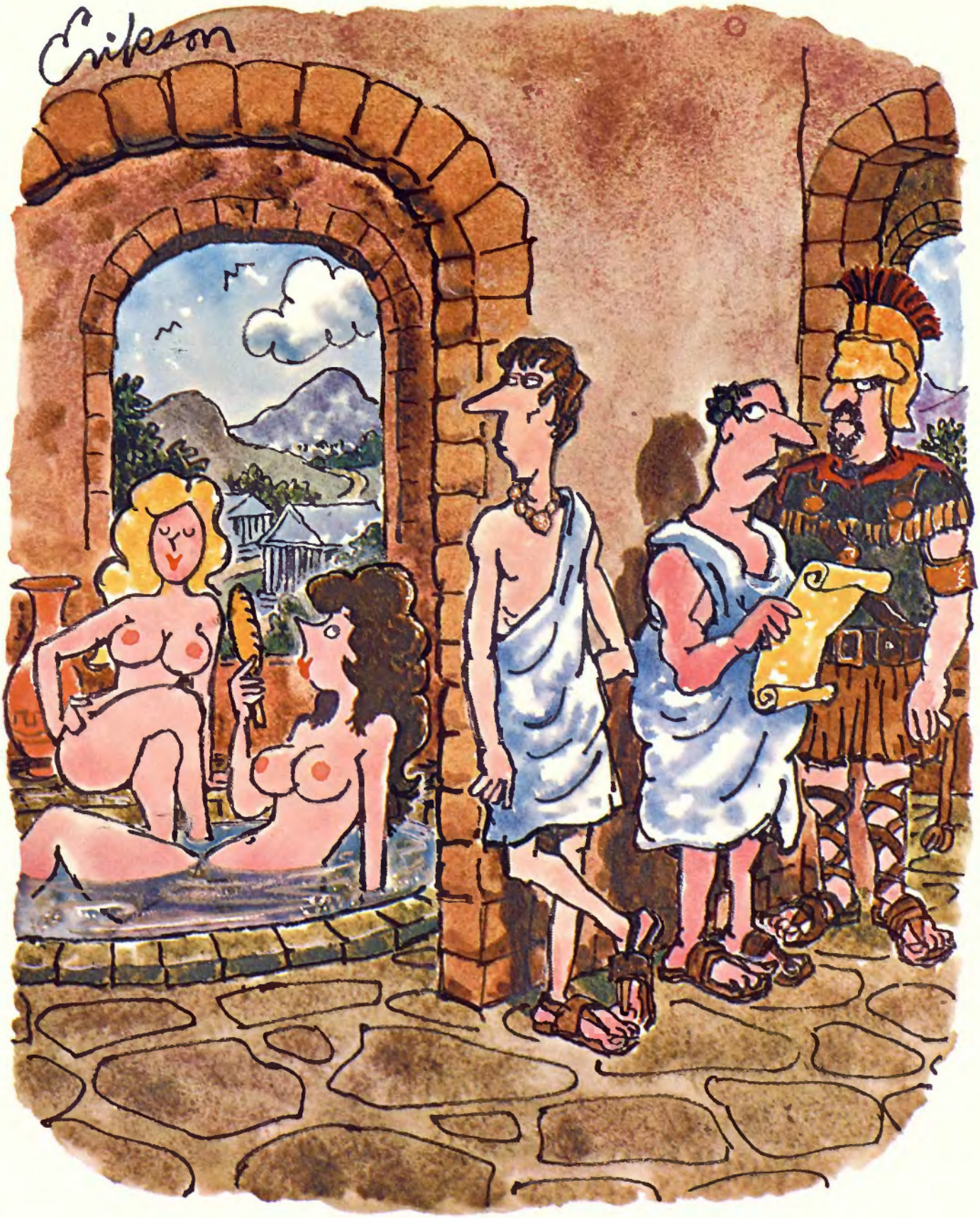
He eased up on the gas pedal, falling back to avoid the truck's exhaust. Now what? he wondered. He still had to make San Francisco on schedule. Why in God's name hadn't he gone a little out of his way in the beginning, so he could have traveled by freeway? This damned highway was two lane all the way.

Impulsively, he sped into the eastbound lane again. To his surprise, the truck driver did not pull over. Instead, the driver stuck his left arm out and waved him on. Mann started pushing down on the accelerator. Suddenly, he let up on the pedal with a gasp and jerked the steering wheel around, raking back behind the truck so quickly that his car began to fishtail. He was fighting to control its zigzag whipping when a blue convertible shot by him in the opposite lane. Mann caught a momentary vision of the man inside it glaring at him.

The car came under his control again. Mann was sucking breath in through his mouth. His heart was pounding almost painfully. My God! he thought. *He wanted me to hit that car head on.* The realization stunned him. True, he should have seen to it himself that the road ahead was clear; that was his failure. But to wave him on. . . . Mann felt appalled and sickened. Boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, he thought. This was really one for the books. That son of a bitch had meant for not only him to be killed but a totally uninvolved passer-by as well. The idea seemed beyond his comprehension. On a California highway on a Thursday morning? *Why?*

Mann tried to calm himself and rationalize the incident. Maybe it's the heat, he thought. Maybe the truck driver

(continued on page 108)



"One more thing. Take yon Cassius out and get him laid."

THE DEATH OF LIBERALISM

a radical journalist contends that the old-line liberals—obsessed with cold-war anti-communism, big government and unworkable social programs—have misled and misgoverned america

opinion **By JACK NEWFIELD**

He not busy being born is busy dying. —BOB DYLAN

THE OLD LIBERALISM is busy dying. As a theory, as a tradition, as a set of institutions, as a group of leaders, liberal anti-communism has become a God that failed. Liberals such as Hubert Humphrey and Nelson Rockefeller have become part of the problem—worn-out fig leaves covering the naked emperor's private parts. The New Deal has become the status quo; the old solution has become the new problem.

Let me be precise about who the liberals and the liberal center are: I'm talking about the Peace Corps, the Alsop brothers, the A. D. A. (Americans for Democratic Action), Bayard Rustin, the A. F. L.-C. I. O., *The New York Times*. I'm also talking about the Ford Foundation, the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Ripon Society—all self-proclaimed pillars of liberalism. There is also the liberalism of those "tough-minded" professors such as McGeorge Bundy, Walt Rostow, John Roche and Henry Kissinger, which has become indistinguishable from the kill-ratio logic of the Defense Department computers that predicted the last Viet Cong guerrilla would die 20 months ago. The liberalism of respectable institutions such as *Commentary* magazine, Freedom House and New York's Liberal Party has become a barrier to social change, a dead hand on the present, preventing the liberation of new ideas, new programs, new movements, new myths. After zigzagging ambiguously through the Thirties and Forties, the American electoral left fell off the track entirely about 1950, and we are still paying the backbreaking price.

We are paying that price in Vietnam, the war that began in Harvard Yard, where Bundy, Rostow, Kissinger, Pat Moynihan and John Kennedy all spent so many fine, formative hours. We are paying that price in a trade-union leadership that stands to the right of *The Wall Street Journal* and the Catholic Church on most public issues. (One cannot help but notice how much the C. I. O. deteriorated *after* it cleansed itself by purging Reds and radicals in the late Forties.) And we are paying that price in the unnatural isolation of the student, black and anti-war movements of the Sixties, which were forced to start from scratch, bereft of immediate historical fathers.

The crucial point is that during the Fifties, liberalism lost its will to fight and accepted the basic economic and foreign-policy assumptions of the right. And this pulled the center of gravity of American politics decisively away from the left. What has happened these past 20 years is not that the country has grown more conservative but that *liberalism* has grown more conservative. By failing to organize F. D. R.'s "one third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished," by remaining silent during Joe McCarthy's attack on the Bill of Rights and by getting us into Vietnam, liberalism did the work of the right while claiming to represent the left.

Now we must move beyond and transcend the Cold War liberalism of military intervention (Bay of Pigs, Dominican Republic, Vietnam) by becoming peaceful internationalists once again. And as historians such as Howard Zinn, Christopher Lasch and Staughton Lynd have pointed out, we must go back and rediscover the deeper roots of the indigenous American left in fragments of the Populist, feminist, black, Socialist and Progressive movements of the late 19th and early 20th Centuries.

No insurgent movement has ever succeeded that was rooted in hatred of its own country—a fatal mistake of which parts of the New Left (Weathermen, Yippies) are guilty. By retrieving the banner of the left as it was before it was corrupted by the Cold War, we offer the post-linear kids something inside their own nation with which to identify, so they won't have to import exotic fantasy notions of revolution from North Korea or Bolivia. By restoring the old dignity to the Populist attack on monopolies and abusive corporations and banks, we can take liberalism out of the soft suburban living rooms and place it on the side of the workingman—the unskilled factory worker, the waitress, the gas-station attendant, the dishwasher, the taxi driver, the small farmer. And by reconnecting with the old Populist passion for participation and decentralization, we can begin to end the liberal's romance with bigness and centralization. The agrarian Populists had a healthy skepticism of organization and remote power, a skepticism that was abandoned by liberalism in its delusion that all human problems can be solved in Washington if you hire enough experts and bureaucrats and pay for enough Rand Corporation studies.

• • •

If something lasting went out of liberalism during the Fifties, then there had to be a deeper reason than just the Cold War, or McCarthyism, or that the unions purged all their rebels. That reason was that the central intellectual formulations of liberal anti-communism were mistaken. I don't say that the liberal leaders of the Fifties were badly motivated or uncommonly corrupt, or that any large numbers were caught in the web of conspiracy woven by the CIA spider. All I argue is that their judgment was bad, and their mistakes have had grievous historical consequences.

They were wrong, first, in their total, fanatical anti-communism, which permitted no possibility for change in the Soviet bloc and blinded them to terrible injustices within their own society and within the so-called Free World. Philosopher Sidney *(continued on page 122)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

The Well-Versed Lana Wood

natalie's kid sister —an accomplished actress—adds poetry to her bag

AT THE AGE OF NINE, when most young girls are playing with dolls and exploring the neighborhood on bicycles, Lana Wood was a professional movie actress—filling juvenile roles in films that starred her older sister Natalie. Following in her famous sibling's footsteps began to pall as Lana reached her mid-teens and she went to work at sales and secretarial jobs —until one day in 1964 when Lana, then 18, was offered a supporting role in a television episode of *Dr. Kildare*. "After the first day's shooting, I realized that acting was what I really wanted," Lana recalls. So she chucked her steno pad and plunged into TV full time, landing a succession of meaty parts, including 14 months as a resident of *Peyton Place*. Despite her ongoing record of independent achievement—she'll guest on a David Janssen–series pilot film this fall—Lana is still more often than not referred to as "Natalie Wood's little sister." Sister she is, but Lana's a big girl now and a versatile one as well. Her newest interest is writing highly personal and stylized poems—five of which we publish here for the first time, accompanied by photos of their bountifully gifted author.

You either do not really know
Or you just do not want to know
or
You know
And don't want to tell me.

Revelation
and
Revolution
at a quick glance
are often mistaken for each other.

Feeling down
and
Falling down
are also
quite the same.

As you raise your head
to look out
to the treetops
you see
feathery
light
branches
breaking up the gray sky
into
tiny pieces
and your thoughts
are being lifted
up
and out
scattering in the breeze
investigating
the clouds
and then
are brought back down
by the rain
and the monotony
of noise
will pacify
till your fingers hurt
from squeezing
the arm of the chair
and you'll stop
and you'll go inside again.

The white unfinished
wall that stands
marked only with
patches
of time
cobwebs
of short experiences
of life
fingerprints
of a few
who have tried to
touch
but still empty
and waiting
waiting
for the man
with a full mind
of pictures
who will bring
with him
his colored ideas
and slowly
with soft hands
and deliberate strokes
will draw the warmth
of freedom
and love
upon my mind.

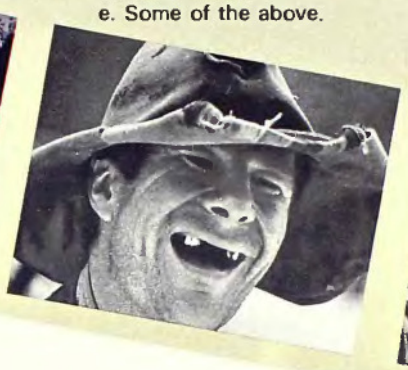
a really dynamite quiz guaranteed to unzip the hip facade from even the spaciest of freaks

1. The gentleman below has been inspiration and solace for millions of people. Who is he?
   a. F.D.R.
   b. A prominent Cleveland narc.
   c. Monsieur Zig Zag.
   d. Oral Roberts.

2. What is the significance of this house?
   a. Following the 1957 homecoming game, Wanda Kosnisky and the entire varsity football team of Leaning Grace, Montana, herein set a world record that still stands.
   b. The Band recorded its first album here.
   c. It was Owsley's first acid shop.
   d. Tim Leary, Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver and Hitler are all alive and well here.

3. Which of these is the greatest contradiction in terms?
   a. A hip Nebraskan.
   b. A Rod McKuen poem.
   c. Radical chic.
   d. Simon & Garfunkel.

4. This person is:
   a. Yoko Ono.
   b. Phil Spector's mother.
   c. Two of the Supremes.
   d. Wavy Gravy.
   e. Some of the above.



5. What is a "stone bummer"?
   a. Someone who keeps borrowing your rocks.
   b. Being a perch in Lake Erie.
   c. Being a person in Washington, D. C.
   d. Anyone who cares what "on the cusp" means.

6. The man with the pool cue is:
   a. Probably not a billiard player at all.
   b. Probably off the beat.
   c. Making history.
   d. Making a movie.

TRUE OR FALSE? YOKO ONO IS HEAVIER THAN ROD McKUEN.

13. This is the trademark of:
    a. The Lone Ranger.
    b. Peter Townshend.
    c. Bill Graham.
    d. Billy Graham.

14. You're a rock star who is emotionally incapable of singing in public unless your genitals are exposed. Who are you?

15. Which one of these men is currently serving time in a penitentiary for criminal activity?

16. To which part of the body does the word "hip" refer?
    a. A place on the side between the ribs and leg.
    b. Any part covered by tie-dyed threads.
    c. The part between the soul and the nose.
    d. The ripened false fruit of a rose that consists of a fleshy receptacle enclosing numerous achenes.

17. These gentlemen have a name. Do you know what it is?
    a. No, I don't.
    b. Yes, I do.

18. True or false? (choose one)
    a. T.
    b. F.
    c. Neither of the above.

19. *Easy Rider* is to reality as:
    a. Peter Fonda is to acting.
    b. Richard Brautigan is to poetry.
    c. Tim Leary is to insight.
    d. Icarus is to flight.

20. You grew up with talking cereals. Now you're faced with talking dope. What does amyl nitrite say?
    a. "Snap."
    b. "Crackle."
    c. "Pop."
    d. "This is a recording; you're under arrest."

21. If you had a farm in far Bethel, New York, and found that in the middle years of your life you were just plain lonely, what desperate step would you take?

humor **By DAVID STANDISH and CRAIG VETTER**

DEEP DOWN you *know* that being hip is the most important and most difficult thing in the world. And, like all delicate Aquarian children, you secretly fear that in moments of stress the 1957-hepcat crewcut lurking beneath your carefully shaggy hair and sideburns will creep into view. To help prepare you for this most terrible of all possible moments, we offer this hip quiz, which you may take in the nonprivacy of your own commune—and find out *once* and for all how straight and short your spiritual hair really is. (Answers are on the following pages.)

7. What are "reds" and "yellows"?
   a. Communists and Chinamen.
   b. Chinamen and downers.
   c. Downers and cowards.
   d. Communists and cowards.

8. Who is shorter, Norman Mailer or Dick Cavett?

9. All right, culture vultures, here's a list of heavy dudes and sisters:
   Ahmet Ertegun, Jennie Dean, "Bumps" Blackwell, Ry Cooder, Ruben Salazar, Ken Babs, Don Van Vliet, Ishmael Reed, Jay Lynch, Archie Manning, Bernie Taupin, Cynthia Plastercaster.
   We won't insult you by asking who they are; we'll be happy if you'll just tell us what popular word you get when you combine their middle initials.

10. What plant is this?
    a. Corn.
    b. Oregano.
    c. Marijuana.

11. The age of *"dooby ah ba ba bop bop bop baby"* rock lyrics is long dead; today, the lyrics speak sensitively and poetically for a turned-on generation. To prove you're listening, identify the following lines from classic rock poems.
    a. *"Found my coat and grabbed my hat."*
    b. *"Call any vegetable, call it by name / Call one today, when you get off the train."*
    c. *"Talking 'bout my g-g-g-g. . . ."*
    d. *"That big fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon."*
    e. *"Honey, doggone it, I depend upon it, so lay a little lovin' on me."*

12. *I Ching* is:
    a. Mao's brother-in-law.
    b. Three dozen unnamable vegetables simmering in lobster sauce.
    c. Confucius' greatest hit.
    d. The heaviest laundry head in the East Village.

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22. Here is the Cincinnati Junior Chamber of Commerce Pick Hit of 1956. It was into all sorts of constructive activities like student council and sports writing for the Walnut Hills High School newspaper. It was voted the man most likely to succeed —but what did it succeed at and who is it?

23. In California, which carries the stiffest penalty?
    a. Possession of grass.
    b. Possession of heroin.
    c. Possession of LSD.
    d. Possession of Wayne Newton records.

24. This was the entire public-transportation fleet for Edge City. Who was mayor of this perambulating little town?
    a. Irving Edge.
    b. Captain Trips.
    c. General Motors.
    d. Jimmy Breslin.

25. If you were a press-shy rock superstar and wanted to go back to being a pimple-faced unknown in Hibbing, Minnesota, to what would you change your name?

26. What comes next in this sequence: Fort Dix 2, Chicago 7, Presidio 27, New Haven 8?

27. Who was the first person on earth to do 194 mph on a chopped, retooled Harley-Davidson 74?
    a. Eddie "Gristle Mouth" Spodniak of Weeping Belly, Iowa, on March 23, 1954.
    b. Sam "Killer Grease" Zahursky of Moon Cleats, Ohio, on July 12, 1956.
    c. Gaylord "Twinkle Toes" McGuire of Taco Bell, California, on April 6, 1955.

28. You thought it was hip to know the names and canons of fashionable film directors like Truffaut, Godard, Fellini and Resnais. But look again, that was last week. Now, it's the film editors, so now you have to know which one of the following films was edited by Ann Kindberg.
    a. *Gun Fight at the Walgreen Lunch Counter.*
    b. *I, a Lizard.*
    c. *Sexual Freedom in Philadelphia.*
    d. *Guess What We Learned in School Today?*

ANSWERS:

1. c.
2. b.
3. a, b, c, d.
4. d and e.
5. a, b, c, d.
6. c and d.
7. Half of b and half of c.
8. U Thant.
9. ETAOINSHRDLU.
10. None of these; it's an artificial pot plant manufactured for doctors' offices, etc., by a California firm.
11. a. Beatles, *A Day in the Life.*
    b. Zappa / Mothers, *Call Any Vegetable.*
    c. The Who, *My Generation.*
    d. Dylan, *I'll Be Your Baby Tonight.*
    e. Robin McNamara, *Lay a Little Lovin' on Me.*
12. c.
13. All of these except the weird masked man, who left before we could thank him.
14. You're little Jimmy Morrison.

22. Its name is Jerry Rubin and it didn't succeed at anything. It participated in the only revolution that was cleaned up for late-night TV talk shows.
23. Heroin will get you the most time in the slammer, but several concerned groups are urging legislation to put possession of Newton records in the same category.
24. b. Captain Trips—alias Ken Kesey.
25. Robert Zimmerman.
26. The Indianapolis 500.

15. The inmate in the center is Father Daniel Berrigan, now doing time for destroying draft records.

16. None of these. It's that part which old ladies who walk slowly in print dresses break when they fall.

17. b.

18. d.

19. Peter Fonda is to Richard Brautigan as Tim Leary is to insight.

20. c.

21. Launch the Woodstock Nation.

27. None of those guys. It was the late LaVerne "Boss Butch" Hrzyczk of Finger, New Jersey, on March 11, 1952, at 6:43 A.M.

28. d.

FALSE. ROD McKUEN HAS 60 POUNDS ON HER, EASY.

SCORING:
Everybody knows it's not hip to be into the competitive-achievement trip, so if you bothered to take the test at all, you can't possibly be hip. One consolation, though: If you answered most of the questions correctly, at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that you possess a remarkably extensive body of useless information. Can you dig it?

duel

(continued from page 96)

had a tension headache or an upset stomach; maybe both. Maybe he'd had a fight with his wife. Maybe she'd failed to put out last night. Mann tried in vain to smile. There could be any number of reasons. Reaching out, he twisted off the radio. The cheerful music irritated him.

He drove behind the truck for several minutes, his face a mask of animosity. As the exhaust fumes started putting his stomach on edge, he suddenly forced down the heel of his right hand on the horn bar and held it there. Seeing that the route ahead was clear, he pushed in the accelerator pedal all the way and steered into the opposite lane.

The movement of his car was paralleled immediately by the truck. Mann stayed in place, right hand jammed down on the horn bar. Get out of the way, you son of a bitch! he thought. He felt the muscles of his jaw hardening until they ached. There was a twisting in his stomach.

"*Damn!*" He pulled back quickly to the proper lane, shuddering with fury. "You miserable son of a bitch," he muttered, glaring at the truck as it was shifted back in front of him. What the hell is wrong with you? I pass your goddamn rig a couple of times and you go flying off the deep end? Are you nuts or something? Mann nodded tensely. Yes, he thought; he *is*. No other explanation.

He wondered what Ruth would think of all this, how she'd react. Probably, she'd start to honk the horn and would keep on honking it, assuming that, eventually, it would attract the attention of a policeman. He looked around with a scowl. Just where in hell *were* the policemen out here, anyway? He made a scoffing noise. What policemen? Here in the boondocks? They probably had a sheriff on horseback, for Christ's sake.

He wondered suddenly if he could fool the truck driver by passing on the right. Edging his car toward the shoulder, he peered ahead. No chance. There wasn't room enough. The truck driver could shove him through that wire fence if he wanted to. Mann shivered. And he'd want to, sure as hell, he thought.

Driving where he was, he grew conscious of the debris lying beside the highway: beer cans, candy wrappers, ice-cream containers, newspaper sections browned and rotted by the weather, a FOR SALE sign torn in half. Keep America beautiful, he thought sardonically. He passed a boulder with the name WILL JASPER painted on it in white. Who the hell is Will Jasper? he wondered. What would he think of this situation?

Unexpectedly, the car began to bounce. For several anxious moments, Mann thought that one of his tires had gone flat. Then he noticed that the paving along this section of highway consisted of pitted slabs with gaps between them. He saw the truck and trailer jolting up and down and thought: I hope it shakes your brains loose. As the truck veered into a sharp left curve, he caught a fleeting glimpse of the driver's face in the cab's side mirror. There was not enough time to establish his appearance.

"Ah," he said. A long, steep hill was looming up ahead. The truck would have to climb it slowly. There would doubtless be an opportunity to pass somewhere on the grade. Mann pressed down on the accelerator pedal, drawing as close behind the truck as safety would allow.

Halfway up the slope, Mann saw a turnout for the eastbound lane with no oncoming traffic anywhere in sight. Flooring the accelerator pedal, he shot into the opposite lane. The slow-moving truck began to angle out in front of him. Face stiffening, Mann steered his speeding car across the highway edge and curved it sharply on the turnout. Clouds of dust went billowing up behind his car, making him lose sight of the truck. His tires buzzed and crackled on the dirt, then, suddenly, were humming on the pavement once again.

He glanced at the rearview mirror and a barking laugh erupted from his throat. He'd only meant to pass. The dust had been an unexpected bonus. Let the bastard get a sniff of something rotten smelling in *his* nose for a change! he thought. He honked the horn elatedly, a mocking rhythm of bleats. Screw you, Jack!

He swept across the summit of the hill. A striking vista lay ahead: sunlit hills and flatland, a corridor of dark trees, quadrangles of cleared-off acreage and bright-green vegetable patches; far off, in the distance, a mammoth water tower. Mann felt stirred by the panoramic sight. Lovely, he thought. Reaching out, he turned the radio back on and started humming cheerfully with the music.

Seven minutes later, he passed a billboard advertising CHUCK'S CAFÉ. No thanks, Chuck, he thought. He glanced at a gray house nestled in a hollow. Was that a cemetery in its front yard or a group of plaster statuary for sale?

Hearing the noise behind him, Mann looked at the rearview mirror and felt himself go cold with fear. The truck was hurtling down the hill, pursuing him.

His mouth fell open and he threw a glance at the speedometer. He was doing more than 60! On a curving downgrade, that was not at all a safe speed to be driving. Yet the truck must be exceeding that by a considerable margin, it was closing the distance between them so rapidly. Mann swallowed, leaning to the right as he steered his car around a sharp curve. Is the man *insane*? he thought.

His gaze jumped forward searchingly. He saw a turnoff half a mile ahead and decided that he'd use it. In the rearview mirror, the huge square radiator grille was all he could see now. He stamped down on the gas pedal and his tires screeched unnervingly as he wheeled around another curve, thinking that, surely, the truck would have to slow down here.

He groaned as it rounded the curve with ease, only the sway of its tanks revealing the outward pressure of the turn. Mann bit trembling lips together as he whipped his car around another curve. A straight descent now. He depressed the pedal farther, glanced at the speedometer. Almost 70 miles an hour! He wasn't used to driving this fast!

In agony, he saw the turnoff shoot by on his right. He couldn't have left the highway at this speed, anyway; he'd have overturned. Goddamn it, what was wrong with that son of a bitch? Mann honked his horn in frightened rage. Cranking down the window suddenly, he shoved his left arm out to wave the truck back. "*Back!*" he yelled. He honked the horn again. "Get back, you crazy bastard!"

The truck was almost on him now. He's going to kill me! Mann thought, horrified. He honked the horn repeatedly, then had to use both hands to grip the steering wheel as he swept around another curve. He flashed a look at the rearview mirror. He could see only the bottom portion of the truck's radiator grille. He was going to lose control! He felt the rear wheels start to drift and let up on the pedal quickly. The tire treads bit in, the car leaped on, regaining its momentum.

Mann saw the bottom of the grade ahead, and in the distance there was a building with a sign that read CHUCK'S CAFÉ. The truck was gaining ground again. This is insane! he thought, enraged and terrified at once. The highway straightened out. He floored the pedal: 74 now—75. Mann braced himself, trying to ease the car as far to the right as possible.

Abruptly, he began to brake, then swerved to the right, raking his car into the open area in front of the café. He cried out as the car began to fishtail, then careened into a skid. *Steer with it!* screamed a voice in his mind. The rear of the car was lashing from side to side, tires spewing dirt and raising clouds of dust. Mann pressed harder on the brake pedal, turning further into the skid. The car began to straighten out and he braked harder yet, conscious, on the sides of his vision, of the truck and trailer roaring by on the highway. He nearly sideswiped one of the cars parked in front of the café, bounced and skidded by it, going almost straight now. He jammed in the brake pedal as hard as he could. The

(continued on page 168)

THE MISS MALAWI CONTEST

fiction By PAUL THEROUX *in a jungle beauty pageant, you better believe that black is beautiful*

IN THE LAST WEEK of April, on a Saturday night in Blantyre, the Miss Malawi Contest was held. Sponsored by Ambi Creams, Ltd., a Rhodesian skin-lightener manufacturer, it was an annual affair: Every year, Miss Malawi won a cash prize and several cases of Ambi and was flown to London in June to compete against Miss Gambia, Miss Pakistan and the others for the Miss Commonwealth crown. There was always the possibility of being sent later to the Miss Universe Contest in Miami. But that eventuality was so remote it was not spoken about, and locally the contest was seen as a political struggle. It was invested with all the authority of folk tradition: "What will happen when the old man goes?" was answered with, "Who was Miss Malawi

last year?" Before anyone had heard of Hastings Osbong, the girl who was crowned Miss Nyasaland Protectorate was seen being squired around Blantyre by a talkative little man with a facial tic and always in a natty suit. The white settlers took no notice; they had their own beauty queens, elected at the sports clubs and agricultural shows, Miss Rugger and Miss Groundnut. But most Africans guessed that, at independence, Dr. Osbong, the homburg-wearing companion of Miss Nyasaland Protectorate, would be the first president. This augury confirmed, a tradition was born and many of the cabinet ministers used the Miss Malawi competition to test their influence. Entering their girlfriends in it was regarded as something like fighting a by-election in a stubbornly mute constituency.

That was the talk. It was what Major Beaglehole, the retired British army officer, told Calvin Mullet. Major Beaglehole went on to say that three former Miss Malawis worked at the eating house. To look at them was to be certain the contest was rigged. But Calvin was bored by the thought of beauty contests; Homemaker's Mutual, the insurance company he served in this remote land, had had one at its annual outing at Nantasket Beach, and Calvin told Beaglehole, "I didn't come nine thousand miles to watch a beauty contest." He would have ignored the Miss Malawi Contest altogether, had Mira, his wife, not brought him an application form and asked him to fill it out for her.

"Come off it," said Calvin. "What do you want to enter that thing for?"

"Miss Malawi," Mira pouted.

It was wrong. There was not the faintest bit of African culture in it. It was a reversal, offensive to Calvin. Africans were a proud race: Why should they let themselves get involved in the publicity gimmick of a Rhodesian skin-lightener company?

"What's the point? African countries shouldn't have beauty contests. It's not right. It's not"—not *traditional*, he thought. She didn't know the word. He said, "No good."

"Is good," said Mira.

"No," said Calvin. "You don't want to be Miss Malawi."

"Do," said Mira.

"Mullet, you're talking like a black," said Major Beaglehole. "Of course, it's a fiddle, everyone knows that. Osbong's tarty little chit won it back in Sixty-three. It's always the same, but that's no reason to talk like a black."

"I'll talk the way I want," said Calvin. "I won't have my wife entering any beauty contests, and that's that."

"Don't you listen to him," said Bailey to Mira. "I always say, just having them up there with their bums showing in their cute little frocks is good for trade."

Bailey was the manageress of the combined boardinghouse-whorehouse where they lived.

"It's a waste of time," said Calvin.

"You're a fine one to talk about wasting time," said Bailey. "Stop nattering and fill up the form. There's a love."

Grumbling, Calvin filled in the application and pinned a 50-osbong note to it as a deposit. Only then, delaying and snapping the bill, did he notice that the dark face in the watermark was Osbong's.

Calvin was angry, because in spite of what everyone said about the contest, he was sure Mira could win. The winners of beauty contests were driven foolish and they always seemed to end badly, as whorish starlets or hostesses in night clubs. In Malawi, their pictures were used on the Ambi posters.

Mira received the application with a smile. She flung her arms around Calvin's neck and kissed him. She was wearing one of her flowered head scarves and a toga of a silken sari drawn close to her body. One arm jangled with a whole sleeve of gold bracelets. In her, jungle genes were threaded on black necklaces of Central African chromosomes. She was hard and slim, her mouse ears were slightly larger than most women's ears, or perhaps seemed so because they were not hidden by hair. She had a long graceful neck and hooded slanting eyes; she was not black but a deep brown. From the waist up, she was gently molded, like the handle of a dagger; her breasts were small. Her legs were long for her size and straight as two stiletto blades. She was Calvin's blackbird, his cat; she had sharp little teeth.

When she was dressed in smooth silk, the soft fabric slipping over her curves, Calvin desired her. He tantalized himself by sliding his hand under the silk sheath and caressing the flesh of her gloriously firm edges, so many angles and surprises. It verged on the perverse. She obliged Calvin by dressing this way, baited him by draping her bareness, which, masked, provoked him, drove him wild. He groped up her thigh. She showed her teeth and helped his hand.

She was pretty, and though he had not married her for that (he would have settled for the company of her simple presence), it was welcome. She had her secrets, but her loveliness was unhidden. Of this, Calvin was positive. A week after their marriage, they had had a little quarrel about washing. She washed a great deal; Calvin did not. He had washed and shaved for the wedding and had glued his hair down, but after that, he lost interest. He was not trying to impress anyone. He said that like an African, he was happy dirty: Filth relaxed him. There was something cozy and familiar in an undershirt that had been worn for a week or two. Mira told him to keep clean; she gave him soap. Calvin was hurt. And scared: Obsessive washing reminded him unpleasantly of his first wife. Now Mira, black Mira, whom he had brought from a little dorp in Central Africa, was starting the same business. Calvin said it was stupid to spend so much time under a dripping barrel suspended in the air while Jarvis Moore lugged buckets of hot water up a ladder, attempting to keep the punctured barrel filled. Mira caught at the word stupid and cried. But this was not the end of it. That night, she lay flat on the bed; Calvin bent over and spread his hands on her, one hand on the full boneless dumpling of a breast, the other fishing in the fuzzy nave of her thighs. He was first a blind man lightly translating the body's braille; then, with desire, an organist feeling for chords. Calvin crouched to pick her open with a kiss.

"Peeg!"

She jackknifed and slapped his face.

Calvin fled from the room, tumescent, and walked the streets, searching for a girl to pick up. The eating-house bar was empty. Calvin walked down St. Andrews Street to Osbong, where he found the bars closed and shuttered. A girl in an alley off Henderson Street clicked her teeth at him. Calvin stopped and went closer to her. She was drunk, she held his sleeve and pursed her lips, trying to kiss. Calvin pulled away and ran up to Victoria Street, where at Barclay's Bank and Kandodo Supermarket, night watchmen huddled around fires or were slung in charpoys in the doorways with bedclothes of newspapers. Two blocks up Victoria, a pack of Youth Wingers appeared, armed with truncheons and knobkerries, and started toward Calvin. Calvin ducked down Fotheringham Road and saw several girls dispersing. He followed one, then another, back down to Osbong, avoiding the Youth Wingers, and had almost reached Agnello's building and the junction when he saw a figure he first took to be a lithe, young Sikh boy in a sarong. It was a girl. Calvin followed, led on by the busy bobbing of her likely bum. In Chinyanja, there was a specific word of eight thumping syllables for the rotating movement of a woman's bottom when she walked. The girl moved swiftly, 16 syllables to a step, and had almost reached the clock tower when Calvin, drawing close to her and on the point of making a kissing sound —the way one calls a cat: All the girls responded to it—and saying *muli bwanji*, saw the girl's face in the helpful blaze of a watchman's fire: Mira, yes.

So pretty, even from the back, in the dark, late at night, as a stranger. They hugged and brushed lips; jungle lovers. Mira plunged her hand down the top of his trousers and held his quickening shaft. She steered him back to the boardinghouse and, much later, she bathed

"I like it—it makes you look sexy."

him, soaping him by lantern light in Beaglehole's claw-foot bathtub.

• • •

"Lays and german!" called the master of ceremonies on the stage of the Rainbow Theater, in a slurring attempt at an American accent. "Wid yer permission, lays and german, lemme interduce dese luffly, luffly chicks!"

They were under the Ambi banner LOOK LOVELIER, LOOK LIGHTER—AMBI IS FOR YOU. The Ismailian brothel had sent a very thin one; the Groundnut Marketing Board had sent two; the *Malawi News*, one of its girl reporters; the League of Malawi Women, one; and two each from the Good-morning Panwallah, the Zambesi Bar, the New Safari Drink House, the Victoria Club and the High Life. There were three (Grace, Abby, Ameena) from Auntie Zeeba's Eating House. Five in special finery (feathered hats, trim dresses and long white gloves) were unsponsored: These were assumed to be the cabinet ministers' girlfriends. There was Mira in silk. And there was another.

"Look at that," Major Beaglehole said. "A ruddy Hottentot."

She was a fat black woman with streaks of red ocher on her face. She wore a leopardskin, a necklace of yellow lion fangs and a civet-cat peruke. Strings of little bells were tied around her ankles and wrists. She stamped and made swimming movements with her arms, sounding these bells. She was armed, a quiver of arrows at her back, a bow slung over her shoulder. In her hand was a limber spear, a trident, popular with the lakeshore tribes. A carving knife with a beaded handle and a stone hatchet were crammed into her belt. She was introduced as Zanama.

Each girl, on being presented by the master of ceremonies, had winked or salaciously adjusted her dress. Mira had smiled toward Calvin. Zanama had called out in a coarse village voice; a whole section of the audience had replied. Encouraged, Zanama hopped to the center of the stage, shook her bells and waved her spear. Calvin thought she might nock an arrow and zing it into the audience: He slumped down in his seat. But no arrow was shot. The master of ceremonies persuaded Zanama to return to her place in line. She did so, scowling.

Only Mira and Zanama appeared to be their natural color; Mira was chocolate, Zanama, molasses. The rest, rubbed with Ambi, were shiny-faced in hues of glowing blue, the difference in shade due to the strength of lightening cream each had used—Ambi-Regular, Ambi-Extra or Ambi-Special. All the girls' arms were brown and all their mouths were clowny with lipstick.

"Les give da judges time to look dese luffly chicks over and pick da nex Miss Malawi," said the master of ceremonies. "Now a little music to brighten things up!"

A penny-whistle band from Johannesburg, led by a man named Spokes (a short *tsotsi* in a porkpie hat), played two numbers. Spokes danced an extravagant *kwela*.

Elvis Masooka followed with *Jailhouse Rock* and *Oobie Doobie*, accompanying himself on a cracked guitar.

Jim Malinki sang a pious rendition of *This World Is Not My Home*.

The girls' choir from the Stella Maris Mission harmonized, to the tune of *Santa Lucia*, the Hastings Osbong song; they finished up with *Zonse Zimene Za H. K. Osbong—Everything Belongs to H. K. Osbong*. Dr. O's picture was right above the Ambi sign and tinted blue, giving credence to Jarvis Moore's charge that the president used it.

A judge in a white smock went among the girls at the back of the stage with a tape measure. He shouted numbers to a serious-faced judge, who jotted them down in a notebook. Another judge examined the girls with a magnifying glass (upstaging the girls' choir) when the measuring judge was finished.

Calvin sat between Major Beaglehole and Bailey. Jack Mavity had also come along; he sat next to Bailey with two of his children. Mavity said, "You see that magnifying glass? Well, the Africans like shiny objects like that."

Major Beaglehole looked at Zanama and said, "Makes me think of a rogue elephant." Bailey coughed and ate from a parcel in her lap, and coughed. Calvin chain-smoked. He was embarrassed on behalf of every performer and contestant; he tried to avert his eyes. There was something unnatural about it. It was wrong: He had known that as soon as Mira had shown him the application headed AMBI BEAUTY SEARCH. He felt discomfort; he wanted to leave.

One perception held him. It dawned on him that he was watching a minstrel show in reverse, a negative rather than a photograph. Instead of Al Jolson in blackface, popping his eyes and crooning, *"Mandy, is there a minister handy?,"* black people wearing skin lightener were cavorting around, lampooning *bwanas*, *memsahibs* and white showgirls. They weren't making asses of themselves: They were reacting against years of mockery and insult. Calvin had never seen Al Jolson, but he had seen the Hudson Baptist Men's Club dressed as darkies—that was their word, darkies—balling the jack in 1951 at a church gala. It made his flesh creep to recall that sorry decade, when dreary people tried to strut and middle-aged men in striped golliwogg jackets tipped paper derbies and said, "Hello, Mistah Bones! Who was dat lady I seen you wid last night?"

"That was no bloody lady—that was my wife!" was the reply by Spokes, 15 years later on the stage of the Rainbow Theater in Blantyre, Malawi, Central Africa. Time had stood still. There were the Ambi-whitened girls instead of the burnt-cork-blackened men; there were Elvis Masooka, Jim Malinki and even his own wife, and it was still the Fifties. That other era sputtered back in gray haphazard recollection like an old TV warming up: the Andrews Sisters, Perry Como, Julius La Rosa, Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town," Dave Garroway, all the cool hepcats in Hudson, Massachusetts, barfing on a six-pack of Carlings and listening to Symphony Sid. It was the Miss Malawi Contest in Blantyre; but it was also the Sunday-afternoon variety show on a Boston TV: *Community Opticians*, with your genial host, Gene Jones, singing, *"Star of the day, who will it be. . . ."* Talent time in snow flurries on a 12-inch Muntz.

Fond memories at the age of 30, effortless reminiscences. Africa permitted such insights. No one could be nostalgic in America; the country was not designed for it: With gusto, the past was erased. But here in Malawi, the world had not turned. Here for Calvin were ghostly voices and signature tunes: The Green Hornet; Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons; Mr. and Mrs. North; The Shadow, Lamont Cranston; The Quiz Kids; 20 Mule Team Borax; Quaker Oats Shot from Guns; Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy; Tonto; the Goldbergs; and The Great Gildersleeve. For 12 cents at the Hudson Roxy, you could see Jane Russell (a torn blouse, a haystack) in *The Outlaw*, Edmond O'Brien in *The Barefoot Contessa*, Jane Wyman (whatever happened to her?); Lex Barker was Tarzan. Those queer gray years, you were a liberal if you had seen *The Jackie Robinson Story*, and there were minstrel shows, millions and millions of (*"Toot-Toot-Tootsie, Goodbye . . ."*) minstrel shows.

"Here is another musical sandwich to munch on. So gird up your loins and let this squeeze box knock you off your feet!"

Onstage, out of the Rainbow wings, came a nervous accordionist, a gangling man with a bad haircut. His black face was neutralized with Ambi-Extra. On *Community Opticians*, he would have said, "I'm a bus boy at the Chelsea Waldorf, Gene—been playing this here thing since I was ten–eleven years old—I guess you might say I'm waiting for my big break." But the gangling man with the bad haircut, when asked, "What are you gonna play for us?," said nothing in reply. He shook his bulky instrument, felt for the keys and chords and, swaying in the way all the accordionists used to, played—*My God!* thought Calvin, *am I dreaming this?—Lady of Spain.*

Singing *Old Black Joe* and *Swanee*

(continued on page 206)

The gent goes woy-out Western in a cotton-tweed zip-front tunic suit with suede-trimmed patch pockets and flared-leg trousers, by Pierre Cardin, $165, silk scarf, by Handcraft, $10, fur-felt hat, by Miller Brothers, $20, and calfskin lace-up boots, by Verde, $40.

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

the definitive statement on coming trends in warm-weather wearwithal

NOW THAT THE SNOW has all but left the slopes, and skis and parkas have been stashed until next winter, it's time for our annual prognostication on the spring and summer styles that will soon be appearing in men's stores and boutiques. As PLAYBOY readers already know, the word fashion no longer denotes a rigidly regimented approach to attire. Today's males are enjoying an unprecedented sartorial freedom, creating a total look that's right for—and unique to—each individual. Cases in point: a tight-ribbed knit sweater worn with velvet jeans, a dark-blue knit suit tucked into lace-up boots or a zip-front suit worn with a scarf loosely knotted at the neck. The trick, of course, is to wear your selections with an air of studied informality. The majority of this summer's suits, we predict, will have a familiar cut: shaped, wide-lapelled and two-button. The look is reminiscent of the Thirties, but with an intangible contemporary touch imparted by the way colors are combined with fabrics: near-white in linens and cottons, and pastel *(text continued on page 119)*

Left to right: a polyester-knit single-breasted two-button suit with flap patch pleated pockets and deep center vent, by Clubman, $110, worn with a paisley rayon-and-cotton shirt with snap closures, by Gant, $18, and high lace-up boots, by Renegades, $70; a lambskin-suede shirt suit with medium-spread collar, placket front and slash pockets, by Jan Stephane for Bidermann of Paris, $200, and patchwork leather boots, by Harbor Imports Ltd., $60; a polyester-knit herringbone-weave belted safari suit with four button-flap patch pockets and flared-leg trousers, by Tiger of Sweden, $110, and kidskin lace-up boots, by Verde, $50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

Left to right: multicolor face-print stretch-nylon trunks with square-cut legs, by Strobe, $7; buckskin shorts with belt loops and curved patch pockets, by A. Smile, $25; striped cotton-and-linen hooded jibboh, by Mike Weber for Boutique Sportswear, $15; multicolor floral-print cotton trunks, by Jantzen, $7.

shades in tropical weights and denims. Each year, men's-clothing designers seem to "discover" a specific fabric and then spin off a variety of wearables from it. In the months ahead, you'll see an increasing number of items made from three materials: linen, canvas and denim. All three, you'll notice, have two things in common: a look of frontier simplicity and bleached earthy tones. When buying, pay particular attention to such details as contrasting stitching and suede, corduroy or polished-leather trim. Knit flared-leg slacks with matching jackets have been featured in men's stores over the past two years, more as a novelty item than as a serious consideration for your wardrobe. During the coming months, you'll note a profusion of well-tailored knits featuring a variety of jacket treatments that range from long tunics to waist-length Eisenhowers. Depending on the weather—and your build—they can be worn open at the neck, sans shirt, perhaps with a silk scarf or a piece of jewelry. Leather togs are now year-round favorites, with emphasis during the warm months, of course, on lighter skins. Hides and styles to look for

Left to right: cotton knit round-neck pullover with butterfly embroidery, by Flying Crows Adventures, $11, and madras-print flared-leg cotton jeans, by Seafarer, $8.50; Bantron knit pullover with contrastingly colored neck and sleeves, by Rohald Kolodzie for Genesis, $15, and Dacron-Avril-and-rayon slacks with Western pockets, by Contact, $11; tie-dyed print lambskin shirt with long-point collar and snap-closure front, by Bidermann of Paris, $120, and rayon-acetate-and-satin jeans with patch pockets, by English Sportswear, $13.95

this summer include soft suedes and smooth cabrettas cut into good-looking safari and double-breasted jackets, casual coats and slacks. Leather shirt suits similar to the one pictured on page 114 are also worth hunting for. And expect combinations of leather and crochet, leather patchwork and leather with appliqué treatment to gradually outdistance the ubiquitous fringed look, which, from all indications, is slowly drifting back toward its original home—on the range. The difference between a dress shirt and sport shirt, too, appears to be disappearing, as styles with longer collars and stronger designs are being worn either open neck or with a five-inch-wide cravat. Boutiques, we foresee, will be quick to capitalize on this continued loosening of old-school-fashion ties by laying in ample supplies of bold-patterned shirts showcased next to stacks of solid shades. All—or almost all—should be eminently correct at work as well as at play. In swimwear, the current natatorial direction is toward the low-cut tank trunk, often made of colorful, quick-drying nylon tricot. So what are you waiting for? Get in the fashion swim.

Left to right: a geometric-weave wool-and-polyester suit with peaked lapels, by Linett, $130, floral-print Kodel-and-cotton shirt, by Career Club, $8, silk tie, by Resilia, $20, and calfskin demiboots, by Renegades, $30; a linen-Terylene-and-wool suit with extension waistband, by Grashire, $150, herringbone-and-stripe cotton broadcloth shirt, $25, silk tie, $15, all by Bert Pulitzer, and leather demiboots, by Nunn-Bush, $35; a geometric-weave cotton suit with flared-leg trousers, by Hardy Amies, USA, $185, Fortrel-and-cotton shirt, by Creighton, $10, silk tie, by Resilia, $12.50, and patent-leather slip-ons, by Tree Mark, $23.

DEATH OF LIBERALISM *(continued from page 99)*

Hook, the archetypal liberal anti-Communist, was able to write in the *Partisan Review* in 1952: "I cannot understand why American intellectuals should be apologetic about the fact they are limited in their effective historical choice between endorsing a system of total error and critically supporting our own imperfect democratic culture. . . ." That was never the stark either/or choice intellectuals faced. There were always the independent alternatives of democratic radicalism, or neutralism in the Cold War, or support for the great movements against colonialism then being spawned in the womb of the Third World from Cuba to Algeria to Vietnam—movements almost all the NATO intellectuals ignored in their elitist preoccupation with white Western Europe. And one does not make this case now with the cheap wisdom of hindsight. In fact, there *were* American intellectuals at the time—men such as C. Wright Mills, Dwight MacDonald, Paul Goodman and Norman Mailer—who did resist the tide of fashion and held onto a saving remnant of independent radicalism.

The second conceptual mistake the Fifties' liberals made was "the end of ideology" mischief, popularized by Daniel Bell's book bearing that unfortunate axiom. Bell's theory expressed the remarkable idea that all the great structural problems of America had been solved, and all that was required now were small adjustments, some minor technological tinkering with the soft machine at the top.

The foolishness of this notion has been proved many times by the mass movements and social dislocations of the Sixties. But the same problems were all there during the Fifties, too: between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 poor people, the growth of the arms budget, McCarthyism, the oppression of women, imperialism, migrant farm workers, slums, the destruction of the environment and, most clearly, the systematic racism of the South. But the intellectuals didn't care to look. Professor Bell's book was published in 1960, five years after Martin Luther King's bus boycott in Montgomery baptized the Southern freedom movement. Yet in Bell's large index, there are only four passing references to blacks, the longest one dealing with crime statistics. And none referred to the civil rights movement.

"The end of ideology" now seems to have been merely an autobiographical epitaph for a generation of weary sociologists who lost the capacity to imagine new insurgent movements taking root within tail-finned chrome America. It was an elitist generalization totally inapplicable to blacks, to the Third World or even to the generation of Americans in high school in 1960.

The third false premise of the Fifties was that—since only "pockets of poverty" remained—the next great question facing liberals was the "quality of civilization." They argued that the new issue confronting liberalism was identity and fulfillment in an affluent mass society. But the issue that faced liberalism in 1956, and still faces it today, is the ancient one of unequal distribution of wealth, power and land within America. Liberals have become absolute geniuses at inventing fads and fashions to evade this fundamental question of wealth and poverty. They have made ecology, the abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee, the admission of mainland China to the United Nations, busing to achieve school integration, better TV programing—almost *anything* else—their central concern in their efforts to avoid facing up to the economic question the Populists had put first on the agenda of justice. The direct conditions of poverty—unemployment, rotting housing, inadequate health care, no land, no education, debts, foul sanitation—remain the heart of the problem. The pop sociologists might call it a "spiritual crisis" or a "crisis of confidence," but what it all boils down to is too many poor people.

The last false pillar of Cold War liberalism was the idea put forward by Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol and many others that the urgent need for a united front against Stalinism had made all the traditional distinctions among left, right and center obsolete. Again, I think this was an overreaction to the undeniable evil of Stalinism. One could oppose the Soviet Union without surrendering all sense of proportion, without equating America with nirvana and without equating the Soviet Union with all other varieties of socialism. But the fact is that certain distinctions between left and right endured through the Fifties, and endure today. The left has always had a sense of outrage against poverty and injustice, and the right has always defended order and property out of a sense of tradition.

During the Fifties, many liberals (who called themselves socialists) became conservatives out of guilt for having once been Marxists. They went straight from one failed God to a bright new religion called anti-communism without the slightest flirtation with doubt or agnosticism. Major intellectual figures such as Hook and Reinhold Niebuhr became no less dogmatic as anti-Communist liberals than they had been as socialists.

The most dramatic measure of the liberals' near-total capitulation during the Fifties can be seen in their response to the witch-hunts of Joe McCarthy. Here is a controversy in which the liberals should have appeared at their best: Liberty and reason were under assault by an anti-intellectual demagog. But the record of the liberal intellectuals during this stormy period is scandalous. Some, such as journalist James Wechsler and literary critic Granville Hicks, gave the names of former Communists to McCarthy's committee. Others wrote articles in liberal magazines agreeing with McCarthy's goals and questioning only his methods, while attacking his victims; they viewed McCarthyism as a necessary evil.

Irving Kristol could write in the March 1952 issue of *Commentary*: "There is one thing the American people know about Senator McCarthy; he, like them, is unequivocally anti-Communist. About the spokesmen for American liberalism, they feel they know no such thing." As late as July of 1954, Alan Westin wrote an essay in *Commentary* warning that the Communists were exploiting the issue of McCarthyism, and the following month critic Leslie Fiedler wrote an essay for *Encounter* mocking "the loud fears of the intellectuals" and then swinging into an all-out attack on the radicals.

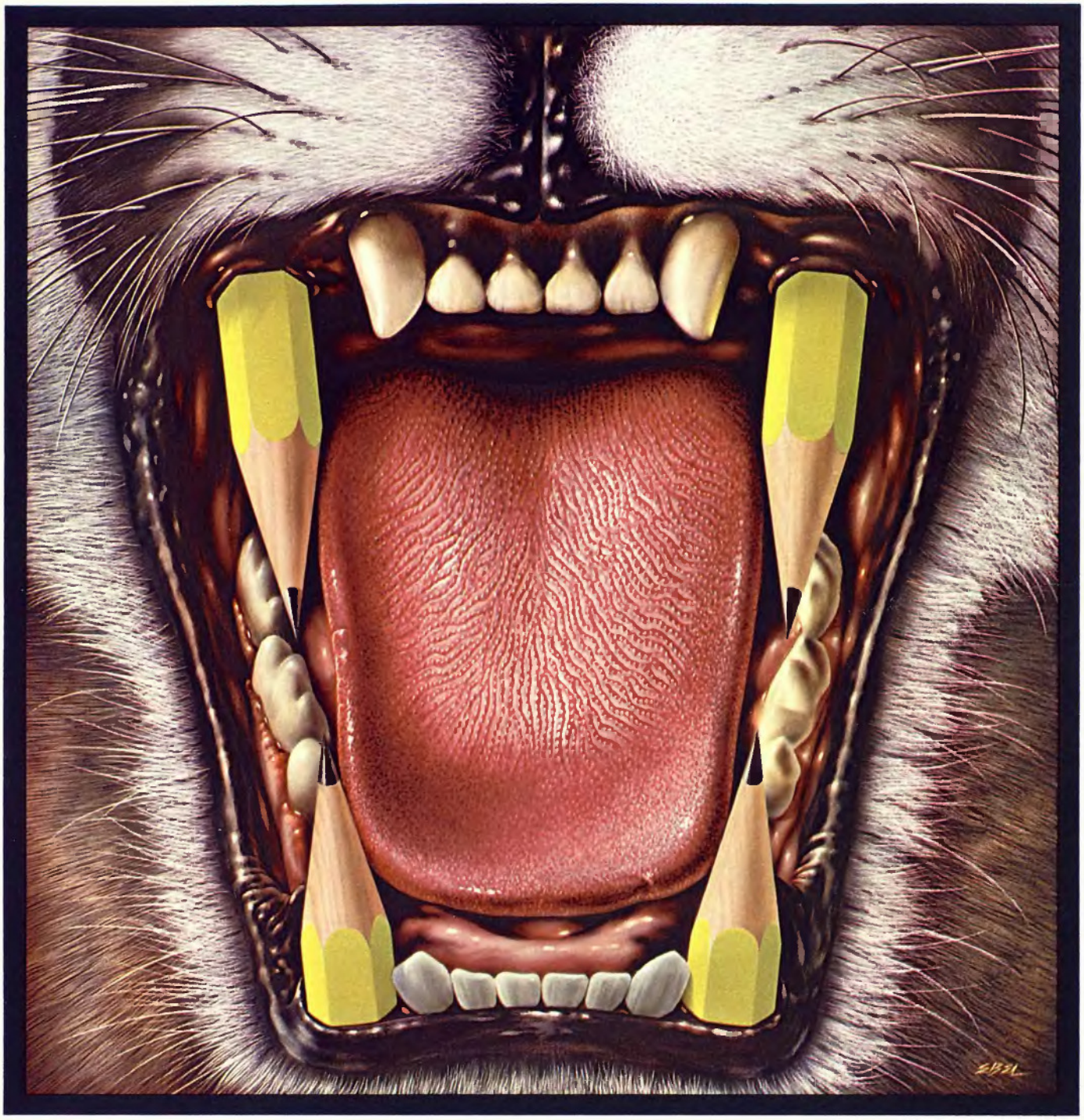
If the intellectuals defaulted so shamelessly, how much resistance to McCarthyism could reasonably be expected from the professional politicians? Not very much. It seems almost unnecessary at this late date to document the default once again, but reading the faded yellow newspaper clippings of the early Fifties, one aches for a chance to replay history with a few pinch hitters.

When "the greatest deliberative body in the world"—the Senate of the United States—passed the historic bill making it a crime to be a member of the Communist Party (the Communist Control Act of 1954), one Senator voted in the negative: Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. All the heavy liberals—Humphrey, Morse, Douglas—voted yes.

In February of 1954, the Senate voted to appropriate an annual subsidy of $214,000 for Senator McCarthy's investigative committee. This was two years after tail gunner Joe had accused the Democrats of "20 years of treason" and called Adlai Stevenson a "Communist dupe." But only one lone vote was cast against the appropriation—by J. William Fulbright of Arkansas.

In July of 1953, the Senate passed a new McCarran Bill, which in effect circumvented the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. The bill compelled witnesses before investigative committees to surrender their constitutional right against self-incrimination, to testify on the basis of immunity from prosecution; in other words, to inform. Only ten Senators voted

(continued on page 246)



The Harry Hastings Method

when a smart burglar matches wits with a smarter television writer, the contest is bound to be bizarre

fiction By WARNER LAW

SUSIE ELLMSON says I should keep on practicing my writing. She's been my teacher at Hollywood High Adult Education in the Professional Writing course and says I am still having trouble with my syntaxes and my tenses and very kindly gave me private lessons at her place, and she is dark-haired and very pretty and about my age (which is 25) and, in addition, she has great big boobs.

Susie says if I really want to be a professional writer, I should write about what I really know about—if it is interesting—and while I did do a hitch in the Navy some time back, I was on a destroyer tender and never heard a shot fired except in practice, which I don't think is a highly interesting matter to describe.

But one thing I know a lot about is working the houses in the Hollywood hills. The people who live up there are not particularly stinking rich, but then, I've never been interested in valuable paintings or diamond necklaces, anyway, because what do you do with them?

But there are usually portable radios and TV sets and auto tape decks and now and then there is some cash lying around, or a fur, or a few pieces of fairly good jewelry, or *(continued on page 228)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

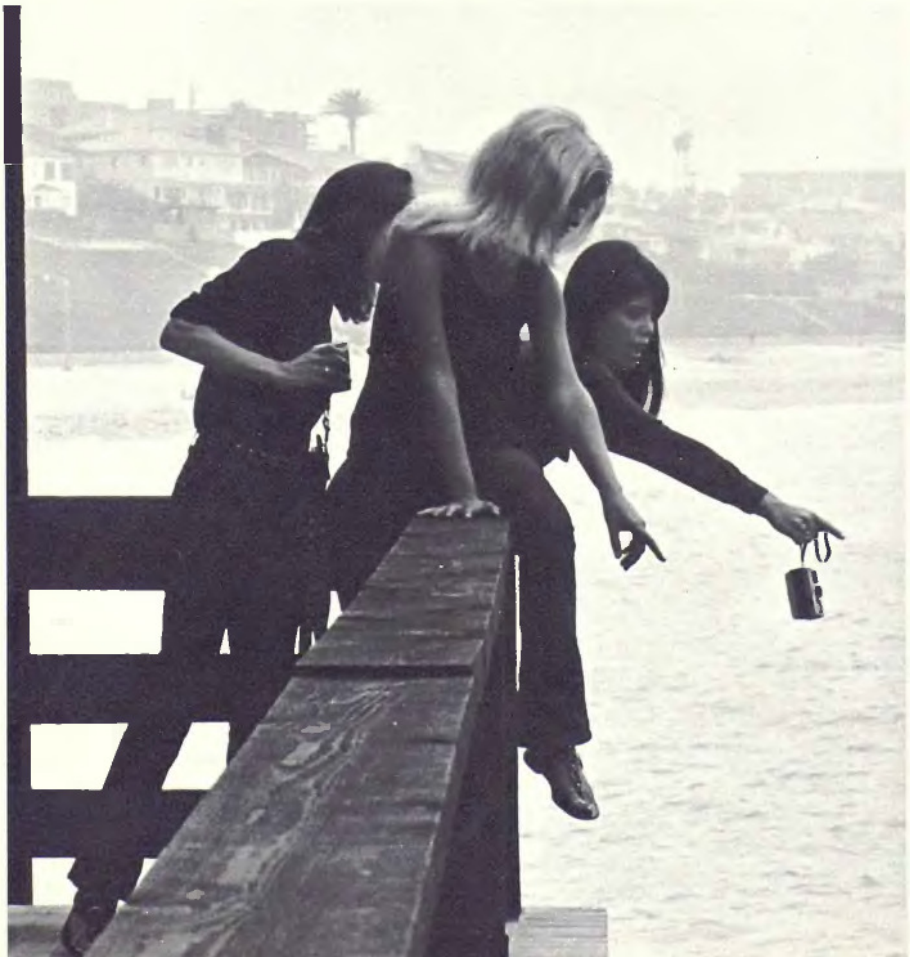
TURNING OVER A NEW LIFE

california's chris cranston is forsaking a chance at movie stardom for hawaii's sun and sand

IN THE FILM *Funny Girl*, it was abundantly apparent that Florenz Ziegfeld's formula for the *Follies*—in addition to an array of big-name stars—included a queen-sized regiment of chorus girls to complement the song-and-dance offerings of Fanny Brice, et al. One of the stunning chorines in that movie was 24-year-old Chris Cranston, who herewith makes a repeat appearance in PLAYBOY; she debuted in our September 1968 *Girls of "Funny Girl"* feature. Soon after that first full-page exposure, she was signed as a regular on the *Playboy After Dark* TV show and her second career—modeling—began to take off meteorically in the Southern California area, where she was born and raised. Then came commercials and bit movie parts, plus an invitation to appear on a local Los Angeles TV talk show. It was in the course of that televised conversation that Chris learned of an upcoming U. S. O. troop-visiting tour of Vietnam. "What interested me particularly," she explains, "was that this wasn't the usual entertainers' whistle-stopping trip. Instead, the idea was to have us travel into isolated areas of the country, meet the guys stationed there and talk with them at length." For two and a half weeks, Chris and her group made helicopter forays into remote bases, where they entertained and chatted informally with GIs who were unaccustomed to any kind of friendly visitation. "Needless to say, they were delighted to see us." For Chris, however, the most indelible impressions of the journey resulted from her nonverbal but highly communicative exchanges with Vietnamese natives. "Through gestures, we were able to speak with one another quite easily. It was gratifying for me to be accepted by them. One old woman gave me a bracelet that signifies everlasting friendship, since it fits snugly and can't be removed. It's now one of my proudest possessions." Although her troupe was never actually fired upon, Chris does have one close call to relate. "After landing at a spot near Cao Lanh, we learned from the men that a helicopter trying to land just a few minutes before we arrived had been shot down. I'm really glad I didn't know that until we were on the ground." Wholly dovish in her opinions about the war when she signed up for the tour, Chris substantiated that assessment during her brief tour of duty. "I'm still against the war, but the troops I saw really helped the Vietnamese, who, consequently, loved the GIs." During her return trip to California, Chris landed in Hawaii for an R & R visit with former Los Angeles friends, who eloquently urged her to join them as a resident of the Islands. "But," she says, "my first impressions were negative. The parts I saw were quite commercialized." A recent return visit, at her friends' insistence, turned Chris around, however—particularly when she was introduced to the uniquely bohemian life style of Honolulu's North Shore, a mélange of canvas tents and psychedelically painted vans occupied by growing numbers of young people, mostly mainland emigrants, who enjoy a continuous diet of sun, sea and tropical fruit. "Seeing the informality of everything over there made me realize what a silly rat-race existence I've been leading. The North Shore way of life isn't like a commune. Most of the people work in Honolulu. But it's communal in the sense that many of them share their possessions: clothing, food, practically anything. I just can't wait to get back there to stay. I talked it over with my folks and they approve of the idea. That's important to me because I value their opinions." Chris is now in the midst of liquidating her Stateside assets, since she feels they would only clutter the simple life she'll soon be adopting. "Besides," she reasons pragmatically, "with the money I can get for my things, plus the amount I've already saved, I can buy a van and not have to work for a while. I'll stay in Hawaii for as long as the cash holds out." We predict her stay will be a long one, for the best things that await Chris in her new life—an idyllic environment and beachcombing camaraderie—are unconditionally free.

"For as long as I can remember," says Californian Chris Cranston, "I've wanted to became an actress." But a recently completed and eventful expedition—beginning with a trip to Vietnam—caused her to change that ambition. "Success in films doesn't matter to me anymore," says Chris. Currently, she's making plans to abandon her native state for Hawaii, where she's going to "take life easy and simply find my head." On these pages, we invite readers to discaver nat only her pretty head but the rest of her attractive anatomy as well.

Chris's stint as a regular on the *Playboy After Dark* television show was, in her words, "one of the most enjoyable experiences in my brief show-business career. Each taping was exciting and unpredictable because I never knew who I might get a chance to meet. It was also fascinating to watch as guests performed before one another. I discovered how true it is that people in show business make the most responsive audiences." Above: Chris, together with other cast members and performers, listens in on conversation among host Hugh Hefner and *Laugh-In*'s Dick Martin and Dan Rowan; then, during a break, she rehearses the line she'll deliver when taping resumes. Opposite page, top: On another *P. A. D.* show, Chris assumes the role of "lovely assistant" to actor Hugh O'Brian as he performs a magic trick.



Opposite page, bottom: Since she'll soon be leoving California, Chris is spending as much time as she con with her closest friends. Here, she and her roommotes while away an afternoon on the pier at Redondo Beoch. Cameras in hand, the girls snop a few shots for their scrapbooks and then venture into one of the area's novelty stores, where Chris tries on some wire glass frames. Below left: Chris shows her sense of balonce—not to mention daring—as she makes her way carefully along the pier's guardrail. Loter, below right, the girls spot a new clothes shop and, after a few minutes inside, Chris decides to buy a new bikini, *de rigueur* for anything under the sun. She hopes to wear such micro-apparel almost exclusively in Hawaii, "since I won't be working for some time and plan to spend every day on the beach."

MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Taking time off from her many moving chores, Chris drives with a date to nearby Hermosa Beach far a Sunday evening at the motorcycle races. "I really dig them," she says. "I've been to auto races, too, and although they're a lot of fun to see, I think cycle races are more exciting because the riders are totally visible, giving you a chance to watch them react. I've heard some say there's a greater risk to the rider, toa, although I don't think that's what makes the sport thrilling." At the track they spot a friend, Nick, who's riding in the evening's events, and (below, left and center) later cheer for their favorite. "Our being there must have brought him good luck, because he won all three races he entered." Below right, between races, Chris affers Nick encouragement.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The attractive young thing was about to go to bed with her blind date for the evening when she burst into tears. "I'm afraid you'll get the wrong idea about me," she sobbed. "I'm really not that kind of girl."

"Don't worry," he comforted her, "I believe you."

"You're the first one," she gulped.

"The first one to make love to you?"

"No. The first one to believe me."

A waggish psychiatrist friend tells of a patient in psychoanalysis who swore off LSD because he was afraid to expand his mind while having his head shrunk.

After downing a few drinks, the ad salesman complained to the bartender, "My wife has this bad habit of staying up all night and there seems to be no way I can break her of it."

"What's she doing all that time?" the barkeep asked.

"Waiting for me," replied the man.

A diplomat we met at a party not long ago commented that sex is the ultimate peacemaker, as it eventually softens all hard feelings.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *puberty* as that time in life when one is too old for dollhouses and too young for penthouses.

Saint Peter challenged God to a heavenly golf match and, after Peter hit his tee shot close to the pin and God sliced badly into the rough, the twosome started hiking down the fairway. Suddenly, a squirrel picked up the Lord's golf ball and darted away, only to be grasped by a huge eagle, which carried the little animal high into the sky. Dark clouds then filled the air as a thunderbolt struck the bird, causing it to release the squirrel, which, in turn, dropped the ball onto the green, where it bounced several times and rolled into the cup. "Damn it!" cried the exasperated saint. "Are You going to screw around or play golf?"

And, of course, you've heard about the careless contortionist who accidentally swallowed his pride.

Having listened to the appeal of an elderly streetwalker, the newly elected magistrate was reluctant to sentence her. He ordered a short recess, then went to the chambers of an older judge and asked, "What would you give a sixty-year-old prostitute?"

The learned jurist thought for a moment and replied, "Oh, no more than a buck and a half."

Two bachelors competed constantly for the affections of a shapely secretary, but the rivalry ended when the girl finally agreed to wed one of them. Both men attended a stag party in honor of the lucky groom and each of them was asked to tell a story about the bride-to-be. "I was dreaming the other night," her betrothed began, "and I saw a field of flowers. As I walked through the meadow, a covey of doves darted up and I captured the most beautiful bird and it was my lovely future wife."

"What a coincidence," exclaimed the second suitor. "I dreamed about the same field and the very same doves, but when I reached up, all *I* got were a few pieces of tail."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *quickie* as no sooner spread than done.

A few moments after his daughter announced her engagement, the father questioned, "Does this fellow have any money?"

"Oh, you men are all alike," the girl replied. "That's just what he asked about you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual abstinence* as a nocturnal omission.

The high school cheerleader confessed to the kindly old priest that she'd been having sexual intercourse with her boyfriend in the front seat of his car every night for the past two months. "Don't you think you've been doing something wrong?" admonished the cleric gently.

"I guess you're right," she mumbled thoughtfully. "Maybe it would be more comfortable in the back seat."

We know an inexperienced stenographer who discovered she could lose a lot more than letters behind the files.

When the man and wife got into bed for some lovemaking one night, instead of responding, she began complaining about economic conditions in the world.

"Everything is going up," she whined. "The price of food, the cost of clothes, the beauty shop. I'd be so happy if just one thing would go down."

Came the sleepy reply, "You just got your wish."

Heard a good 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.*

"Mrs. Moore, let me assure you my conduct toward your daughter will be totally honorable. But, don't ever let me catch you alone."

article By JULES SIEGEL

embraced by spiritualists, pursued by parapsychologists and debunked by most scientists, extrasensory perception remains a fascinating enigma

sixth sense

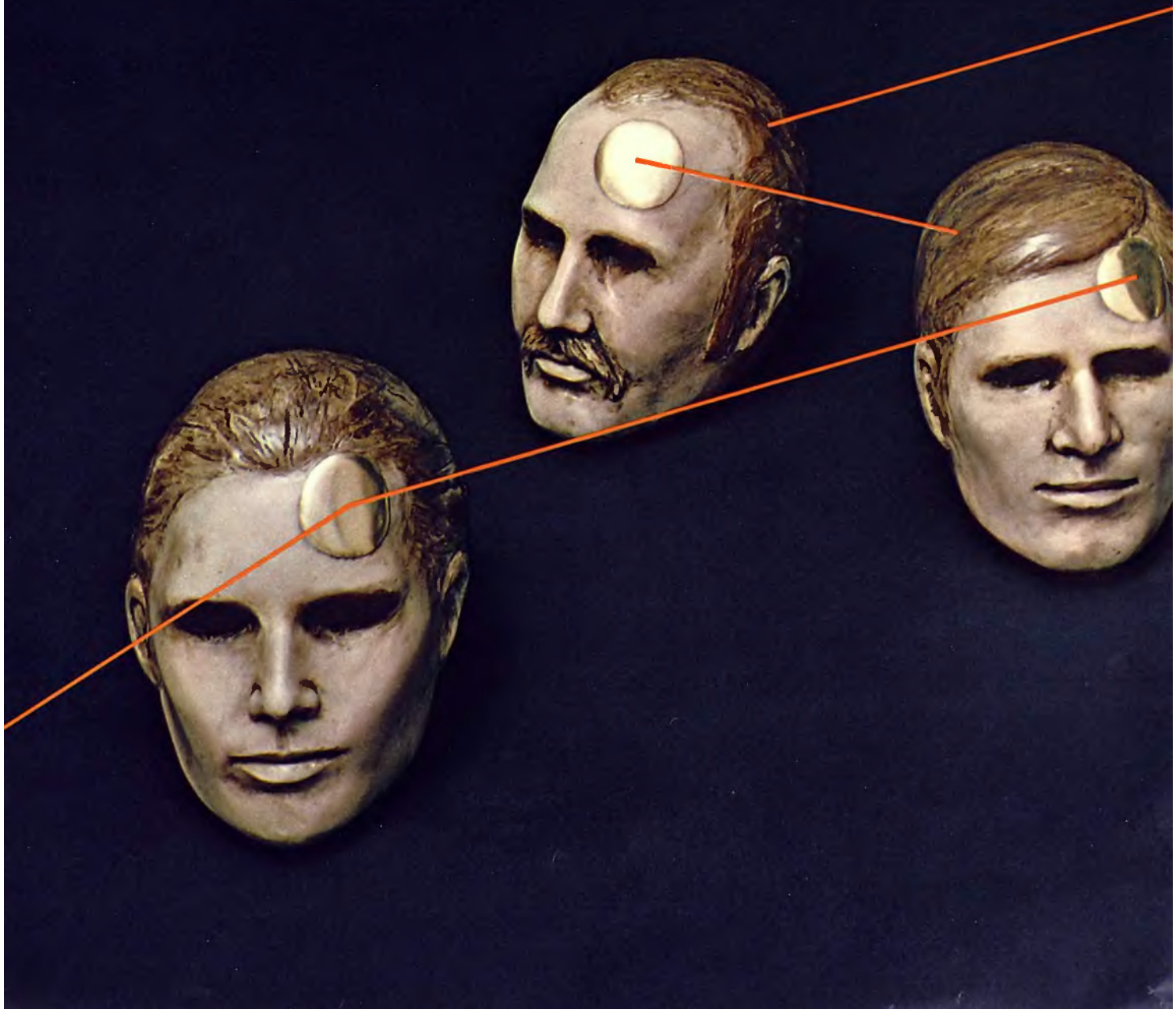
"C. JOLLY? Is C. Jolly here?"

Eyes sealed beneath a double thickness of white surgical tape and three layers of black-cotton blindfold, Dr. Richard Ireland, founder and minister of the 1400-member University of Life Church of Phoenix, Arizona, was demonstrating his telepathic gifts to a group of skeptical New York City newsmen. With his head thrown back like a blind street singer, he was answering questions written on slips of note paper collected earlier from the audience while a bearded volunteer, M. B. Shestack, then producer of CBS Radio's *The World of Religion*, had supervised the application of the blindfold.

"Are you fully convinced that I cannot see now?" Ireland asked Shestack.

"Absolutely."

"Are you willing to risk a dollar? Take a dollar bill out of your pocket. If I guess the serial number on it, will you let me keep it?" As Shestack fished in his pocket for a single, Ireland, a puckish smile in his voice, said to the audience,



"This is the part I like best every time."

"Hold it straight out in front of you," he ordered. "Is the serial number B90992655B?"

"It is, indeed," said an astonished Shestack.

"Of course it is," said Ireland triumphantly, snatching the bill and tucking it into the breast pocket of his dark coat, as the audience applauded and laughed.

Now Ireland was shuffling the slips of paper, calling out the names on them and answering the questions in a rapid, almost singsong flow of words.

"C. Jolly," Ireland said to a blonde girl, perhaps 20 years old, who had chirped a happy "Here!" when he called her name. "You've asked me to tell you about the future, is that right? I see an amazing six months ahead for you. Why, you just won't *believe* all the things that are going to happen to you! It's going to be like a roller-coaster ride for these six months. And I see money arriving, but it's not money that you're expecting or working for; it's just going to come unexpectedly. It's not a check, either, but green bills. I see these green moneys fluttering down on you and I also see a man in a uniform. I don't know if the two are connected, but I think I want to tell you about this man in a uniform. That's what I see for you—six months in which all kinds of strange things happen, green moneys and a man in a uniform."

Feeling the slips of paper, pressing some of them against his face, shuffling them over and over again in his hands, Ireland worked through the questions

SCULPTURES BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

with increasing rapidity, calling out the names and answering the queries with predictions, advice and, occasionally, specific facts.

"Childs?" Ireland called out. "Ah, there you are. It's Miss Childs, isn't it? You haven't written that down, but I seem to feel that you've recently been divorced. Am I right about that? Yes, of course I am. I seem to feel also that you've been thinking of suicide. Is that right, too? Yes. Well, I want to tell you not to think about that anymore, that you've been through a dark year but that the light is not far away. I see you passing from a dark room into a beautiful sunlight, and I want to tell you to hang on a little while longer. Things are definitely going to go better for you."

Ireland crumpled the last piece of paper and pulled the three black-cotton blindfolds off his face. His eyes were still securely sealed beneath the layers of white tape. As the audience stood and applauded, he carefully removed the strips of tape one by one and, rubbing away the sticky white lines of adhesive that remained after the tape was gone, accepted the congratulations of the chattering, wondering crowd of newsmen.

• • •

Dr. Richard Ireland is either an incredibly cunning fraud or living proof of the psi phenomena. Psi, if it exists at all, implies a force of nature so rare, elusive and inexplicable within the framework of modern scientific theory and knowledge that most conventional scientists would rather not look for it. Yet psi does have adherents in the scientific community. The science of psi is parapsychology, and parapsychologists recognize at least four categories of psi:

Telepathy: Commonly called mind reading, telepathy is the process of being aware of another person's thoughts without any communication through the usual sensory channels.

Clairvoyance: Knowledge of an object or event without the use of the five senses.

Precognition: Extrasensory knowledge of another person's future thoughts (*precognitive telepathy*) or of future events (*precognitive clairvoyance*).

Psychokinesis: The ability to influence a physical object or an event, such as the fall of dice, purely by thinking about it.

Parapsychology is a young and struggling science, a victim, like the young and struggling everywhere, of social discrimination. In the main store of Kroch's & Brentano's, Chicago's largest bookdealer, parapsychology books are not displayed in the science section downstairs but hustled with the religion, metaphysics and occult books up on a balcony.

Lately, however, the parapsychologists have been getting some recognition from the Emily Posts of the scientific establishment. The Parapsychological Association, founded in the United States in 1957, was admitted to the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December 1969. A year later, the A.A.A.S. included a panel on the techniques and status of modern parapsychology at its 137th convention in Chicago.

The symposium was held in Parlor B of the Conrad Hilton Hotel. In the room next door, there was a meeting on "Some Mathematical Questions in Biology." Loud laughter could be heard through the partition. There were no jokes in Parlor B. The parapsychologists were too insecure for humor. Their presentation was so uptight in its dignity that their most fascinating material tended to become boring.

Fascinating it was, nonetheless. Of the several papers, the one that was most compelling in making a case for the existence of psi was read by Douglas Dean, a big, sandy-haired man whose home base is the Industrial and Management Engineering Department of the Newark College of Engineering, Newark, New Jersey.

"Many scientists reject ESP because they can't see how it might work," he began. "It seems a better approach to apply ESP, to use it and not to be concerned with 'how.' "

Dean used an instrument called the plethysmograph to test for ESP. This is a device that measures the blood volume in the finger. The blood volume, which is different from the blood pressure, increases and decreases with the pulse—about 70 times a minute.

"Doing mental arithmetic or thinking of an emotion-laden name produces a rapid decrease in the volume of the finger capillary cells," Dean said. "This is called a vasoconstriction. In 1959, a physiologist named Stěpán Figar found that someone doing mental arithmetic seemed to be able to produce a vasoconstriction in a distant person acting as a receiver.

"We have confirmed this with sender and receiver separated in different rooms, different buildings, 1200 miles apart—even 4000 miles apart with the sender 35 feet underwater."

The sender would look at 3″ x 5″ index cards. Some were blank. Others had names with emotional significance to the receiver. The receiver did not know which card was being looked at. The pen of the plethysmograph recorded a wavy line which was measured by someone who did not know whether the sender was looking at a card with a name on it, a blank card or no card at all.

The engineer showed a slide of the plethysmograph tracing. There was a little dip in the wavy line when the sender was looking at a blank card—and, on the average, a significantly larger dip when the sender was looking at a card with an emotionally significant name on it.

The only way to argue with this demonstration of ESP was to call Douglas Dean a faker and a liar. But Dean is not a faker or a liar, he's the archetypal engineer. The only other explanation was coincidence. It would have to have been some hell of a coincidence.

Dean then briskly went on to describe another experiment: Sixty-seven highly placed executives, most of them corporation presidents, were asked to choose any number from zero to nine. They had to make the choice 100 times, each time punching the appropriate slot on an IBM card.

After the executives were finished, an IBM computer, programmed to operate at random, selected 100 digits, against which each executive's card was matched. An average score would be ten percent right.

The men who had doubled their company's profits in the past five years had a mean score of 12.3 percent—well above the average for the entire group. Those who garnered losses or low profits for their companies scored only 8.3 percent. The results were confirmed in a subsequent series three years later by Professor John Mihalasky.

"The probability of identifying a superior profit maker on the basis of the ESP test was better than two out of three," Dean said. "It should be noted that this test cannot be faked as can many other tests used."

All of these experiments were double-blind: None of the people involved in the actual operations knew the significance of his role. Thus, there could be no conscious or unconscious bias.

This is impressive stuff, but not everyone is impressed. Most physical scientists would probably agree with Dr. George R. Price, formerly of the University of Minnesota, who wrote: "My opinion concerning parapsychologists is that many of them are dependent on clerical and statistical errors and unintentional use of sensory clues and that all extra-chance results not so explicable are dependent on deliberate fraud or mildy abnormal mental conditions."

Which one could take to mean, parapsychologists or their subjects are incompetent, fraudulent or crazy.

Until the middle of the 17th Century, all of the phenomena we now group under the umbrella of psi were pretty much accepted as fact not only among the masses but also among the educated. As the strength of scientific rationalism grew, however, the witches, sorcerers, alchemists and oracles of the old order were dismissed. There was no room for them in the elegantly precise and mechanical theoretical model of the universe constructed by Newton and filled in by scientists such as Darwin and Faraday, who believed that everything that

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TIMELESS TIMEPIECES

for the man of the hour, a select quartet of elegant, precisely crafted watches —up-to-the-minute classics that should last a lifetime

THESE FOUR WATCHES have in common not only the 18-kt. gold from which their cases are crafted but also the fine design that elevates them to works of art. Starting at the top and, of course, continuing clockwise: The venerable "tank" watch, made for World War One officers, comes with alligator band, by Cartier, $825. The double-faced model for time-zone-jumping junketeers has Florentine-finished gold band, by Piaget, $2400. A quartz-crystal electronic watch has a margin of error less than a minute per year, by Seiko, $1250. And the 4-dial chronometer is a counterpart of the version worn by moon-landing astronauts, also with a gold band, by Omega, $1500.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

GREAT SCOTT!

bedeviled by an urgent sense of mission, superbly gifted actor george c. scott keeps searching for his own identity

personality **By SAUL BRAUN** In the film *Patton*, there is a mysterious, beautifully photographed scene in which the monomaniacal and supremely individualistic World War Two general, standing with an aide in a graveyard of war in North Africa, delivers this moving and evocative self-summation: "I fought and strove and perished countless times. . . . As through a glass darkly the age-old strife I see. . . . For I fought in many guises. . . . Had many names. . . . But always me."

This does nicely as an epigraph for George Campbell Scott, whose towering performance as Patton is only the most recent, though certainly among the most successful, of the pitched battles he has fought on stage and sound set to uncover the many names of George C. Scott: from Richard III to Shylock, from Bert Gordon in *The Hustler* to General Buck

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

Turgidson in *Dr. Strangelove*, from the maniac who tore off the head of a bird in *Comes a Day* to the relentless prosecutor of *Andersonville Trial*, who stood alone for an unyielding and wrathful integrity and for the moral principle that ultimately every man is responsible for his own acts and cannot entrust his soul to some duly constituted authority. The special quality that Scott brings to each of his performances is a commitment and a dedication that bespeak his identification with his roles. His intensity inspires fear and awe in about equal proportions.

In Boston, during the rehearsals of *Plaza Suite*, his co-star Maureen Stapleton went up to the director, Mike Nichols, and said, "I feel I have to tell you, Mike, that George scares me half to death."

"But don't you know, Maureen?" Nichols replied. "George scares the whole *world* half to death."

Miss Stapleton also expresses the other view: "When George comes onstage, it's like a force of nature. When he walks in and stands there quietly, it's like an earthquake."

A young Broadway actor with a small role in the soon-to-be-released *They Might Be Giants* says it even more succinctly: "Scott? Scott is like . . . a holy actor. He acts from a place inside himself. . . ." Here the young actor shook his head mutely and expressively.

George C. Scott does not believe himself to be, as Patton did, one of the universe's vital forces, destined, or doomed, to re-create himself through the ages for some dimly sensed but inevitable master purpose. And while Patton was a religious fanatic, Scott (who *once* was deeply religious) is an unruffled atheist. Yet there is something in his body of work, and in his often tortured private life, that suggests some comparable unraveling of fateful life strands. Patton, the archetypal Warrior. Scott, the archetypal Actor. Each, in his own way, bedeviled by some urgent sense of mission. Both peculiarly haunted.

"I studied General Patton as comprehensively as humanly possible," says Scott. "He was a very complicated human being and I never came to any conclusion about what I wanted the character to say, though everybody thought I did. One guy said to me, I know that General Patton couldn't have been the foulmouthed, swaggering bully you made him out to be. Then somebody else says, Why have you humanized this brute, this wretched fascist? But you cannot do that: When you editorialize in any way, you're getting into a function that's not the actor's. You just try to be as fair as possible, as reflecting as possible, as mirrorlike. It happens by osmosis, really, over a long period of time. What enables you to decide what to use and what not to use is instinct, a sixth sense—either the fast ball hops or it doesn't.

"One has to use one's own body, after all, to try to get the most penetrating habits and characteristics. In the case of General Patton, it was his carriage. I have never seen him slouched. He was an erect human being. I'm sure he slept straight. I can't picture him in a fetal position, even as a child. And there was a problem about the voice. General Patton had a high, squeaky voice. I felt it would have been a mistake to emulate that. People would have missed half of the rest of what I was trying to do, so I threw that out early. The facial thing, the make-up: I shaved my head daily and wore an extremely good half-bald piece. He had a longer face than mine, a longer jaw than mine. I have a kind of beaky nose and a crumped-up chin. We tried to straighten the nose by drawing it upward with a piece of plastic and net. And the teeth were especially good, I thought. I had my dentist make false teeth that fit over my own. They lengthened my jaw, which got away from the crumpy look I have—I look like an old man chewing tobacco—and gave me a considerably more patrician jawline. And they helped with the speech, too, because I had to whistle through them. All those things helped, even little things like the mole under the left eye. Patton also had a very large mole on his left ear, and we used that even though it didn't show, it got lost in the crinkling of the cartilage of the ear.

"What else? He was a publicly emotional person. He would cry at the sight of green grass, his emotions were so close to the surface. He was not known to have any sort of sexual perversion of any kind, and wasn't a dirty-joke teller. He wouldn't allow sexual stories to be told at his mess. He was not a philanderer of any kind; he didn't drink to excess. Certainly any other kind of excess would have been alien to his character. Talk about dedication. He really was tuned to this one thing, soldiering. Now I happen to abhor war, but I couldn't for a moment let that interfere with my profession. As an actor my job is to obliterate George C. Fink," Scott concludes, "and present only the character's emotions. Now this is very destructive. *Very* destructive. Actors cannot and should not live long."

Actors die and are reborn, and many suffer plenty for it. Many drink too much. "My well-known alcoholic binges," Scott says. "Well, coming off one of those is a terrible, horrible experience. A kind of annihilation. You don't know where you've been or what you've done or where you are. It's just the nearest thing to dying. You're . . . *nothing*. It's like dying and being born again."

With his complex, ambiguous, thickly textured portrayal of Patton—which won for him the New York Film Critics' Best Actor Award and may well bring him his first Academy Award—Scott has been born again somewhere very near the pinnacle of his profession. Some people, including Scott, think Laurence Olivier is the world's first actor. Others, including John Huston and three or four other ranking film directors, think Scott is.

Otto Preminger says, "The strength of a very great performance, like Scott's Patton, is that you cannot imagine anybody else playing it. He does things with perfectly ordinary lines that give them something special. It's really amazing."

People he has worked with credit this skill not only to superb natural equipment but also to an unceasing intellectual curiosity. They speak of his constant searching, his willingness to experiment. Robert Rossen tells of Scott's "built-in batteries." In *Plaza Suite*, he had the idea of playing large stretches of the second act in the hall—which was offstage. That device was shortly dropped, but many of his ideas do eventually work their way into the finished product. Art Carney says, simply, "He puts *everything* into it."

Unsurprisingly, one of his pet peeves is the highly skilled actor who, he says, "pulls back at the end and lets himself be used by the system. Lee Marvin is one. Richard Burton is the epitome of what we're talking about." Scott is the epitome of what he himself calls the "risk" actor, willing to go into unknown territory and risk the sudden arrow out of the still jungle, or the unexpected deposit of manure underfoot.

"He leaps off prepared positions," says Saul Levitt, the author of *Andersonville Trial*. "He thrashes about in the dark. An orgasmic kind of thing. There are very few who have that quality. The risk is the thing."

A few years back Scott was collaborating on a book and told his co-author, Tom Leith, "I think all the courage that I may lack personally I have as an actor."

• • •

As one who has seen the films and plays and read all the reviews, I expected George C. Scott to be: "monstrous and disruptive" (Richard Watts, Jr.), "a case from a Freudian textbook" (Walter Kerr), "the devil himself" (Bosley Crowther) and "either smiling like a bloodstained shark or croaking like a gangster sea lion" (Clive Barnes). At any rate, he would certainly be "a man who could have done with some restraint" (Jack Gould).

Disappointingly, he proved to be none of these. "I suppose I am known as an aggressive man," he said. "I am not an aggressive man and never have been." He flashed a quick shy smile. "Except when I drink."

He was not drinking and was decidedly not aggressive. His wife, the actress Colleen Dewhurst, was present, and it was she who dominated the conversation. Scott was mellow and deferential,

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BAJA—THE OTHER CALIFORNIA

the splendor and solitude of this primitive mexican peninsula make it an excitingly offbeat retreat for the man who wants to get away to it all

travel **By REG POTTERTON** Thirty years ago, when John Steinbeck returned home from a trip to the Baja peninsula in a Monterey fishing boat, he predicted that before very long this primeval finger of isolated Mexican territory would be transformed into another Florida resortland. It seemed a fairly safe prophecy, given the talent and proclivities of man for "improving" his natural environment, but Steinbeck's forecast proved unduly dire. Mercifully, this pristine land was regarded as irredeemable desert, and most of it has been almost completely neglected by developers. As far as the tourist

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY DALE GORDON

Above: From their woter's-edge terrace at the luxurious Hotel Cabo Son Lucas—located neor the southernmost tip of the Baja peninsula—a pair of guests toast the rugged natural splendors surrounding them. Below left: The view is equally grond from the resort's poolside vantage.

Above right: With a stark Baja mountainscape behind them, our Sol searchers enjoy their private place in the sun. Below: They roam the beaches along the Gulf of California coast line, south of La Paz, where seclusion can be found as easily os sea shells.

business is concerned, the only centers of commercial hustle on the entire peninsula are Tijuana, Ensenada and Mexicali, all in northern Baja.

Southern Baja, however, is still of another world. It is a land of sun, sea, sky and silence—an unaltered landscape of huge and haunting splendor, a place miraculously spared both the grime and the grind of city life. At the bottom of the peninsula, around Cabo San Lucas, people have been known to forget where they came from and who they are—or to wish they could; lovers run naked into the surf on golden beaches that in all probability are deserted for 50 or 100 miles in either direction. Above the beaches are steep, bare hills and beyond these are uninhabited mountains whose endlessly repeated patterns of spines and ridges soften in the distant haze. Baja is one of the last great wildernesses on the North American continent.

The peninsula extends nearly 800 miles south of the border it shares with American California. Bounded on the west by the Pacific and separated from the Mexican mainland to the east by the Colorado River and the Gulf of California, it measures about 150 miles at its widest and is divided near the halfway mark into Baja California del Norte and Baja California del Sur—respectively, a state and a territory. The best-known resorts at the top of northern Baja are within a couple of hours' drive from San Diego; but to get to the southern half, which has no paved highway connection to the north, the journey must be made by air or sea (unless you want to attempt it in an open dune buggy, as Associate Editor David Stevens did in a bump-by-bump report beginning on the next page).

La Paz, the territorial capital, is where the planes touch down from Los Angeles. Formalities in the terminal are minimal (some days there are none at all), and if the baggage crew is taking its time (as it often is), passengers can repair to the upstairs bar and acclimatize themselves with a bracing jolt of tequila and a chaser of ice-cold Carta Blanca beer before taking a cab to their hotels.

From the airport, the town is about 20 minutes' drive through a wild desolation of shrub and cactus plains that stretch away on both sides of the road, on one hand to the Gulf and on the other to the mountains inland. Evidence of habitation appears only as the outskirts of La Paz are reached. A heavy-headed burro lolls in the shade of a mango tree and, farther on, a sailor with a carbine slung over one shoulder stands mysterious guard over the battered hulk of a 1950 Ford. A murmur of wind stirs from the south and, when the breeze drifts across the roofs of the drowsy town, the tops of palms rustle idly and a spiral of dust rises in the corner of an abandoned cattle pen. Out in the harbor, an old white schooner *(continued on page 236)*

BAJA'S QUEASY RIDER

which answers the question: can a playboy editor find romance and adventure competing in the mexican 1000?

humor **By DAVID STEVENS**

An on/off-road race held each year in Baja California, the Mexican 1000 has been called the most grueling run under the sun. Contestants driving dune buggies, souped-up trucks, motorcycles, four-wheel-drive jeeps and modified muscle cars, among the eight categories of vehicles, pit their machines —and their will to survive—against the 832 miles of road, most of it incredibly rough, that links Ensenada with La Paz. Despite stringent safety regulations and a demanding technical inspection, officials of the National Off Road Racing Association (NORRA), sponsor of the race, estimate that fewer than half of the 250 or so entries will finish. And some never come back. To add insult to possible injury, the first prize offered by NORRA is a paltry $2200, while the entry fee is a steep $350. Contingency prizes are also

TIJUANA

S ENSENADA

A.

1 CAMALU

B.

2 EL ROSARIO

C.

3 RANCHO SANTA YNEZ

D.

4 PUNTA PRIETA

E.

5 EL ARCO

F.

G.

6 SAN IGNACIO

H.

I.

J.

7 LA PURISIMA

8 VILLA CONSTITUCION

F K.

LA PAZ

LEGEND

Black line indicates official recommended route; red line is the route taken by Queasy Rider. (A.) Stopped to pray. (B.) Took Old Mine Road—diced with rival dune buggy. (C.) Flat tire. (D.) Hit truck. (E.) Picked up wrong fork. (F.) Montezuma got his revenge. (G.) Took world's longest short cut. (H.) Natural high—hallucinating heavily. (I.) Lost. (J.) Out of gas. (K.) Our prayers are answered —reached La Paz.

LES' AUTO SALVAGE

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ILLUSTRATION BY BOB POST

donated by various companies, among them Sears, to entrants equipped with their products who finish in the money, but the chances of winning any of this additional loot are slim, what with all the competition. Why, then, would anyone want to run the Baja? Obviously, because it's there. A land whose fame rests primarily on its impassable terrain must be challenged. There's a certain breed of rugged, possibly demented, individualist who can't think of all those enticing ruts and potholes without itching to get out and drive over them, preferably as fast as possible. PLAYBOY*'s Associate Editor David Stevens is such a man. Not only has Stevens' face often been compared to five miles of bad road but his kamikaze driving style and uncanny ability to read a highway map turned upside down have earned him an unenviable reputation for machismo among fellow staffers. So when B. F. Goodrich invited a* PLAYBOY *editor to compete in last November's Mexican 1000—riding in a dune buggy equipped with its radial-ply passenger-car tires and driven by one of the up-and-coming young hot dogs of off-road racing—Stevens was obviously the man for the job. His account of the assignment follows.*

Ensenada is a quiet Mexican town located 67 miles south of the California border. But today, race day, the morning stillness is shattered by the lion-house roar of 261 entries performing last-minute tune-ups. I'm in the huge compound where the cars and motorcycles are kept before the start. Around me are the greats, near greats and would-be greats of racing. Parnelli Jones, Mickey Thompson and actor James Garner wander by to check out some of the machines they'll be competing against. They have only a quizzical glance for the one I'm to ride in—a mean-looking little Volkswagen-powered Burro dune buggy with LES' AUTO SALVAGE emblazoned across the front, just below where the windshield ought to be. (Nobody wants a face full of glass when running the Baja.) Shy Mexican children pull at my wallet pocket and ask for my autograph. I sign and pass the papers back. (Is Parnelli spelled with an "i" or an "e"?) I suspect that Wes Cleaver, the owner/driver of the Burro, is still a little concerned about my navigational abilities, since he keeps taking nervous pulls on a tequila bottle filled, I hope, with water.

At exactly 8:01 A.M., the first motorcycle leaves the starting line, heading for Camalu, 93 miles down the road—the first of eight check points through which all racers must pass on their way to La Paz. Contestants leave Ensenada at one-minute intervals and have 48 hours to reach La Paz (if we ever get there). The one with the best time wins. Our car, number 295, is scheduled to take off at precisely 12:55 P.M. For a high adventure such as this, one can't be too prepared, so I kill time by going over the gear I've packed: a sleeping bag, a GI parka, five red bandannas, a dozen dust masks, a complete change of clothes for La Paz, Pepto-Bismol tablets, Prell shampoo, Comeback and No Doz, earplugs, foot powder, a *bota* filled with water, cans of Sego diet drink, quick-energy cookies, candy bars, a plastic gallon jug filled with a bilious mixture of Gatorade and honey, and three American Airlines barf bags.

All too soon, a NORRA official moves toward our end of the compound and we join the cars around us in a slow numerical procession toward the starting line. I attempt to untangle the mass of web snakes that comprise my seat belt and shoulder harness. Let's see: The right seat-belt catch slips through the right shoulder-harness-strap slot, then through the slot of an alligator strap that comes up between my legs to keep me from sliding into the buggy's foot well on a quick stop, then through the left shoulder-harness-strap slot and into the left seat-belt mechanism that clamps the whole thing shut, like an overloaded multiple socket, at just about my waist.

While inching along toward the starting line, I take out my copy of *Vados y Vacas* (*Dips and Cows*), a 97-page notebook describing almost every mile of the course, which was being sold in the compound for $50 by a seasoned Baja racer. Presumably, the navigator will recite it to the driver during the ordeal ahead. The book falls open to page nine and I read: "M118: Come to a store on right, dark-brown wood, road 90 degrees off to right goes back to main road, don't take it! go straight—bear left, mind telephone poles—thick deep dust on left, hard bumpy ground on right; take your choice—smooths out a bit, out of trees, barbed wire and stick fence on left hand, mountains have dropped back away on left—heading is due south—fence turns to left 90 degrees —heads slightly off to left (east) about 20 degrees from fence corner—come to another Y, take right—in middle of brown barren field with houses here and there all over the field—very smooth DANGER LOOK OUT!!! There is a huge invisible sharp ditch right across road (appears to have been dug deliberately to destroy someone's car)—there may be more of these around."

I close my copy of *Vados y Vacas* and shove it down beside the bucket seat. As the navigator, it's my job to watch for that ditch at mile 118, but first things first. We're three cars away from the starting line and the crowd is pressing around us. Cleaver tells me to get ready and I snap on my Graham Hill driving gloves with the perforated-leather fingers, buckle up my metallic-blue Bell crash helmet with the word DAVE scrawled in vermilion fingernail polish across one side and adjust my fogproof West German goggles with the wrap-around lenses over my regular glasses. By the time I've finished, we're at the starting line and the attendant hands us a small card that we must have punched at each check point. "Don't lose it," he says, and then, "Five seconds to go," and then we're off in a flurry of waving flag, down a corridor of smiling brown faces and flashing white teeth and onto the highway that leads through Ensenada and out of town.

Holy Pancho Villa! There's *traffic* on this highway: old Mexican farmers in their trucks going 12 miles an hour and tourists in their campers out to get a race-driver's-eye view of the course. We weave in and out among them at about 60 mph, but with no windshield, it seems more like 120. Cleaver's on the horn, honking like crazy, but no one is paying any attention; then, at last, we're clear of traffic and into the wide-open spaces of northern Baja, passing an occasional shanty with a smiling Mexican family standing in front of it, waving and wondering at the crazy gringos and their noisy machine. By now, I have my wave down pat—it's a combination of Winston Churchill's famous victory sign and the two-fingered flick that Stirling Moss used to give. The kids love it.

Soon we're in the mountains, still on pavement, fishtailing our dune buggy on tight hairpin turns with no guardrails and 500-foot drop-offs. Several cars have already overtaken us and we've passed a handful of contestants out of the race with blown engines and the like. Tough luck, you incompetent bastards. Suddenly, I see a vision: my poor saintly gray-haired mother—at least she'd be gray-haired if she didn't use a rinse—in church praying for me. Will I ever see her again? Or my father? Or my wife? Or Hef? A tear wells in the corner of one eye and I brush at it but succeed only in smearing the dust on my fogproof goggles.

Ahead are two signs reading PRECAUCION and TERMINO PAVIMENTO, and then we're off the highway with a whump and onto a heavily rutted road pock-marked with craterous potholes. Cleaver manages to dodge most of them, but the ones he doesn't rattle my back teeth. This goes on—at what I believe is called breakneck speed—until 2:25 P.M., when we pull into Camalu, the first check point. We've covered 93 miles in 90 minutes. Not bad. We have the card punched, get gas, climb out, stretch our legs and then take off again, all in five minutes. On to El Rosario, 59 miles away.

Now we're flying along a two-lane gravel road—superhighway by Baja standards —over the flat farmland that rolls southwest to the ocean and beautiful San Quintin Bay. With the road getting progressively rougher, we gradually

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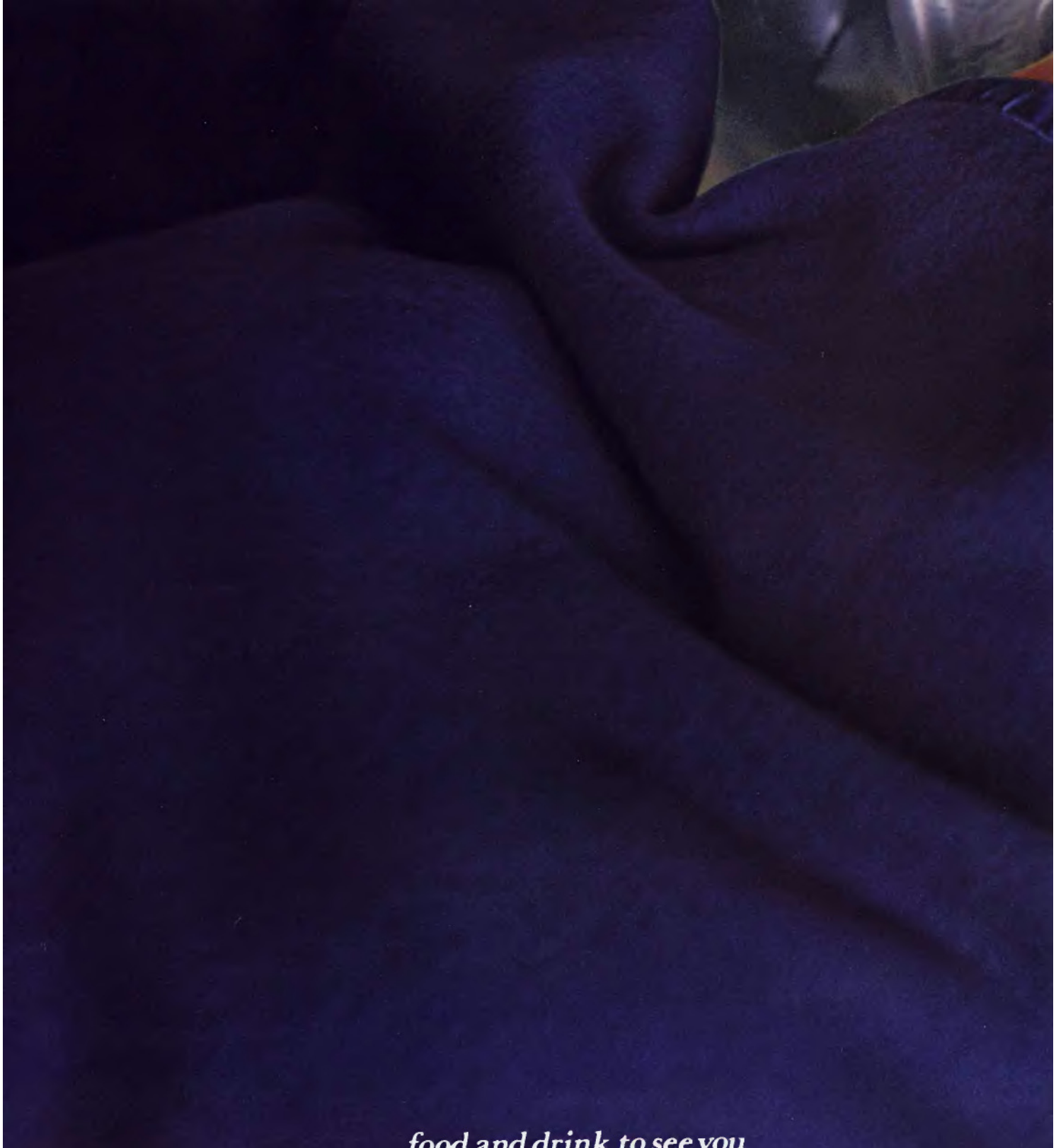
"But darling, it was only foreplay!"



THE LONG WEEKEND

food and drink to see you splendidly through an extended stay-at-home session à deux

By THOMAS MARIO

ONCE YOU'VE ARRANGED for the prime ingredient in a stay-at-home weekend for two—a partner with whom you are as compatible as a *chateaubriand* with Château Margaux—it's time to start thinking about the food and drink that will see you and your lady through the Friday-evening-to-Monday-morning activities with a minimum of bother and a maximum of flair. From the entertaining standpoint, your astutely chosen guest list of one means you're freed from the job of trying to match the disparate temperaments of the usual weekend-house-party guests, from thinking about your inventory of pillows and towels, the quantity of your

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

bitters and limes, the cross-bedroom traffic patterns, the no-shows for Sunday breakfast and all the other ills to which weekend hosts are normally heir. However, even though your party is limited to an intimate twosome, it will require some preparation to set the stage.

Mainly, the care and feeding of your very special guest involves the art of putting her at her ease. Before you go into any detailed menu plans, get a line on the foods that she digs and those that she doesn't. The way to a girl's heart may not be through her stomach (we know a better route), but why strike any discordant note when you're trying for a harmonious duet?

The goal at which you're aiming is to provide sumptuous food and drink without working your fingers to anywhere near the bone. To begin with, you'll benefit from the fact that the most successful capsule commune known to man is the weekend party for two. Normally, you'll find that the sharer of your apartment will want to share your labors and you may offend her if you keep her from stirring the chafing dish while you toss the salad or if you restrain her from grilling the link sausages while you tend the French toast. After dinner, any girl suffused with the glow of a mocha *meringue glacée* will insist upon sharing for sharing's sake and undoubtedly will take on most of the cleanup detail. For Saturday and Sunday, it's wise to plan on a two-meal brunch-and-dinner arrangement. At least one of your meals during the weekend holiday should be supplied by an outside kitchen—your own club or a restaurant catering service—so that you may more fully devote your attention to other matters. If the meal is to include a classic feast dish such as Peking duck or any other item involving lengthy preparation, it should be ordered at least a day in advance.

In addition to the regular meals, there will be those moments, usually late at night, when the two of you will feel hunger's darts and stage an assault on the larder. Late-night snackmanship also depends upon a certain amount of advance planning. It's both rewarding and rewarded. Many a man has risen in the esteem of his chosen companion on the basis of the ready availability of a jar of Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras* with truffles. Some of the biggest favorites late at night are little fishes. It's a good idea to have three or four cans in the refrigerator at all times for impulse snacking. While the oldest and best-known seafood items, such as boneless and skinless sardines in olive oil or French mackerel in white wine, are almost always apropos, the variety of delicious canned fish and shellfish is getting larger all the time. The Scandinavian countries are properly famed for their herring fillets in wine, dill, curry, tomato, cherry—you name the sauce. Smoked baby clams, mussels and oysters are now augmented by smoked frogs' legs, abalone and octopus, all mouth-watering pleasures. Remember that any food of this genre, once opened, should be eaten right away. It won't spoil for a day or two, but it will become dry and lose the bloom of its flavor. For any carnivorously minded couple, meats such as ham, mortadella and tongue are best eaten the same day they're sliced, unless they're purchased in vacuum-sealed packages. Otherwise, they're best bought in chunks for slicing at the witching hour. The same goes for firm meats—German cervelat sausage or the pepper-studded Genoa salami—which are not only sturdy enough to last from one weekend to the next but often seem to improve with age. All hard meats should be sliced as thin as paper and should enjoy the comradeship of both mild and hot mustard, pepper salad in oil and olives or olive salad. While crock cheeses such as roquefort in port or cheddar in sherry are easily stored, their smooth, at times almost velvety, texture may be a bit too bland to pique late-night taste buds. Better bets are the straight natural cheeses. A wedge of aged provolone or a soft, ripe Brie will bring bravos from cheese buffs. A bowl of fresh fruit should be within easy reach at any time of day or night.

It goes without saying that one's liquid assets should be carefully inventoried before the weekend begins, so that any potable gaps can be promptly filled. Setting out to make a rob roy and discovering that you're out of sweet vermouth may not be one of life's major disappointments, but the irritation can easily be avoided. Be sure that your fridge holds a frosty complement of beers and ales—the perfect supporting cast for a snacking *Late, Late Show*. Your wine cellar should be in good shape as well.

Following are menus and recipes to help make your weekend away from the madding throng a success in—and for—every sense.

Friday Dinner

Cocktails of your choice
Scotch Salmon, Marinated Mushrooms
Fresh Maine Lobster in Cream
Fresh Asparagus, Black Walnuts
Bibb Lettuce and Watercress Salad
Black-Cherry Tart
Demitasse

SCOTCH SALMON, MARINATED MUSHROOMS

4 ozs. sliced Scotch smoked salmon
3¾-oz. jar cocktail mushrooms marinated in oil
¼ cup shredded white radishes
3 tablespoons minced green pepper
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 teaspoons finely minced fresh chives
Salt, pepper
2 large thick slices fresh tomato

The texture of smoked salmon from Scotland differs from American salmon, but the salmon is lightly salted like our Nova Scotia, which can be used as a substitute, if necessary. All main ingredients should be chilled. Cut salmon into strips about 1 in. long and ⅛ in. wide. Drain mushrooms; oil may be saved and used for salads. Peel radishes and shred through large holes of metal grater. Mix salmon, mushrooms, radishes, green pepper, mayonnaise and chives. Season with salt and pepper. Spoon a mound on top of each tomato slice. Serve well chilled.

FRESH MAINE LOBSTER IN CREAM

2 1¼-lb. freshly boiled Maine lobsters
⅔ cup sliced celery
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons shallots or scallions, very finely minced
Salt, celery salt, white pepper
1 split *brut* champagne
½ cup light cream
2 tablespoons butter at room temperature
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon fresh parsley, very finely minced
1 teaspoon fresh dill, very finely minced

In advance, order lobster boiled or steamed by seafood dealer. Have him remove lobster meat from shells and include tomalley and roe, if any.

Peel celery, cut into ½-in. slices and boil until just barely tender. Drain. Cut lobster into ½-in. chunks. Melt 3 tablespoons butter over very low flame in saucepan. (Keep flame very low through entire cooking.) Add shallots. Sauté 1 minute. Add lobster and celery. Season with salt, celery salt and pepper. Stir well. Sauté a few minutes. Add champagne. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add cream and bring up to a boil. Mix 2 tablespoons butter and flour to a smooth paste. Add to pan. Stir until flour mixture dissolves and sauce is thickened. Add parsley and dill and correct seasoning, if necessary. Serve on toast. Pour chilled *brut* champagne or Chablis.

FRESH ASPARAGUS, BLACK WALNUTS

1 lb. fresh, large California asparagus
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons black-walnut meat (obtainable at nut specialty shops)
Salt, pepper

With vegetable peeler, scrape sides of asparagus to remove scales. Cut off thick tough ends of asparagus. Boil asparagus in slightly salted water until just tender. Drain. Season with salt and pepper. Heat butter and walnuts until butter turns nut brown. Pour over asparagus.

Toss Bibb lettuce and watercress (both well drained and dried after washing) with olive oil–wine vinegar dressing. Cherry tart may be served either warmed in oven for a few minutes or else well chilled.

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ZUBIN AND THE MOTHERS

article By F. P. TULLIUS *being a chronicle of the curious musical carryings-on between the los angeles philharmonic and frank zappa's freaky band of minstrels*

If your children ever find out how lame you are, they'll murder you in your sleep.

—FRANK ZAPPA'S CLOSING MESSAGE TO TOURISTS AT THE HOLLYWOOD WHISKY-A-GO-GO, DECEMBER 1965

Mehta knows his group. He says they're really good, that they can really pick things up fast and that he's good at conducting and rehearsing and all that stuff. I should say he's full of it?

—ZAPPA TO A REPORTER, MAY 1970

These Mothers is crazy. You can tell by their clothes. One guy wears beads and they all smell bad. We were gonna get them for a dance after the basketball game but my best pal warned me you can never tell how many will show up. . . . None of the kids at my school like these Mothers . . . specially since my teacher told us what the words to their songs meant.

—SUZY CREAMCHEESE

IT WAS A NICE California-daylight evening, and outside UCLA's Pauley Pavilion (the house they built for Alcindor), the crowd milling about and queuing at the wickets looked to be about the size of any good sell-out crowd for the championship Bruin five. Except that its constituents were different. There were lots of lank-haired chicks with nice barefoot dirty feet (dirty bare feet always look cleaner than clean feet that have just been in shoes), lots of fringed buckskin and denim everywhere. Especially denim. Denim cutoffs with tailored leather seams, denim jackets with embroidery, with red reflectors, denim Levis for boys, for girls. Denim must be the one industry that is bullish these days. Because the latest scream is the poor look. Some of the holes at the knees even look as though they've been premeditatedly abraded with a nail file. And, in order to get the washed-out look, dumped into Mom's automatic five or six times in succession. And, to fit like that around the ass, soaked in salt and put on wet.

There had been trouble the week before at UCLA and the school was still in semi-strike, so the screams and scuffling from the multitudes outside Pauley did not come as a surprise, though, happily, it turned out to be a little sidewalk cabaret by the local guerrilla theater. There were straights here, too, with children, and wearing suits from Silverwood's that probably didn't really cost much more than a Levi bike jacket with leather lining, and maybe a hell of a lot *less* than a suede frontier job from Hell-Bent for Leather on Hollywood Boulevard. (We may need a new definition of who the establishment is and who the people are.) The straight Johns were here because Zubin Mehta was going to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic. This was the third concert in a series by the Music

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN

Center, known as Contempo '70 ("20th Century music: How it was, how it is"). The denim, *nostalgie de la boue* crowd was here because Frank Zappa had reassembled his Mothers of Invention (disbanded in late 1969) and was going to play. Some other misfits were here, no doubt, because Frank was going to play in concert *with* the Philharmonic—the world premiere of a two-and-one-half-hour composition for Mothers and orchestra (cut to about an hour for this performance), entitled *200 Motels*. (Such morganatic marriages are not entirely new to music. Some others: The Deep Purple and the Royal Philharmonic, the Stones and the London Bach Choir—remember that drug-saturated masterpiece *You Can't Always Get What You Want*?—and the "Switched-On Symphony" series on TV.)

Inside, the L. A. Phils could be seen seated at one end of the basketball court and, behind and above them, two electric pianos, Hammond organ, drums, amps and other esoterica of the Mothers, who were to come on later. The chairs on the basketball floor seemed to be garrisoned by Dorothy Chandler Pavilion season-ticket holders (hereafter known as Dorothy Chandlers), while the many more "bleacher" seats surrounding the court seemed to belong to the Zappa cheering section.

Things were late, and at about ten till nine, Zubin Mehta, born in Bombay, India, strode to stage center—facing a crowd, incidentally, that seemed more empathetic in its life style to indigenous Indians than to Hindus. Seeing that considerable of the eventual capacity of more than 14,000 was still looking for its seats, he gave the audience a little lagniappe of Stravinsky. Finished with that, Zubin approached the microphone, found it dead and so repeated the Stravinsky. Then, finding the mike still dead, he borrowed another from a member of the orchestra. This acoustic boost was to prove futile, however, for the Phils were up against one of the inventors and developers—one of the Ur-people—of electrically zapped sound in Frank Zappa, of Lancaster, California, five ten, 154 pounds.

Using the auxiliary mike, Mehta—who looks like a mature Sabu—gave a little caveat to the people: "I want to correct one misconception. Anyone who thinks he's come to hear a rock concert is mistaken. You are all trapped here under the pretext of hearing rock 'n' roll. I don't want any misconceptions—*especially with our older patrons.* [Laughter] *200 Motels* will be a little rock 'n' roll but it's absolutely contemporary music." Zubin then introduced the first selection, *Immobiles I–I* for tape recorder and/or orchestra, by Mel Powell, who was described in the program as "one of the pre-eminent figures in contemporary music." Powell was seated on the basketball floor.

Mehta struck up *Immobiles I–I* and was concluding the second of the four immobiles when there came a deep, urgent voice from the floor: *"Zubin! Zubin!"* Music stopped and the voice was handed a mike and it was Powell with a bulletin from the front that the tape-recorder part of his composition hadn't been playing since the beginning. After a brief consultation, Mehta announced that he would skip the Powell piece and go into Varèse's *Intégrales*. Edgar Varèse (1885–1965) has been called the "grand old man of the perpetual avant-garde." He is one of Zappa's models and it was Frank himself who suggested *Intégrales* be performed. (The general view of music lovers was that the rendition was flashy and hopelessly distorted.)

Now the Mothers entered and climbed to their second-story stage. Eight of them, counting Frank. Ian Underwood on electric piano, doubling on sax. (Program: "An M. A. in music and child prodigy at the piano.") Ray Collins (an original Mother, going back to *Freak Out* days) with wild titian hair, playing the tambourine and singing. James Motorhead Sherwood, "sax and other things." Zappa—slim, but mesomorphically muscled—resplendent (for him) in lime and yellow horizontally striped hip-huggers that fit his impudent buttocks like wool jersey, topped with a purple long-sleeved T-shirt. Mother Motorhead (who has "teen appeal," according to Frank) was attired in a white letterman sweater with three varsity stripes, and beneath that a kelly-green Fillmore East T-shirt—his lengthy hair tied with a ribbon in the back, giving him the effect of a rather prognathous member of the Girls' Athletic Association field-hockey team. Zappa's golliwogg hair was similarly tied and he displayed the trademark Zappa-ta facial hair, which somewhat resembles the silhouette of an explosion over Eniwetok, beneath that splendid banana nose.

A little speech by Zappa: "We're kind of tense . . . the tape recorder breaks down. When you play music in a hall designed for basketball, you take your chances. Maybe some day, if music becomes competitive and violent, they'll have halls this big designed for music. . . . Will Don Preston, our organist, please stop vomiting and come up on the stage?" (Program: "Don Dewild Preston —all keyboard instruments and weirdness—joined the group in the summer of 1966. He plays the Monster in the forthcoming Mothers' movie, *Uncle Meat*.")

The Mothers opened with an old Angels' nifty (*Ooh-lah-dee-lah*), *My Boy Friend's Back* and then, without intro, *segued* into their version of *Intégrales*—which, well . . . *sounded* like Varèse's work in some spots.

Then Zappa, putting it to the Dorothy Chandlers directly beneath him, launched into an original recitative, which embroidered on an Oedipal refrain ("Father, I want to kill you!") sung by Jim Morrison in The Doors' *The End*:

> You're uptight. Sitting all alone in your teenage bedroom. You're tense. And you *got* . . . to . . . go . . . get . . . your cookies! Around the wall are little cutout decals of sailing boats, donkeys and Little Bopeep. You're lying in your flannel pajamas in your teenage sheets —all you mothers out there know what teenage sheets are; they're the ones with the yellow and brown stains. You tiptoe through the living room to the kitchen to find the cookie jar—your favorite oral gratification: oatmeal raisin cookies! They're in the Aunt Jemima cookie jar. You rip her head off and stuff your sweaty teenage hand into her body. You grab a cookie—tempting raisins, a fascinating tactile sensation —you know you're gonna get off on it. You go to the icebox, open the door, take out a box of milk and pour it into your drinking hole.
>
> But he still hasn't quite got it off. He then goes into his mother's room and cries, "Mother, I want to kill you!," but she ignores him, being too busy putting silver and green and blue stuff around her eyes. And anyway, she knows where he's at. She's washed his sheets. He goes into his father's room and makes a similar death threat, but his father, busy masturbating, ignores him, too.

The Dorothy Chandlers seemed unperturbed by how near the knuckle this struck, and then the Phils below, in a little arch-Happening, walked off, blowing discordant sounds. In rebuttal, Frank directed the band to hit different notes, and on about the fourth one, came up with his middle finger extended, while the Mothers screamed "Aaaah!" as if they'd been goosed. The Battle of the Bands was on.

INTERMISSION

It was an anonymous Roman who first recognized that the mother of invention is necessity. It is not known if Frank Zappa acted on this pearl when he formed the Mothers on Mother's Day, 1965, but some sort of felt need must have been met, because they soon became the leading underground rock group in the United States. Born in Baltimore on December 21, 1940, Frank grew up in Lancaster, California, a Mojave Desert town. Towns such as Lancaster always have American Legion Posts, where in the Fifties they held dances that they hyped over the

"You'll not get a proper trophy that way, Bassington!"

radio: "Come and meet old friends and make new ones. No Levis or capris, please." And then the next day, the news on the same station would say there were five knifings at the dance. Guys got high on white port and lemon juice and wore leather jackets, peggers and hair in a ducktail. Girls wore full skirts with five petticoats.

The Mothers became regulars at the Whisky on Sunset Strip and were featured regularly in the Zeidler & Zeidler full-page freak-out ads which appeared in the *Freep* (*Los Angeles Free Press* to non-Californians) and were the forerunners of all the freaky ads you see now. The term freak out (the title of his first album) was popularized by Frank, who described it almost pedantically back then as "a process whereby an individual casts off outmoded and restricting standards of thinking, dress and social etiquette in order to express *creatively* his relationship to his immediate environment and the social structure as a whole." He formed a society called the United Mutations, to accept freaks—that is, anyone who wanted to make a decision for freakiness. Groups of unpaid dancers in the early days always vied to appear at the Mothers' performances. Vito and His Dancers became a frequent attraction. Vito, a sculptor, middle-aged hippie and charter member of U. M., has now left the country. *Freak Out* also introduced to the world Suzy Creamcheese, a fulsome embodiment of teenage Middle America.

The songs in Frank's albums—almost all written by him—have such titles as *America Drinks and Goes Home, Who Are the Brain Police?, Hungry Freaks Daddy* and *Cheap Thrills (In the Back of my Car)*. A critic once said that Frank's songs and his renditions of them are "conglomerates of humor, satire, chance nonfiction and the grotesque, punctuated with snorts, oinks and boings, sprinkled with bits of Motown, Sacco and Vanzetti, r&b, Rosemary De Camp and Stravinsky." Frank said of his own music, "We're presenting a chemical monstrosity, not really a panacea. But it is a useful household preparation, something like ammonia." If Frank Zappa is not a household word to you (like ammonia), it may have something to do with the fact that most amplitude-modulated stations can't stand his freaky-porno-sacrilegious thumb-in-the-eye and they would be more likely to say "shit" over the air than "Zappa." Few know it, but Frank was a pioneer in the use of amplified and electronically modified instruments, being credited with laying the groundwork that influenced the design of many commercially manufactured electromusical devices. Probably most importantly, Zappa was the first to realize that kids didn't want "pretty notes"—that is, amplifiers that play mellow tones. "That's for the flabby, martini-drinking generation. Kids want sound," he said. "And if your ears hear it as a whine, a whistle, fuzz—the feedback *scream* that NBC pays engineers millions to get rid of—that's music to us today. And the kids love it, if you hate it. You go to one of their concerts. You want to find out what your daughter is up to. So you go, and you walk in, and you say, 'That damn amp is up so loud I can't make out the words.' The kids love that because they already know the words, and *they know you don't*. The amplifier is their Weapon of Destruction." Zappa once suggested giving that name to an amplifier built by a company for which he acted as technical advisor. "Or maybe just Death," he added. Among the Mothers' other albums are *Ruben & the Jets*, a quasi-nostalgic revisitation to the Fifties' high school r&b, *Uncle Meat, Lumpy Gravy* and *Burnt Weeny Sandwich. Hot Rats* is Frank without the Mothers. *Weasels Ripped My Flesh* is the first "live" Mothers' album and *Chunga's Revenge*, the latest. His album titles read like the menu in some infernal, Mephistophelean restaurant. Freudian scholars will notice a certain addiction to unsavory food items.

Onstage, the Mothers are by far the most demonstrative of rock groups. It's multimedia from the word go, and you can expect to see bits of business such as a doll mutilated, a gas mask put on, a bag of vegetables unpacked and examined, a variety of "obscene" sign language and a performance of what Frank calls "dead air." This is forewarned by spaced intervals of sound (honks)—then silence. Mother Motorhead may then give Frank a shoeshine. This maddening insouciance is maintained until the audience begins to crack. Then Frank strolls to the mike: "It brings out hostilities in you, doesn't it?"

Today, Frank Zappa holds such establishmentarian titles as leader and musical director of the Mothers of Invention and president of Bizarre, Inc., an underground-rock conglomerate located on Wilshire Boulevard, which includes Bizarre Records and Straight Records (he is fond of little put-ons in his Bizarre liner notes, such as "Captain Beefheart vocal, courtesy Straight Records"), a management firm, a public-relations agency, several music-publishing companies, a film-production company and a book division that will start off with publication of *The Groupie Papers*. (He may be on the way to becoming the first underground tycoon—the Daddy Warbucks of Freakdom.) Frank lives in Laurel Canyon, a pass between Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley, where he works in the basement of his house, which he shares with his wife, Gail, his daughter Moon Unit, one and a half, and an infant son they call Dweezle. His first film, *Burnt Weeny Sandwich*, a documentary about the Mothers, is being previewed at this writing. His next, *Capt. Beefheart vs. the Grunt People*, is in production.

He is musically knowledgeable; his instructions to his group may go like this: "Play 4/4 for ten bars, then 17/8 for three bars, then 22/8 for one bar, all played so fast and tight you don't know what time it is." He fancies himself a serious musician and once said: "I got tired of playing for people who clap for all the wrong reasons. Those kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit 'em on the ass." He is, he said, "a composer who works with rock, rather than a simple rock musician with no consciously artistic pretensions."

• • •

The Phils and Mothers returned and Frank took the mike to say, "Mr. Powell has left and he took the tape with him." (Martin Bernheimer, *Los Angeles Times*: "[Powell] later explained his action in terms of 'revulsion at the wretched debasement of new music . . . exploitation of pop mobs . . . mockery of art . . . cynical attitude of the Philharmonic management. Powell insisted his displeasure had little to do with the musical mishap. He also claimed that Ernest Fleischmann, executive director of the Philharmonic, attempted to bar his exit, threatening never to schedule his compositions again. Fleischmann dismissed Powell's behavior as 'ridiculously unprofessional.' ")

Zappa then gave a brief preamble to *200 Motels*: "I wrote this a while ago when I thought symphonic music was where it's at, and when we rehearsed this week, I heard all the errors I made, but we left them in—so you're gonna hear them too. It's not really a great piece of music, but I think we can get off a few times." (*200 Motels* represents strains and snatches written by Zappa in motels and hotels here and in Europe on his road trips. The whole mother is two and one half hours long, but one sequence, which required, among other things, a soprano soloist, three dancers, a chorus, a narrator, an industrial vacuum cleaner, a noisy 16mm projector and a dental-health film, was deleted, cutting this performance to about an hour.)

"All right, Zubin, hit it!" cried Zappa, initiating the world premiere of *200 Motels*. What really happened, as it developed, was not two bands playing together but two playing apart—a battle of the bands. And here, the Mothers' superior decibel energy gave them the edge. A good eight-piece hard-rock group with their Fender Stratocasters peaked and their fuzztones stomped into action can make a 100-piece symphony sound positively puerile. As to the flavor of *200 Motels*, it was eclectic, to say the least. It began with a good, hard-driving rock passage and then *segued* into a leitmotif

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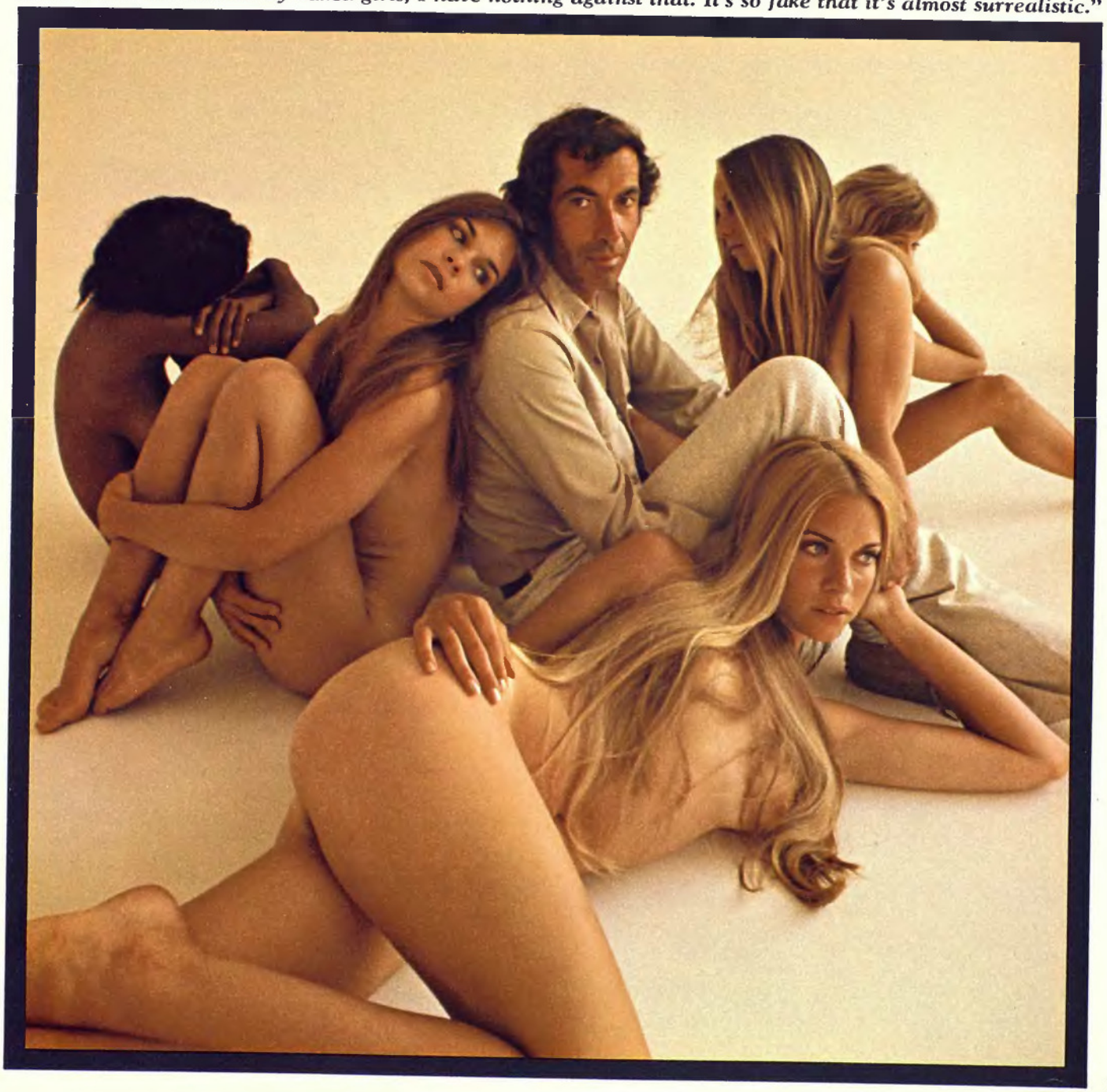
VADIM'S "PRETTY MAIDS"

pictorial essay By ROGER VADIM *the celebrated and controversial french director tells about the women in his life, from bardot to the young movie hopefuls who appear in his first american film*

SITTING HERE IN CALIFORNIA editing my first American film—*Pretty Maids All in a Row*—I find myself reflecting on my 12 preceding pictures and the women who have risen to stardom through them. Most of my films have been attacked or censored for their supposedly provocative content; but there has actually been less nudity in them than in many other films. Usually, however, their ambiance and their atmosphere are very erotic, even though people

"I hate old-style publicity photographs, with all the girls smiling around the director. But to be completely dressed and surrounded by naked girls, I have nothing against that. It's so fake that it's almost surrealistic."



are dressed from neck to toe. If possible, I prefer to show an actress either completely naked or completely dressed; I always try to avoid that vulgar situation in which a woman is seen wearing only bra and panties. That's cheating the audience. Better to let the imagination work: An actress wearing a T-shirt with nothing underneath or moving under a sheet or outlined in shadow can be infinitely more suggestive.

Many times, I've discovered, viewers see my actresses as naked when they really aren't. *And God Created Woman* is a good example. Bardot was nude only in the opening sequences. Yet one of the French censors insisted that she was flagrantly naked in a later scene. We ran the film again to demonstrate that she was enveloped from neck to thigh in a turtleneck pullover. But the censor had honestly visualized her as undressed. That sort of mental striptease happens all the time. But it was not because of nudity that *And*

"Gretchen Burrell (left) has the best figure in the cast; her breasts are just right, like a happy compromise between Jane Russell and Twiggy. In the scene above, I'm directing Margaret Markov to cry for her mysteriously deceased girlfriends while she does a striptease in Rock Hudson's office. Brenda Sykes (right) is terribly shy; if half of American actresses were black, she might be more confident."

God Created Woman was banned all over France. What the censors reacted to was my refusal to attach the ideas of sin and culpability to sex. At that time, it was understood that when you dealt with sex or nudity in motion pictures, there always had to be an excuse for it: The girl was a nymphomaniac or a whore or had been raped by her father as a child. And she always felt guilty. Now here was Bardot as a normal girl from a lower-middle-class family, a girl with a bright little mind and no problems. She was as free as the hippies of today. The censors *felt* that and didn't like it.

In one sequence, this girl has just gotten married. On the way home from church, a boy, who apparently has fucked her earlier, taunts her as a little whore. Her bridegroom, who is much smaller than the heckler, fights for her honor—but not terribly well. She takes her husband to her room to remove the blood from his face—and gets turned on by his demonstration of courage. She makes love to him while keeping the family waiting to begin the traditional wedding feast downstairs. After the lovemaking, she goes to the dinner table and, saying nothing to the family, picks up

"The first of eight girls who make love with Hudson (left) in the film is Gretchen, the girl with the perfect body. Angie Dickinson and John David Carson (below) demonstrate how an attractive, mature woman can help a virgin male get rid of his inhibitions. I like to call Joy Bang (right) my intellectual sex kitten. In 'Pretty Maids,' a murder satire full of nudity and sex, the word bang has a double meaning; she'd be more aptly referred to as Joy Bang Bang."

some food, puts it on a plate and returns to her husband. This was the scene that most irritated the French censors, because it attacked the base of society by making light of the tradition of marriage. In comparison with today's films, of course, *And God Created Woman* is suitable for children; it's even been shown on television. But at the time it was released in 1956, *Woman* was really a miracle. It was the film that changed the movie industry in France; it was the first French production to be a completely international success; and in two or three months after its release, Bardot was known throughout the world.

Brigitte was the first free, insolent international star, in the manner later to be adopted by the Beatles. She was also the first to be—physically as well as psychologically—half masculine, half feminine. If you look at Brigitte very closely, you will see that she has the ass of an adolescent male. The first time I met Brigitte, I was struck by her walk—like that of a princess, aristocratic and free at the same time. And completely spontaneous. There was a class and an elegance to her body. I love women who have their own way of moving their arms, of walking, sleeping, eating, washing. I was more impressed with this than sexually aroused by her in the beginning. For me, sex

"When I first met Barbara Leigh (left), I wasn't very impressed. A few months later, I saw her walking on the beach—a divine creature. I thought anyone who could change so drastically must have acting potential. Joanna Cameron (above) has a beautiful face. All she needs is a little more vulnerability. I felt it would be nice to cast someone in the film with really huge breasts, as the Americans like them, so I picked Joyce Williams (right), who is also a Bumper-Pool Bunny at the Los Angeles Playboy Club."

is very intellectual and takes time. I cannot walk along a street and see a woman and think: My God! I must have her.

But from the outset, I told Bardot she would become a star. She couldn't believe it. She was happy just being a ballet dancer. It's not generally known that Bardot was—and is—terribly insecure about her appearance. I like this sort of insecurity in a woman. I think it's very feminine. I imagine Marilyn Monroe was very insecure, and God knows she was feminine. I love women who are vulnerable in this way. Not someone like Raquel Welch; to me, she is a computerized star, not feminine at all. She conveys the idea that she can seduce anyone she wishes. That frightens me. She doesn't give you anything to look forward to. I would be completely impotent with such a woman.

I've often been compared to Svengali, the fictional mesmerist who set out to transform a simple bourgeois girl into a star—and succeeded. Although that seems terribly exaggerated, I have noticed that certain changes do occur in a woman when I'm living with her. You know, a woman sees herself in the eyes of a man, as if he were a mirror, and instinctively she does things *(text continued on page 212)*

"June Fairchild (left) came into my office wearing a transparent dress with nothing underneath. I was enchanted; sex without vulgarity delights me. I wanted one of the 'Pretty Maids' to be an Oriental, and I needed empty-headed types. Aimee Eccles (below) is Chinese with a remarkably silly giggle. And I chose Margaret Markov (right) for the crying-striptease scene because she's of Yugoslavian extraction. A nude Slavic woman weeping, to me, is irresistibly sexy."

VARGAS GIRL

"Of course, there are certain kinds of inflation that I don't mind at all."

THE MOMENT HE SAW her shoulders, the young Chevalier de Langevin forgot his habitual boredom. They were bare and incredibly white, the *blanc de blancs* of shoulders, with one butterfly-shaped beauty spot resting on the firm slope that descended to her décolletage. Her dress was the color of bright poppies, except for the band of gold at her bosom that held two crystal peepholes on either side. And gazing through the peepholes with a look of innocent curiosity were two pink nipples. De Langevin could not see her whole face, because of the black fan she was holding up, but the eyes above it were sea green. He suddenly realized that all the other women he had loved were nothing but tones of brown or gray.

Every time the Marquise de Fénelon took a new lover, she used that as an excuse to give a masked ball. Like the lovers, the balls were large and dull. Thus, the Comte d'Orpesson was astonished to see his friend Raimond de Langevin approach with a wild look in his eyes. "Who is that rainbow, who is that vision, who is that creation of whipped cream with two strawberries standing over there by the doorway?" gasped De Langevin. "I love her madly."

The comte lowered his puce-colored half mask and looked around coolly. "Good Lord, is Florabelle here? I must have missed her. But down, dear boy, lay down your spear. I strongly advise you to fall out of love."

"She has a gigantic husband who is very jealous?"

"I never heard of him, no."

"She is a warm friend of the king?"

"Not at all. It's rather more a matter of value. Do you remember that Holy Writ tells us that a virtuous woman has a price far above rubies? Well, that unvirtuous lady over there has a price far above diamonds. One smile would cost you half your income; one kiss and you'd be putting up your household for auction."

"D'Orpesson, you do make stupid jokes."

"Well, then, ask the gentlemen who tried it. Monsieur Filon was once one of the richest and crookedest tax collectors in all France. Now he is a poor clerk in the war office—still crooked, no doubt. Lord Avesham inherited a noble mansion and half the land in Worcestershire, but now he owns nothing more than a kitchen garden. And the Grand Duke Vladimir—but, poor Vladya. That story is too sad to tell. Each of these brave fellows made a noble attempt to fill that bottomless hole with his treasure."

De Langevin took this as the usual kind of scandalmongering and, during the next few days, schemed to get himself an invitation to the lady's fine town house in the rue Vaugirard. He was received by a solemn and stately major-domo, who said that madame would be delighted to see him, but first—this in a very confidential tone—there was a small formality, a deposit of 5000 livres.

"I don't wish to buy the whole street!" exclaimed De Langevin. "I just desire a half hour of madame's company."

"The first half hour costs five thousand," said the major-domo, "but each subsequent hour is only two thousand livres." De Langevin then tried to offer him a bribe, but found himself turned out into the street with some rudeness.

De Langevin's annual income was a modest but enabling sum of 3000 livres —not bad for a young man at court. He calculated that one night with Florabelle would leave him dining on wind for the next seven years. That evening, he sat at home, very depressed, and finished off a whole bottle of wine.

He fell asleep and soon he began to dream splendidly. He saw Florabelle again—the fine red lips, the velvety skin, the tender pink of her nipples, the sea depths of her green eyes. She approached him with a perfectly charming smile and, without hesitation, she began to unlace and unbutton—bodice and camisole, skirts, petticoats, *caleçons* descended to the floor, one by one. At last she stood in rosy nakedness, the most beautiful female creature possible to imagine. Then she quickly slipped into his bed and put her arms around him. It was a long, long, passionate dream and it was perfectly consummated—without costing De Langevin a sou.

The next day, he happened across D'Orpesson idling under the trees at the Palais Royal and, feeling cheerful, Raimond couldn't resist telling him about his bargain night with Florabelle. D'Orpesson laughed heartily and congratulated him. De Langevin asked his friend to keep this a secret and D'Orpesson swore to do so. Of course, within the hour, D'Orpesson had related the anecdote to six different people.

Naturally, by five o'clock that evening, it had been told to Florabelle. At first, she was amused. She reflected. Then she felt a bit flattered. She reflected some more. Then she became angry. Thereupon, she sent immediately for her lawyer, Maître Duplessis. When he had come, she told him the tale and ordered him to institute a legal process against De Langevin for trespass and theft.

Justice, being blind, crawls along slowly, and it was six months before Sieur Follain, the learned judge, could hear the case. Duplessis opened with an eloquent plea. "It is patent," he said, "that the unscrupulous defendant did most illicitly trespass upon the most personal property of my client; to wit, her body. Furthermore, said property also represents her capital, which she has never sold but has leased for certain definite periods with full reservation of all rights of ownership. In consequence of which we demand full payment of the usual fee charged by my client, as an amend for her loss and mental anguish. Plus compound interest and court costs."

Florabelle was wearing her most demure dress. She succeeded in looking expensive, though nothing could make her look innocent. The judge paid her a good deal of attention.

The advocate for the defense tried hard, but his case was weak. After all, he said with a shrug, it was only a dream and what greater compliment can a man pay a woman? The judge looked unimpressed. Finally, he delivered his verdict:

"The court finds that the defendant has committed a serious trespass upon the body of the plaintiff, compounded by his making said trespass public knowledge. We therefore decree that the defendant must compensate the plaintiff by producing immediately fifteen thousand gold livres, the sum demanded as damages." De Langevin turned pale and began to feel dizzy.

"The defendant will then count out the coins, piece by piece. Plaintiff will listen carefully to each clink and dream that she is receiving payment. As the Chevalier de Langevin wronged her in the world of shadow and sleep, let her compensation be in the coin of that realm. However, she must pay the actual costs of this trial."

—Retold by Paul Tabori

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

PLAYBOY PANEL *(continued from page 92)*

changed, more people would probably engage in homosexual acts, but fewer would identify themselves as homosexuals.

BIEBER: I see no reason to believe from what we already know that there's going to be an outcropping of many people who have repressed homosexuality, just waiting, as with Prohibition, for repeal to come and all the saloons will open. There's no reason to believe anything like that at all.

PLOSCOWE: I agree with Dr. Bieber. I don't think law reform will have much of an effect on the frequency of homosexual incidents one way or the other. The percentage of homosexuals who are arrested for acts done secretly by consent is very, very low, and I don't think the fear of arrest can interfere in any conceivable way with the compulsion to commit a homosexual act.

TYNAN: If the laws were repealed, there might even be *fewer* people engaging in homosexual acts. A certain kind of paranoid personality, which feeds on a sense of being ostracized and persecuted, is often attracted by the homosexual subworld in countries where queers are outside the law. It's like belonging to a secret society. Remove the element of persecution and you remove the attraction. Again, people often drift into membership of oppressed minorities to compensate for failure in other spheres. "Look at me," they say. "I'm victimized because I'm queer." I've known a good many borderline queers who wanted martyrdom more than they wanted boyfriends. By liberalizing the laws, society could help them face their real problem.

McILVENNA: Even without law reform, I think a permissive situation has had a very positive effect on the San Francisco homosexual, because he doesn't have to be as fearful. San Francisco is only relatively permissive, though. There are still many persons who, if they were found out to be homosexuals, would be fired from their jobs. We've had situations where the police, when they've made an arrest, even though the person was found not guilty of certain sex charges, have called the employer and said, "Do you know that this person was arrested on such and such a sex charge?" There is still a bias on the part of the police and others against homosexuals, and the homosexual is pretty vulnerable.

MARMOR: You're right. Even with law reform, little would change to begin with, except that it would be an indication that our society was becoming more tolerant toward the private ways in which people choose to express their sexual needs. Discreet homosexuals would no longer be subjected to legal sanctions; but in actual practice even now, most police do not arrest such people. They would, of course, still be subjected to moral sanctions and possibly to blackmail because of moral opprobrium. Nevertheless, law reform would be a healthy thing, as an indication of growing tolerance on the part of society, and it would pave the way for other constructive evolutionary changes.

PLOSCOWE: Homosexuality must be socially accepted as a fact of life; a laissez-faire attitude toward the homosexual must develop. But we will be far from that even if the law is changed. This is still a heterosexual world. The homosexual is still a deviant whatever the law may be and despite the so-called sexual revolution. It's tough for a homosexual to live in a heterosexual world.

KUH: Exactly. I'm not sure by changing the law that you suddenly create a vast area of understanding, unless the public is so educated that it's really ready for that change. And as the great Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "The first requirement of a sound body of law is that it should correspond with the actual feelings and demands of the community, whether right or wrong."

PLAYBOY: Some of those who draw the line at repealing the laws against "unnatural crimes" have suggested that instead of imposing prison sentences on homosexuals, they should be given some sort of psychotherapy. How effective would such a solution be?

LYON: How much does therapy do in changing a person's object orientation, and how many good therapists are there to work with homosexuals? You really find very few. If someone wants treatment, it's extremely difficult to find the right kind of help. I cannot in good conscience refer homosexuals with problems to their family doctors or clergymen, like "Dear Abby" does. There's too much ignorance, even among professionals. I've sent women to psychiatrists whose attitude was, "All you really need is a good man, sweetie, and here I am." That's not particularly helpful.

BIEBER: Obviously, Miss Lyon doesn't know any competent psychiatrists. But even an incompetent one wouldn't be likely to make a pass at a Lesbian patient in an initial interview.

McILVENNA: I don't think this problem of therapists seducing patients is a trivial one, nor exclusive to homosexuals. In the new Masters and Johnson book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, they make quite a thing of the whole problem of therapists seducing their patients and causing considerable problems for them.

MARMOR: Leaving aside the question of the individual psychiatrist's competence, it's doubtful if compulsory psychotherapy would be at all useful. Treatment should be given only if people seek it. It shouldn't be imposed upon them against their will. It's nobody's business if men or women choose to indulge in homosexual activity with a consenting adult in private. If people are unable to control their sexual behavior in public places or they're involved in the seduction of minors, they're in need of help, but this is true whether they're heterosexual or homosexual.

KUH: The matter of consent would be extremely important even if we had a sure-fire technique. I can accept laws directed generally against public homosexual acts—solicitation in public—and, though I don't agree with them, laws directed against private acts; yet to compel X to undergo a change in his personality because the community around him doesn't feel comfortable with that personality is pushing too far. Of course, making treatment available on a voluntary basis is a different matter.

LEITSCH: I don't think psychotherapy would make a bit of difference, because I don't think homosexuality can be cured. I've never heard of a case where it was cured, if by a cure you mean turning a homosexual into a heterosexual. You can teach a homosexual to engage in heterosexual acts, just as you can teach a heterosexual to engage in homosexual acts, but he doesn't lose what he started with; he just gets something else as well. It's something like becoming a monk and taking a vow of silence; just because you stop talking doesn't mean you've lost your voice. You can teach people to become broader or to give up what they're doing. But you can't change them from what they are into something else. These cures that you hear about, most of them sound so barbarous. I recall reading in *The Washington Post*, about two years ago, of a doctor who was doing behavior therapy, in which he put a homosexual in a room and flashed homosexual stimuli on a screen. The guy had X number of seconds to remove the stimulus by pushing a button. If he didn't, he got an electric shock. Then they flashed a heterosexual stimulus on the screen and he got a pleasurable sensation of some kind. The doctor said that he had cured 75 or 85 percent of his patients. When he was asked what a cure meant, he said, "The therapy stopped them from having homosexual experiences." Then the reporter said, "Did you get them to the point where they wanted to engage in heterosexual acts?" He said, "No, we've only done that with about five of the people so far. The rest have no sex activity at all." This guy was psychologically castrating his patients.

BIEBER: If you've never heard of a cured case, Mr. Leitsch, you're clearly not tuning in on what you don't want to hear. Many homosexuals become exclusively heterosexual. Homosexual behavior fantasies and dreams disappear. These men are

(continued on page 178)

MISTER NOXON'S LOCKETS

what with everyone at 1600 pennsylvania busy as hell explaining the recession and vietnam, it's just possible that they've turned over the hot line to an answering service

humor By DAN GREENBURG

"0800."

"Oh, hello. I didn't think you were going to answer. Have there been any messages?"

"Just a moment, I'll check. Uh. . . . No, nothing here. Oh, wait, here's one. It's from a Mr. Kozy—a Mr. Kozygram. He says——"

"Kozygram? Are you sure it's——"

"Kozygram, right. The message is——"

"I don't know any Mr. Kozygram. Is it perhaps a Mr. Kosygin? K-O-S-Y-G-I-N?"

"No, it's Kozygram. K-O-Z-Y-G-R-A-M. Do you want the message or don't you? I've got other calls here and I'm all alone on the board because two of the girls are out sick."

"What is the message?"

"It says you are to remove your lockets from Manchuria by——"

"*Lockets*? Are you sure it says *lockets*?"

"I don't know, dear, another girl took the message. Why, don't you have any lockets in Manchuria?"

"Is it possible it says *rockets*?"

"No, I'm sorry, it's lockets. He wants you to remove your lockets by . . . by . . . it's either a three or an eight, I can't make it out. Another girl took the message. Anyway, he wants you to remove them by either three or eight something or other, otherwise he's going to——"

"Yes? Otherwise he's going to *what*?"

"Hold on, I've got another call."

"Hello? Operator? Hello? *Hello*?"

"Hello. Thank you for waiting, Mr. Noxon——"

"*Nix*on. Could you please read me the rest of that message?"

"Surely. It says. . . . Oh, for goodness sake!"

"What?"

"This message isn't for you, anyway. It's for Mr. Jensen."

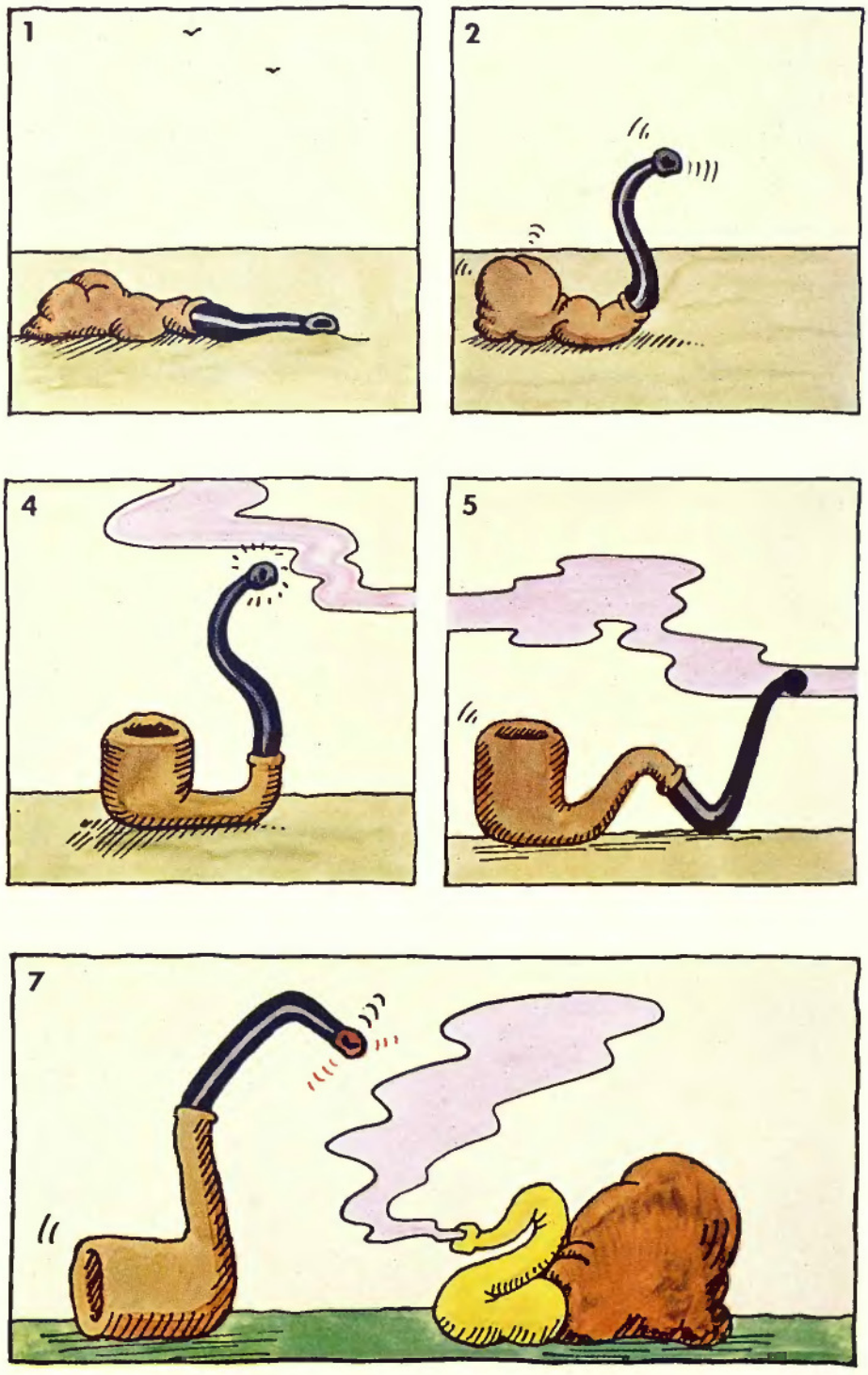
"For Mr. Johnson, you mean?"

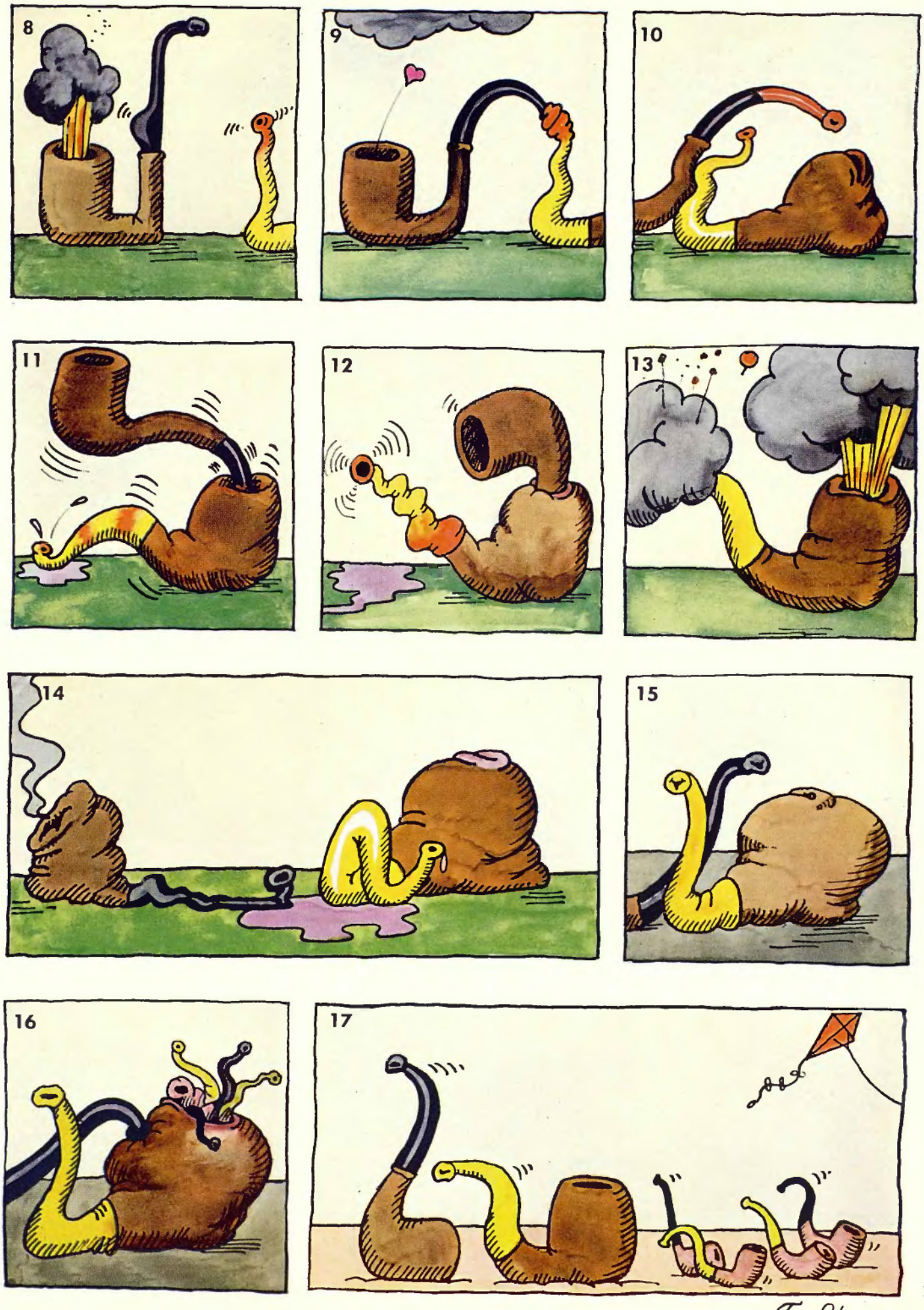
"It says Jensen is all I know, dear. I didn't take it myself. I guess it just got in your box by mistake. Sorry. No messages today, Mr. Noxon."

Spring Rites

By TOMI UNGERER

comes the vernal equinox
and a budding superbowl's
fancy lightly turns to
pipe dreams of love





Tomi Ungerer

duel

(continued from page 108)

rear end broke to the right and the car spun half around, sheering sideways to a neck-wrenching halt 30 yards beyond the café.

Mann sat in pulsing silence, eyes closed. His heartbeats felt like club blows in his chest. He couldn't seem to catch his breath. If he were ever going to have a heart attack, it would be now. After a while, he opened his eyes and pressed his right palm against his chest. His heart was still throbbing laboredly. No wonder, he thought. It isn't every day I'm almost murdered by a truck.

He raised the handle and pushed out the door, then started forward, grunting in surprise as the safety belt held him in place. Reaching down with shaking fingers, he depressed the release button and pulled the ends of the belt apart. He glanced at the café. What had its patrons thought of his breakneck appearance? he wondered.

He stumbled as he walked to the front door of the café. TRUCKERS WELCOME, read a sign in the window. It gave Mann a queasy feeling to see it. Shivering, he pulled open the door and went inside, avoiding the sight of its customers. He felt certain they were watching him, but he didn't have the strength to face their looks. Keeping his gaze fixed straight ahead, he moved to the rear of the café and opened the door marked GENTS.

Moving to the sink, he twisted the right-hand faucet and leaned over to cup cold water in his palms and splash it on his face. There was a fluttering of his stomach muscles he could not control.

Straightening up, he tugged down several towels from their dispenser and patted them against his face, grimacing at the smell of the paper. Dropping the soggy towels into a wastebasket beside the sink, he regarded himself in the wall mirror. Still with us, Mann, he thought. He nodded, swallowing. Drawing out his metal comb, he neatened his hair. You never know, he thought. You just never know. You drift along, year after year, presuming certain values to be fixed; like being able to drive on a public thoroughfare without somebody trying to murder you. You come to depend on that sort of thing. Then something occurs and all bets are off. One shocking incident and all the years of logic and acceptance are displaced and, suddenly, the jungle is in front of you again. *Man, part animal, part angel.* Where had he come across that phrase? He shivered.

It was entirely an animal in that truck out there.

His breath was almost back to normal now. Mann forced a smile at his reflection. All right, boy, he told himself. It's over now. It was a goddamned nightmare, but it's over. You are on your way to San Francisco. You'll get yourself a nice hotel room, order a bottle of expensive Scotch, soak your body in a hot bath and forget. Damn right, he thought. He turned and walked out of the washroom.

He jolted to a halt, his breath cut off. Standing rooted, heartbeat hammering at his chest, he gaped through the front window of the café.

The truck and trailer were parked outside.

Mann stared at them in unbelieving shock. It wasn't possible. He'd seen them roaring by at top speed. The driver had won; he'd *won*! He'd had the whole damn highway to himself! *Why had he turned back?*

Mann looked around with sudden dread. There were five men eating, three along the counter, two in booths. He cursed himself for having failed to look at faces when he'd entered. Now there was no way of knowing who it was. Mann felt his legs begin to shake.

Abruptly, he walked to the nearest booth and slid in clumsily behind the table. Now wait, he told himself; just wait. Surely, he could tell which one it was. Masking his face with the menu, he glanced across its top. Was it that one in the khaki work shirt? Mann tried to see the man's hands but couldn't. His gaze flicked nervously across the room. Not that one in the suit, of course. Three remaining. That one in the front booth, square-faced, black-haired? If only he could see the man's hands, it might help. One of the two others at the counter? Mann studied them uneasily. Why hadn't he looked at faces when he'd come in?

Now *wait*, he thought. Goddamn it, *wait*! All right, the truck driver was in here. That didn't automatically signify that he meant to continue the insane duel. Chuck's Café might be the only place to eat for miles around. It *was* lunchtime, wasn't it? The truck driver had probably intended to eat here all the time. He'd just been moving too fast to pull into the parking lot before. So he'd slowed down, turned around and driven back, that was all. Mann forced himself to read the menu. Right, he thought. No point in getting so rattled. Perhaps a beer would help relax him.

The woman behind the counter came over and Mann ordered a ham sandwich on rye toast and a bottle of Coors. As the woman turned away, he wondered, with a sudden twinge of self-reproach, why he hadn't simply left the café, jumped into his car and sped away. He would have known immediately, then, if the truck driver was still out to get him. As it was, he'd have to suffer through an entire meal to find out. He almost groaned at his stupidity.

Still, what if the truck driver *had* followed him out and started after him again? He'd have been right back where he'd started. Even if he'd managed to get a good lead, the truck driver would have overtaken him eventually. It just wasn't in him to drive at 80 and 90 miles an hour in order to stay ahead. True, he might have been intercepted by a California Highway Patrol car. What if he weren't, though?

Mann repressed the plaguing thoughts. He tried to calm himself. He looked deliberately at the four men. Either of two seemed a likely possibility as the driver of the truck: the square-faced one in the front booth and the chunky one in the jump suit sitting at the counter. Mann had an impulse to walk over to them and ask which one it was, tell the man he was sorry he'd irritated him, tell him anything to calm him, since, obviously, he wasn't rational, was a manic-depressive, probably. Maybe buy the man a beer and sit with him awhile to try to settle things.

He couldn't move. What if the truck driver were letting the whole thing drop? Mightn't his approach rile the man all over again? Mann felt drained by indecision. He nodded weakly as the waitress set the sandwich and the bottle in front of him. He took a swallow of the beer, which made him cough. Was the truck driver amused by the sound? Mann felt a stirring of resentment deep inside himself. What right did that bastard have to impose this torment on another human being? It was a free country, wasn't it? Damn it, he had every right to pass the son of a bitch on a highway if he wanted to!

"Oh, hell," he mumbled. He tried to feel amused. He was making entirely too much of this. Wasn't he? He glanced at the pay telephone on the front wall. What was to prevent him from calling the local police and telling them the situation? But, then, he'd have to stay here, lose time, make Forbes angry, probably lose the sale. And what if the truck driver stayed to face them? Naturally, he'd deny the whole thing. What if the police believed him and didn't do anything about it? After they'd gone, the truck driver would undoubtedly take it out on him again, only worse. *God!* Mann thought in agony.

The sandwich tasted flat, the beer unpleasantly sour. Mann stared at the table as he ate. For God's sake, why was he just *sitting* here like this? He was a grown man, wasn't he? Why didn't he settle this damn thing once and for all?

His left hand twitched so unexpectedly, he spilled beer on his trousers. The man in the jump suit had risen from the counter and was strolling toward the front of the café. Mann felt his heartbeat thumping as the man gave money to the waitress, took his change and a toothpick from the dispenser and went outside. Mann

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watched in anxious silence.

The man did not get into the cab of the tanker truck.

It had to be the one in the front booth, then. His face took form in Mann's remembrance: square, with dark eyes, dark hair; the man who'd tried to kill him.

Mann stood abruptly, letting impulse conquer fear. Eyes fixed ahead, he started toward the entrance. Anything was preferable to sitting in that booth. He stopped by the cash register, conscious of the hitching of his chest as he gulped in air. Was the man observing him? he wondered. He swallowed, pulling out the clip of dollar bills in his right-hand trouser pocket. He glanced toward the waitress. Come *on*, he thought. He looked at his check and, seeing the amount, reached shakily into his trouser pocket for change. He heard a coin fall onto the floor and roll away. Ignoring it, he dropped a dollar and a quarter onto the counter and thrust the clip of bills into his trouser pocket.

As he did, he heard the man in the front booth get up. An icy shudder spasmed up his back. Turning quickly to the door, he shoved it open, seeing, on the edges of his vision, the square-faced man approach the cash register. Lurching from the café, he started toward his car with long strides. His mouth was dry again. The pounding of his heart was painful in his chest.

Suddenly, he started running. He heard the café door bang shut and fought away the urge to look across his shoulder. Was that a sound of other running footsteps now? Reaching his car, Mann yanked open the door and jarred in awkwardly behind the steering wheel. He reached into his trouser pocket for the keys and snatched them out, almost dropping them. His hand was shaking so badly he couldn't get the ignition key into its slot. He whined with mounting dread. Come on! he thought.

The key slid in, he twisted it convulsively. The motor started and he raced it momentarily before jerking the transmission shift to drive. Depressing the accelerator pedal quickly, he raked the car around and steered it toward the highway. From the corners of his eyes, he saw the truck and trailer being backed away from the café.

Reaction burst inside him. "No!" he raged and slammed his foot down on the brake pedal. This was idiotic! Why the hell should he run away? His car slid sideways to a rocking halt and, shouldering out the door, he lurched to his feet and started toward the truck with angry strides. *All right, Jack,* he thought. He glared at the man inside the truck. You want to punch my nose, OK, but no more goddamn tournament on the highway.

The truck began to pick up speed. Mann raised his right arm. "Hey!" he yelled. He knew the driver saw him. "*Hey!*" He started running as the truck kept moving, engine grinding loudly. It was on the highway now. He sprinted toward it with a sense of martyred outrage. The driver shifted gears, the truck moved faster. "Stop!" Mann shouted. "Damn it, *stop*!"

He thudded to a panting halt, staring at the truck as it receded down the highway, moved around a hill and disappeared. "You son of a bitch," he muttered. "You goddamn, miserable son of a bitch."

He trudged back slowly to his car, trying to believe that the truck driver had fled the hazard of a fistfight. It was possible, of course, but, somehow, he could not believe it.

He got into his car and was about to drive onto the highway when he changed his mind and switched the motor off. That crazy bastard might just be tooling along at 15 miles an hour, waiting for him to catch up. Nuts to that, he thought. So he blew his schedule; screw it. Forbes would have to wait, that was all. And if Forbes didn't care to wait, that was all right, too. He'd sit here for a while and let the nut get out of range, let him think he'd won the day. He grinned. You're the bloody Red Baron, Jack; you've shot me down. Now go to hell with my sincerest compliments. He shook his head. Beyond belief, he thought.

He really should have done this earlier, pulled over, waited. Then the truck driver would have had to let it pass. *Or picked on someone else*, the startling thought occurred to him. Jesus, maybe that was how the crazy bastard whiled away his work hours! Jesus Christ Almighty! was it possible?

He looked at the dashboard clock. It was just past 12:30. Wow, he thought. All that in less than an hour. He shifted on the seat and stretched his legs out. Leaning back against the door, he closed his eyes and mentally perused the things he had to do tomorrow and the following day. Today was shot to hell, as far as he could see.

When he opened his eyes, afraid of drifting into sleep and losing too much time, almost 11 minutes had passed. The nut must be an ample distance off by now, he thought; at least 11 miles and likely more, the way he drove. Good enough. He wasn't going to try to make San Francisco on schedule now, anyway. He'd take it real easy.

Mann adjusted his safety belt, switched on the motor, tapped the transmission pointer into drive position and pulled onto the highway, glancing back across his shoulder. Not a car in sight. Great day for driving. Everybody was staying at home. That nut must have a reputation around here. When Crazy Jack is on the highway, lock your car in the garage. Mann chuckled at the notion as his car began to turn the curve ahead.

Mindless reflex drove his right foot down against the brake pedal. Suddenly, his car had skidded to a halt and he was staring down the highway. The truck and trailer were parked on the shoulder less than 90 yards away.

Mann couldn't seem to function. He knew his car was blocking the westbound lane, knew that he should either make a U-turn or pull off the highway, but all he could do was gape at the truck.

He cried out, legs retracting, as a horn blast sounded behind him. Snapping up his head, he looked at the rearview mirror, gasping as he saw a yellow station wagon bearing down on him at high speed. Suddenly, it veered off toward the eastbound lane, disappearing from the mirror. Mann jerked around and saw it hurtling past his car, its rear end snapping back and forth, its back tires screeching. He saw the twisted features of the man inside, saw his lips move rapidly with cursing.

Then the station wagon had swerved back into the westbound lane and was speeding off. It gave Mann an odd sensation to see it pass the truck. The man in that station wagon could drive on, unthreatened. Only he'd been singled out. What happened was demented. Yet it was happening.

He drove his car onto the highway shoulder and braked. Putting the transmission into neutral, he leaned back, staring at the truck. His head was aching again. There was a pulsing at his temples like the ticking of a muffled clock.

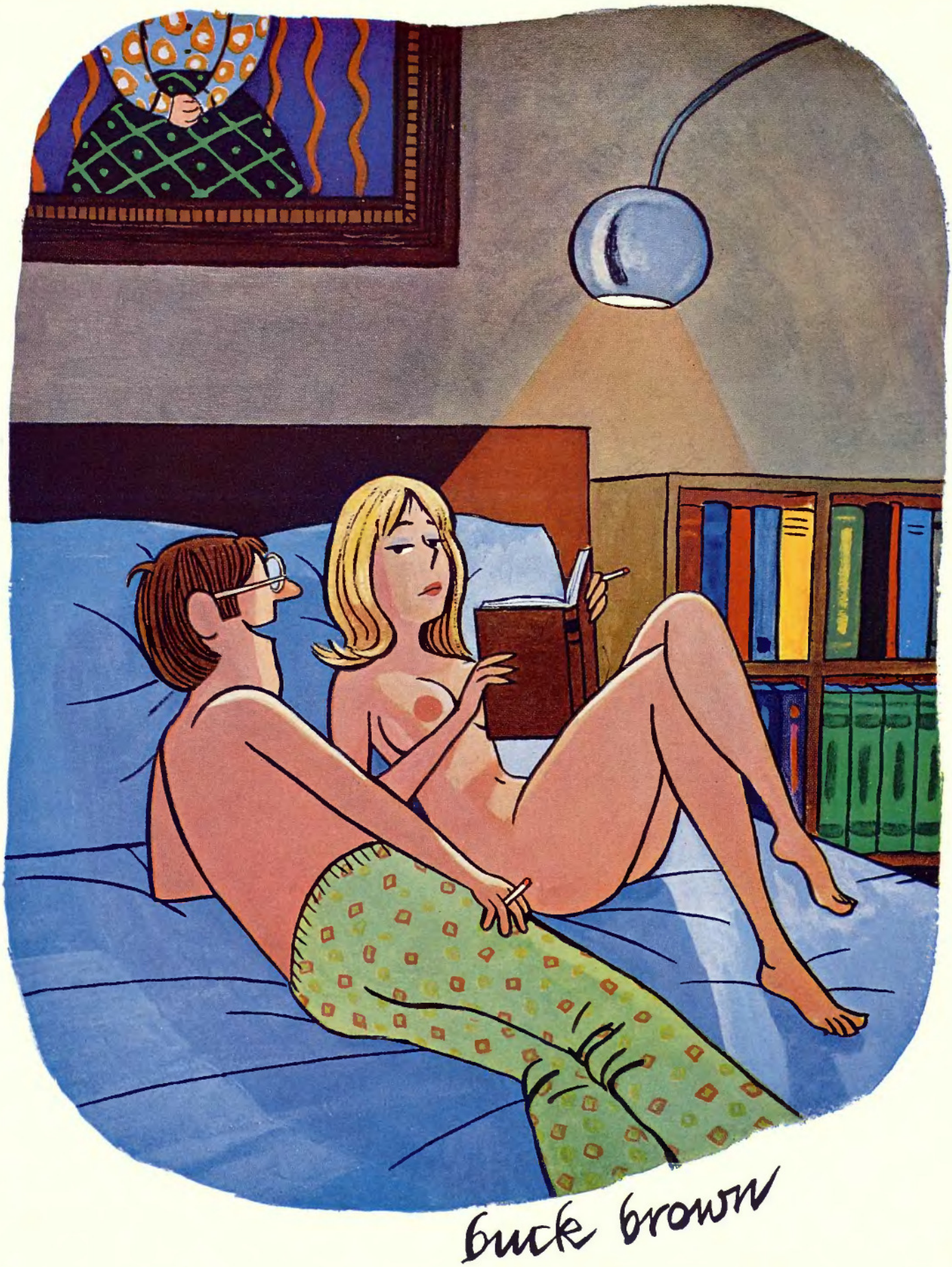
What was he to do? He knew very well that if he left his car to walk to the truck, the driver would pull away and repark farther down the highway. He may as well face the fact that he was dealing with a madman. He felt the tremor in his stomach muscles starting up again. His heartbeat thudded slowly, striking at his chest wall. Now what?

With a sudden, angry impulse, Mann snapped the transmission into gear and stepped down hard on the accelerator pedal. The tires of the car spun sizzlingly before they gripped; the car shot out onto the highway. Instantly, the truck began to move. He even had the motor on! Mann thought in raging fear. He floored the pedal, then, abruptly, realized he couldn't make it, that the truck would block his way and he'd collide with its trailer. A vision flashed across his mind, a fiery explosion and a sheet of flame incinerating him. He started braking fast, trying to decelerate evenly, so he wouldn't lose control.

When he'd slowed down enough to feel that it was safe, he steered the car onto the shoulder and stopped it again, throwing the transmission into neutral.

Approximately 80 yards ahead, the truck pulled off the highway and stopped.

Mann tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. *Now* what? he thought. Turn



*"I can always tell when you're enjoying my lovemaking—
you start losing your place."*

around and head east until he reached a cutoff that would take him to San Francisco by another route? How did he know the truck driver wouldn't follow him even then? His cheeks twitched as he bit his lips together angrily. No! He wasn't going to turn around!

His expression hardened suddenly. Well, he wasn't going to *sit* here all day, that was certain. Reaching out, he tapped the gearshift into drive and steered his car onto the highway once again. He saw the massive truck and trailer start to move but made no effort to speed up. He tapped at the brakes, taking a position about 30 yards behind the trailer. He glanced at his speedometer. Forty miles an hour. The truck driver had his left arm out the cab window and was waving him on. What did that mean? Had he changed his mind? Decided, finally, that this thing had gone too far? Mann couldn't let himself believe it.

He looked ahead. Despite the mountain ranges all around, the highway was flat as far as he could see. He tapped a fingernail against the horn bar, trying to make up his mind. Presumably, he could continue all the way to San Francisco at this speed, hanging back just far enough to avoid the worst of the exhaust fumes. It didn't seem likely that the truck driver would stop directly on the highway to block his way. And if the truck driver pulled onto the shoulder to let him pass, he could pull off the highway, too. It would be a draining afternoon but a safe one.

On the other hand, outracing the truck might be worth just one more try. This was obviously what that son of a bitch wanted. Yet, surely, a vehicle of such size couldn't be driven with the same daring as, potentially, his own. The laws of mechanics were against it, if nothing else. Whatever advantage the truck had in mass, it had to lose in stability, particularly that of its trailer. If Mann were to drive at, say, 80 miles an hour and there were a few steep grades —as he felt sure there were—the truck would have to fall behind.

The question was, of course, whether he had the nerve to maintain such a speed over a long distance. He'd never done it before. Still, the more he thought about it, the more it appealed to him; far more than the alternative did.

Abruptly, he decided. *Right,* he thought. He checked ahead, then pressed down hard on the accelerator pedal and pulled into the eastbound lane. As he neared the truck, he tensed, anticipating that the driver might block his way. But the truck did not shift from the westbound lane. Mann's car moved along its mammoth side. He glanced at the cab and saw the name KELLER printed on its door. For a shocking instant, he thought it read KILLER and started to slow down. Then, glancing at the name again, he saw what it really was and depressed the pedal sharply. When he saw the truck reflected in the rearview mirror, he steered his car into the westbound lane.

He shuddered, dread and satisfaction mixed together, as he saw that the truck driver was speeding up. It was strangely comforting to know the man's intentions definitely again. That plus the knowledge of his face and name seemed, somehow, to reduce his stature. Before, he had been faceless, nameless, an embodiment of unknown terror. Now, at least, he was an individual. All right, Keller, said his mind, let's see you beat me with that purple-silver relic now. He pressed down harder on the pedal. *Here we go,* he thought.

He looked at the speedometer, scowling as he saw that he was doing only 74 miles an hour. Deliberately, he pressed down on the pedal, alternating his gaze between the highway ahead and the speedometer until the needle turned past 80. He felt a flickering of satisfaction with himself. All right, Keller, you son of a bitch, top that, he thought.

After several moments, he glanced into the rearview mirror again. Was the truck getting closer? Stunned, he checked the speedometer. Damn it! He was down to 76! He forced in the accelerator pedal angrily. *He mustn't go less than 80!* Mann's chest shuddered with convulsive breath.

He glanced aside as he hurtled past a beige sedan parked on the shoulder underneath a tree. A young couple sat inside it, talking. Already they were far behind, their world removed from his. Had they even glanced aside when he'd passed? He doubted it.

He started as the shadow of an overhead bridge whipped across the hood and windshield. Inhaling raggedly, he glanced at the speedometer again. He was holding at 81. He checked the rearview mirror. Was it his imagination that the truck was gaining ground? He looked forward with anxious eyes. There had to be some kind of town ahead. To hell with time: he'd stop at the police station and tell them what had happened. They'd have to believe him. Why would he stop to tell them such a story if it weren't true? For all he knew, Keller had a police record in these parts. *Oh, sure, we're on to him,* he heard a faceless officer remark. *That crazy bastard's asked for it before and now he's going to get it.*

Mann shook himself and looked at the mirror. The truck *was* getting closer. Wincing, he glanced at the speedometer. Goddamn it, pay attention! raged his mind. He was down to 74 again! Whining with frustration, he depressed the pedal. Eighty!—80! he demanded of himself. There was a murderer behind him!

His car began to pass a field of flowers; lilacs, Mann saw, white and purple, stretching out in endless rows. There was a small shack near the highway, the words FIELD FRESH FLOWERS painted on it. A brown-cardboard square was propped against the shack, the word FUNERALS printed crudely on it. Mann saw himself, abruptly, lying in a casket, painted like some grotesque mannequin. The overpowering smell of flowers seemed to fill his nostrils. Ruth and the children sitting in the first row, heads bowed. All his relatives——

Suddenly, the pavement roughened and the car began to bounce and shudder, driving bolts of pain into his head. He felt the steering wheel resisting him and clamped his hands around it tightly, harsh vibrations running up his arms. He didn't dare look at the mirror now. He had to force himself to keep the speed unchanged. Keller wasn't going to slow down; he was sure of that. *What if he got a flat tire, though?* All control would vanish in an instant. He visualized the somersaulting of his car, its grinding, shrieking tumble, the explosion of its gas tank, his body crushed and burned and——

The broken span of pavement ended and his gaze jumped quickly to the rearview mirror. The truck was no closer, but it hadn't lost ground, either. Mann's eyes shifted. Up ahead were hills and mountains. He tried to reassure himself that upgrades were on his side, that he could climb them at the same speed he was going now. Yet all he could imagine were the downgrades, the immense truck close behind him, slamming violently into his car and knocking it across some cliff edge. He had a horrifying vision of dozens of broken, rusted cars lying unseen in the canyons ahead, corpses in every one of them, all flung to shattering deaths by Keller.

Mann's car went rocketing into a corridor of trees. On each side of the highway was a eucalyptus windbreak, each trunk three feet from the next. It was like speeding through a high-walled canyon. Mann gasped, twitching, as a large twig bearing dusty leaves dropped down across the windshield, then slid out of sight. Dear God! he thought. He was getting near the edge himself. If he should lose his nerve at this speed, it was over. Jesus! That would be ideal for Keller, he realized suddenly. He visualized the square-faced driver laughing as he passed the burning wreckage, knowing that he'd killed his prey without so much as touching him.

Mann started as his car shot out into the open. The route ahead was not straight now but winding up into the foothills. Mann willed himself to press down on the pedal even more. Eighty-three now, almost 84.

To his left was a broad terrain of green hills blending into mountains. He saw a black car on a dirt road, moving toward the highway. *Was its side painted*

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white? Mann's heartbeat lurched. Impulsively, he jammed the heel of his right hand down against the horn bar and held it there. The blast of the horn was shrill and racking to his ears. His heart began to pound. Was it a police car? *Was* it?

He let the horn bar up abruptly. *No, it wasn't.* Damn! his mind raged. Keller must have been amused by his pathetic efforts. Doubtless, he was chuckling to himself right now. He heard the truck driver's voice in his mind, coarse and sly. *You think you gonna get a cop to save you, boy? Shee-it. You gonna die.* Mann's heart contorted with savage hatred. *You son of a bitch!* he thought. Jerking his right hand into a fist, he drove it down against the seat. Goddamn you, Keller! I'm going to kill you, if it's the last thing I do!

The hills were closer now. There would be slopes directly, long steep grades. Mann felt a burst of hope within himself. He was sure to gain a lot of distance on the truck. No matter how he tried, that bastard Keller couldn't manage 80 miles an hour on a hill. But *I* can! cried his mind with fierce elation. He worked up saliva in his mouth and swallowed it. The back of his shirt was drenched. He could feel sweat trickling down his sides. A bath and a drink, first order of the day on reaching San Francisco. A long, hot bath, a long, cold drink. Cutty Sark. He'd splurge, by Christ. He rated it.

The car swept up a shallow rise. Not steep enough, goddamn it! The truck's momentum would prevent its losing speed. Mann felt mindless hatred for the landscape. Already, he had topped the rise and tilted over to a shallow downgrade. He looked at the rearview mirror. *Square,* he thought, everything about the truck was square: the radiator grille, the fender shapes, the bumper ends, the outline of the cab, even the shape of Keller's hands and face. He visualized the truck as some great entity pursuing him, insentient, brutish, chasing him with instinct only.

Mann cried out, horror-stricken, as he saw the ROAD REPAIRS sign up ahead. His frantic gaze leaped down the highway. Both lanes blocked, a huge black arrow pointing toward the alternate route! He groaned in anguish, seeing it was dirt. His foot jumped automatically to the brake pedal and started pumping it. He threw a dazed look at the rearview mirror. The truck was moving as fast as ever! It *couldn't,* though! Mann's expression froze in terror as he started turning to the right.

He stiffened as the front wheels hit the dirt road. For an instant, he was certain that the back part of the car was going to spin; he felt it breaking to the left. "No, don't!" he cried. Abruptly, he was jarring down the dirt road, elbows braced against his sides, trying to keep from losing control. His tires battered at the ruts, almost tearing the wheel from his grip. The windows rattled noisily. His neck snapped back and forth with painful jerks. His jolting body surged against the binding of the safety belt and slammed down violently on the seat. He felt the bouncing of the car drive up his spine. His clenching teeth slipped and he cried out hoarsely as his upper teeth gouged deep into his lip.

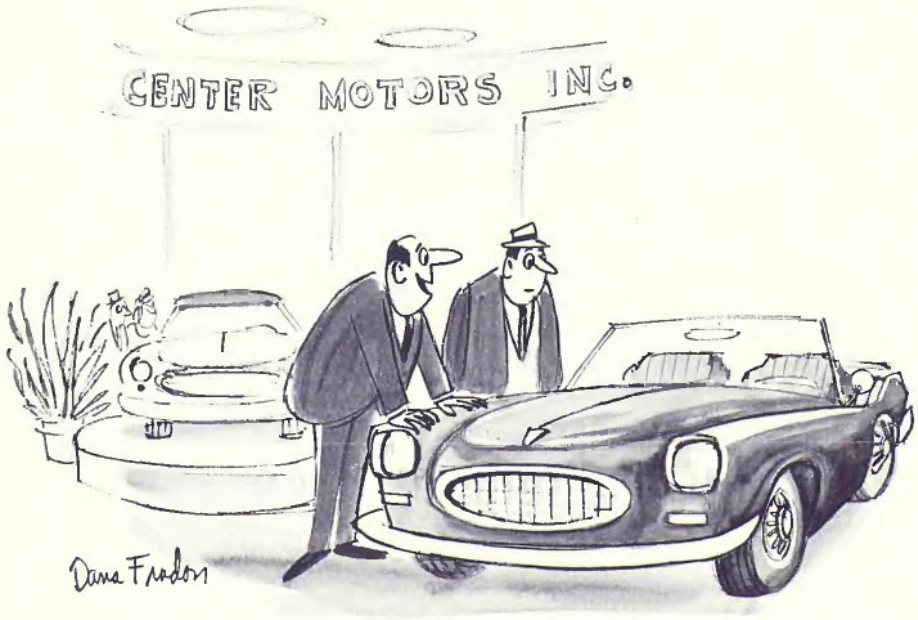
He gasped as the rear end of the car began surging to the right. He started to jerk the steering wheel to the left, then, hissing, wrenched it in the opposite direction, crying out as the right rear fender cracked into a fence pole, knocking it down. He started pumping at the brakes, struggling to regain control. The car rear yawed sharply to the left, tires shooting out a spray of dirt. Mann felt a scream tear upward in his throat. He twisted wildly at the steering wheel. The car began careening to the right. He hitched the wheel around until the car was on course again. His head was pounding like his heart now, with gigantic, throbbing spasms. He started coughing as he gagged on dripping blood.

The dirt road ended suddenly, the car regained momentum on the pavement and he dared to look at the rearview mirror. The truck was slowed down but was still behind him, rocking like a freighter on a storm-tossed sea, its huge tires scouring up a pall of dust. Mann shoved in the accelerator pedal and his car surged forward. A good, steep grade lay just ahead; he'd gain that distance now. He swallowed blood, grimacing at the taste, then fumbled in his trouser pocket and tugged out his handkerchief. He pressed it to his bleeding lip, eyes fixed on the slope ahead. Another 50 yards or so. He writhed his back. His undershirt was soaking wet, adhering to his skin. He glanced at the rearview mirror. The truck had just regained the highway. *Tough!* he thought with venom. Didn't get me, did you, Keller?

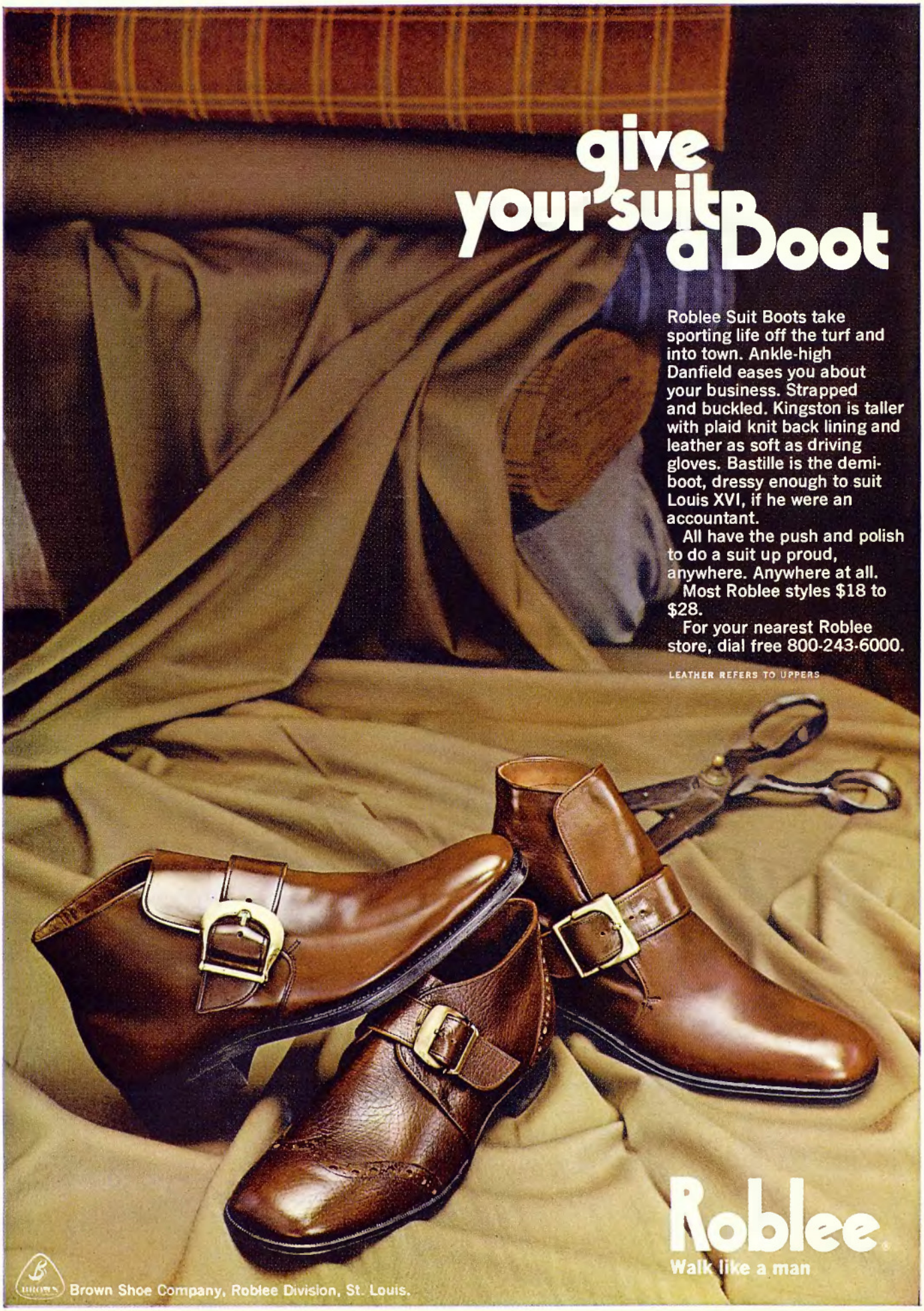
His car was on the first yards of the upgrade when steam began to issue from beneath its hood. Mann stiffened suddenly, eyes widening with shock. The steam increased, became a smoking mist. Mann's gaze jumped down. The red light hadn't flashed on yet but had to in a moment. How could this be happening? Just as he was set to get away! The slope ahead was long and gradual, with many curves. He knew he couldn't stop. Could he U-turn unexpectedly and go back down? the sudden thought occurred. He looked ahead. The highway was too narrow, bound by hills on both sides. There wasn't room enough to make an uninterrupted turn and there wasn't time enough to ease around. If he tried that, Keller would shift direction and hit him head on. "Oh, my God!" Mann murmured suddenly.

He was going to die.

He stared ahead with stricken eyes, his view increasingly obscured by steam. Abruptly, he recalled the afternoon he'd had the engine steam-cleaned at the local car wash. The man who'd done it had suggested he replace the water hoses, because steam-cleaning had a tendency to make them crack. He'd nodded, thinking that he'd do it when he had more time. *More time!* The phrase was like a



"I mean, if you've got to pollute the air, this is the baby to do it in!"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dagger in his mind. He'd failed to change the hoses and, for that failure, he was now about to die.

He sobbed in terror as the dashboard light flashed on. He glanced at it involuntarily and read the word HOT, black on red. With a breathless gasp, he jerked the transmission into low. Why hadn't he done that right away! He looked ahead. The slope seemed endless. Already, he could hear a boiling throb inside the radiator. How much coolant was there left? Steam was clouding faster, hazing up the windshield. Reaching out, he twisted at a dashboard knob. The wipers started flicking back and forth in fan-shaped sweeps. There had to be enough coolant in the radiator to get him to the top. *Then* what? cried his mind. He couldn't drive without coolant, even downhill. He glanced at the rearview mirror. The truck was falling behind. Mann snarled with maddened fury. *If it weren't for that goddamned hose, he'd be escaping now!*

The sudden lurching of the car snatched him back to terror. If he braked now, he could jump out, run and scrabble up that slope. Later, he might not have the time. He couldn't make himself stop the car, though. As long as it kept on running, he felt bound to it, less vulnerable. God knows what would happen if he left it.

Mann stared up the slope with haunted eyes, trying not to see the red light on the edges of his vision. Yard by yard, his car was slowing down. Make it, make it, pleaded his mind, even though he thought that it was futile. The car was running more and more unevenly. The thumping percolation of its radiator filled his ears. Any moment now, the motor would be choked off and the car would shudder to a stop, leaving him a sitting target. *No*, he thought. He tried to blank his mind.

He was almost to the top, but in the mirror he could see the truck drawing up on him. He jammed down on the pedal and the motor made a grinding noise. He groaned. It had to make the top! Please, God, help me! screamed his mind. The ridge was just ahead. Closer. Closer. Make it. "Make it." The car was shuddering and clanking, slowing down—oil, smoke and steam gushing from beneath the hood. The windshield wipers swept from side to side. Mann's head throbbed. Both his hands felt numb. His heartbeat pounded as he stared ahead. Make it, please, God, make it. Make it. *Make* it!

Over! Mann's lips opened in a cry of triumph as the car began descending. Hand shaking uncontrollably, he shoved the transmission into neutral and let the car go into a glide. The triumph strangled in his throat as he saw that there was nothing in sight but hills and more hills. Never mind! He was on a downgrade now, a long one. He passed a sign that read, TRUCKS USE LOW GEARS NEXT 12 MILES. Twelve miles! Something would come up. It had to.

The car began to pick up speed. Mann glanced at the speedometer. Forty-seven miles an hour. The red light still burned. He'd save the motor for a long time, too, though; let it cool for 12 miles, if the truck was far enough behind.

His speed increased. Fifty . . . 51. Mann watched the needle turning slowly toward the right. He glanced at the rearview mirror. The truck had not appeared yet. With a little luck, he might still get a good lead. Not as good as he might have if the motor hadn't overheated but enough to work with. There had to be someplace along the way to stop. The needle edged past 55 and started toward the 60 mark.

Again, he looked at the rearview mirror, jolting as he saw that the truck had topped the ridge and was on its way down. He felt his lips begin to shake and crimped them together. His gaze jumped fitfully between the steam-obscured highway and the mirror. The truck was accelerating rapidly. Keller doubtless had the gas pedal floored. It wouldn't be long before the truck caught up to him. Mann's right hand twitched unconsciously toward the gearshift. Noticing, he jerked it back, grimacing, glanced at the

speedometer. The car's velocity had just passed 60. Not enough! He had to use the motor now! He reached out desperately.

His right hand froze in mid-air as the motor stalled; then, shooting out the hand, he twisted the ignition key. The motor made a grinding noise but wouldn't start. Mann glanced up, saw that he was almost on the shoulder, jerked the steering wheel around. Again, he turned the key, but there was no response. He looked up at the rearview mirror. The truck was gaining on him swiftly. He glanced at the speedometer. The car's speed was fixed at 62. Mann felt himself crushed in a vise of panic. He stared ahead with haunted eyes.

Then he saw it, several hundred yards ahead: an escape route for trucks with burned-out brakes. There was no alternative now. Either he took the turnout or his car would be rammed from behind. The truck was frighteningly close. He heard the high-pitched wailing of its motor. Unconsciously, he started easing to the right, then jerked the wheel back suddenly. He mustn't give the move away! He had to wait until the last possible moment. Otherwise, Keller would follow him in.

Just before he reached the escape route, Mann wrenched the steering wheel around. The car rear started breaking to the left, tires shrieking on the pavement. Mann steered with the skid, braking just enough to keep from losing all control. The rear tires grabbed and, at 60 miles an hour, the car shot up the dirt trail, tires slinging up a cloud of dust. Mann began to hit the brakes. The rear wheels sideslipped and the car slammed hard against the dirt bank to the right. Mann gasped as the car bounced off and started to fishtail with violent whipping motions, angling toward the trail edge. He drove his foot down on the brake pedal with all his might. The car rear skidded to the right and slammed against the bank again. Mann heard a grinding rend of metal and felt himself heaved downward suddenly, his neck snapped, as the car plowed to a violent halt.

As in a dream, Mann turned to see the truck and trailer swerving off the highway. Paralyzed, he watched the massive vehicle hurtle toward him, staring at it with a blank detachment, knowing he was going to die but so stupefied by the sight of the looming truck that he couldn't react. The gargantuan shape roared closer, blotting out the sky. Mann felt a strange sensation in his throat, unaware that he was screaming.

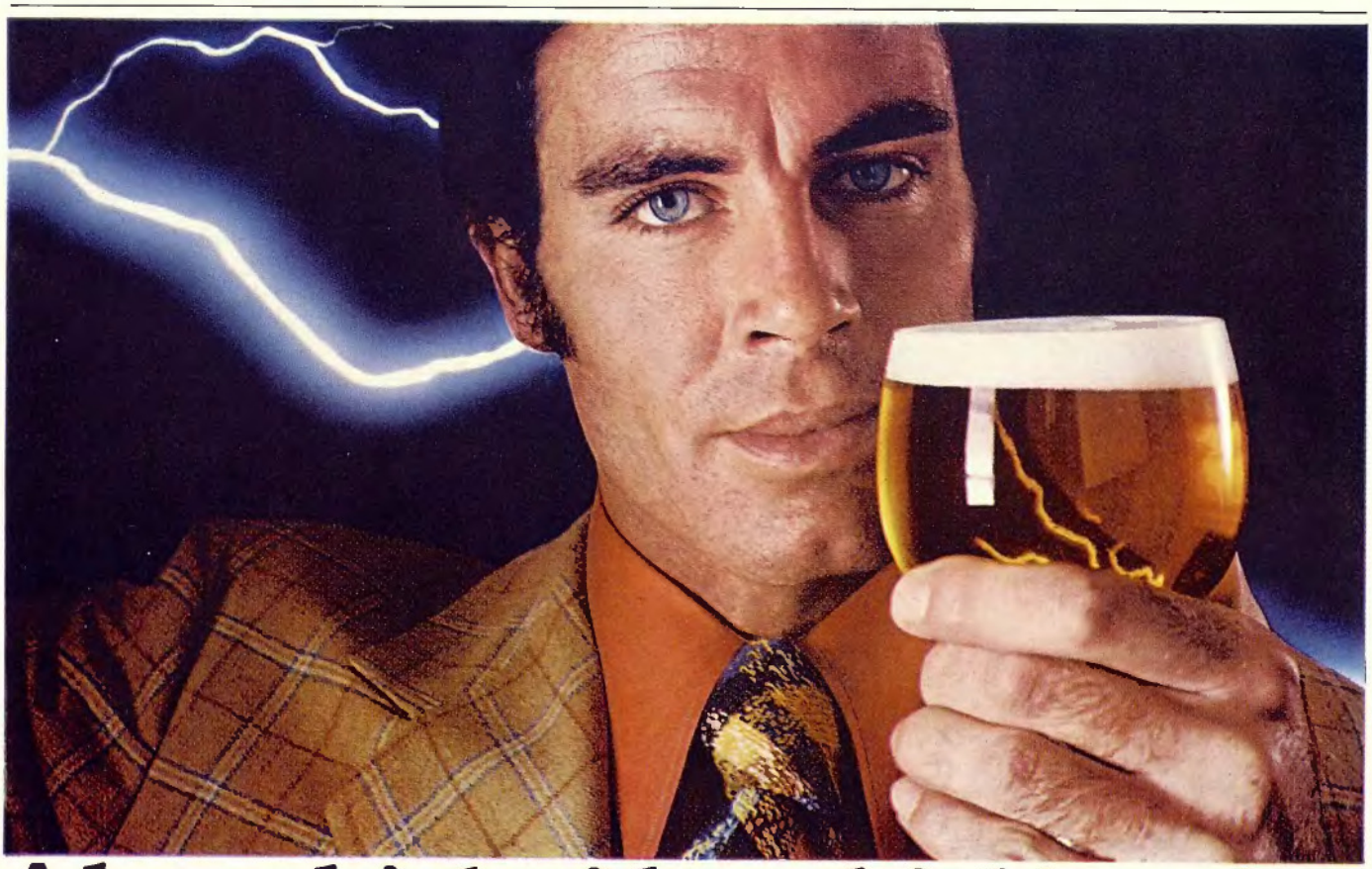
Suddenly, the truck began to tilt. Mann stared at it in choked-off silence as it started tipping over like some ponderous beast toppling in slow motion. Before it reached his car, it vanished from his rear window.

Hands palsied, Mann undid the safety belt and opened the door. Struggling from the car, he stumbled to the trail edge, staring downward. He was just in time to see the truck capsize like a foundering ship. The tanker followed, huge wheels spinning as it overturned.

The storage tank on the truck exploded first, the violence of its detonation causing Mann to stagger back and sit down clumsily on the dirt. A second explosion roared below, its shock wave buffeting across him hotly, making his ears hurt. His glazed eyes saw a fiery column shoot up toward the sky in front of him, then another.

Mann crawled slowly to the trail edge and peered down at the canyon. Enormous gouts of flame were towering upward, topped by thick, black, oily smoke. He couldn't see the truck or trailer, only flames. He gaped at them in shock, all feeling drained from him.

Then, unexpectedly, emotion came. Not dread, at first, and not regret; not the nausea that followed soon. It was a primeval tumult in his mind: the cry of some ancestral beast above the body of its vanquished foe.



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PLAYBOY PANEL *(continued from page 164)*

able to marry and enjoy a sexually gratifying love relationship. It's now well established that about one third to one half the number of male homosexuals treated by psychoanalysis or psychoanalytically oriented therapy become exclusively heterosexual and remain so. In our study, my colleagues and I found that 27 percent of 106 homosexuals in treatment became heterosexual. A follow-up study conducted five years later revealed that this group had remained heterosexual and that an additional nine patients became heterosexual in the course of time, bringing the final total to approximately 37 percent who had successfully changed. I have personally followed up on some patients for 20 years, and they have remained heterosexual. Drs. Toby Bieber, Samuel Hadden, Lawrence Hatterer, Harold Lief, Lionel Ovesey, Charles Socarides and others have reported similar results.

MARMOR: I agree with Dr. Bieber. A great deal of incontrovertible evidence has accumulated by now that where a high level of motivation to change exists, between 25 and 50 percent of young homosexuals can be helped to change to a complete heterosexual pattern. It's more than likely that, as our therapeutic techniques continue to improve, this percentage will increase in the future.

McILVENNA: People in the helping professions, whether it be the ministry, counseling or psychotherapy, all take the approach of how to make homosexuals heterosexuals. I've given that up. I've estimated that all the psychiatrists in the world, working 24 hours a day in San Francisco, using every conceivable technique—including aversion therapy—wouldn't have any effect on ten percent of them. We might make them be able to have heterosexual experiences, but that wouldn't mean that they weren't still primarily homosexual.

TYNAN: We may invite homosexuals to try making love to women, but it would be impolite to insist. No purpose is served by forcing a poker player to play bridge. Indeed, perhaps we should have no more treatment. Society hates queers for reasons that have deep historical roots but are nowadays totally invalid. When the tribe needed offspring to work in the fields and bear arms against its enemies, it was natural to call down the wrath of gods on males who weren't inclined to propagate the species. Sodomy—to me a morally neutral act—was ferociously condemned because it didn't lead to procreation. In an underpopulated world, it's understandable that homosexuality should be denounced as antisocial. But today, when overpopulation is an imminent threat to the continuation of civilized life on this planet, the only valid reason for disapproving of queers has vanished. In fact, the logic of self-preservation suggests that we ought to encourage them.

BIEBER: I can't believe that Mr. Tynan is seriously suggesting that society should encourage homosexuality as a method of birth control. Even if he's kidding, I will assume for the sake of exposition that he means what he says. First of all, society would have to increase the percentage of *exclusive* homosexuals, because bisexuals can make babies just as anyone else. Secondly, if the percentage of exclusive homosexuals increases to 20 percent, a fantastic rise, that would still leave 80 percent of males who would be propagating. That's quite a sufficient percentage to continue the population explosion. Apart from the obvious ineffectiveness of the solution, the idea of society fostering a sexual disorder is anti-human and antisocial. I certainly opt for contraceptive measures. Contraception has the potential for a realistic solution and it castrates no one.

PLAYBOY: As we've discussed, homosexuality is discouraged not only by legal sanctions but by many social factors. One of these factors is job discrimination. Many homosexuals feel they must keep their private lives a secret or face firing by their employers. Are such fears really justified?

GOODMAN: In general in America, being queer is economically and professionally not such a disadvantage as being black, except for a few areas, like Government service, where there is considerable fear and furtiveness. In more puritanical regimes, like present-day Cuba, being queer is professionally and civilly a bad deal. Totalitarian regimes, whether Communist or fascist, seem to be inherently puritanical. But my own experience has been very mixed. I've been fired three times because of my queer behavior or my claim to the right to it, and these are the only times I've been fired. I was fired from three highly liberal and progressive institutions, two of which prided themselves on being "communities." Frankly, my experience of radical community is that it doesn't tolerate my kind of freedom. I'm all for community, because it's a human thing, but I seem doomed to be left out. I have been told that my sexual behavior used to do me damage in the New York literary world. It kept me from being invited to advantageous parties and making contacts to get published.

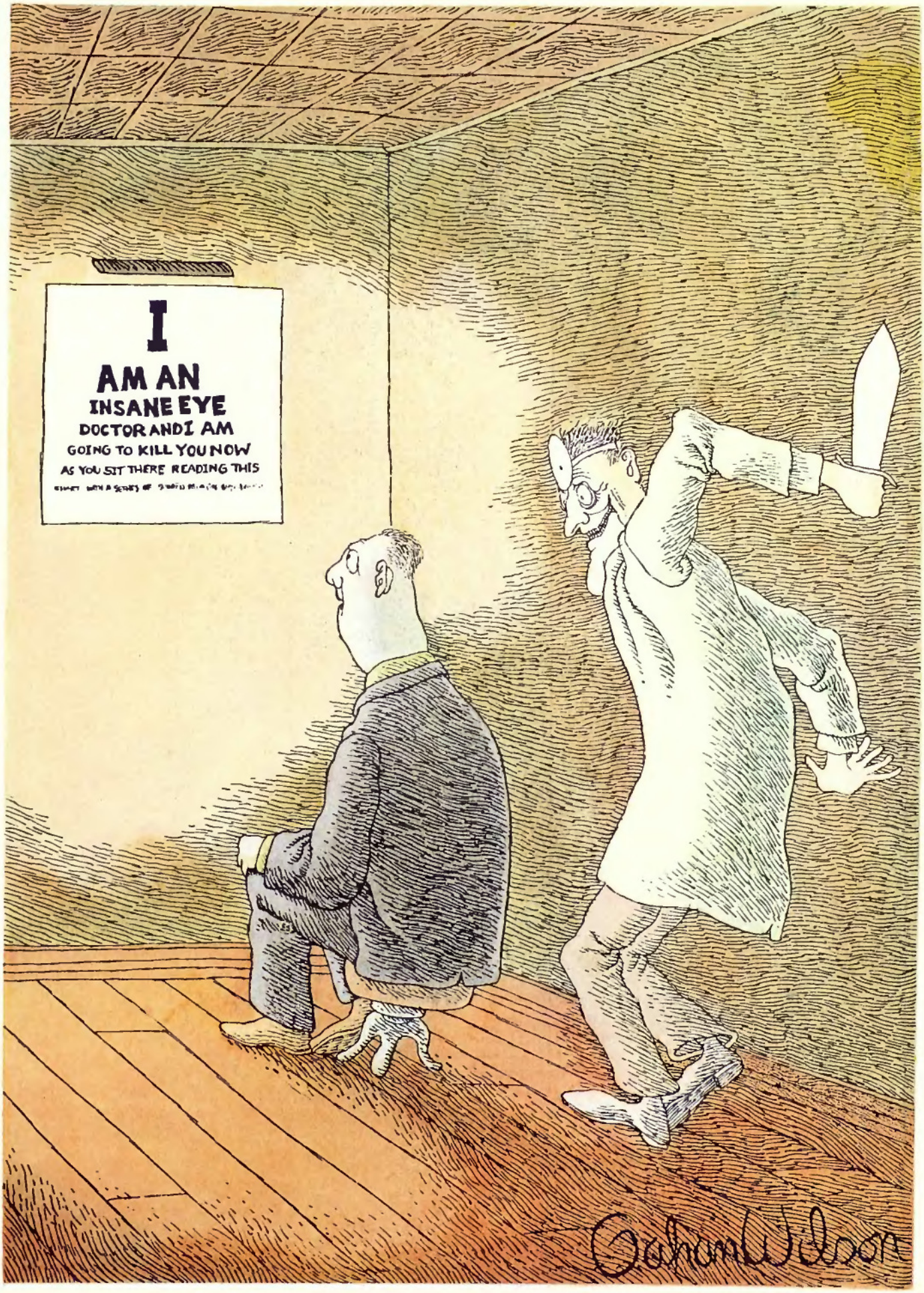
On the other hand, my homosexual acts and my overt claim to them have never disadvantaged me much in more square institutions, so far as I know. I've taught at half a dozen state universities, and I'm continually invited, often as chief speaker, to conferences of junior high school superintendents, boards of regents, guidance counselors, task forces on delinquency, etc. When I go, I say what I think is true—often on sexual topics. And I make passes if there is occasion. I have even sometimes made out—which is more than I can say for conferences of SDS or the Resistance. In any case, I seem to get invited back. Maybe the company is so square that it doesn't believe, or dare to notice, my behavior. More likely, such professional square people are more worldly—this is our elderly word for "cool"—and couldn't care less what you do as long as they don't have to face anxious parents and the yellow press. On the whole, though I was desperately poor up to a dozen years ago—I brought up a family on the income of a sharecropper—I don't attribute this to being queer but to my pervasive ineptitude, truculence and bad luck. In 1944, even the Army rejected me as NOT MILITARY MATERIAL—they had such a stamp—not because I was queer but because I made a nuisance of myself with pacifist action at the examination and also had bad eyes and piles.

LEITSCH: But your own experience, in many ways, isn't representative. As a general rule, homosexuals are very much discriminated against by employers. Recently, the University of Minnesota tried to renege on a contract with a librarian when they discovered that the man in question was a homosexual. A Federal court ordered the school to hire the man. I'm proud of my part in helping change New York City's employment practices, so that homosexuals may obtain city jobs. Formerly, homosexuals were barred from any city job, including that of working on garbage trucks or keeping books in the controller's office. Like Jews and Negroes, homosexuals are too often judged by their membership in a minority group rather than by their ability to perform the job in question.

BIEBER: I don't like that analogy. In a sense, homosexuals are an American minority group, but in the other cases—Jews, Italians, Negroes—the minority group is not based on pathology. I think the analogy is too simplistically made.

LEITSCH: Jews are discriminated against because of their religion, and Negroes because of their skin color. Homosexuals are also victims of discrimination because of something they can't help: their sexual orientation. Homosexuality, black skin or Jewish background doesn't make one incapable of keeping books, operating a typewriter or steam roller or making executive decisions. What really worries people is that once they're in good jobs, the fags are going to use their power to get them into bed. But it's the heterosexual community that does all the proselytizing and recruiting. The society is set up to preach heterosexuality: The church preaches it, the law preaches it, everything preaches heterosexuality.

TYNAN: In any case, sexual exploitation,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of course, isn't limited to queers. Heterosexual men have a terrible habit of employing attractive heterosexual girls.

SIMON: And queers hire other queers, but preferential hiring is profoundly less than the amount of outright discrimination against homosexuals by heterosexuals, many of them prospective employers. In addition, many homosexuals express a great deal of self-hatred by focusing it on other homosexuals—who are seen as unstable, irresponsible, malicious. That has always been one of the most distinctive and least attractive aspects of homosexual subcultures.

LEITSCH: The Mattachine Society ran into that sort of reverse discrimination a few years ago when we tried to set up an employment service. Many gay men in hiring positions said, "I'm the only homosexual in my company. If I bring in another one, he might start camping or otherwise give me away. I can't take chances."

McILVENNA: The antisexual person is much more dangerous than the sexual person, who views his or her sexuality in a positive way. I've seen in churches, health agencies and Federal bureaus what an emasculating female or an antisexual person can do. Their attitude about sex is negative and fearful, and they want other people to exhibit the same characteristics. They can make their office a grim place where people don't produce and are afraid every step they take. That's a scary thing.

SIMON: The Lesbian is in a double bind. She's discriminated against both as a Lesbian and as a woman. If she admits she's homosexual, she risks dismissal; and if she doesn't, she gets passed over for promotions she's qualified for on the grounds that she's likely to get married, get pregnant and leave.

LYON: Unless heterosexual society wants to support homosexuals on welfare, it needs to rethink the whole employment thing through. Suppose the Lesbian could apply for a job and tell her employer about her orientation. It doesn't mean that anybody else has to know. If word did get around, the situation could be smoothed over by management. They could do a lot to change these attitudes if they would. Under present circumstances, it's still possible to manage very well even if it's known that you're a Lesbian. I worked in an office for nearly ten years and, as far as I know, I created no dissension. Ultimately, my co-workers figured out that I was probably a Lesbian. Finally, they asked me, I said yes, and we're still friends, even though I haven't been working with them for six years. When people get to know you and like you as a person, they're not going to flip out because your sexual orientation is different from theirs. You have to keep trying to change people's basic attitudes.

PLAYBOY: Many large companies may be changing their attitudes about employing homosexuals, but how about jobs—such as teaching or social work—that involve working with children? Isn't that more difficult for employers to accept?

BIEBER: If I were choosing people to work with children, I would individualize—whether they were heterosexual or homosexual. The fact that a person is homosexual would certainly not mean to me that he should be categorically excluded from work with children—particularly if there is no reason to believe there are any pedophilic tendencies or desires. That can be established without any difficulty.

MANNES: We would certainly lose a tremendous amount of teaching talent if we excluded homosexuals from close contact with young people. The possibility of physical molestation troubles me, but I think that if you can explain to your children the variations of sexual expression, then there's no need to fear.

PLOSCOWE: The notion of a homosexual working with or teaching youngsters gives me a little pause, despite the fact that I know, as I've said, that most of them aren't interested in children. If it were possible to distinguish with absolute certainty—psychiatrically or psychologically or any other way—those who have no sexual interest in children from those who do, then maybe I would feel easier. But as long as there are no foolproof safeguards, the public will probably want to go easy before known homosexuals are employed in dealing with young people.

KUH: A further caution. Conceding, as we discussed earlier, that male homosexuals may pose no greater danger to little boys than do some heterosexuals to little girls, this doesn't mean that homosexuality, if open and accepted, is harmless to the young. Youngsters are shaped by what they see around them. If the image a growing boy has before him—whether it's a parent, or an uncle, or a teacher, or a clergyman, or a movie star, or a TV hero, anyone the youngster may emulate—is one of an overt homosexual, the youngster's wholesome maturing may well be set back. If some young boys with some latent homosexuality in their makeups both figuratively and literally aren't sure which way to turn, there is likely to be a danger if the men around them, whom they may emulate, are homosexuals.

LYON: Once again, everybody is worrying about the boys rather than the girls. There are all kinds of homosexuals in teaching and in administrative school positions, from the elementary schools to the universities—both men and women—who are working hard and contributing enormously to the educational process. If we eliminated them, I suspect a substantial number of schools would have a great deal of difficulty continuing many of their classes. These people are not warping children. And what's more, I think that something positive can be said about the ability of a Lesbian to be an effective female-role model for girl students. There is a large number of women who are currently questioning what an effective female role is, and a large number of them who have very little to do with organized women's liberation. Very often, the conventional woman teacher presents to the girl who's growing up only the desire to find a husband and get married and, consequently, teaches only cooking and sewing. A Lesbian could be more effective in giving a young girl a greater range of possibilities to follow; and I'm not talking about sex. They can show young girls that they can become doctors, lawyers or merchants and that even if they get married, they don't have to restrict themselves to the wife and mother role.

BIEBER: I think Miss Lyon's implication that a heterosexual woman teacher will teach girls only to be wives and mothers, and will neither stimulate nor develop intellectual aspirations, is not only preposterous but an attack on straight women. There may be no disadvantage to children being taught by a Lesbian, but neither is it an advantage.

GOODMAN: In a very specific way, the ban on homosexuality damages and depersonalizes the educational system. The teacher-student relationship is almost always erotic. If there is fear that this necessary erotic feeling might turn into overt sex, the teacher-student relationship lapses or, worse, becomes cold and cruel. Our culture surely lacks the pedagogic sexual friendships—homosexual and heterosexual—that have been a feature of other cultures. To be sure, functional sexuality is probably incompatible with our mass school system. This is one among many reasons why the school systems should be dismantled.

I recall when my book *Growing Up Absurd* had had a number of glowing reviews; finally, one irritated critic darkly hinted that I wrote about my Puerto Rican delinquents—and called them "lads"—because I was queer for them. News! How could I write a perceptive book if I didn't pay attention, and why should I pay attention to something unless, for some reason, it interested me? I doubt that anybody would say that my observations of delinquent adolescents or of collegians in the student movement have been betrayed by infatuation.

PLAYBOY: The Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces was established on the West Coast to combat another area of job discrimination. Do you sympathize with its aim to win acceptance?

TYNAN: I can't imagine why anyone would want to join the Army, but if a

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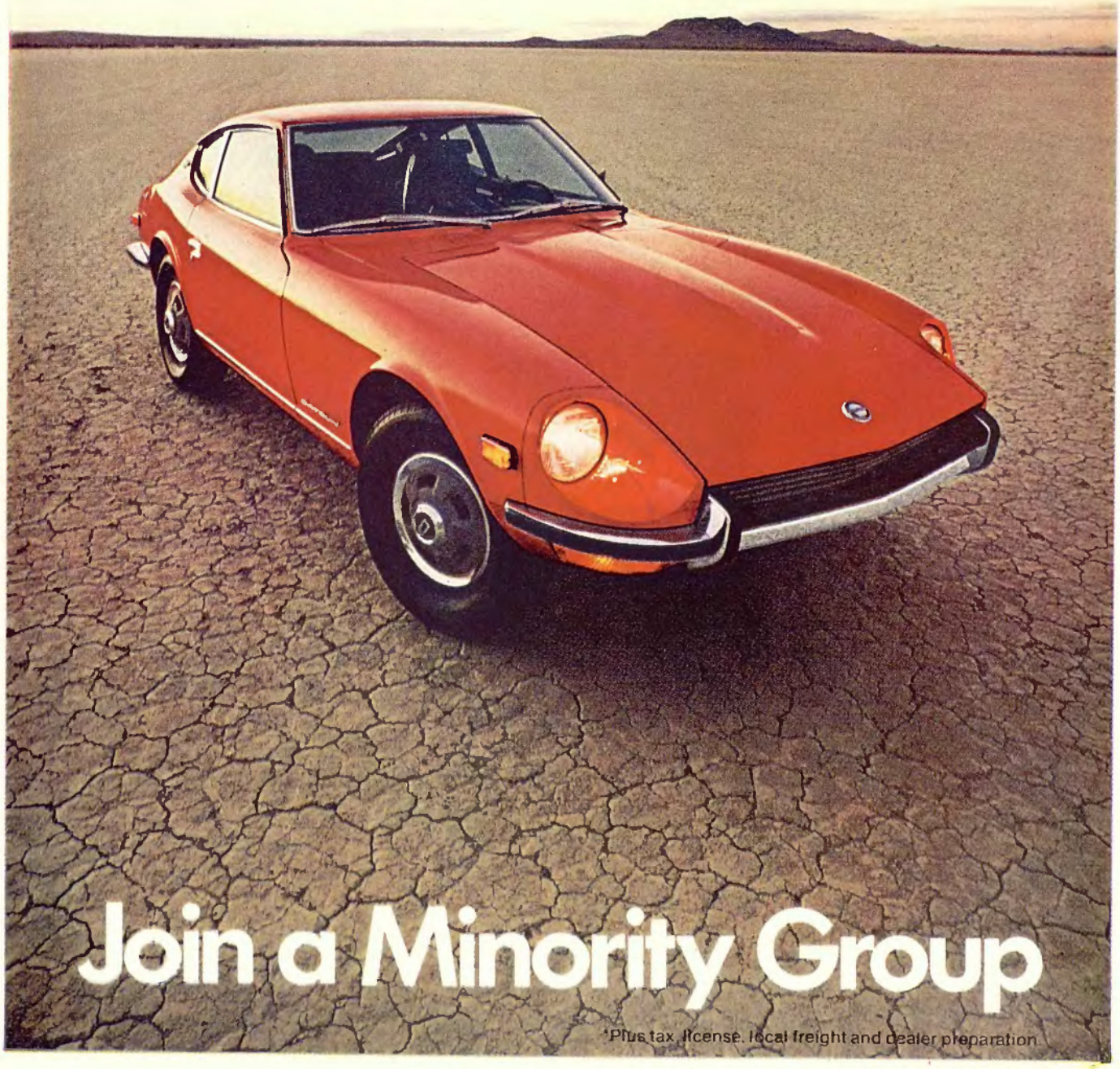

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homosexual has his heart set on it, I don't see why we should stop him. After all, we don't prevent queers from going into monasteries. If fellow monks or comrades in arms resent a queer's advances, there are obvious ways of letting him know it.

PLOSCOWE: The military restriction is silly. The fact that a man is a homosexual doesn't necessarily mean that he's going to make a lousy soldier. If you look into the records of history, you'll find that many armies included homosexuals, and they were perfectly good soldiers.

LYON: This is equally true of homosexual women who go into military service. Very often, they are among the best personnel. They go into the military with the idea of making a career. They're not going to get pregnant and they're not going to get married and drop out. The Service fills them with a dream of a serious and consequential occupation and a desire to do a good job until they retire. There seems to be a lot of excessive worry about the homosexual in the military. I don't care if someone is heterosexual or homosexual; there will be some who can adjust to military living and some who can't. But very few homosexuals get thrown out of the Service, and when it happens, it's usually not because of anything they've done sexually. Sometimes, I feel that the Services act as if they have a quota: They know they get a certain proportion of Lesbians in every military station, and every once in a while, they have periodic witch-hunts to search them out. They don't get them all; mostly they get young people who don't know their rights and haven't been around long enough to know all the rules and regulations. These are the ones they scare to death and drive out.

BIEBER: A categorical kind of exclusion is not a good solution. There were many homosexuals in the Armed Forces during World War Two, and quite a few did notable work and service. If it were up to me, I'd leave the decision up to the man himself. I would, however, exclude certain types—such as those who might offend the sensibilities of the men they'd have to live with. And if homosexuals were accepted for military service and later had to be separated because of their inversion, they should be honorably discharged.

KUH: Excuse me, but I must differ. I, too, was in World War Two, part of it in the Infantry, overseas, as an enlisted man. It may well be that on a nine-to-five Army desk job, the military is much like civilian life and can absorb a modest quota of queers. But waspish homosexual behavior could only add to the tensions of crowded, impersonal barracks living, and intolerant square males—whether secretly nursing homosexual fears or not—couldn't be expected to keep the peace when quartered with homosexuals. Whether the military would win the plaudits of the folks back home for billeting sexually inexperienced 18-year-olds with military fairies is extremely dubious. I think it would be very unwise for the military to take literally that old Army expression, "Every week is fuck-your-buddy week."

BIEBER: In World War Two, when I served as a psychiatrist in a general hospital in Calcutta, all soldiers in the area who were apprehended by the MPs or CID for homosexual activity were referred to me for psychiatric examination. In my extensive military psychiatric experience, I never encountered anyone whose homosexual behavior began in the Army, including men who had been separated from women for long periods. I had occasion to discuss this matter with Dr. John Reese, who was brigadier in charge of psychiatry for the British army, and his experience was the same as mine. The fear that the presence of homosexuals in the Armed Forces will result in the seduction of sexually immature soldiers is unsupported.

McILVENNA: Anyone who's had anything to do with the military knows that you get about the same number of homosexuals in the Service as you get in any other occupation, whether or not you try to screen them out. I think the military is fooling itself when it tries to exclude homosexuals. And discharging people for homosexual acts is disastrous in its effects. Sometimes I come across a Serviceman who's had some fleeting homosexual contact. The military finds out and it brands him as a homosexual, making him think he *is* one, and they put him in a terrible situation. At the Glide Foundation, we see them as they're cashiered out of the Service, drifting into San Francisco—guys who aren't homosexual but who have been at a gay party or had one homosexual contact. They got caught or maybe felt guilty and mentioned it to a military doctor or chaplain, or somebody blew the whistle on them for some other reason. These guys are really hung up. The military says they're homosexual, so they must *be* homosexual and, consequently, they sweep into the gay community in San Francisco or other parts of the country and try to be homosexual, despite the fact that they're basically straight. There are many homosexual contacts in the Services between people who aren't homosexual, just as there are in prison, because of the closeness of the men. Fortunately, there are many sensitive people in the gay world who learn to catch these guys and are very helpful to them. Contrary to what many people think, the gay world isn't nearly as missionary as might be supposed. They're not out to make converts.

PLAYBOY: Late last year, it was reported that the Weathermen were planning to blackmail a homosexual lieutenant at a biological-warfare research center to make him help them steal canisters of germs. This sort of vulnerability might be one reason why the Government is wary of employing homosexuals.

PLOSCOWE: Security clearances are another matter altogether. Homosexuals are subjected to pressure in a way that the ordinary heterosexual is not. I would certainly go easy in employing homosexuals in a high-security area. That doesn't mean they should be barred from all areas of Government. Most of Government has nothing to do with security. I think the elimination of homosexuals from all positions in Government would be a very bad mistake. Many of them are intelligent, talented people and undoubtedly very efficient public servants.

McILVENNA: I don't see why a homosexual would be any more vulnerable to blackmail than a heterosexual who's engaged in an affair on the side, especially when the heterosexual has a family and children.

KUH: Perhaps in theory the homosexual *should* be no more vulnerable than the heterosexual who's cheating on his wife. But we're dealing with the world as it is, not as it possibly should be. And speaking realistically, the stigma of homosexuality today is far greater than that of adultery. Moreover, other things being equal, homosexuality may indicate a degree of immaturity and instability that would show that the homosexual may not be a person wisely trusted with a high-security matter.

PLAYBOY: Though homosexuals are barred from Government posts, they are widely believed to have a strong influence on the arts. Are they inclined to be more creative than heterosexuals?

LEITSCH: There are an awful lot of homosexual artists, writers, actors, directors and painters, but I don't think this has much to do with homosexuality itself. I know a number of very active homosexuals who are terribly uncreative and inartistic. I'm not very artistic or creative myself. But around puberty, a boy may realize that he has homosexual tendencies and he then starts thinking of himself as homosexual. As a result, he feels isolated and becomes very introspective. Introspection is what makes a good artist. You examine yourself and you examine the world. I think the introspection and isolation the homosexual feels can lead to creativity in later life.

BIEBER: I don't think it's the homosexuality that makes them artists or contributes to it. I think many homosexuals are artists, but they would be whether they were homosexual or not. Their homosexuality may color the content of what they do, but it isn't going to determine their talents. We don't know what goes into determining these talents, but I don't think it's homosexuality or any other kind of neurosis.

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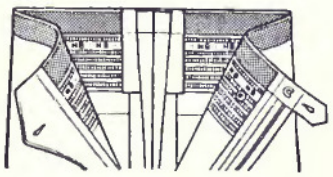

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liberation movement, young homosexuals are showing that they're no longer content to accept relegation to the arts. Marching and demonstrating to demand that the laws and social practices directed against homosexuals be changed in every field, they are sometimes an embarrassment to the older homosexual reform groups, which work in more traditional ways. Do you think the activists' techniques will work?

PLOSCOWE: I think the gay-liberation front is as effective or ineffective as some of the other radical movements. But, to me, they are more of a joke than anything really serious. Change can be generated only by the usual techniques of influencing public opinion and influencing legislators. The homosexual organizations throughout the country that continually beat the drums about law reform are beginning to influence newspapers and nonhomosexual people of some standing. Conceivably, over the years, legislators may get away from the notion that they've always got to be against sin. Then they may vote a little more intelligently on these issues, and the pace of law reform will be a great deal faster than it has been.

GOODMAN: Best of all techniques for achieving reform is the ordinary kind of civil disobedience. The way to change the sexual laws is to act out what you think is sensible and desirable for yourself, and join with others who do it—en masse. If you want to get rid of dormitory rules, you have a fuck-in. If you want to get rid of the laws against homosexuality, you get homosexuals together—including the Spocks and Coffins of the homosexual world, whoever they may be, and you all join in blow-ins, or whatever you choose to do. After a while, you create the world you want by doing what you want.

McILVENNA: Yes. The gay movement is ready to *confront* straights rather than ask their permission for change.

"If God had intended us to be nude, He wouldn't have given us clothes."

LYON: It's part of the whole youth explosion, the whole new mood of militancy among young people. In many ways, the young homosexual is very similar to the young heterosexual. He shares many of the same political, social and moral concerns. The climate is far more open for militance now, and the kids have suddenly decided they're not going to take second place anymore. So they say, "I'm gay and I'm proud," and they're fighting very hard for their pride, even though they're still a small minority within the radical movement. This militance is making a lot of difference in the older homophile organizations, too. They're being challenged to move a little faster, to engage in more activist programs and not simply content themselves with passing resolutions.

LEITSCH: But, Phyllis, I believe we have to be careful not to get hung up again fighting someone else's battles. The social dynamics that cause prejudice against homosexuals are different from those that lead to racial, religious, ethnic and other forms of prejudice and discrimination, and the solutions are different, too. We need an alternative to the heterosexual middle-class system, not necessarily a place within it. When you come right down to it, the student movement, the civil rights movement, the women's-liberation movement are all basically heterosexual and middle class, admirable though they may be. Our movement has always copied other movements. But I feel very strongly that the homosexual movement is different from all other movements, and I don't believe in copying them. Our problems are as homosexuals, and they aren't shared by heterosexual groups.

McILVENNA: It seems to me that you're pushing toward an anti-integration solution, focusing as you do on the uniqueness of the problems of the homosexual rather than on the problems he has in common with other minorities in society. Don't you think this may produce a form of ghettoism among homosexuals?

LEITSCH: Yes, but I don't see much chance of homosexuals having a place, at least during my lifetime, in heterosexual society. Can you imagine a mother telling her Lesbian daughter, "Do I have a girl for *you*!," or Cardinal Cooke marrying a gay couple in St. Patrick's Cathedral? Heterosexual institutions and social structures serve the needs of heterosexuals. Homosexuals should have the right to build institutions and structures that fit our particular needs. I don't want us segregated, but I'm afraid we'll have to remain nonintegrated for a long time. The traditional minorities—ethnic, racial, religious—have found it difficult to become homogenized. I suspect the erotic

minorities will find that process even more difficult.

MARMOR: The extreme behavior exhibited by some members of the gay-liberation movement may easily backfire and have a negative effect. I have the impression that the members of gay lib do not represent a genuine cross section of the homosexual community, either among males or females. They reflect the more deviant groups in the homosexual community, in terms of overt behavior, appearance and social adjustment.

LEITSCH: I would suspect that the most extreme groups are composed of homosexuals with the least commitment to homosexuality. They get hung up on women's rights, black rights and other issues their heterosexual peers are involved with; they just want to be revolutionaries. But those who have broken with their heterosexual peer groups and made a real commitment to homosexuality recognize from reading *Soul on Ice* that Eldridge Cleaver is about as liberal as Spiro Agnew on the issue of homosexuality. They see homosexuals oppressed even worse in Cuba and Russia than in America, so they have no interest in a Marxist revolution. The loyalties of this group are to other homosexuals, not primarily to other causes or to any political philosophy.

GOODMAN: I've been in close touch with material hunger all my life, so I can't take ideological liberation movements very seriously. But gay society can be fantastically apolitical or reactionary. When I give talks to the Mattachine Society, my sermon invariably embraces all other libertarian groups and liberation movements, and the response is pretty apathetic. But I feel that freedom is indivisible. Of course, my experience on the left wing doesn't lead me to expect acceptance of that proposition from them, either. Allen Ginsberg and I once pointed out to Stokely Carmichael that we were niggers, too, but he blandly put us down by saying that we could always conceal our disposition and pass. We didn't really exist for him. But since then, Huey Newton welcomed gay-liberation groups to the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia and admitted that they were a proper part of the revolution, since they were equally oppressed.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be an appreciable amount of bisexual experimenting within the radical movement and the youth culture. Could this be part of the attraction of the social revolution for homosexuals?

LEITSCH: Many of our younger people are, I'm afraid, using the New Left and the hippie movement as a new closet. In the old days, closet queens pretended not to be gay. Either they married and produced a couple of kids as a front, or they pretended bachelorhood or celibacy. Today, they use the pansexuality of the hippies as a cover, telling the world, "I'm not really gay, I just swing with whoever turns me on." But you'll notice that members of the opposite sex never turn them on.

McILVENNA: I think that's untrue. There does seem to me to be a definite drift in the direction of private bisexuality. Many young people and some older ones are moving into the group-sex scene, and when you get more than a couple in bed, you have to have at least a tolerance for touching a body of the same sex. A man may not have sex alone with another man, but stimulated by a female who's present, he's far more likely to do it.

LYON: Yes. Being turned on homosexually in a group situation can lead to having sex with someone of the same sex outside of the group scene later. If homosexuality isn't a problem in the group, then you can admit to yourself that you might like it at other times.

PLAYBOY: Do you think bisexuality is a realistic option for most people?

MARMOR: For the majority, probably not. Nevertheless, it's important to recognize that all animals exhibit both heterosexual and homosexual behavior. Heterosexuality tends to be preferred, and obviously this has survival value for the propagation

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of the species. As one ascends the evolutionary ladder, however, patterns of institutional behavior become more and more modifiable by learning and experience. This is particularly true in human beings. In mankind, most of the biological drives are capable of being conditioned and adapted to a multiplicity of different circumstances and a wide variety of objects. Human sexuality is modifiable by experience in almost any direction.

BIEBER: Homosexuality is a human condition. We are anthropomorphizing when we speak of it in animals. Even those biologists who loosely apply the term, when they are actually referring to mounting behavior, don't state that *all* animals show both homo- and heterosexual behavior. I agree that biological drives, sexual and otherwise, can be conditioned in humans and infrahumans. Pavlov demonstrated this a long time ago, but I should like to underscore the point that it isn't easy to sidetrack a male from a heterosexual destiny. It takes a lot of trauma, such as the continuity of specific types of destructive parental attitudes, operating over many of the formative years of childhood. I have never been able to find a shred of reliable evidence to support the notion of an innate ambisexuality.

TYNAN: This seems right to me. Some men are bisexual, but I doubt whether *mankind* is. It's comparatively rare for people to be bisexual in their erotic habits. Of course, it's virtually compulsory for queer writers to insist that we're all bisexual below the navel. They get quite evangelical about it. To coin a phrase, there are no atheists in assholes. Many queers take a sort of ideological pride in boasting of their heterosexual conquests. Much of this is propaganda. If, like myself, you're a hetero who goes for female bottoms, you're apt to be told by queers that this penchant indicates the presence of what Mel Brooks calls "a hint of mint." Bottoms, they point out, are common to both sexes. I usually reply that, while this is undoubtedly true, they stir me only when they belong to girls. Similarly, male and female lips are often identical, but heteros get no kicks out of kissing men.

LYON: Your remarks are typical of the dehumanized attitude so many men have toward women. It's precisely because of this male attitude toward women as a piece of ass, an object for sexual gratification or propagation and never to be considered as a whole person, that many young women in women's liberation around the country today regard Lesbianism as a political statement. They are consciously and deliberately forming Lesbian relationships, where otherwise they might never have, because they view men as oppressors who wish merely to exploit them as sexual and household servants. Many of these women, who are both fighting and switching, are learning that women are bisexual—even if Tynan thinks men aren't. They can and do respond erotically to either sex, and they can relate to one another emotionally and physically.

SIMON: It might be easier on all of us—homosexual and heterosexual alike—if we began learning to elaborate our ideas of masculinity and femininity along less narrow lines, particularly along less narrowly sexual lines. We can see, I think, a slight movement toward this among the youth of today, who seem to allow for a much wider amount of overlap of male-female distinctions in many aspects of life.

MANNES: I'm for anything that will break down the arbitrary stereotypes of what a man is and what a woman is. A lot of people do a great deal of clucking over unisex clothes, for instance. No pair of pants is going to make any girl unfeminine, and no frilled shirt or blue velvet evening coat is going to make any man less masculine. I'm all for this cutting across barriers; I think it's not only decorative but it strips away this eternal nonsense that starts at birth in the average household. Pink for girls, blue for boys, frills for the baby girls, pants for the baby boys, baby dolls for the girls, trains for the boys. Right from the cradle, we start designing and limiting the kinds of people our children can be.

SIMON: Many of these rigid gender-role training activities we get into may, in fact, be among the causes of homosexual adjustments. If we have only one model for man and one model for woman, any young person who falls outside of those limits—like the quiet, contemplative boy who hates the Little League, or the active, intellectual girl who finds household gossip and dolls intolerable—is alienated from many important societal experiences.

TYNAN: These stereotypes are hangovers from primitive conditioning. Man have spear, take wife, make children. Man who not do these things not man. He bad juju, throw him out of tribe. People who nowadays think like that are appallingly bad juju. I wouldn't throw them out of the tribe, but encourage them to come out of their shells, attend some social functions, meet a few nice queers. Of course, the hypermasculine male has also been maligned as latently homosexual. When psychoanalysis first swept the States, anyone who led an open-air life was prone to be written off as crypto-queer. It used to be thought chic among people who didn't know him to hint that Hemingway was latently homosexual. Incredibly enough, some people are still haunted by that legend. It badly needs laying, and so, in many cases, do the people who believe it.

MARMOR: The assumption that hypermasculine behavior necessarily reflects latent homosexual impulses makes no sense to me. I don't think the term latent homosexuality is a useful one. More often than not, hypermasculine behavior is a compensation for unconscious feelings of masculine inadequacy. Such individuals are driven to prove their masculinity precisely because they have inner doubts about it. It's characteristic of our cultural-value system that when a man feels inadequate, he often expresses this feeling as a fear of being homosexual. In the vast majority of instances, however, this doesn't mean that he has any genuine erotic preference for members of the same sex.

PLAYBOY: If a young person came to you and confided that he or she was struggling with homosexual impulses and didn't know what to do, what advice would you give?

TYNAN: If anyone young came to me, I'd advise him to gain a little more sexual experience and then decide for himself, without feeling guilty about it.

SIMON: One has to accept certain hard facts of life. No matter how much we all agree on the need for law reform in changing public attitudes toward homosexuals, there really appear to be no dramatic breakthroughs on the immediate horizon. With this in mind, I would urge trying out heterosexuality, if it's possible without having to perjure yourself constantly to others and to yourself. If heterosexuality isn't possible, then one must learn to accept one's homosexuality without exaggerating or minimizing its importance. The major consideration is learning to be at ease with yourself; someone who can't learn to accept himself, whether he's a perfect conformist or a professional revolutionary, is in trouble. But the idea of preferring to be a happy homosexual than a nervous, self-battling heterosexual may be too one-dimensional. Some people—those with an overriding religious commitment, for example—might actually find a more effective road to self-acceptance by opting out of sex altogether.

MARMOR: Although I'm all in favor of liberalizing our attitudes toward adult homosexuals, there are cogent reasons for regarding the child who seems to be becoming a homosexual as someone who should be helped to move in a heterosexual direction whenever possible. If a young person is developing homosexual tendencies, it's unquestionably desirable to do something about it—the earlier the better. The fact is that an individual in our society is more likely to have a better self-image and a better chance for a happy and fulfilling life as a heterosexual than as a homosexual.

TYNAN: Except for having a family, there are as many valid reasons for being homosexual. If you're an uncompromising

"... The hand bone connected to the chest bone ...
and the knee bone connected to the thigh bone...."

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queer, you're condemned to be childless. This means that you rob yourself of an enormous emotional experience. But it also means that you aren't plagued by visions of founding a dynasty, that you can't work out your own frustrated ambitions through your children, and that you're probably capable of living more fully in the present than a married hetero, who must always be thinking of his family's future. It could even be argued that a queer relationship is purer and more emotionally honest than the "normal" marriage, which is often held together only by children or economic necessity. Two queers can make only *each other* unhappy.

McILVENNA: When anyone asks me if he should be homosexual, I usually ask him why he's concerned about it, what he feels about it. Is he asking for endorsement of his already established homosexuality, or is he looking for help because he may have had some fleeting homosexual feelings? There would be no tailor-made response. If he's 18 or so and he's already a homosexual who has come out and is quite happy about it, not very much could be done to change him into a heterosexual. Most people across our country would agree with the view some of you have expressed—that it's better to be heterosexual than homosexual. But I have homosexual friends who say it's better to be a homosexual than a heterosexual, and their experience must be taken into account. In ten or fifteen years, the gay life may be a very viable life style. Already it's certainly much better than it was five years ago.

GOODMAN: Getting back to the boy who came to me for advice: If he's cute, I'd try to make out with him. If I couldn't, I'd try to build up his heterosexual life, and also encourage him to have a homosexual life, if that's what he seems to want. I don't believe in encouraging mindless conformity.

LEITSCH: The first thing I'd do is sit down with him and talk. I remember when I was young how happy I was the first time I found someone I could talk with about homosexuality. I'd help him get acquainted with the gay scene and answer his questions about it. I wouldn't try to sway him toward homosexuality, heterosexuality or bisexuality. Making decisions that decide another person's life is more of a responsibility than I care to shoulder. If he couldn't make his own decision, I'd probably refer him to one of the psychiatrists on Mattachine's referral list. These doctors are carefully screened to eliminate those who feel that homosexuality must be stamped out at whatever cost to the individual. I know the doctors on our list would help the boy make his own decision and help him to be a heterosexual, if that's what he wants, or to be the best-adjusted and happiest homosexual possible, if that's what the boy decided upon.

BIEBER: Evidence of developing homosexuality in preadolescence and early adolescence should be viewed as an urgent indicator that both the child *and* his parents need help. The consultant should preferably be one well grounded in psychodynamics. As for young adults, the earlier treatment is attempted the better. I would advise psychiatric treatment in all cases. This does not mean, of course, that a young man should be forced into therapy if he doesn't want it. And well-trained therapists who work with homosexuals don't set themselves the specific goal of converting them into heterosexuals. The goal of treatment is to work through as many psychological problems as one can. Hopefully, the resolution of psychopathology creates the conditions for a shift in sexual adaptation. At least half who attempt treatment don't become heterosexual, yet a great deal can be done for those who remain homosexual by alleviating anxiety, depression, feelings of emptiness, loneliness and work difficulties. In any civilized society, an adult's sexual life is his own business and sexual behavior between consenting adults should be a private matter. Yet I don't think that society can pride itself on its emancipated attitudes toward homosexuality if it allows defeatist and pessimistic attitudes toward prevention and treatment to go unchallenged. Physicians, teachers, clergymen and others who work with youngsters and are in a position to observe them should be taught how homosexuality is engendered and how to recognize its manifestations. Therapeutic facilities should be made available for such children and their parents.

KUH: Don't almost all our answers here, to some extent, belie much of the earlier carefree talk? Here, after all the discussion, almost all of us say—in varying ways—get him some sensitive *help*. If PLAYBOY's question had concerned an 18-year-old who came to us and said he had heterosexual feelings and wanted our advice, we might suggest a doctor, if only because we couldn't fathom why in hell, these being his feelings, he felt the *need* for advice.

LYON: In some ways, PLAYBOY's question is really kind of unrealistic. It doesn't happen that way. My experience is that most people have already made a decision. I think all you can do with someone who's uncertain is to tell him or her everything there is to know—the advantages and the disadvantages. The idea is to try to help people see for themselves, but you can never really make the decision for them. We've tended to push too many people one way or the other, assuming that either homosexuality was better or heterosexuality was better. I know people living the homosexual life who I doubt seriously are homosexuals. They were pushed into the gay life. Either they were thrown out by their parents or, through sheer ignorance, they felt they were homosexual because they had committed a homosexual act. On the other hand, we all know many, many homosexuals who get pushed into marriage for one reason or another and end up involving a wife or husband and children with their problems.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a healthier view of heterosexuality in our society would diminish the number of people who make the homosexual commitment?

TYNAN: A healthier view of sex, by my standards, would be one that permitted any kind of erotic enjoyment that didn't involve coercion or the recruitment of minors. This would probably lead to more sexual activity in general, but whether this would swell the proportion of homo to hetero, I couldn't predict.

PLOSCOWE: Conceivably, if it were easier to obtain satisfaction through heterosexual relationships, people who have both hetero- and homosexual feelings might not be pushed over into homosexuality. It's much easier, for example, for two men to room together than for a boy and girl to do so without being married.

LEITSCH: In a healthier society, where there was more sexual experimenting and less sexual labeling, we'd probably all use labels less often. There might be more homosexual acts going on in a healthier society, but I'm sure there would be fewer people who were exclusively homosexual. Today, anyone who engages in a homosexual act or relationship risks being labeled a homosexual. Even boys who aren't sports-oriented, who have hormonal imbalances that give them an effeminate appearance, etc., are labeled homosexual. When a person is called something often enough, he begins to think of himself in terms of the label applied to him.

KUH: As a lawyer and a layman, I think this last question makes a dubious assumption, and some of this discussion is, I think, equally ill-founded. The question suggests that our being more permissive is the same as our having a "healthier view of heterosexuality." I'm all for greater permissiveness, and I concede that it *may* lead to healthier sexuality, but when it results in one's screwing everything in sight—and doing so with no conscious guilt feelings—I'm not at all sure that it can be equated with healthy heterosexuality. Moreover, as a society, we haven't been repressive of male heterosexuality. Aside from the preachings of a handful of overprotective parents, it's been OK—indeed, properly gamy—for men, including young men, to get laid early and often. Equally clearly, it has been strongly tabooed for

men to engage in homosexual acts. I therefore have trouble believing that, realistically examined, our so-called traditional repressiveness has driven men in any numbers into homosexuality.

McILVENNA: Gamy sex can also be guilty sex, Mr. Kuh. It's not at all apparent to me that young men are presented with such an easy set of alternatives as you picture. Copulation is restricted, or at least used to be, to bad girls or to marriage, so that premarital heterosexuality, even when surreptitiously encouraged, was still a seamy, dirty affair. For girls, this seaminess and dirtiness was even more profoundly emphasized—so much so that I wonder why most females didn't give up sex entirely.

SIMON: Some men might claim that most of them have.

MARMOR: I agree with Judge Ploscowe that if society had a healthier attitude toward heterosexual behavior, there wouldn't be as much exclusive homosexuality. There might be more occasional, incidental, relatively guilt-free homosexual contacts, but exclusive homosexuality is often related to guilt about heterosexuality. Significantly often, homosexuals have been made to feel, as children, that heterosexual activity is something dirty and bad. Same-sex relationships aren't discouraged so clearly and openly among children and adolescents, however. In this way, in some puritanical families, the path to a homosexual adaptation is facilitated.

BIEBER: It's very hard to make a one-to-one correlation between a puritanical ethos and homosexuality. We don't know whether the Victorians produced more homosexuals than modern England. On the other hand, anthropologists such as Bronislaw Malinowski, in his descriptions of the Trobriand Islanders—a warm, genial people—tell us that apart from the incest taboo, no sexual repression existed and homosexuality was not reported. I think all experiences that associate heterosexuality with detrimental consequences may be damaging to normal sexual development and may contribute to many types of sexual disorders, one of which is homosexuality. Every homosexual is a latent heterosexual; the converse I don't find true.

TYNAN: Frankly, Dr. Bieber, you could just as well argue that heterosexuality, in many people, is the result of repressed homosexuality. According to one school of psychoanalysis, queers are men who hated their mothers in infancy, were consumed by guilt and have ever since overcompensated by identifying themselves with the maternal image. If their guilt prevents them from functioning, then there may be a case for treating them. But if they've come to terms with their guilt, why on earth should we try to turn them into halfhearted heteros?

BIEBER: Our experience doesn't support your formulation, Mr. Tynan. Most homosexuals I have studied loved their mothers. They were often the only human beings such a man ever loved. It is the father who emerges as the one who is hated, held in contempt and often feared. Guilt isn't the central problem at all.

LEITSCH: Tynan's point of view is a good one. People who function as homosexuals find more satisfaction in homosexuality than in heterosexuality. They're not repressing heterosexual desires, because they don't have any. You know, in the dark it doesn't matter what you're having sex with. The important thing is friction. You can enjoy masturbation, homosexual acts or heterosexual acts equally, except for the degree of guilt you feel about each one.

KUH: Haven't you placed your finger squarely on the trouble: to suggest that it doesn't matter *what* you're having sex with, and to equate sex with friction and simply minimizing guilt feelings? If, in saying that, you're a spokesman for homosexuals, you're painting a duller, bleaker, more hopeless picture of your buddies —and of what sex is to them—than I

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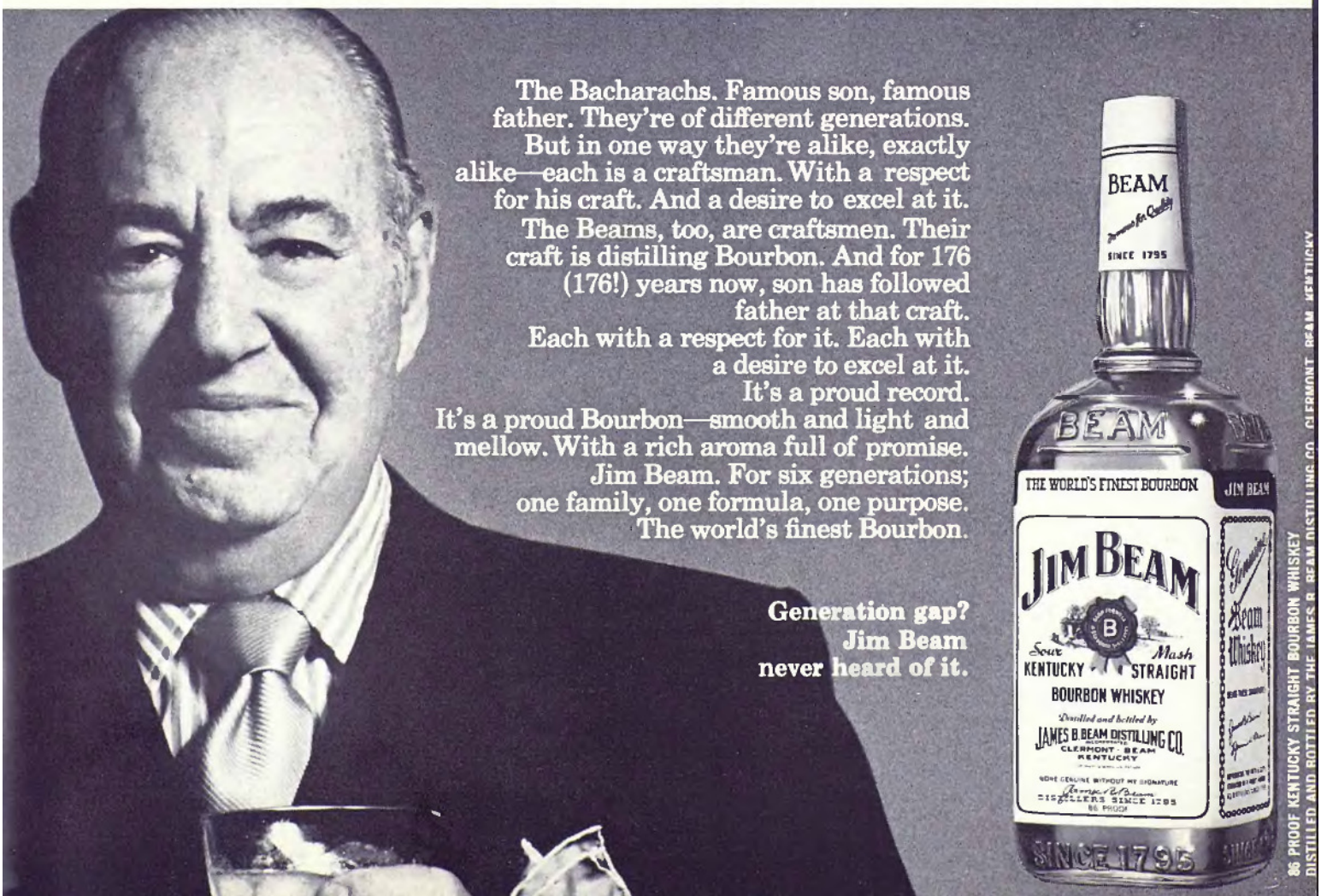
thought ever to hear from anyone past early puberty.

LEITSCH: The customs, emotions and life styles of exclusive *heterosexuals* look pretty dull and bleak to the homosexual, Mr. Kuh. I know some homosexuals for whom heterosexual acts are as repugnant as homosexual acts are supposed to be for a normal red-blooded American man. I once got a book out and showed a friend a picture of the female sex organs. He was horrified and said, "How can people stick their penis into a thing like that?" He sounded just like some of the heterosexuals I've heard saying, "How can homosexuals do things like that?" I believe man is essentially pansexual. There are any number of sexual things that he can do and enjoy himself. I think people have a right to look over and experience all the things that are possible for them, then make a decision and say, "I like this best."

SIMON: However much disagreement there may be on the pleasures, pains or potential value of the homosexual life style, I think we can all agree that for the homosexual in today's society, happiness is more difficult to achieve than it is for the heterosexual. There is profound difference of opinion among us on whether or not homosexuality should be called pathological, but if all the homosexuals in the country—and at the very lowest estimate put forward by the panel, we must count them in the hundreds of thousands—were to accept the label and seek professional help, the existing mental-health structure in the United States would be incapable of carrying the load. Until such time as psychiatric aid can be provided on a much larger scale and at much less expense, it would seem wise for us to focus attention on the laws and mores that make the homosexual's social adjustment so difficult.

In this context, we have to deal with the cost to society of productivity lost and potential careers damaged by repressive and discriminatory practices. There is some disagreement among us about how far society should condone the homosexual life style, and even deeper disagreement on how ready the community is to be tolerant. In sexual attitudes, probably more than in any other area, social attitudes are most profoundly influenced by the changing values of society. There have been fundamental changes in our view of sexuality since World War Two, and the laws on such issues as abortion, birth control and sexual privacy are still in the process of catching up with our new attitudes. It seems likely that community feelings toward homosexuals have altered as much as they have in these other areas. But even if, as some of the panelists suggest, there is still a large residue of anti-homosexual feeling in the country at large, my own researches and other sociological studies indicate that acceptance of homosexuality is growing markedly among the younger generation.

The future treatment of homosexuals clearly depends on what the future holds for all of us, and here there seem to be two main possibilities. Some feel that the present trend toward greater permissiveness will not continue. I and possibly the majority of the panelists believe that, on the contrary, society will continue to evolve in ways that will provide greater freedom for everyone. If we're right, there's a chance that we will live to see a fundamental alteration in our whole approach to gender definition and sexual stereotypes. The meaning of masculine and feminine may well be redefined so substantially that the whole image of homosexuality will have to be rethought from scratch. A more immediate prospect is that changing attitudes will permit heterosexuals and homosexuals alike to unashamedly devote themselves—in private as well as in public—to the pursuit of their own personal happiness. So the futures of homosexual and heterosexual are inextricably linked—and we all stand to profit.



GREAT SCOTT!

(continued from page 140)

exhibiting an almost paternal pride in her stories and anecdotes, some of which are affectionately derisive. "I showed up here in Philadelphia and I thought, he's a big star, we'll have a car or a cab; well, I had to walk over here. And in high heels, right? Look at the way he's dressed." Scott was wearing nondescript brown trousers and a yellow knit short-sleeved sport shirt, which is his habitual attire. "Beautiful, eh?" she snorted. "Tried to dress him this morning. Look at him. H'm. H'm. OK, star."

Scott laughed immoderately at this tirade, and a few moments later—on *The Mike Douglas Show*, which he was cohosting for a week—acknowledged that he and his wife were married and then divorced and then, in 1967, remarried.

"Why did we remarry?" he mused. "I often ask myself that."

"There are some people who are stuck with each other," she explained. "And G. C. and I are more or less stuck with it." (She calls him G. C. He calls her Moms.) "Even when we were divorced we somehow couldn't let go that last little string. At school one little boy said his mom and dad were divorced and he was sad about it, and our ten-year-old, Alex, said, 'Oh, that's all right, my mom and dad are divorced, but whenever he gets off work he comes to our house, he lives there, they're very good friends.' I could see all the teachers sitting around saying, 'You know what happens at the Scotts? Sin. Sin.' "

Scott reared his head back and laughed. After the show, the Scotts and some friends and playwright Levitt went off to have some steaks, and during the meal G. C. and his wife aired their disagreement about the film *M. A. S. H.*, which she loved.

"Half the budget was raw meat," Scott said. "Every time he got in trouble he flashed back to the operating room with the blood. Cheap tricks. To me, the worst sin of all is cheapness and shoddiness."

"He was offended by the mike-in-the-sack thing," Colleen explained. "George is the biggest prude underneath. He tears your earrings off, pulls your skirt down, covers up your cleavage. Loves to see all the other girls, right? But he goes to the movies and sees something, he says, *terrible taste, terrible taste.*"

Scott had begun grinning. He was still arguing, but halfheartedly: "You're right, dear. I'm totally wrong and you're right"—recognizing them to be at a familiar impasse.

She has a rapid delivery, forming the words into little hard balls back in her throat and sending them out, pop, pop, like solid objects till they fill the air in front of her, and she gets excited as she talks and builds volume and power as she goes. He, on the other hand, is gentle, gentlemanly, restrained. There is something shy and tentative about him. He is easily interrupted. Like a truckload of gravel backing slowly into traffic.

Scott directed her recently, for the first time, in a short-lived Broadway play, and each agreed the experience was good for both of them. "She's an enormously powerful actress," he said, "a powerful personality on the stage, and I got her to pull most of that back and let it ooze out a little bit at a time. That's something most directors have used too much in her, forced her to go to too much, and consequently she usually wipes up the stage with any male that she works with. There are very few actors that can stand with her. I got her to pull back and it was a most restrained and a most beautiful performance."

She laughed nervously. "I don't know who we're complimenting here."

Once again Scott smiled. That familiar quick flicker that spreads out across his face like a stain and then just as swiftly disappears. An invitation, and a booby trap.

• • •

The next time I saw Scott he was directing *Andersonville Trial* as the pilot project for producer Lewis Freedman's new drama series for educational television. The rehearsals were in studio B at KCET in Los Angeles and the cast was the sort invariably referred to as star-studded. It was heavily weighted with high-priced talent, most of them refugees from commercial-television series, eager for a chance to do some real acting. Without exception, they all said that one of the reasons they were willing to accept minimum scale at NET was the chance to work with George Scott. Freedman admits that when he approached the actors he lured them with Scott's name. "I have rarely seen a rehearsal hall that's so full of interest," Freedman said. "I mean, I've almost never seen a full-length play rehearsed where almost the entire cast stays in the hall—interested, hard-working, challenged, and also enjoying itself."

Watching Scott work is a little bit like watching a surgeon's scalpel hovering over a recumbent form. He stands poised, alert, motionless, and then . . . *arggggh* . . . he swoops. In the end you know the tumor will have been nicked out with skill and precision, but in the meantime you fear for the delicate flesh: There is all that intensity in his hefty, high-shouldered slab of a body—intensity and pursuit. He is a bird of prey and the victim is . . . weakness? . . . human error? . . . chance itself?

"I wonder, Willy," Scott says to Bill Shatner, lately of *Star Trek*. "That's a sarcastic line. *Lean* on him some. Hmmm?" Smoke from a Lucky Strike wreathes his fingers. He is wearing blue slacks and a blue knit sport shirt. His arms are crossed on his large chest and he strokes repeatedly at his cheek in an up-and-down motion. "Jack," he says to Jack Cassidy, "I had a thought. I don't know, you might hate it. But see if you can play a little homey thing with Dr. Bates. You know, a little . . . shit kicking." The grin spreads on his face, a look of delight. He actually brightens. He is very decisive, he knows exactly what he wants.

Richard Basehart has a long, moving speech. Scott is poised breathlessly, enraptured, his lips moving slowly, mouthing the words, his head thrown back. His teeth are clenched and the corners of his mouth are drawn back. The speech ends, the rehearsal goes on. Scott darts forward and on his face is that familiar smile that is a way station to released anger. He begins to instruct Shatner in a speech that he himself once spoke onstage. Shatner has the part he played in the Broadway version. As he offers Shatner a thought, he begins to enact the part. "At this point over here, Chipman goes a little bit . . . insane," he says, the whisper of his voice beginning to catch and develop traction and come out a hoarse growl. His face brightens with malicious glee. His eyes widen. His nose and chin (a profile Kenneth Tynan once described as a "victorious bottle opener") seem to strain for each other as his mouth spreads across his face like a family curse. His large bony bulged forehead glistens. His jaw, which normally is rippled and indistinct, goes stiff and firm. The entire set comes to a stillness. "A little bit insane, a little bit . . . pathological. See if you can go . . . *just a little bit . . . apeshit.* You know? *Enjoy it.*"

He is advancing on Shatner as he talks, Shatner in the witness seat. Shatner sees something in Scott's eye. He lifts his feet and kicks them, mimicking fear. Shatner is himself a baby bull, all neck and chest. He has gotten some message from Scott's neural system. He has made a joke of it, but for a moment there he was afraid.

Scott once went drinking with Lewis Freedman and remarked, "You know, they used to burn actors and they were right. Because actors constantly are showing them things they don't want to see." Scott is a man who sets very high standards for himself and then tries to beat his own best time. This is a lonely, and alienating, way to go in a profession that makes very great demands on a person's power to resist collapse and disintegration.

"Like Scott," Freedman said, "all real actors have that in them to begin with. But unlike Scott, they soon learn to shut up about it. And we have a wonderful machine for shutting them up called money. We buy out our talent. But Scott won't be bought out. He's always been more than an actor. He's been a man of the theater."

After rehearsals, Scott went out for lunch and talked directly to this point:

If you just want to look good, don't light it.

On the other hand, if you'd like to taste the small, mild cigar with all the flavor of a large cigar, go ahead.

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"This is one of the most competitive businesses, but not in a direct way, not actor against actor. The competition and the stress and the strain come from within, in assaulting the goal. Not only serious actors, in a sense all actors. Even those who fall by the wayside. The unsung and unmarked graves. Those who didn't have what it takes to hang around long enough to see whether anybody gives a shit about them one way or another. And it's very personal. It's not like writing or painting. At least they don't have to be there breathing when the guy says you're shit to your face. The actor has to *be* there. So the nervous pressure, the actual tension on the nervous system, is constant. An opening night is a trauma unrivaled in the experience of man. You're a smashed milk bottle of 10,000 jagged pieces stuck together with Elmer's Glue. As my friend Vince Callahan the make-up man used to say, the *tens*eeyun and the *presse*eyure as you try to scale those unscalable heights. The totally untakable objective. Iwo Jima. San Juan Hill. *Out*classed, *out*manned, *out*gunned. With nobody on your side. And yet, somebody often does it."

"It sounds horrible," I said.

"Yes, it is. Horrible. Why do I do it? It could be simple masochism, but I don't think so. It's some sort of . . . compulsion."

"Many are called but few are chosen," I said. "Many are chosen but few accept."

He sighed. "If you really have it you can't get it off your back. It's like . . . it's like being . . . professional. It's the best word I know. I don't know of a better word."

"Well, you seem very professional as a director."

He laughed and said he was extremely nervous, feeling himself way over his head. Yet he never showed it during rehearsals. He flashed his devil-boy smile: "That's acting, too."

• • •

Scott came by his professionalism naturally. He was born in Wise, Virginia, on October 18, 1927, where his father was first a miner and then a mine foreman. The elder Scott, now retired, is described as a charming and handsome man with lots of energy and a competitive style dedicated to victory. He was born to unrelenting poverty in a mountain cabin in southwest Virginia, educated himself (on the way acquiring, it is said, an astonishing accumulation of information) and wound up as the vice-president for sales of a firm in Detroit. The Scotts are an old American family of Scotch-Irish blood dating back to before the American Revolution, Virginia artisans rather than aristocrats. This perhaps accounts for Scott's sense of responsibility to the job itself. He has a strong sense of family and history and tradition, and even in casual conversation he expresses a stern moral code. His stubborn integrity, moral rigidity—and perhaps his drinking—have much to do with the Protestant work ethic and a well-disciplined childhood. Friends say that "George thinks a great deal of his dad and admires him tremendously. In his memory he was a strong father who provided well for his family, not a shilly-shallyer, a man who knew right from wrong."

"It always bothered me," Scott told an interviewer early in his career, "that with the easy life I had, compared to my father's, I couldn't get anywhere."

Scott describes his early years as "totally average, totally undistinguishable, except for the death of my mother at the age of eight. My age of eight, not hers. She died of blood poisoning. This was prior to penicillin and sulfa. The kind of thing that would be cured with a few pills or one shot—even only ten years later. That kind of trauma is profound."

Following four unremarkable years at Redford High in Detroit, Scott enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1945 for a four-year hitch. His father had remarried when George was 12 and the boy left home at 17 partly just to leave home (he was not close to his stepmother) and partly because he was a gung-ho kid "very anxious to fight." Instead he buried people at Arlington National Cemetery and learned how to drink. He says he "haunted sleazy bars in Washington," commencing a slide that was to land him within ten years in the grip of an apparently irresistible impulse to drink himself into an alcoholic rage and stupor.

In 1949, Scott entered the University of Missouri School of Journalism and discovered acting. He began a college-and-stock-theater career that was to encompass 125 roles, an apprenticeship that Scott, who otherwise had no training, calls "a terrific education." But he left school with only two credit hours to go. He was self-evidently in the wrong career, since "even asking somebody's address was offensive to me." Out of school, he worked as an actor at a nearby girls' school, Stephens College, where he found his first wife, Carolyn Hughes, and with the Mad Anthony Players in Toledo, Ohio.

John O'Leary, an actor and playwright who remembers Scott from those days, recalls that he had not yet broken his nose and was "like a handsome Hollywood leading man." Since then the nose has been broken several times, proving, Scott says, that he can't be all that good with his fists. Even in those days, he was undependable. He disappeared from a dress rehearsal of a show in which he had the lead, and returned only just before the opening curtain. There is some possibility that if director Stuart Vaughan's memory were better, Scott's career might have taken longer to flower: In the summer of 1952 Vaughan heard from friends about this very talented but wildly erratic fellow, and he remembers thinking, *Well, there's one actor I want to be sure to steer clear of.* "If I had put two and two

"I smoked pot, once. It made me want to rape and kill!"

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together I never would have hired him for Richard III," Vaughan recollects. "But that wasn't the Scott I met in 1957."

In the interim, Scott had been to New York without success and then in 1954 to Los Angeles, where he lived for six months with a friend and his wife, who supported him. He was, he says, totally unemployable. He would go off in the morning and sit on a park bench all day. Subsequently he bummed around the country (the birth of a daughter had only aggravated his drinking and soon he and his wife had separated and divorced) and finally landed in Washington, D. C., penniless and defeated. He took off a year to recover himself, working for his older sister's husband, a contractor, as a laborer. "I gave it my all," he remembers. "I was having the pleasure of working with people who can do something better than you and seeing if you can make the grade."

One day he wandered into a semiprofessional theater in his laborer's clothes and asked for a job. "When I read, they knew I was an actor," he told me—as if to say that he had always been an actor, as if to say that, whatever else, he could always go behind the proscenium and search out his secret names. Here he found his second wife, Pat Reed, and commenced his second family. He moved to New York and took a job as an IBM operator in a bank.

When he read for Stuart Vaughan and Joseph Papp for the New York Shakespeare Festival's 1957 production of *Richard III*, Vaughan failed to connect him with the young man he had heard about five years earlier. Scott read twice, badly, and then tied one on. He woke up the next morning in the garden of a friend's house. After drying out and preparing again, he read a third time.

"With Shakespeare," Vaughan says, "you look for vocal skill and range and a feel for the language. And energy. And of course Scott had all these in abundance. Also, with an actor you don't know, someone who can respond to your direction. Scott was very responsive, he was never troublesome, even though, like most young actors, he was brandishing his masculinity about as a protective device against homosexual advances, which all actors get. I understand this was a troubled time for him, but I saw no evidence of it. Most people you work with in this business who are especially talented are in great turmoil or much agonized, and I expect the working part of their lives is the healthiest."

This was certainly true of Scott. He was appearing in a succession of plays both off and on Broadway for which he was received with the same sort of praise that greeted the young Brando, and he won all sorts of awards. He was hired for a Western called *The Hanging Tree* and then for *Anatomy of a Murder*, for which he received an Academy Award

nomination. Yet for all that, George C. Scott was not what you would call a contented man. "The more successful I got, the worse the drinking became." The discipline he maintained when he worked in the Shakespearean plays for Vaughan was disintegrating. One day he destroyed a set on *Hanging Tree*. While he was appearing in his first Broadway play, in November 1958, he woke up in a New York City jail and learned that on the previous evening, while drunk, he had beaten up a man. He had no memory of the fight. (It was not the first time, nor would it be the last. In the summer of 1965, a suit for $100,000 in damages was filed against him by an actor who claimed Scott had assaulted him.)

Vaughan remembers that "George had this switch he could turn on for Richard III, a device, a sound, when he wanted to show a rage thing. He had an absolutely convincing way of doing it. But technically he was under control. . . . I suppose this quality was at his finger tips."

Onstage he was portraying men in whom some gnawing passion was either just barely contained (and therefore terrifying) or released in a climactic moment. *The New York Times*'s Walter Kerr described one of his roles as "a clear, alarming, brilliantly convincing case from a Freudian textbook." The *New York Post*'s Richard Watts, Jr., said of the same part (in *Comes a Day*) that it was "managed with such monstrous power and shocking credibility that the sadist becomes not just a villain of melodrama but a terrifyingly real human being." Offstage his second marriage was collapsing and the pressures were such that Scott was undergoing his fits of drunken violence more and more frequently. Every three months. Every month. Every week.

"George once said to me, 'There's no man in the world who fears and hates violence more than I do,' " says Colleen Dewhurst. "He doesn't think he has courage because he has so many fears. He's a bad dreamer. He'll be asleep and call out, 'You bastards, you bastards, get away, get away!' "

Scott tried Alcoholics Anonymous and he tried therapy. He even tried what Art Carney calls ten-cent therapy. "One day he called me up because I've had trouble with the booze on occasion," Carney says. "One drinker understands another. He was in bum shape, so he called and we had a long chat."

For a man who considers self-discipline a prime virtue, the guilts are considerable. "They are," Scott told me. "Oh, the *guilts*. It's a very easy dodge to say, look, I'm gifted, I'm talented, so you have to put up with my foibles, my little . . . aberrations. I've been guilty of that all my life," he said slowly, deliberately, painfully. "I always knew I had something —way before anybody else knew it. And the minute you try to make people accept the ugliness of you because of *this*, you've done an un . . . an unfair thing. And something indecent, actually. So one person in ten million has something special, fine, *but that's no license to kill*."

"Whom have you killed?" I asked.

"It's not even a license to fish, you see what I mean? Well I've done it ten thousand times. And every time I did it I knew I was going to do it before I did it and was ashamed of doing it all along and was ashamed after I'd done it. These feelings come out when I drink because one loses one's inhibitions. And one's

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ON THE SCENE

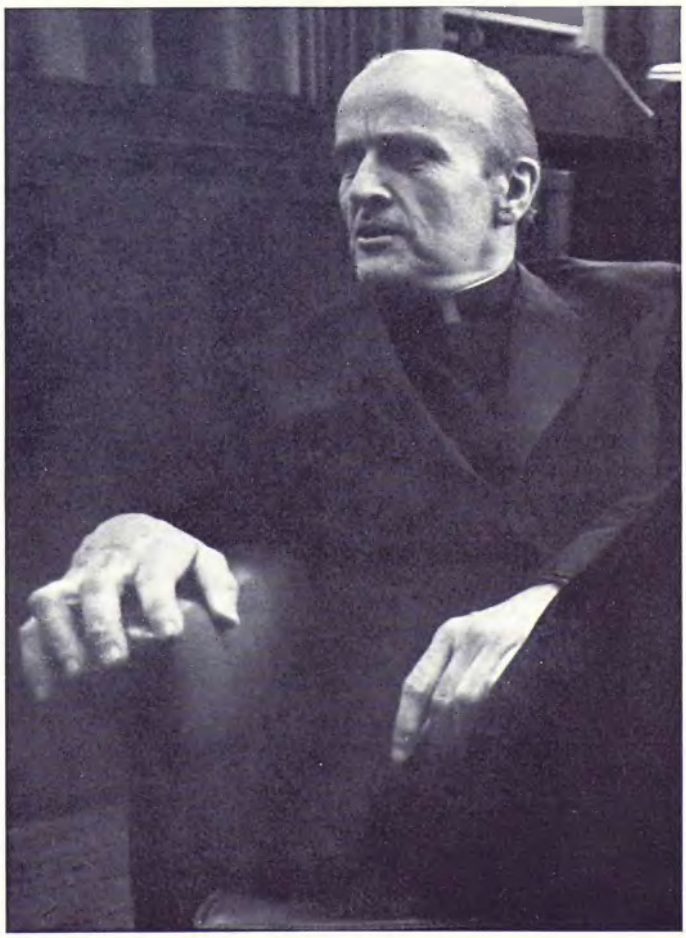
ROBERT ALTMAN *film-flam man*

"I LEARNED TO BE VERY COMFORTABLE with my failures: I can do it with success, too—but it's tougher." Director Robert Altman, 46—a veteran of eight years of industrial-film making in his native Kansas City and of six behind television cameras, comaker of 1957's trail-blazing documentary *The James Dean Story* and free-lance author-scenarist—has had plenty of failures to be comfortable about. "One of my pictures, *Countdown*, made in 1966, was, as far as I know, never shown except on TWA flights from Los Angeles to New York," he claims. Then, in 1970, came *M. A. S. H.*, and suddenly its director was one of the movie industry's hottest properties. Altman's outlook is one of irrepressible irreverence—the quality that made *M. A. S. H.* a smash, but was less universally applauded in his latest offering, *Brewster McCloud*. *Brewster*, the story of a lad with an Icarus hang-up who constructs a set of wings in an unlikely hide-out—the fallout shelter of Houston's Astrodome—was intended by Altman to be "a contemporary cartoon essay"; some critics found its humor ham-handed. Altman himself, though staunchly defending his *Brewster* concept, believes his forthcoming work, *The Presbyterian Church Wager*, will be his best to date. "This film will make the other pictures I've been associated with look like home movies," he predicts. *Wager*, filmed in Canada, stars Warren Beatty as a tinhorn gambler and his offscreen inamorata, Julie Christie, as a Cockney whore in a decrepit mining town. Altman's next project may be one of his own screenplays. He's been writing since World War Two, except for one period in New York when he had to take a job tattooing canine I. D.s. We doubt Altman will need to use that skill again—unless he decides to make it the protagonist's profession in one of his far-out films.

IKE AND TINA TURNER *soul mates*

SOUL-SHOUTING TOGETHER has been Ike and Tina Turner's bag since 1956, when Tina mounted the stage from the audience one night in St. Louis, took the microphone despite Ike's protests and sang lead for his Kings of Rhythm. Ike liked what he heard and took Tina on as a regular, changing her first name from Ann and altering her surname, Bullock, by marrying her a year later. Born in Clarksdale, Mississippi, Ike had organized his first band at the age of 11 and later put together the Kings, recording a rhythm-and-blues hit, *Rocket 88*. "It was a big financial score," says Ike, "but some dude at the record company beat me and I only got $40 for writing, producing and recording it, and so I took the Kings on the road." And so he met Tina, who was living with her sister in St. Louis. Born in Brownsville, Tennessee, Tina grew up in Knoxville, where she sang in Gospel choirs and talent shows. Today, Ike and Tina Turner play Las Vegas hotels and rock festivals as well as soul-circuit auditoriums and live—when they're home—in a $100,000 house in View Park, a hilly section of Los Angeles. Maintaining their prosperity by touring, they earn as much as $15,000 per appearance with an act that is solid, Gospel-drenched rhythm and blues, ribbed with a rock beat and a galvanic sexuality belted out by Tina. The Ike and Tina Turner Revue includes a proficient eight-man band led by Ike on guitar and a black go-go-girl trio choreographed by Tina, who also dances—springing onstage like a lioness in heat, writhing and twisting sensuously, caramel legs flashing, tawny mane flying. Although Ike and Tina have run practically the gamut of major record labels in recording their 15 albums—the latest is *Working Together*—and 60 singles, live shows are their forte and what they take greatest pride in. Says Ike: "We're just doing our best to give the people their money's worth of what they came to see—entertainment, man, entertainment."

FATHER ROBERT DRINAN *ecclesiactivist*



THE 1970 MID-TERM ELECTIONS were notable mostly for the candidates' mind-boggling advertising expenditures and the Administration's frenetic—and largely futile—efforts in behalf of its favorites. One race, however, the campaign for Massachusetts' Third Congressional District, was widely followed for a special and singular reason: the ultimately successful candidacy of a Jesuit priest, Father Robert Drinan, dean of the Boston College law school, who sought public office because, he said, "As a person, as a lawyer, as a Christian, I feel compelled to speak out." Clearly, the district's predominantly suburban constituency liked what he had to say, especially his firm views on Vietnam (he wants out). He was ably assisted by a large group of highly organized young volunteers, whose feelings about their candidate were best expressed in a jubilant election-night victory placard: OUR FATHER WHO ART IN CONGRESS. Father Drinan was an indefatigable campaigner—which hardly came as a surprise to those familiar with his many activities in the academic and clerical communities. He has written numerous legal and religious essays, served as editor of *Family Law Quarterly*, was appointed to a team, sponsored by the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation, that is studying South Vietnam's controversial treatment of anti-government prisoners and has authored such seminal books as *Democracy, Dissent and Disorder* and *Vietnam and Armageddon*. Father Drinan will be the first priest ever to hold voting status in Congress. (A priest from Michigan Territory served as a nonvoting House member in 1823.) But if the number of clerics who ran for office in 1970—two dozen—indicates a significant trend, he will doubtless be followed by others who view politics as an opportunity to turn pious pulpit homilies into effective social legislation, an estimable goal toward which he has been working—religiously—since last September's primary.

GREAT SCOTT!

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control. Control is self-discipline and maturity. And too much control is *awful*, is self-repression. But discipline is great. Self-discipline is one of the greatest things in the world. I wish I had more of it. In many ways I am disciplined, particularly when I see a job to do, or am committed to a task. I'm almost unstoppable. But there are a lot of things I should do that I don't do. And I'm weak, lazy, stupid, or indifferent."

I said it was my impression that his reputation was altogether different.

"*I* know I do it," he said with passion. "*I* know I do it and that's all that's necessary." After a pause he flashed that booby-trap smile, which is not a smile at all but a nervous reflex that is meant to mask pain too weighty to bear often: Phantoms crowding in on his night of rest, an unpitying judgment forming in his dreams as the many names of George C. Scott flash by. "I know a lot of other people do it too. Thank God I'm not alone in this mire."

• • •

A role that Scott has played in several guises, each time well and convincingly, is the bearded patriarch, or mythic Father. Or, as Saul Levitt says, "his motif is virility." In *The Bible*, he played Abraham with stern-faced intensity and little warmth. He enacted another version of this in *Desire Under the Elms*, another as the eponymous General Seeger, and yet another as Proctor in *The Crucible*. He played a comic version of the role in the third act of *Plaza Suite*, as the father of the bride. A very close friend, who has lived with G. C. and Moms, says that this last role is closer to the George C. Scott she knows than any other. My own vote would be for *The Crucible*, which I had screened just before visiting Scott at his 32-acre farm in South Salem, New York. Certain images were vivid and certain lines buzzed in my head. Proctor saying, simply, "I may speak my heart, I think." A man of stubborn integrity resisting the wave of witch-hunt foolishness sweeping over Salem (Massachusetts, not New York). A skeptical, anguished man laboring under a heavy burden of guilt for having failed to resist his sexual feelings. Proctor's wife, played by Colleen Dewhurst, telling him, "I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you." Proctor, in a moment of despair, crying out, "Who will judge me? God in heaven, what is John Proctor? What is John Proctor?" And, finally, Proctor tearing up his confession of witchcraft with a rending cry from that place inside George Scott, from beyond the door that George Scott has opened and cannot close, from where John Proctor knows what he is, from that place of ultimate loneliness that no one who has not been prepared to visit it can know: "Because it is my *name*. Because I will never have another in my life. How may I live without my name?"

Scott was wearing a full salt-and-pepper beard the day I visited. "I hate sideburns and I'm doing Rochester in *Jane Eyre*, so when I get to England I'll shave the beard off and leave the sideburns," he explained. "Then I may direct a film for David Susskind and after that I direct Colleen on Broadway. Economically, I'd like to do one more picture this summer. I make 15 times more as an actor than I can as a director." He displayed that day an abundance of a character trait that is immediately apparent in him and that few actors possess. Call it humanity, warmth, reality; call it the ability to distinguish between a performance and a dialog, between the carefully constructed self-image that lights up the silver screen and the vulnerable, real human being who has on occasion to buy groceries, feel loneliness, and stop at red lights. Martin Buber the philosopher calls it "presentness." Scott can be rude and boorish (I am told, never having seen it myself), but that is out of his vast impatience with stupidity and tastelessness, and is not too high a price to pay if you are neither stupid nor tasteless.

He sauntered across the grounds of his farm, which he has improved with a guesthouse that also holds the Scotts' Mercedeses, and a pool and a gazebo under construction, pausing to point out the magnolia and the flowering apple and the meadow where he means to do some planting, pausing a moment with strength and gentleness to pull a tick out of the ear of one of a half-dozen German shepherds that scramble around in the yard, and then coming into the old farmhouse past the den where his sons Alexander, ten, and Campbell, nine, sat glued to the TV screen ("They're very unimpressed with their movie-star father. Now if I could get booked on *Hee Haw*. . . ."), and on into the living room, which is casually furnished with a few inelegant but comfortable couches and has books and paintings lying about in profusion.

"This is my sanity," Scott said. "Out here the business doesn't touch us. There's no way for the business to get to us or to the children."

"Alex can't stand to lose," he remarked. "He'd rather die than be beaten. At tiddlywinks, at anything. The most competitive person I've ever known." He grinned sweetly, not his fake smile. "He's got a lot of my father in him," he said. "Now Campbell, nothing apparently bothers him. It's all inside." He twisted his mouth wryly and raised his eyebrows,

"I feel sorry for my new secretary . . . she's had five unhappy marriages, all to former bosses."

Calvin Hill, Dave Marr and Larry Mahan attribute some of their dash to Jantzen 100 knit shirts. These floral, damask and bright solid pullovers, and double-knit slacks are all easy-care **Dacron*** polyester. Shirts about $10. Slacks about $25. Be one in 100 with a Jantzen. For store nearest you, write Jantzen Inc., Portland, Oregon 97208.

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"And to think I was first attracted to you by your wonderful sense of humor."

sending off generational echoes. "You never know what's going on in there. Everybody says we're very much alike."

"The brooders," Colleen said, wandering in. "Now Alex and I go at each other like George and Campbell do. You have to watch yourself, that's when you come in too hard. The things you hate in yourself, the characteristics you want to *beat* out."

Colleen wandered away and a moment later Alex wandered in, a cocky, self-assured youngster. He began telling Scott that he'd been playing ball but not getting any hits because he didn't have his glasses on. Scott pursed his lips and said, "I seeee. Hmmm. No see-um ball without goggles, eh?" Alex asked him to show up at the ball field the next morning at eight A.M. and Scott said, "Well I'll see you there, dear, but I can't promise I'll be there at eight o'clock. But I'll definitely be there."

Scott's friends agree that he is very domestic. Pat Zurica, a former New York City cop who travels with him as a companion, says that "George is a very quiet man, very shy, really a home-type person. He'd rather stay home and play cards and have a few beers, and he doesn't go for the glamor bit. When he finishes a film, he goes back to his farm."

"There is survival only in art and in children," Scott said. Somebody had brought some drinks in and in the slow, quiet afternoon he had become pensive. "But now, with children, you get the tension of creating a Frankenstein. The little bunny rabbit—the child—is so cute at first. But when it starts to do its bit, to become a person, you resist it. Because you are going down and it is coming up. The role is a bit of immortality. But the little bunny rabbit implies your death."

Alex came back in and said, "Dad, didn't you say we could watch TV two hours on Friday and Saturday?" and Scott frowned and said, "Are you going to put me up against your mother now?"

"Yeah." Alex giggled. "Ah, but no, Momma wanted to know."

"*Momma* wanted to know?" Alex giggled. Scott pointed and raised his chin. "What are you eating, jelly beans? Before dinner?"

"Yeah." They both giggled together, and then laughed. Alex turned his body and flung an imaginary ball sidearm.

"Well," Scott said judiciously, "you can watch more on *Saturday* night but not on Sunday night. And Alex," he added sternly, "I don't want a repeat of the homework thing that happened this morning, you know what I mean?" Alex grinned, nodded his head and ran off.

"I can't stand badly behaved children," Scott said vehemently. "I can't stand them around. I can't stand other people's children who are badly behaved. I won't have them. Not in my house. I simply tell the parents: Take the boy's ass out of the house." He took a sip of his drink. "But also I don't believe in breaking a child's spirit. I don't believe in hurting him. Not to destroy what is so . . . valuable . . . and so . . . personal. That's the toughest thing. One of the big problems of our country is that there simply aren't enough fathers. Too many fuckers and not enough fathers. In this business you see more and more homosexuals, and that's a sadness. There's some basic . . . irresponsibility there. I mean, God knows, *nobody* knows what goes on inside women. But why give up the research? That's half the fun in life. And you see more and more ballsy women and fewer ballsy men. And the thing I can't understand is that they have such contempt for women. *Really*. You know?"

It was the late spring of last year and conversation veered easily to politics and war. "Now this expression—make love not war. A terrible meaningless catch phrase. I believe in pacifism. I really do. I believe in being stretched and pushed to the last limit of endurance to try not to make waves. And the awful thing about this Cambodian venture is that Nixon has let the Presidency in for a wave of . . . *hideous* . . . contempt. Mr. Johnson was reputed to be a master tactician and he fell flat on his face repeatedly as President. Mr. Nixon has the reputation for being one of the great machinators of all time and he may be going the same way. It's all kind of different once your ass hits that particular seat. He's the *man*. And all bets are off. It either makes you or breaks you."

The conversation turned in a still natural flow to directors with whom Scott has worked. Preminger, "one of the most charming, well-educated, sweet-mannered persons, rather shy, but he goes apeshit at times." Mike Nichols, who "creates an atmosphere with his own personality which is conducive to the actors being so relaxed, and the actor is so free. In Boston I had had it and I said, 'Mike, I can't get it up one more time,' and he said, 'Fine, George, I'll fire you if you tell me who I can get to replace you.' "

I asked him who his favorite was, and he said. "John Huston is possibly the greatest film director alive. It's a pleasure to lose an argument with him. He makes you feel not put down but simply that you understand what he means. And the insight and the dignity and the—I have to say it—the *beauty* he approaches a subject with. And the way he makes people feel." Was Huston what he would call a father figure, I asked. "Yes," he said, "I would say so. And I behaved badly with him, very badly." Scott was speaking slowly and thoughtfully. "It was all my fault. That was in Rome. I was going through a crisis in my own life at the time."

At the time his name was being linked by columnists with Ava Gardner's—his *name*, exploited—which helps to account for the virulence of his feelings toward columnists. He calls them parasites.

He had a troubled look on his face, and death was on his mind. "I think and have thought about death," he said. Not only because of Cambodia and Kent State and Jackson State but also because Inger Stevens had recently killed herself. "Every actor alive has had that impulse. And some of us say, *No, I won't do that to myself*. Some of us are joked out of it, some of us are clever enough to fake ourselves out of it. I don't think Miss Stevens learned anything about herself she didn't know years before. It's those terrible little flukes. Of chance. Caught in those bad three hours. Next week she could have laughed at it. But nobody was there, or she couldn't get somebody on the phone. Marilyn, Lupe Velez, Carole Landis—Christ, they go back. Pedro Armendariz, Everett Sloane. It's been going on in our profession for hundreds of years. We are a suicidal people. Because we have to . . . get that . . . man . . . right."

Alex came back in bearing a cake and said, "Dad, what shall I put on the cake for us?"

Scott had a very long distance to come back. He stared at his son for a moment as though he were looking at a complete stranger, and only gradually did the frostiness of his fixed gaze melt. "Uh . . . is that a cake?"

"Yeah," Alex said.

"Uhhh . . . ," Scott shook his head and laughed and came thumping back to earth. "You have a cake."

"Right. It's for the weekend with the Scotts."

G. C. said, "I see."

Alex giggled and ran off. Scott gave him a long fond look as he left the room, and then shook his head and grinned from ear to ear. He was beaming.

"Some kid, eh?" he asked. He was as proud as could be. "No, I've come to the conclusion after years of thinking about it that very few of us are afraid of death. Because we don't know what it is. I think we're more afraid of being embarrassed or caught up in an awkward situation. I know that's what frightens me. It's like . . . you don't want to cause a scene, you know what I mean? And if you've caused a number of scenes in your life you don't ever want to cause another one. And death to me is very much like that. I would hate to put people out. I know it sounds absurd, but that's exactly what really bothers me. I would hate to put a lot of people out."

After a very small pause, he flashed that instant smile of his, the invitation and the booby trap, and then it was gone as rapidly as it had come. A moment later, we went in to dinner and Scott sat at the head of the table, in the father's place, and he appeared very relaxed, he appeared to be enjoying himself immensely.

THE LONG WEEKEND

(continued from page 118)

Saturday Brunch

Orange Wake-Up
Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Grilled Canadian Bacon, Curried Onion
Brioche, Bar-le-Duc, Cream Cheese
Coffee

For each orange wake-up, pour over rocks 4 ozs. cold freshly squeezed orange juice, ½ oz. cognac, ½ oz. light rum and ½ oz. sweet vermouth. Garnish with a slice of orange. Prepare curried onion before scrambling eggs and grilling bacon.

CURRIED ONION

½ large Spanish onion
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon curry powder
½ teaspoon meat extract
½ teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon sugar
Salt, pepper

Cut onion in half through stem end. Cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Break slices apart to make strips. Melt butter over low flame. Sauté onion, stirring constantly, until strips are just limp; do not brown. Stir in curry powder, meat extract, lemon juice and sugar. Season with salt and pepper. Sauté a minute or two longer. Set aside.

To prepare bacon, place it in an ungreased pan over a moderate flame and pan-broil until edges are browned. Remove bacon from pan. Do not wash pan. Melt butter in same pan and scramble eggs. Reheat onions. Place bacon and onions alongside eggs on serving dishes. Warm brioche in oven a few minutes before serving. Bar-le-Duc, the French whole-currant preserve, may be either red or white. Serve it chilled with cream cheese.

Saturday Dinner

Martinis
Chateaubriand with Oysters au Poivre
Baked Stuffed Potato, Grilled Tomato
Escarole and Arugula Salad
Mocha Meringue Glacée.
Espresso

CHATEAUBRIAND

4- to 5-in. cut from fillet of beef
Salad oil
Salt, pepper
¼ cup dry red wine
1 teaspoon meat extract
1 teaspoon parsley, very finely minced
½ teaspoon lemon juice
4 tablespoons butter at room temperature

Chateaubriand is a thick double- or triple-sized portion of steak cut from the thickest part of the fillet of beef. It should be trimmed of all fat and should stand at room temperature about a half hour before it is broiled. Oysters and steak are a sumptuous classical combination served on the same platter; often the oysters are dipped in the steak's gravy. Baked stuffed potatoes may be made a half day or even a day in advance of the dinner. The entire main course of steak, oysters, tomatoes and potatoes may be handled in one oven for reheating. A bottle of Château Margaux or Château Haut-Brion should be uncorked about an hour before dinner.

Preheat broiler. Brush steak with oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Flatten meat on cut side with meat mallet or cleaver until it is 3 to 4 ins. thick. Broil 6 to 8 minutes on each side or to desired doneness. In a small pan, heat wine and meat extract, stirring well, until wine is reduced to about 2 tablespoons. Remove pan from fire. Stir in parsley, lemon juice and butter. Butter should be very soft but not completely melted. Do not reheat butter mixture. When steak is done, cut it into diagonal slices. Spoon butter mixture on top.

OYSTERS AU POIVRE

8 large or 12 medium-sized freshly shucked oysters
¼ cup melted butter
Salt, celery salt, paprika
Freshly ground black pepper
Fresh bread crumbs
Salad oil

Drain oysters and dry well on paper toweling. Dip them in butter. Sprinkle with salt and celery salt. Sprinkle very generously with freshly ground black pepper; don't be timid about it. Dip oysters in bread crumbs. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil and paprika. Place under preheated broiler and broil on both sides only until crumbs are light brown; avoid overcooking.

To prepare potatoes, cut a thin cap off two large baked Idaho potatoes, remove pulp carefully to keep potato shells intact, mash potatoes with potato ricer, mix with butter and season to taste with salt, pepper and chives. Pile potatoes back into shells, smooth tops, sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese and paprika, and bake 20 to 30 minutes longer in a moderate (350°) oven. Grilled tomatoes are large, fresh, firm, ripe tomatoes cut in half crosswise, sprinkled with salt, pepper, brown sugar and butter, and broiled until tender. Toss escarole and arugula salad with French dressing or with French dressing to which a finely chopped hard-boiled egg has been added (if arugula is not available, watercress may be substituted). Mocha *meringue glacée* is a large dip of rich coffee ice cream flanked on serving dish with two meringue shells; ice cream is topped with whipped cream and 2 or 3 marrons.

Sunday Brunch

Bloody Marys
Batter-Fried French Toast with Hot Maple Syrup
Grilled Small-Link Sausages, Apple Compote
Danish Almond Strip
Coffee

BATTER-FRIED FRENCH TOAST

4 slices white bread, ¾ in. thick
¼ cup milk
¼ cup flour
1 tablespoon melted butter or salad oil
2 eggs
1 teaspoon brandy
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon

"There's no sense looking. . . . Harry doesn't drink either."

⅛ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup light cream
Salad oil
Confectioners' sugar

Bread should be cut from an unsliced large white loaf, preferably a day old. Pour milk, flour, melted butter, eggs, brandy, cinnamon and salt into blender. Blend at low speed only, until smooth. Pour batter into mixing bowl. Pour cream into another bowl. Heat ½ in. salad oil in skillet preheated at 370°. With two hands, carefully dip a slice of bread into cream; hold bread in cream only until it is moistened through; avoid breaking bread. Dip bread briefly into batter. Lower bread into skillet. Handle remaining three slices of bread in same manner and place in skillet. Fry bread until medium brown on both sides. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar put through sieve or flour sifter.

APPLE COMPOTE

3 medium-sized Delicious apples, peeled and cored
1 cup water
½ cup sugar
1 piece stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Pour water and sugar into saucepan. Add stick cinnamon and lemon juice, stirring well. Simmer 5 minutes. Cut apples into thin slices. Add to syrup. Simmer until tender, about 5 minutes. Cool at room temperature. Chill in refrigerator, preferably overnight. Serve cold or slightly warmed.

Heat maple syrup slowly with a tablespoon or two of butter, only until butter melts. Grill sausages, following directions on package. Arrange cooking so that sausages are done when French toast is ready to serve. The best so-called Danish pastry is usually from a Danish bakery. The Danes have a way with butter-rich doughs and almond paste that's unmatched by other pastry bakers. Warm the almond strip slightly before serving.

Sunday Dinner

Vodka Gimlets
Shark's-Fin Soup
Peking Duck
Honeyed Bananas, Pineapple Sherbet
Jasmine Tea

Excluding the gimlets, the entire dinner should be ordered from a Chinese restaurant. Although the Chinese cuisine is one of the most exquisite in the world, Chinese restaurants vary tremendously in the cooking and presentation of their food. Shark's-fin soup is delicious when garnished with crab meat. Choose, if possible, a restaurant that is known for its Peking duck. It's a specially roasted duck served with scallions and dipping sauces. The crisp golden skin is eaten with delicate Chinese crepes, called Peking doilies; the meat may be combined with Chinese vegetables or with fried rice to make additional courses. Ask what the procedures are for reheating the duck and steaming the thin crepes or, if possible, have a waiter from the restaurant reheat and serve the meal. Ask also about handling the dessert. A chilled, slightly sweet white wine—a sauterne, for example, which is not cloying—would fit in perfectly with such a menu.

Monday Breakfast

Chilled, Freshly Squeezed Orange Juice
Gouda or Edam Cheese
Holland Rusk, Hard Roll, Heather Honey
Coffee

The Continental breakfast as served in Holland always includes Gouda or Edam cheese, both of which are delightful when they're somewhat aged. The pot of coffee should be freshly brewed and strong, as in the Dutch manner—a brief but pleasant moment for drinking up the glow of the holiday.

Now that you have the how for your pad-based weekend, all that remains is finding the right who—and that's where you're on your own. Good hunting.

MISS MALAWI CONTEST

River, the Hudson Baptist Men's Club must have known how ludicrous a spectacle they were, and so, probably, had Amos 'n' Andy known: "Let's unlax, Brother Andy. Get dose feet up on de desk and unlax yo'self till Kingfish come from de Mystic Knights of de Sea Lodge." But did *they* know, up on the Rainbow stage—Elvis, Jim, the Ambi girls, the *Lady of Spain* accordion player, his wife . . . *his wife*? For their sakes, and his own peace of mind, Calvin fervently hoped they did and that theirs was mockery in the same manner, getting even with their white-faced minstrel show, a form of revolt. It was awful to consider that other thought, that if they believed in the mimicry of their names and masks, it was a sad, terrible dereliction.

A dereliction, that is, for everyone except Zanama. She had no business there. She stuck out like a sore thumb. She was not trying to be white, she was not mocking: Her black integrity did not permit her to play along with the others. If she had a counterpart at home in Hudson, it was the white soprano from the church choir who every year sang *In My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown* and reminded those present that there existed under all that war paint a Jewless master race. But what about Zanama?

The music stopped.

(continued from page 112)

"What in bloody hell is going on up there?" grumbled Mavity.

The judges were at a small table, doing arithmetic and comparing sums. Most of the girls smiled through running Ambi. Zanama beetled her ocher brows and looked fierce.

"Will they announce the winner right here?" Calvin asked.

"Always do," said Bailey. She ate from the parcel in her lap, licked her fingers and said, "But they take their time about it."

"I don't know why I came here," said Major Beaglehole.

"You could have stayed back at the bar," said Calvin. "No one forced you to come."

"What's that?" Major Beaglehole squinted at Calvin.

Calvin allowed his lips to be read.

"I meant to Africa," said Major Beaglehole.

"Ain't it beastly," said Bailey.

"They wear bandages on their legs," said Mavity. "And there ain't a thing wrong with them."

"The sods," said Bailey. She coughed.

"I'm the one who should wear bandages," said Mavity.

"This place," Major Beaglehole looked around and winced, "*ponks*."

"Like a bleeding rubbish dump," said Bailey.

"It?" Calvin looked at Bailey.

"Stinks," said Bailey.

The doors of the theater were shut, there were no fans, every seat was taken. The body odor was overpowering, an acidic old fruit smell, which, taken in a whiff, groped into the nose and burned; humid and dark, the noxious air sat on them. But Calvin was sure that it was the fact that he was sitting between Bailey and Beaglehole that occasioned the comment. He knew he smelled worse than anyone in the place.

"Then you shouldn't have come," said Calvin. He meant to Africa.

The audience was in milling disarray. People had left their seats. There was a general hubbub, some were singing *Oobie Doobie*; others, *This World Is Not My Home*. At Calvin's feet, a woman in a knitted stocking cap suckled a kicking infant; other babies, bound up and slung like haversacks on their mothers, yowled. Groups of angry boys slouched around the theater, blowing through paper cones.

"Lays——"

The drone of voices, the shuffling of feet, the yip-yip of laughter, the stray shouts, all these mob noises drowned out the master of ceremonies.

"Lays and german——"

The woman huddled on the floor at Calvin's feet stopped suckling her child, turned him over her knee and clapped him on the back.

"Your attention, please."

But most of the attention was focused on Zanama, who, mumbling aboriginal static, a rising and falling "wah-wah-wah," rocked on her heels, swelling forward and back. Calvin expected a war whoop, some kind of scream. But hers was a sullen menace and all the more scary for the suspense it created. At first, Calvin had thought she was smiling; now he knew it was a snarl, it had never been anything else.

"Great pleasure to announce da winner of dis year's Miss Malawi Contest——"

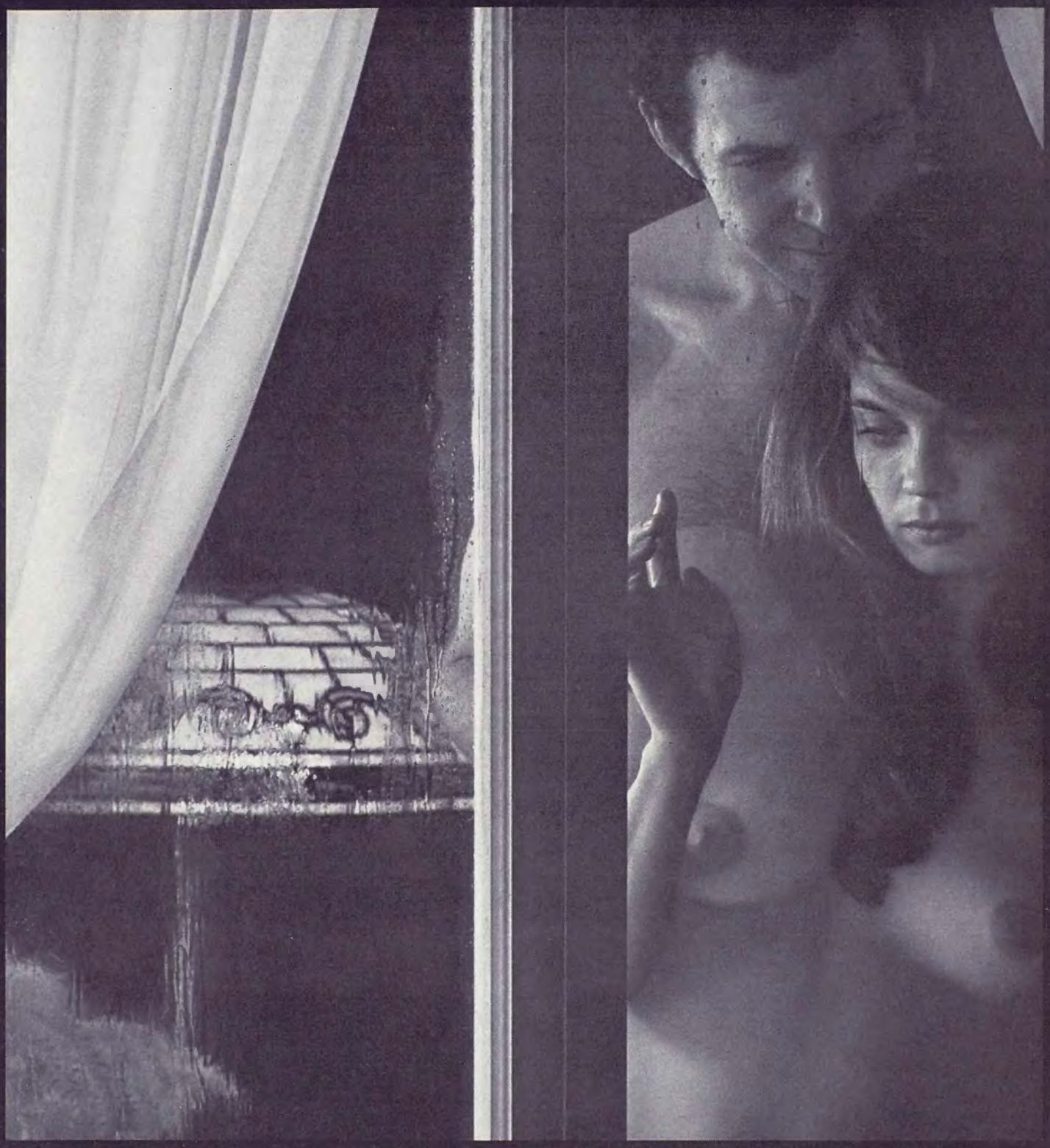
The master of ceremonies glanced down at the piece of paper in his hand. His expression was that of the man who, after blowing his nose, examines the wadded contents of his hanky before folding it and putting it into his pocket—satisfied but slightly apprehensive. He took a breath and spoke. The name was not heard.

An arrow thwacked a roof beam. Another. Another.

With the first arrow, half a dozen girls fled on wobbly heels, and the second sent Elvis Masooka and the accordion player scurrying for their instruments. Others pushed toward the exit. The third arrow stopped the master of ceremonies.

Zanama threw down her bow and, with her spear tip jabbing at the m.c.'s bow tie, snatched the hand mike from

"None of us is happy all the time, Farley!"



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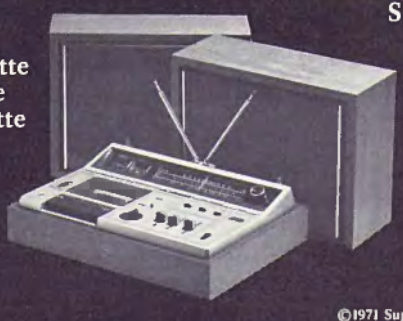

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him and cried, "Black! Black! Black! I am the winner!"

Calvin gnawed his thumbs.

"Call the police," said Bailey, gathering up her parcel of fried potatoes. "Get a constable!"

"It's the Hottentot," muttered Major Beaglehole. Even with the plug of his hearing aid torn out, he heard the moan of the mob tickling the dead drums in his ears. He winced.

"Why doesn't Mira——" Calvin began. He was drowned out by Zanama shouting into the mike.

"Bloody nonsense! This is all lubbish! I am an African. I am fat and strong! I have spaces between my teeth! I am black, *black*!"

For seconds, while Zanama shouted, Calvin was on her side. It was only right. She *was* black, she should win. He had been wrong about the others. They weren't mocking; they believed in Ambi and Elvis and pale hourglass loveliness with ironed hair and big boobs. They needed to be prodded into sense with a spear. Calvin would have sat in his seat, except that Zanama was beginning to terrorize the contestants, one of whom was his wife. Zanama slashed with her knife.

Calvin vaulted onto the stage and took Mira's hand and led her out of the theater. At the same time, Mavity passed one of his yellow children to Major Beaglehole and, holding the other in his arms like a football, retreated through the crowd with his head down.

The rest of the contestants, the master of ceremonies and all the performers left. Zanama had the stage to herself. She continued speaking. She proclaimed herself winner in the name of Brother Jaja and all that was black. She said, in a loud voice, that Africans were here to stay. The disruption was enjoyed by everyone, as if, after being deprived of such pleasure for so long, at last they were allowed it, the quaint activity of furious hollerings. It went on much longer than anyone expected. The police, it turned out, were somewhere else.

"What a cheap trick! Is it any wonder I'm anti-Semitic?"

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 58)

into world-wide technological-ecological planning, which includes outgrowing the nationalism that has not only provoked our present environmental contamination but still threatens us with nuclear war.

HEDONISTIC AND MATERIALISTIC

In the December 1970 *Playboy Forum*, there appeared another installment in your debate with people who accuse PLAYBOY of being on the wrong side in the battle for a healthier environment. You published a group of letters from people who proposed various political and economic solutions to our environmental problems, solutions ranging from anarchism to socialism. You replied that politicians and ideologists "can only debate the most just system for distributing the commodities already in existence; creating *new* commodities to raise everybody's standard of living is the task of the technologist."

You overlook the accomplishments of such men as Robespierre, Lenin, Trotsky, Castro and Ché Guevara. In keeping with the hedonistic and materialistic character of your magazine, you glorify the technologist for his ability to create new commodities. But our political and economic systems can't provide the necessities of life to all the people living in this country—let alone provide them with new commodities—because the profit system requires manufacturers to price goods higher than people can afford.

Men who think of themselves as practical have been operating machines for decades, but it hasn't made the world a better place for them. All that the working people have gotten from this industrial age is war, mass killing, depression and degradation. An elite that controls political power uses the creations of scientists and engineers for its personal gain and for the destruction of mankind. Not until the men who handle the machines become masters of their own destinies by taking power for themselves will we begin to build a better world.

Carl O'Dell
Hazel Park, Michigan

Your apparent notion that the revolutionaries you list tangibly improved standards of living, as opposed to merely rearranging them, is as accurate as your belief that the lot of working people has not improved during the industrial era.

PSYCHOLOGY AND POLITICS

Most people think of psychologists and psychiatrists as impartial scientists who describe in neutral terms precisely what actually exists. As psychiatrist Thomas S. Szasz has pointed out, this is often not the case. Much literature in this field simply reflects the moral or political

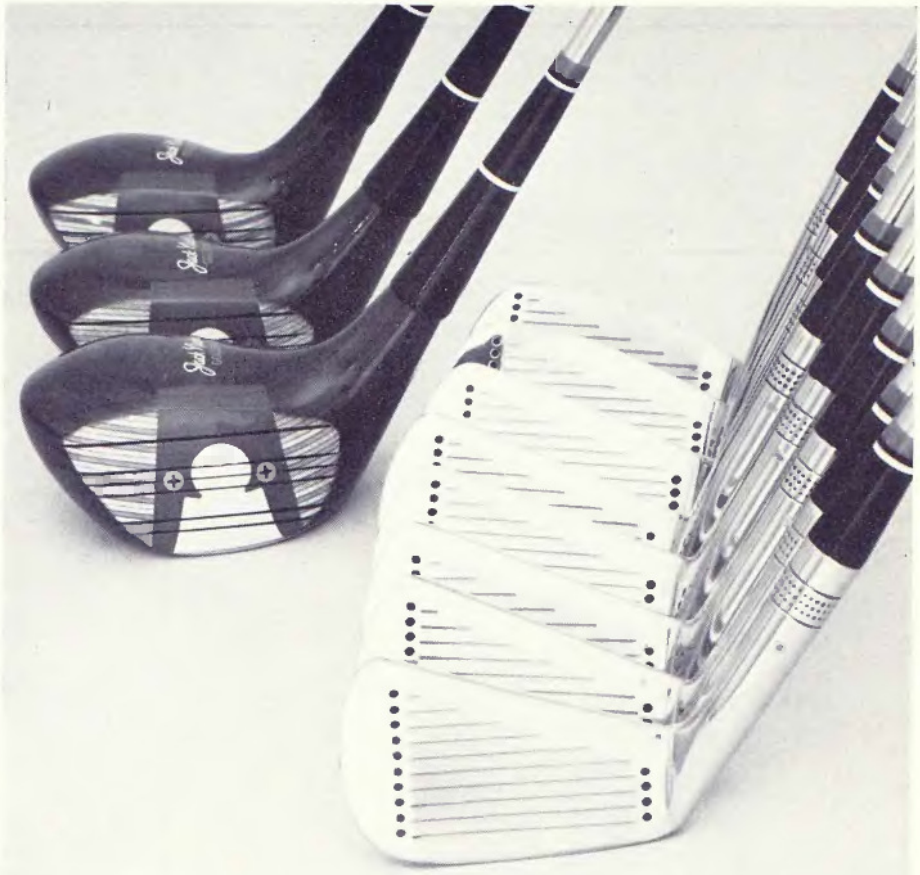
prejudices of the author dressed up in the garb of scientific objectivity. Here is a particularly glaring example from a book called *Handbook for the Hip Anti-Radical*, by Professor Hunter Shirley of Stout State University:

> The cause of the radical's inner torment lies much too deep for any sympathy you feel to be of any help to him. His incapacity to love is not usually caused from never having been loved. It comes rather from an extremely harmful mishandling of his own emotional processes. The radical is a person who wallows in self-pity, then arouses himself to a frenzy of aggressivity against the world, which he blames for causing everything he can think of which might provide reason why he can't help but feel so sorry for himself. . . .
>
> To his friends and your friends, refer to him as "that guy that's always feeling sorry for himself."
>
> This is your first step. After that you'll find that he is afraid of you and will give you the cold treatment. Perfect. A radical with a closed mouth is the very best kind of radical, if there is any such thing as a good radical.

The issues that separate radicals from the silent majority are factual and specific. For instance: Is the war in Vietnam an imperialistic invasion by the United States or do the people of Vietnam really want us there? Is the government in Saigon representing the people of that country or is it a puppet of Washington? Is the U. S. Government representing its citizens or is it merely a rubber stamp for the major corporations? These questions can be decided only by examining the facts of the objective world. By turning all attention to the alleged subjective defects of the radical, Professor Shirley transforms political issues into psychological issues and degrades the opposition while pretending to describe the issues scientifically.

Professor Shirley also announces that he has developed techniques for recording "nonverbal signals as they occur in behavior" and that these can be used by the police and military intelligence to recognize radicals. The last time I read such a claim, it was made by the inquisitor Robert le Bugre, who said he could recognize a heretic by the way he moved.

Incidentally, the same techniques are often used by the other side, as when Ralph Ginzburg published a survey of psychiatrists who decided Barry Goldwater was mentally incompetent or when Dick Gregory announced that the United States was insane. All such statements, introducing psychology into politics, should be regarded with extreme skepticism. Remember: If a man who seems as



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mad as the March Hare says that your house is on fire, it is still wise to look around for smoke and flames before deciding that he is hallucinating.

Allen Smith
Brooklyn, New York

IF . . .

I'm white and have seen a bit of this country. My feeling is that everybody—white, black, Oriental, Indian, you name it—*everybody* is prejudiced. Furthermore, I don't think this fact will ever change. I, therefore, ask all black militants: What guarantee is there that whites would not be oppressed if blacks were the majority?

William F. King
Brunswick, Maine

We'll let black militants speak for themselves. However, we'll volunteer the opinion that if blacks were the majority, they might oppress whites; and if Jews had been the majority in Germany, they might have oppressed Nazis; and if witches had been the majority, Christianity might not have survived the Dark Ages; and if your grandmother had an antenna, she might be a television set. Meanwhile, back in the real world, the Christians did burn the witches, the Nazis did massacre the Jews and the blacks in the U. S. are oppressed by the whites. Facing that last fact, and dealing with it, is vital to our survival; speculating about historical table turning is no more relevant, right now, than contemplating a possible science-fiction world in which your grandmother might actually have a 21-inch screen.

BY POPLAR DEMAND

A friend of mine, who is a National Merit scholar and the son of a Baptist minister, recently had a silly run-in with the forces of benightedness in Poplar, Montana. According to a newspaper clipping I received, my friend lost his job for refusing to shave when the school superintendent ruled his beard would be a "disruptive influence." The superintendent said the issue had nothing to do "with the right to or right not to wear a beard" but was "the effect this [the beard] would have on the educational well-being of the students in Poplar High School."

One can only hope Poplar's sheltered youth are not exposed to disruptive pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Jesus Christ or William Shakespeare, who wrote:

> He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

Charles C. Jett
Cambridge, Massachusetts

JUDGE OF THE MONTH

A lawyer friend of mine recently showed me a decision rendered by a Washington state judge when students sued their high school because its dress code forbids long hair on males. Unfortunately, the young men lost—a setback for individual freedom. However, the case gives us one of the wildest judicial pronouncements since the days of Judge Roy Bean. In fairness to the magistrate, it must be pointed out that this was an informally rendered oral decision, so niceties of language ought not to be expected. The reasoning, however, is the essence of the decision, and is priceless (as indicated by the partial quote from the transcript below):

> Now it was the school district's opinion here, or the opinion of the faculty, and apparently the student senate and the school board, that long hair beyond the collar or sideburns beyond the bottom of the ear lobe is disruptive to the learning process. I am convinced they are right. I don't think that the plaintiffs have a constitutional right to have hair longer than the majority has decided. In this day and age of the Chicago Seven, where all of those fellows had beards and long hair; Manson on trial has the long hair; I can't recall in this recent incident where the criminals blew the judge's head off in the courtroom, I can't remember whether they were long-haired or not, but most of the fellows involved in drugs have long hair, and most of the revolutionaries that you read about have long hair and I think that the majority of people are kind of apprehensive.

Mrs. J. Adams
Seattle, Washington

MRS. HICKEY'S MESSAGE

Mrs. Thomas Hickey stated in the January *Playboy Forum* that if she were a Communist, she would take religious teaching out of the schools, "because this country was built on the Word of God." Many people such as Mrs. Hickey decried the U. S. Supreme Court decision banning compulsory prayer in public schools; they branded the Court a tool of atheists and Communists. But I wonder how Mrs. Hickey would react if the situation were changed—if the U. S. had a Moslem majority and children were expected to bow toward Mecca and pray to Allah five times a day. Doubtless, Mrs. Hickey would complain about the loss of her children's religious freedom and would seek relief through the very courts she now accuses of corrupting America.

David R. Mosley
Pasadena, California

This is an answer to Mrs. Thomas Hickey and to all people of the older generation who share her fear of modern youth.

We are your children. We grew up in your homes. We do not condemn your

generation; rather, we try to understand it. We know that most of our parents were born during the Depression—they experienced poverty, knew hunger and lived with economic anxiety. These are experiences that we have not had, but we understand why those of you who lived through them set such a high value on economic security now.

Our experiences have been different. We have never known financial insecurity and, hence, we are less afraid of it. Meanwhile, we are acutely aware of problems that your generation, in its concentration on monetary solvency, has managed to ignore—such as the danger that we will all be killed by an ecological disaster caused by air and water pollution or by senseless political wars.

People of your generation want to have four coats. We are satisfied with one coat, if it keeps us warm. Besides, we don't like being reminded of class differences. When we all wear old clothes and no make-up, we are *together*: None of us knows who is richer or poorer. Using status symbols to keep us apart, to emphasize our differences, while important to your generation, seems immoral to ours. You see, most of us have not rejected God, as you think we have; we take religion more seriously, not less seriously, than your age group does.

Even if all this still seems like "the creeping, crawling cancer of communism" to you, Mrs. Hickey, please remember that, as Americans, we have the right to think thoughts different from yours.

Pam Southers
Marietta, Georgia

RIGHTS OF YOUTH

In the December 1970 *Playboy Forum*, Barry E. Sullivan wrote on the need for teenage liberation, commenting on the lack of legal and civil rights accorded to teenagers. There's a new book that should be helpful to teenagers in knowing what their rights are. It's called *Up Against the Law: The Legal Rights of People Under 21* (New American Library, Signet Books, 1970), by Jean Strouse. *Publishers' Weekly* pointed out that "Minors can be punished for many more offenses than first-class citizens . . . this book fills a long-felt need. It covers . . . students' rights, including dress codes; custody and divorce cases; drug use; abortions; the draft." It also has a section on sexual offenses. SIECUS believes that not only students but parents, youth workers, teachers, pediatricians, lawyers and clergymen should be aware of this excellent and timely book.

Mary S. Calderone, M.D., Director
Sex Information and Education
Council of the United States
New York, New York

THE LIMITS OF LOVE

The New York Times published "A Doctor's Letter to His Son," in which a physician offers some philosophy as the boy departs for college. Here is a particular gem:

> Of course, you know that your mother and I love you deeply. There are limits to that love. Let me discuss one with you today.
>
> Let us take, for example, the sweet little girl in Kent, Ohio. I feel nothing but sorrow that a beautiful young girl of great mental attainments be killed. Yet, Snap, if she had been studying—doing what her parents were paying for her to accomplish—would she have died?
>
> She was helping contest the ground with duly constituted U.S. authorities. In this case, I back the U.S. I think it rather remarkable that they didn't shoot 200 more. In this case, the girl was a revolutionary and she got exactly what a revolutionary should expect.
>
> The same, Snap, would be true of you. If you care to challenge the U.S. Government, this is your affair. If you get killed doing it, this is your affair. You see, there are constitutional ways to change the U.S. Government and I agree that it desperately needs changing. However, if you choose to try to change it by revolution, expect to get shot. Mother and I will grieve but we will gladly buy a dinner for the National Guardsman who shot you.

So now we know the limits of love in modern America. We are to feed and cherish and rear our children, but, like the citizens of Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia, we must draw the line if they exercise their constitutional right to assemble. That is now revolutionary. Guided by the mindless chauvinism of "my country right or wrong" (or is it "*mein Führer* right or wrong"?), we must not protest if they are killed; we must take their murderers to dinner to show our wholehearted support of the state.

If I hadn't seen this nauseating bit of totalitarian ethics in print, I wouldn't have believed a citizen of this once ornery and rebellious nation could have written it.

James J. Owens, U.S.N. (Ret.)
Naugatuck, Connecticut

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to create a favorable reaction. I'm not the type of man who will say: "Cut your hair" or "I want you blonde," but maybe unconsciously, like a painter, I have this vision of a certain woman inside me. Invariably, the girl I live with—through the mirror of my personality—takes on something of my image of the ideal woman. Perhaps what I brought most to Bardot was to help her liberate what had been just a potential.

Bardot and I are still good friends. But her career has not flourished since I left. In fact, it's been a disaster. She has such bad taste in choosing scripts. And she has surrounded herself with yes-men and yes-women, with no one strong enough to tell her not to make these nice little stupid, silly films. She's 36 years old and she can't play little-girl roles anymore. It's always sad when you see such a potential destroyed. I'm really anticipating her renaissance. I hope to help that occur by doing another film with her in the near future.

I never thought my second wife—Annette Stroyberg—had any future as an actress. She was happy just being a housewife. But it's very difficult for a woman to stay home when her husband is involved all the time on the set or in a theater. She feels frustrated; after a while, she wants to participate in the same sort of life. So I gave her a part in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, as a wife who

(continued from page 160)

goes insane after cheating on her husband. It was an ordinary sort of character, not a temperamental woman, and Annette was just fine in the role. But she meant much more to me—and had much more to offer—in our personal relationship. She had a good sense of humor; she could laugh with my friends; she had the anarchistic sort of mind that I like. She represented joy and beauty at a time when I felt that joy and beauty were dying in the world. I experienced the happiest moments of my life while I was living with Annette and my friends in the mountains and in southern France. But, like so much that is joyful and beautiful in life, it was not to last.

After Annette and I were divorced, I began living with Catherine Deneuve. Like Annette, Catherine didn't expect to become an actress; in fact, I was first attracted to her because she was the antithesis of a Hollywood product. She's very square, and she's not sexy in most people's terms. But she's openly and completely romantic, and in a world where romanticism is so often disguised, this is a very rare and special thing. When I say she's romantic, I mean she conveys a sense of purity and vulnerability. She's not *really* vulnerable, I found, but she gives that impression. In a sex film such as *Belle de Jour*, she portrays purity and romanticism destroyed, and this always has a fantastic impact on audiences.

Seven years ago, Catherine gave birth to our son, Christian. Having a child out of wedlock, especially in France, helped her career a great deal. French people love the underdog. I was attacked as a monster, but it was very good publicity for Catherine, because it created this image of the poor, pure girl, a sort of Gallic Little Orphan Annie. She didn't want to get married unless it would last forever; and since I knew, and she felt, that our relationship was not strong enough to last, she decided it was better to remain single. Ironically, many doctors had informed her that, physiologically, she couldn't have a child, so I sent her to a doctor for special treatment. I knew that she needed to have a baby. Many women find their own identity through some experiment in life. Some want to be actresses. Catherine wanted a child. With Jane Fonda, it was politics.

Thinking back about Jane, I recall having once told an interviewer that I would prefer jail to marriage with the typical American woman: someone who drives a car—and waits for the man to open the door. I hate the typical American woman's lack of imagination, her tendency to see everything as either black or white—and I can't stand her toughness. It's a man's society in the United States: you're respected when you're powerful, when you make a lot of money, for what you do that is tangible. In order to be respected by men, women must be just as tough. Consequently, there's a noticeable tendency for the American male to want to love a strong woman. Too many American men seek to perpetuate the mother image in their wives. They are fishing for the trouble they get when they marry.

Jane Fonda, of course, is not the typical American woman. When I met her, I was going through a period in which I thought I would never again be in love—which is rather childish. I spent an evening with her at her agent's apartment. She had this huge birthday cake, because the agent thought it was Jane's birthday, but it was a month premature—November 21 instead of December 21. Though it was the wrong day, something happened that evening with Jane. Only once before in my life can I remember being so immediately attracted by a woman. The other occasion was when I was 18 and really fell in love for the first time—with a little girl of 16. More than Jane's face, I recall her attitude, the personal way she moved and her unusual intelligence.

We were married in 1965, and today it's very clear to me what I brought to Jane as an actress. She was not happy with her face or her body; so she underestimated her potential. She always thought that she would do best as a

"I wish you'd look at me like that!"

stage actress, in character parts. Never could she accept, on a conscious level, the idea that she could become a true star—someone who brings her personality to the screen. Anne Bancroft is a fantastic actress, but she is just that. She will go from one role to another without stealing the part. Because she was a star, Marilyn Monroe stole any part she played. So did Marlon Brando. Though he's a perfect actor, Sir Laurence Olivier will never take over a role and make it his own. Jane was really on the verge of becoming a star, of letting her personality explode and giving a trademark to any part she might play. What I gave her was the ability to let herself go, to respect herself, not only as an actress but also as a woman.

Jane was in search of her identity when we were together. Now that we are apart, she has found it in dedication to social and political causes. It's so rare for people to find exactly what it is they want to do—and then to get to do it. For this reason, I'm happy for her. But I'm a little frightened sometimes, because I don't know where it will end. On several levels, what she's doing is dangerous. But since she has chosen to be a revolutionary and accepts the risks, what am I to say? At this writing, we have not seen each other for months, and this has been difficult for me. All my life, I've needed someone close beside me, whether it be dog, wife, friend, mistress or child. I don't like to sleep alone.

In any event, Jane is a long way from being the average American housewife. Nor does she hold the typical American materialistic values, which I so abhor and which were dramatized just recently by one of the actresses in *Pretty Maids All in a Row*—a 19-year-old girl who had been semiofficially engaged for over a year. She arrived on the set one day with a big smile and showed me an engagement ring on her finger. "I finally got my ring," she told me. "And you know why? Yesterday, for the first time, I had this terrible fight with my boyfriend. I screamed at him and walked out. He called me later and said that he had my ring. I'd been trying to get it for six months." And I thought: My God! This marriage will really be terrible. Imagine the weakness of this boy. The first time the girl shows that she can really bite, he gives her a present, demonstrating that he's impressed. She'll do it again, of course, just to show that she's strong, when she wants to get something else.

Maybe I'm sounding unusually paternalistic, but in the special situation in which I found myself on *Pretty Maids*, I functioned as a sort of father to the performers. For the first time in many years, I wasn't living with the star of the film I was directing. (That was rather fortunate, since the star of this film is Rock Hudson.) So I had to work a little harder to create real intimacy on the set. Physical contact is an integral part of that sort of relationship, and throughout the film, I found myself unconsciously holding a hand or caressing the nape of a neck or patting a back. Before a scene begins, I always hug an actress, just to comfort her. Often I'll give her a fleeting kiss. With men, it's a little different. I'll put an arm around an actor's shoulder, instead. You must remember, of course, that I am French.

Actors and actresses, if they relate well to the director, give more of themselves. This was essential to the story of *Pretty Maids*, which is a black comedy about a high school athletic coach (Hudson) who seduces eight coeds and then murders three of them. In casting these eight roles, I tried to get girls like those you can find anyplace, but a little above average in sex appeal. I didn't want to fall into the trap of making a typical Hollywood movie, like a Dean Martin– or Frank Sinatra–type comedy featuring a covey of glamorous girls who are very beautiful but have no personality and are just like soap.

Despite the multiple murders, *Pretty Maids* is more satire than serious drama. The only apparent concern of the community regarding the murders is whether

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they'll force the cancellation of next week's football game. Our point: How little importance is placed on human lives today. From my own experience, I feel that sex and violence are very close. The most striking example I can recall is the time I lost my virginity. The girl was a little older than me and not very beautiful: sort of flat, with a big nose and dark hair. It was during the War, in June of 1944, and we were staying at a little farmhouse in Normandy for a couple of days. The first night, we cooked a very nice rabbit *à la crème* for dinner, and then repaired to the barn, where the farmer had offered us a place to sleep on the hay. Just before dawn, I made love for the first time in my life. Also for the first time, I came—which is logical. A few seconds after—perhaps a few seconds before—the walls began to shake. The roof was falling on us. The whole earth was trembling. The sound was incredible. It was like the creation or the end of the world. My first feeling was: My God! That's great! Have *I* done that? It turned out that this was the shelling from the D-day invasion. I must admit that it's never been the same since.

I also feel that sex and death are very close—a point that is emphatically made in *Pretty Maids*. During times of war, people make love more often than when everything is fine. In disorganized times, such as the present, when every nation is going through a fantastic metamorphosis, people are a little lost. The only thing that brings them back to earth, to a form of stability, is sex—the one level on which everyone talks the same language. The puritans of this world think that too much sex is a sign of decadence. I think it's a sign of something very healthy—that society is changing. When *And God Created Woman* was released in this country, sex still was taboo. Since then, something has happened to liberate people's minds. The American fear of sex is gradually diminishing—in motion pictures, in periodicals, on the stage, in private life. That's one of the most refreshing developments I've noticed on my current visit. By going through this experience, perhaps one day Americans will finally become adults.

"Got that? Smoldering sibling jealousy suddenly erupts into violence. Action!"

sixth sense

(continued from page 136)

happened could be known and explained by the Newtonian physics.

Telepathy, prophecy and related forces seemed to be so unlikely in view of existing knowledge that there was no point in bothering about them. Toward the end of the 19th Century, Hermann Ludwig von Helmholtz, then the greatest living expert on sensory communication, expressed the scientific attitude of his time toward ESP:

"Neither the testimony of all of the Fellows of the Royal Society nor even the evidence of my own senses, would lead me to believe in the transmission of thought from one person to another independently of the recognized channels of sense."

In the years since Helmholtz made that statement, classically oriented scientists have remained almost equally skeptical. As late as 1951, McGill University psychology professor D. O. Hebb, writing in the *Journal of Personality*, echoed Helmholtz:

"Personally, I do not accept ESP for a moment, because it does not make sense. . . . ESP is not a fact, despite the behavioral evidence that has been reported. . . . My rejection . . . is—in a literal sense—prejudice."

In a 1954 *Life*-magazine article, Aldous Huxley commented on Hebb's statement:

"That a man of science should allow prejudice to outweigh evidence seems strange enough. It is even stranger to find a psychologist rejecting a psychological discovery simply because it cannot be explained. Psi is intrinsically no more inexplicable than, say, perception or memory; it is merely less common."

There is nothing unusual about the fanatical resistance to psi. Almost all new ideas are rejected at first. No one wants to be a fool, least of all the scientist. Lavoisier and Laplace both refused to believe in the existence of meteors. As Lamarck said, "to assure recognition for a new truth is often much more difficult than to discover it."

But psi is not a new idea. It is a very old idea. And that may be the main reason why the modern scientist hates it so much. Psi is a survival of primitive days when the world was strange and unpredictable and filled with the terror of the unknown. The scientist would like to believe that those days are gone, conquered by technology and logic.

Today, the Newtonian physics has been replaced by quantum mechanics, but the scientist's habit of thought has not adjusted accordingly. He sees the universe as a kind of windup clock—a very complicated clock, of course, but one whose actions can be predicted if you

know the rules of the system. The trouble with psi is that it doesn't seem to obey any of the rules of physics. Therefore it is dismissed—not because the evidence for its existence is any less compelling than the evidence for the existence of other forces of nature, but because it doesn't make any sense.

The main effort of parapsychology is to make psi make sense. This has not been an easy job. The inclusion of the parapsychology panel at the A.A.A.S. convention was a major victory. The battle is far from over, but at least the parapsychologists are being heard.

To understand why it took so long, we have to look at the nature of the evidence. The data on which psi rests falls into two categories—anecdotal and experimental. Throughout history, stories of mysterious supernatural events have fascinated adults and children alike. Even today, collections of ESP tales occasionally find their way onto the best-seller lists; but however good reading they may make, they rarely provide the kind of objective evidence that will convince a reasonably sophisticated reader.

An example from a recent book by Ruth Montgomery illustrates the problem. Miss Montgomery tells the following story in *A Search for the Truth*:

> On a rainy January night in 1943, the wife of General Nathan F. Twining [former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff] was asleep at her home in Charlotte, North Carolina, when a sound "like a clap of thunder" awakened her. Opening her eyes, she "saw" her husband standing at the foot of the bed, although she knew that he was halfway around the world, commanding the 13th Air Force in the Pacific Theater of war.
>
> "I saw Nate's face and hands clearly, even to his West Point ring," Maude Twining recalls. "Then, as I watched, his fingers lost their grip on the footboard, and he gradually disappeared. The experience was so eerie that the hair literally stood up on the nape of my neck."
>
> The next day Mrs. Twining received a long-distance call from a friend, whose husband was also an officer in the South Pacific, asking if she could come down to visit for a few days.
>
> "I had difficulty suppressing my alarm, because I felt that she was being sent to me for some reason connected with Nate," [Mrs. Twining] confesses, "but her three-day stay was uneventful. Then, two hours after she left, I received official notification that Nate had been missing for over three days at sea. Although she and I had not known it at the time, her husband was in charge of the widespread search for Nate's plane, which had gone down the night of my vision."
>
> An oil slick, and pieces of the airplane in which General Twining and 14 others had been traveling from Guadalcanal to Espiritu Santo airbase, had finally been sighted the day that Mrs. Twining was notified. The following day, searchers spotted two life rafts lashed together, and a navy hydroplane managed to rescue the severely sunburned, ravenous men after four days on the storm-tossed seas.
>
> General Twining knew nothing of his wife's strange vision on the night that his plane went down, but in his first letter to her after the ordeal, he wrote that just before the plane crash-landed in the angry Pacific during a raging typhoon, he clearly "saw" her looking in at him through the rain.

Undoubtedly, this happened exactly the way Miss Montgomery and Mrs. Twining tell it; but before accepting it as evidence, a skeptical investigator would want to ask a few questions. Did Mrs. Twining tell anyone about her vision before she was notified of her husband's crash landing? Or, perhaps, did she have a diary in which she noted the event while it was fresh in her mind? Had she ever had other similar visions that had no such dramatically mystical sequels? Had General Twining seen her face appear before him at other times?

In other words, given the authenticity of the Twinings' simultaneous vision, was there anything about the incident that could not be explained by coincidence? And was it so unlikely a coincidence for a woman separated from her husband by war to dream about him at night? That on one of those nights, her husband, an Air Force general directing an air war, should go down at sea? That what might have been his last thoughts on earth should include his wife's face?

Until the end of the 19th Century, the evidence supporting ESP consisted entirely of such raw, unverified stories of

"As he opened the top button of her blouse and exposed more of her lovely skin, Rodric's heart pounded even more fiercely. His hands quivered as he reached to complete his task. 'Stop!' commanded Father Antonio."

inexplicable events that, if true, required an enormously painful faith in coincidence or, worse yet, ran counter to the known principles of physics, chemistry and biology.

Some British scientists, however, suspected that there might be something of value in the irritatingly persistent reports of mysterious happenings. In 1882, a number of them founded the Society for Psychical Research to rigorously examine the events taking place beyond the borders of orthodox science.

Three years later, a similar society was formed in the U.S. Today, there are psychical-research groups in at least a dozen countries. Parapsychology research, as it is now known, is conducted in a number of universities and, in some schools, higher degrees are awarded.

With the declared purpose of studying all psychic phenomena without offering any opinion on their nature, the psychical-research societies winnowed out the obviously fraudulent cases and earned a reputation for integrity.

"Were I asked to point to a scientific journal where hardheadedness and never-sleeping suspicion of sources of error might be seen in their full bloom, I think I should have to fall back on the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," said psychologist William James.

In addition to investigation of ESP cases, the English society undertook a certain amount of statistical research. In fact, its first project was a survey of 17,000 persons to determine how many had received sensory impressions while awake that could not be explained by any apparent physical cause. About ten percent answered yes, and similar surveys have produced approximately the same response over the years.

• • •

Until the arrival of J. B. Rhine on the parapsychology scene, there was little rigorous laboratory experimentation to determine ESP. Psi has always been difficult to pin down; it happens when it happens, which may or may not be in a laboratory. Rhine's great contribution was the creation of the first series of experiments designed to detect and measure psi.

Rhine was a Chicago botanist who, with his wife, Louisa, had become interested in parapsychology after hearing Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lecture on spiritualism. In 1926, he joined the Harvard University psychology department as a research assistant. The chairman of the department was William McDougall, a former president of the British Society for Psychical Research. McDougall left Harvard and went to Duke University in 1927 and Rhine followed.

In 1934, Rhine published *Extra Sensory Perception*, in which he detailed his research at Duke and claimed to have found overwhelming evidence of the existence of ESP. In 1940, the Duke Parapsychology Laboratory was established, with Rhine as director. Until 1965, when Rhine retired and left the University, Duke was the most important parapsychology center in the world. The lab's work is continued by Rhine's Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, which has headquarters in Durham, North Carolina, a $2,000,000 endowment and ESP research projects in India, Sweden and Czechoslovakia, among other places.

In a typical experiment at Duke, the percipient—the person being tested—would guess the symbol on a card that lay face down in front of him. There were 25 cards in the specially designed deck, each carrying one of five different symbols. According to the laws of probability, the percipient would be expected to guess five cards correctly by chance alone. In any particular run through the deck, he might guess as many as eight correctly and still be within the reasonable limits of chance. If he were to guess 15 correctly, we would be surprised, since as a chance occurrence, this would be expected only about once in 70,000 runs.

If he were to guess consistently above five in a long series of runs, we would begin to suspect fraud or recording error —or the presence of ESP. To test for ESP, then, Rhine theorized, all you had to do was eliminate the possibility of fraud or recording error.

Most of the subjects Rhine tested scored at the level of chance, but some individuals scored consistently higher than others, averaging eight or nine correct guesses over a large number of runs. And one percipient, Hubert E. Pearce, a student in the Duke School of Religion, averaged eight correct guesses per run in over 690 runs. The probability of this occurring naturally is astronomical.

The publication of *Extra Sensory Perception* made ESP a household word, but psychologists elsewhere found that they could not duplicate Rhine's results when they repeated his experiments. In the following years, Rhine was criticized for sloppy technique. It was found that the ESP cards' symbols could be read from their backs in a certain light because the printing showed through. In some high-scoring series, there were errors in recording. As the objections were raised, Rhine tightened his procedures; with each tightening, the ESP factor declined. As more and more trials were undertaken with the same subjects, scores fell closer and closer to the chance level, an effect Rhine attributed to monotony, but which his critics claimed was the inexorable working of probability.

Although Rhine and others continued the card experiments for a number of years under varying conditions, scientists outside the field of parapsychology began to take the results less seriously.

The rational criticisms of Rhine and his followers fell into four main categories:

Statistical: The statistical principles used to demonstrate the existence of ESP are technically wrong. Or, granted that results deviate from chance to a significant extent in isolated cases, unusual events sometimes occur, without any apparent reason, despite statistical improbability—perfect hands at bridge, for example.

Theoretical: No physical hypotheses have been adequately developed to account for events that, if true, violate all the laws of modern physics and that usually can be explained by other means.

Psychological: Psi phenomena are probably the result of cooperative hallucination between researcher and subject, especially since the most successful experiments have admittedly involved situations in which either or both have shown a predisposition to believe in psi.

Fraud: In instances where fraud-detection devices such as motion-picture cameras and tape recorders have been either covert or overt observers of statistically oriented psi experiments, the results have been shown to be either conscious fraud or unconscious fraud in which errors in observation or record keeping favored the bias of investigator and/or subject.

In 1966, C. E. M. Hansel, professor of psychology, University of Wales, published a detailed review of the experimental evidence, *ESP: A Scientific Evaluation*, and observed: "In the case of each of these conclusive experiments, the result could have arisen through a trick on the part of one or more of those taking part. . . . A great deal of time, effort and money has been expended, but an acceptable demonstration of the existence of extrasensory perception has not been given."

One extensive recent experiment tends to support the critics of ESP. In a year-long study undertaken by the United States Air Force, subjects were asked to guess numbers generated by a random-number device called VERITAC. It was a completely mechanized experiment in which the possibility of fraud or human error appears to have been eliminated. No one was able to demonstrate a significantly better than chance ability.

Despite the disappointing results from the statistical approach to ESP, a number of scientists believe that a case can be made for telepathy on an experimental basis. They may not be convinced that such a case has yet been made, but they do not entirely reject the work that has been done so far.

Bernard Berelson and the late Gary A. Steiner, authors of *Human Behavior: An Inventory of Scientific Findings*, a book that attempts "to present as fully and accurately as possible what the behavioral sciences now know about the behavior of human beings," had these

"I screamed for help, officer. But I've changed my mind."

comments about the psi debate:

"Judged by the scientific standards ordinarily applied in other areas of psychology, the evidence is often persuasive, although at the same time it is not as reproducible as one would wish in a scientific discipline. . . . There has even been some allegation of trickery or fraud in the conduct or reporting of ESP studies. But it is fair to say that there is no substantiating evidence for such criticism."

At the A.A.A.S. symposium, one of the speakers, Dr. Montague Ullman, director of the department of psychiatry at Maimonides Medical Center, Brooklyn, N. Y., said, "To my mind, the charges of fraud will eventually redound to the support of parapsychological research. The idea that over a 100-year period, in so many different countries, men with the same credentials as their colleagues in other sciences have engaged in a worldwide international conspiracy risking their reputations and devoting their lives to tricking their colleagues, is a less tenable hypothesis than psi itself."

Dr. Robert Van de Castle, of the University of Virginia School of Medicine, pointed out that the statistical argument would seem to have been settled in 1937 when the annual meeting of the American Institute of Mathematical Statisticians concluded:

"Dr. Rhine's investigations have two aspects: experimental and statistical. On the experimental side, mathematicians, of course, have nothing to say. On the statistical side, however, recent mathematical work has established the fact that, assuming that the experiments have been properly performed, the statistical analysis is essentially valid. If the Rhine investigation is to be fairly attacked it must be on other than mathematical grounds."

The parapsychologists believe that their experiments have reached the point where they can no longer be attacked on procedural grounds either. The best of their research, like the best experiments of the physical scientists, is now subject to strict controls designed to eliminate the kind of errors that used to occur. They want to be judged on the basis of their results.

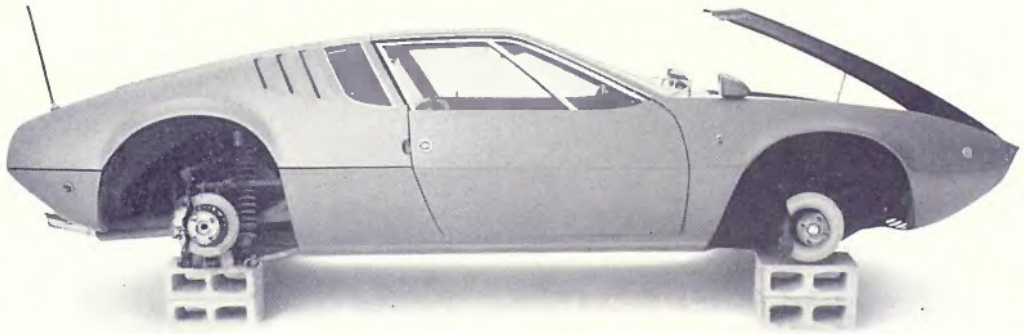
Those results have been slender and marginal, but consistent. They have had a slender and marginal effect on scientific opinion. Berelson and Steiner report that the majority of psychologists are not convinced, but they also point out that most psychologists have not studied the subject. They summarize four surveys of members of the American Psychological Association, "showing some increase, over the years, in the willingness to accept ESP as a possibility, but very little acceptance of the concept as an 'established fact.' "

As might be expected, younger psychologists showed the greatest inclination to believe in the possibility of ESP. Only four percent thought it was an established fact, but 27.8 percent felt it was a likely possibility. In each survey, the majority thought that ESP was either a remote possibility or merely an unknown.

Scientific arguments are as tedious as most legal arguments and just as difficult to follow. The scientists, like the lawyers, seem to prefer it that way. It keeps the amateurs out of the game. In attempting to make mathematical sense out of psi, the statisticians reduced a miracle of nature to an accountant's nightmare. It may have made no more sense in this translation, but at least it wasn't entertaining any more.

This was a great contribution to the future of parapsychology. The work of Rhine and his followers did not do much to help the scientific community to understand psi, but it did begin to make the subject respectable. Anything that dull *had* to be respectable. By casting psi in the obscure symbolism of the scientific equation, Rhine engaged the attention of the scientist and forced a new level of debate.

At this new level, the parapsychologists have been able at last to present their results to a jury of their peers, rather than to a kangaroo court of academic bigots. The outcome of the trial is still in doubt. There is too much research still to be done. But it is no



The only thing they couldn't get was Craig's floor-mount car stereo.

longer an act of heresy to speak positively about psi.

Maybe heresy seems too medieval a word to use in this context, but a little history should help establish its appropriateness. In 1922, Sigmund Freud had begun to explore ESP in "Dreams and Telepathy," an article published in the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*. He planned to read a full-length essay, *Psychoanalysis and Telepathy*, to the International Psychoanalytic Congress that year. It never happened. Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer and a pioneer in the psychoanalytic movement, convinced him that it was too dangerous.

In a letter to an American psi researcher, Freud wrote, "If I had my life to live over again I should devote myself to psychical research rather than psychoanalysis." In 1924, he wrote Jones that recent telepathic experiments had persuaded him "to lend the support of psychoanalysis to telepathy." Again, Jones convinced him to remain silent.

It is perhaps possible to extrapolate what the attitude of science was to ESP if Sigmund Freud, who was not afraid to speak freely about the darkest urges of human sexuality, could not reveal his definitive thoughts about psi. *Psychoanalysis and Telepathy* remained unpublished until after his death.

Today, the atmosphere has changed. There are reputable scientists outside the field of parapsychology who are convinced that the strange abilities of people such as Richard Ireland are not necessarily conjuror's fakery but possible evidence of natural forces as yet unknown but not unknowable.

Among them is Dr. Henry Margenau, professor of physics and natural philosophy at Yale, who told a meeting of the American Society for Psychical Research: "It would seem just as unreasonable for me to doubt what . . . psychologists of high repute tell me about parapsychology as it would be to doubt the reports of highly esteemed astronomers such as Dr. Allan Sandage about quasars. As a matter of fact, I am as disturbed in my own mind, and at the same time fascinated, by the things I read about quasars as I am by clairvoyance, telepathy and precognition."

• • •

Although American parapsychologists have come very far with very little help from their evidence, it may be that they could have gone further still if they had not been so anxious to be more scientific than the scientists. In order to provide the kind of data that the orthodox scientist might be more inclined to accept as fact, they restricted themselves almost completely to the quantitative, statistical method.

According to Russian psi expert Dr. Lutsia Pavlova, who has used the electroencephalograph to study brain-wave patterns associated with psi, Rhine's technique, which is the basis of most American research, may be the most difficult way of generating and examining ESP.

"We found it best not to send telepathic signals too quickly," she reported in a scientific paper published in Moscow in 1967. "If different telepathic bits come too rapidly, the changes in the brain associated with telepathy begin to blur and finally disappear. The ESP card tests are built on the idea of transmitting a great many telepathic bits of information in a very short time to build up statistical evidence."

For a long while, Americans were mainly concerned with proving the existence of psi. They did not bother themselves very much about how it worked. Rhine never claimed to offer any theories explaining ESP. Even today, there is a kind of studied ignorance, a professional innocence, a refusal to speculate. The American parapsychologists seem to be too unsure of their own work to claim that they understand what they are doing. But in order to make sense out of psi, the parapsychologist has to do more than prove its existence, more than translate behavioral observations into mathematical equations. Where psi threatens to destroy existing scientific structure, new structure must be created. Wherever possible, the concepts of psi

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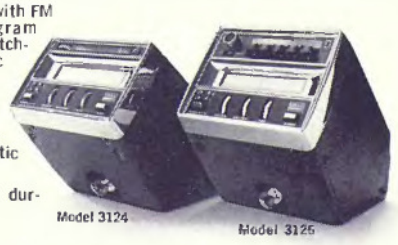
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ought to be integrated into the existing structure. It would seem to be the responsibility of the creative parapsychologist to make it easier for the scientist to accept the facts of psi.

To date, little such help is available. As a result, it's easier to find excuses for rejecting psi than it is to find excuses for accepting it. Yet there seems to be enough information available to begin to create a theoretical framework on which the facts of psi may be hung.

For example, Karlis Osis, of the American Society for Psychical Research, described an experiment to test the strength of telepathy over a distance. The results indicated that psi does weaken with distance, but not in the same way as other forms of energy.

This is an extremely significant discovery. One of the main scientific objections to psi is that it does not appear to obey any of the laws of physics. Does it obey any laws of its own? Osis' experiment hints that it may. It may be that the laws of psi will be found to have no relationship at all to the laws of physics. But if a consistent logic of psi can be demonstrated, the physical scientist will at least have something that he can begin to understand, if not accept.

While most researchers are unwilling to hazard any guesses on the nature of ESP, some believe that the future may show that psi is an electromagnetic process similar to radio. The foremost proponents of the electromagnetic theory of telepathy have been Russian. "We must . . . understand telepathy in the light of materialism," one Russian scientist told *Chicago Tribune* reporter Norma Lee Browning. "The brain is the emitter of radiations with various wave lengths and thus the source of electromagnetic fields."

The best-known experts in Russia were Dr. Bernard Kazhinski, an electrical engineer whose book *Biological Radio Communication* was published in 1962 by the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences, and Leonid L. Vasiliev, former head of the Leningrad University physiology department.

In 1963, Vasiliev claimed to have conducted successful long-distance telepathy experiments between Leningrad and Sevastopol, a distance of 1200 miles, with the aid of an ultra-short-wave radio transmitter. Vasiliev was convinced that his experiments and those he conducted jointly with the Bechterev Brain Institute offered scientific proof of telepathic communication. His next goal was to identify the nature of brain energy that produces it.

"The discovery of such an energy," he said, "would be tantamount to the discovery of nuclear energy. Long-distance suggestion could be of gigantic significance for science and life." Unfortunately, death intervened.

Recently, the Russians reported in some detail the results of other, newer telepathy experiments. Messages have been sent over distances of 1860 miles, said Dr. I. M. Kogan, head of the project. Yury Kamensky, the transmitter, sat in a Moscow office thinking hard about pictures of six objects on a table in front of him, staring at each for 15 minutes. In Novosibirsk, the receiver, Karl Nikolayev, concentrated on receiving the broadcasts. According to Dr. Kogan, Nikolayev then sketched objects almost identical with those transmitted by Kamensky, including such distinctive shapes as a coil spring and a coffeepot.

The status of parapsychology in the Soviet sphere of influence is not clear. In the summer of 1968, two young women writers, Sheila Ostrander, a Canadian, and Lynn Schroeder, an American, visited Soviet Russia, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia to explore psychic research in the socialist countries. When they returned they wrote a book, *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*. This is one of those girlishly breathless pieces of journalism in which lots of exclamation points and enthusiastic descriptions of chattering computers do not quite hide the authors' almost total ignorance of science. As a result, it is difficult most of the time to figure out what the girls saw behind the Iron Curtain. Craig Vetter, PLAYBOY Staff Writer, spoke to them when the book was published.

"They said everyone's got an aura," Vetter reported. "You know, like a halo. Only it isn't a halo, exactly. It has these prongs. Everyone has them, they said. If you're sick, it's because one of your prongs is bent, and what you have to do is go to see this lady who specializes in straightening prongs. She straightens your prong and you're just fine."

The closest thing in the book to what Vetter is talking about is Kirlian photography. "Basically, photography with high-frequency electrical fields," the authors explain in a not-very-helpful description. Nowhere in their published account is there a lady who straightens prongs.

Kirlian photography sounds wonderful. So does everything else in the book. But it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that this book is about as credible as the stories the girls are telling about prong straightening.

Despite this, it is possible to pick up some interesting insights. One Soviet scientist suggests that telepathic impulses are radiated along the lines of bits of information in a cybernetic system. Another is working on the idea of time as energy, speculating that psi may be propagated through a supposed time-energy system rather than the electromagnetic field.

It is gospel among Western parapsychologists that the Soviets are investing heavily in psi research, backing it with complete academic and financial support. That may indeed be true, but one experience reported by Ostrander and Schroeder tends to cast a distinct fog of doubt on this: The girls had gone all the way to Moscow for what was billed as an international conference on parapsychology. The star attraction was to be Nelya Mikhailova, a woman whose ability to move small objects by staring at them has been studied and filmed repeatedly by Soviet scientists. The day the conference opened, an attack on Nelya Mikhailova appeared in *Pravda*. She was forbidden to attend the meeting. The conference was thrown out of the House of Friendship and the second day was canceled.

Most of the reliable evidence indicates that there are as many skeptical Russian scientists as there are American. Among them is Dr. N. P. Bechtereva, granddaughter of V. M. Bechterev, the physiologist who confirmed the success of telepathic experiments performed with animals in the Thirties by Durov and Kazhinski.

"We have had no proof of telepathy yet," she told Miss Browning. "But there is no doubt that the riddles of the brain are going to be solved by physics, mathematics, engineering, cybernetics. The approach has to be physiological, not psychological."

Miss Bechtereva is undoubtedly right about this, but at the moment the closest we have come to any understanding of the way in which psi works has been psychological. The physical mechanism may yet be hopelessly unclear, but a general theory of psi and personality is not far away.

At the A.A.A.S., Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler, professor of psychology at the City College of the City University of New York, said, "A well-established theory of ESP is that it functions like other psychological abilities. A person is more likely to succeed either at ESP or at other tasks when his attitude is favorable, his motivation is high, but not too high, and his mood is right."

Dr. Schmeidler explained that her work was based on two ideas. One is that all responses to an ESP test are meaningful. A low score is just as significant as an unusually high score. The second is that everyone is ambivalent about ESP.

"Its implications of being able to know distant events, and of being able to see directly into others' minds or into the future are attractive but frightening," she said. "Given all these mixed feelings, prediction about any subject's scores demands information about his attitude toward the particular ESP test he is taking, and also about his feelings or mood.

"Dozens of experiments have examined this general issue and by and large have given gratifyingly consistent data. For example, years ago I asked subjects

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whether it was possible for ESP to occur in the particular experiment they were doing. I found first at Harvard and later at CCNY that those who gave a flat, unmodified 'No!' tended to have lower ESP scores than the others. I called it separating the sheep from the goats."

Dr. Schmeidler described a number of studies that produced similar results: Withdrawn children, defensive subjects, those who habitually set up strong barriers between themselves and the world—all showed lower ESP scores than their opposite personality types. Therapy sessions that showed good progress were followed by higher scores than sessions where progress was poor. Pupils who liked the class and the teacher had higher scores than those who did not.

When pairs of friends were tested in an ESP game, the dominant member usually won. When subjects went through two different ESP tests, they made higher scores on the one they preferred.

"Correlational studies indicate that confidence, good social adjustment and an outgoing attitude tie in with higher scores," she reported. "Depressive drugs like sodium amytal tend to lower ESP scores.

"Two years ago," Dr. Schmeidler said, "a swami visited my experimental psychology class. The class made a set of ESP calls. The swami then gave them an inspirational talk and a short breathing exercise. Immediately after, the class made a second set of ESP calls. Scores on the first set were near chance, but the second set had significantly high scores.

"In short, what we are doing at CCNY these days is trying to find personality concomitants of ESP success and failure. Our hope is that when they have been satisfied in adequate detail, we will be able to predict with considerable accuracy when ESP success will occur."

The great significance of Dr. Schmeidler's findings is not that they demonstrate the existence of ESP, but that they appear to demonstrate an order and pattern that fit in with what we already know.

• • •

But *how* does it work? The only explanations that ring true sound uncomfortably mystical. They are involved in riddles about the nature of individuality. Individuality seems to be a modern invention, something that has to do with names and mirrors and pictures. You cannot discuss that with a scientist. He does not want to feel for even one moment that the separation of one personality from another, one mind from another, is only an illusion. And neither do we. We love our special identities too much to part with them for even a moment.

It may be that, in becoming civilized, we have lost the ability to understand how we really communicate with each other. Among the primitive peoples who exist without birth certificates and photographs and newspaper announcements of birth, marriage, death, there is no doubt about telepathy. It is accepted as an ordinary fact of life. Many American Plains Indians have told researchers that smoke signals were used merely to attract the attention of those they wished to contact. The rest of the communication took place by telepathy.

The aborigines of Australia, probably the least talkative people on earth, are said to be able to stay in touch with tribe and family members no matter how far the distance. They, too, use smoke signals to announce their whereabouts, but communicate with one another so adeptly by more mysterious means that Australian government officials, police officers and anthropologists are convinced the aborigines have telepathic powers.

The aborigines' standard explanation —"Dreamin' "—refers back to the "Dream Time" of the past in which the "Earth Mother Goddess" and the "Rainbow Serpent" were created. The Rainbow Serpent made "the road" and the Earth Mother brought everything else into existence. The Dream Time seems similar to Carl Jung's collective unconscious, a state of mind in which past, present and future exist in simultaneous potentiality.

In the context of this explanation, it is not surprising that the drugs most closely associated with telepathy should be those that produce psychedelic experiences. The shamans of American Indian tribes of the Southwest regularly used *Datura* or Jimson weed, which contains atropine, hyoscyamine and scopolamine, to produce telepathic, clairvoyant and prophetic states of consciousness. They called it "grass that talks," and claimed it helped them find the location and number of their enemies during war, or of their quarry when hunting. *Datura* was used also to find lost property, diagnose sickness and recommend therapy. The deadly nightshade, henbane and other plants containing these alkaloids have been used by witches throughout the world since prehistoric times.

Some of the South American Amazon tribes believe they find telepathic powers in *Banisteriopsis Caapi*, a jungle vine containing a drug sometimes called telepathine, found also in the seeds of Syrian rue, *Peganum Harmala*. Others add to this the extract of another liana, *Banisteriopsis Rusbyana*, to prepare a brew they call yajé, containing dimethyltryptamine.

In Mexico, the seeds of a plant of the morning-glory family, *Rivea corymbosa*, containing six chemicals related to LSD, were considered divine food by the ancient Aztecs because of their ability to produce extrasensory perceptions. The Zapotec Indians of Mitla, who call the plant *bador* or "little children," say that one who drinks an infusion of the leaves or eats 13 seeds will fall asleep and be visited in his dreams by the plant children, who will tell him about lost property, future events and other important matters.

In addition to peyote, which contains mescaline, the Indians of Mexico use *teonanacatl*, the sacred mushrooms, for divination. Among the Mazatec Indians, there are professional seers who earn their living by eating *teonanacatl* to locate stolen property, unlock secrets and give advice.

The prophetic power of *teonanacatl* when used by the *curandero* has not been easy for scientific investigators to reproduce in the laboratory or in the jungles, but most experts on the psychedelic drugs tend to believe in telepathy and other psi effects—as a strong possibility, if not as a proven fact. Dr. Sidney Cohen, a Los Angeles psychiatrist and pioneer in the study of the hallucinogens, who has maintained a generally cautious and conservative attitude, has written: "It is hardly necessary to invoke supernatural explanations for the mind's more exceptional activities. . . . Intuition, creativity, telepathic experiences, prophecy—all can be understood as superior activities of brain-mind function." And some studies indicate that drugs such as LSD do, in fact, enhance ESP. R. E. L. Masters and Jean Houston report that, in a picture-match test, "Out of 62 subjects [who had taken LSD], 48 approximated the . . . image two or more times out of ten. Five subjects approximated . . . seven and eight times out of ten." In a paper read before a meeting of the Western Division of the American Psychiatric Association and later reprinted in *The Psychedelic Review*, Los Angeles psychiatrist Margaret A. Paul described an experience with a psychedelic drug in which some of her patients, hundreds of miles away, experienced emotional disorientation at the time that she had affected a similar disturbance in herself with a dose of a broth made from the mushroom *Amanita pantherina*.

Dr. Paul and her husband, Dr. Kurt Fantl, also a psychiatrist, participated in an experiment in Carmel, California, designed to test the ability of a hallucinogen to enhance telepathic sensitivity. It took place on a Friday. For three hours at the peak of the drug's effect, Dr. Paul completely lost touch with reality, cycling through a death and rebirth hallucination over and over again, before finally returning to normal consciousness. On the following Monday, Dr. Paul says that she saw patients as usual, one of whom, a 30-year-old bachelor clinical psychologist,

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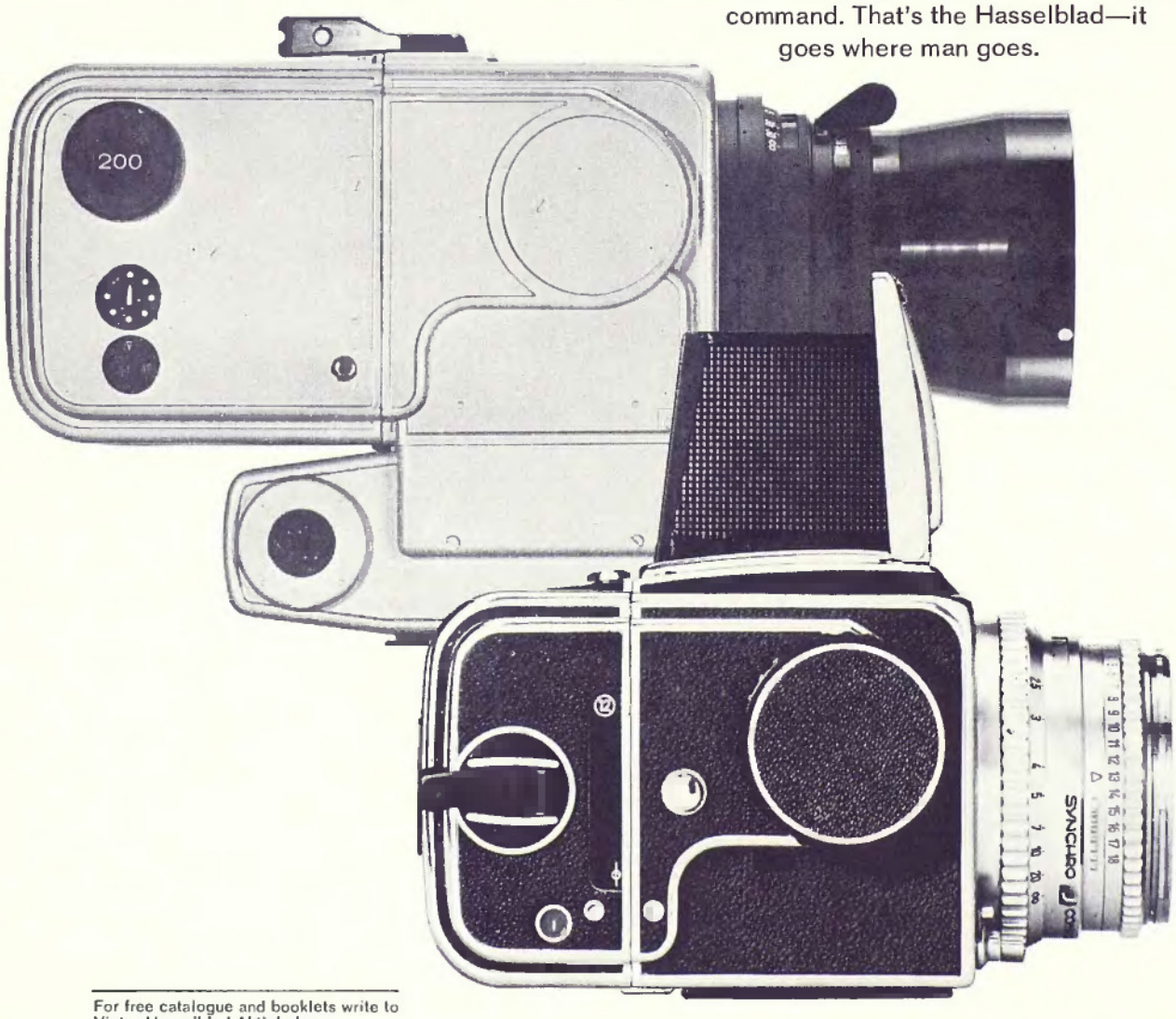

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"It didn't work. He still wants to go help with the sugar-cane harvest."

told her he had been depressed and unable to work or think straight after an episode of amnesia lasting three hours—at just about the same time the psychiatrist had her psychedelic experience.

On Tuesday, the doctor reported, another patient, a 28-year-old unhappily married woman, complained of having a three-hour spell of amnesia the previous Friday—again, at almost the same time as the psychiatrist's hallucinogen-induced trance.

"These incidents," Dr. Paul concluded, "are of no great importance in the field of parapsychology, because more dramatic events are being reported daily; nor are they important in the field of psychedelic research, since almost every subject feels he has great clairvoyant powers. But they may be important in the field of psychiatry, since they suggest the possibility that one mind may influence another at a distance even to the extent of producing temporary psychoticlike symptoms. Perhaps many unaccountable moods and impulses stem from telepathic communications, and they may remain unaccountable because we have not learned where or how to look for their source. This sounds uncomfortably like witchcraft but may, indeed, be a phenomenon which must be incorporated into our diagnostic system. Certainly I never expected to be involved in witchcraft, even less to be a witch and, least of all, an unwilling witch."

Dr. Montague Ullman has been doing work that appears to be related to Dr. Paul's experience. With psychologist Stanley Krippner, he has been searching for evidence of telepathy in the dreaming mind, exploring Freud's speculation that telepathic messages might be received by the unconscious, but distorted by the conscious, waking mind.

Using techniques of dream investigation discovered by Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman and others at the University of Chicago, Ullman set up the dream laboratory at Maimonides. Volunteers were put to bed in an isolated room with electroencephalograph electrodes attached to their heads and sensors to their eyes. Through characteristic EEG readings and rapid eye movements (REMs), the researchers were able to determine when the sleeping volunteers were dreaming. At the end of each dream sequence, the subjects were awakened to dictate their dreams into a recorder.

In a nearby room, another person fixed his attention on a target object, such as a painting, and attempted to transmit an impression of the target to the sleeping subject by telepathy. In one experiment in which the target object was José Clemente Orozco's *Zapatistas*, a painting of Mexican revolutionaries marching along a road with mountains in the background, the volunteer said he dreamed about New Mexico, where he once lived. He mentioned the mountains, the landscape and the Indians coming into Sante Fe for the fiesta.

In another case, a Gauguin painting, *The Moon and the Earth*, which showed a nude, dark Tahitian girl, was linked with a young secretary's dream of wearing a bathing suit and, subsequently, her dream of a fair-skinned girl who wanted to get a tan. When Gauguin's *Still Life with Three Puppies* was used, the volunteer dreamed of dogs and saw dark-blue bottles. The goblets in the Gauguin painting are blue.

Salvador Dali's *The Last Supper* was associated with a dream of "a glass of wine, very unusual wine," and of a group of people of whom "one was not good." When Van Gogh's *Boats on the Beach* was used as the target, the subject said his dream "had something to do with a painter. It makes me think of Van Gogh, perhaps."

"We're encouraged," Doctor Ullman told *Science News* writer Patricia McBroom, "but we don't feel we have proved anything." The correlations between the dream material and the target objects, said Ullman, are significant enough to warrant further study and experimentation by serious scientists. "The important thing," he said, "is to take the mysticism out of telepathy and study it on a rational basis."

The dream laboratory is facing serious financial difficulty and may have to close for lack of funds, but there are some people already involved in the possible practical aspects of clairvoyance and telepathy. Dr. Richard Ireland, for example, claims he made $1,000,000 before he was 30—through ESP.

"I would be walking by a vacant corner," Ireland says, "and I would have this vision of a nice brand-new supermarket rising from the bare ground. If I happened to buy that lot and then some company came along and told me they were going to put a supermarket on it, I wouldn't tell them I already knew that. I would just say thank you and take their money."

Nowhere, of course, does the ESP phenomenon have greater credence than among gamblers; nowhere also does ESP provide more ambiguous results than at the dice table. In the psychedelic world, there is a widespread but as-yet-unauthenticated belief that LSD-induced telepathy and/or psychokinesis has been used successfully by gamblers. In a case reported by Masters and Houston, an amateur gambler felt a strong urge to play blackjack halfway through an LSD session. Several friends accommodated him and while the game was in progress, he realized that the other players were transmitting "all kinds of subliminal signals" and that he, too, was telegraphing his cards. By correcting his own psychological game and picking up the others' cues, he supposedly found it extremely easy to win again and again.

Clairvoyance has had a considerably greater history of practical application in modern times, from the use of the dowsing rod by early prospectors and well diggers to the periodic efforts of police to solve crimes with information produced by clairvoyants. A notable example of the use of clairvoyance in police investigation was the work of Dutch psychic Peter Hurkos in the Boston Strangler manhunt. According to Gerold Frank, author of *The Boston Strangler*, Hurkos was brought into the case at the suggestion of a local industrialist after all orthodox police measures had failed to locate the killer.

Frank describes one display:

> At [one] point—it was now late afternoon—a detective arrived, apologetic for being late. His car had broken down on the way from Boston, he said. Peter perked up. He rose from his chair, cigar in hand, walked up to the newcomer and pointed a deliberate finger at him. His voice was strong again.
>
> "You not late because of car; you late because you get fucked!"
>
> The detective's jaw dropped.
>
> "You think I kid you, eh?" Peter addressed himself to the entire room. "I tell you what happened, you laugh. His boss tell him two, three hours ago, 'You go to Lexington, work with this fellow, this nut, this Hurkos.' He say, 'Gee, boss, I got date, I don't want to work.' Boss say, 'You got to work.' So, what you do?" He stared accusingly at the detective. "You call girlfriend and say, 'Honey, I got to work tonight, I can't see you,' and she say, 'Aw, why you not come over on way to work?' so you go to her house, she very pretty girl, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, she divorce her husband, he give her house, you say, 'I got to work with that mind reader, that faker, that Hurkos guy.' Right? Right?"
>
> The other's mouth hung open.
>
> "She say, 'Before you leave, honey, you have cup of coffee.' You go into kitchen with her, she bend down to get coffeepot in cabinet, you grab her, you push her on kitchen table and you fuck her. Then you come here. That why you late. Right?"
>
> There was absolute silence. Every man in the room seemed frozen in his place, all staring at the detective. If only he would laugh in Peter's face and walk away, so that all things would be as they were before. But he was like a man in shock. His eyes widened, and continued to widen until the whites showed all

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around, as if someone had placed toothpicks between his lids. He managed to close his mouth, then open it again to utter a choked, "Ahhhhh. . . . Ahhhhhh."

Peter looked at him. "That girl pretty damn good, eh? You see, I no faker," and walked back to his chair.

It was almost half an hour before the detective could recover. He sat in one corner, surrounded by fellow detectives, repeating to every question dazedly, "That's right! That's right!" He would not—or could not—say more.

Without prior knowledge of the details of the case, writes Gerold Frank, Hurkos repeatedly identified and described evidence taken from the murder scenes—despite the fact that it was concealed in sealed envelopes. He also reenacted some of the murders, sometimes providing information unknown to the police at the time but later revealed by the Strangler in his confession. His descriptions led to two men, both of whom he had apparently never seen, even though he was able to give almost perfect physical and psychological portraits of them. Neither of them, however, proved to be the man on whom the murders were eventually pinned. Yet, in some important respects, the man who finally confessed fit the description Peter Hurkos gave the detectives many months before the case was solved.

The Boston Strangler, Hurkos said, would have a long, pointed nose, a scar on his left arm from an injury and would work with diesel engines. Early in 1965, Albert DeSalvo, an inmate being held at Bridgewater mental hospital in connection with a series of hundreds of sex offenses, confessed to the 11 murders and to two more the police had not connected with the Strangler. He has a long, pointed nose and a scar on his left arm from an injury, and he had worked with diesel engines.

• • •

Ultimately, this is what everyone is really afraid of. There are all those dirty little secrets. Who wants to be naked all the time? Even if it should turn out that personal privacy is an illusion, many of us would prefer to retain the illusion.

Back in 1953, Alfred Bester published *The Demolished Man*, a fine science-fiction novel about the 24th Century, when ESP has become an established force in society. The telepaths have their own guild. They have their own games, their own ethics, their own satisfactions. They call themselves Espers and they have made crime impossible. They are the perfect detectives.

Then there is a murder. The manhunt begins. The criminal isn't a lovable person, but by the end of the book it's hard to avoid rooting for him and it's hard to avoid hating the smug mind cops.

Recently, Alfred Bester was asked if he believed in ESP.

"Of course not," he said.

"Say—you're pretty sharp. How about quitting old Uncle Sam and coming to work for me?"

ZUBIN AND THE MOTHERS

(continued from page 152)

that soon began to be identified, each time it came round, as "Brigitte Bardot '57." Then the Phils came in with an atonal passage, during which the Mothers—having a 75-bar rest, or so—insouciantly lit up Winstons. Other echoes that could be caught throughout the piece: Dvořák's *New World Symphony*, *Victory at Sea* (*Guadalcanal March* and *Beneath the Southern Cross*), Debussy's *Prelude to The Afternoon of a Faun*, Copland's *Appalachian Spring*, Thomson's *The Plow that Broke the Plains* and honky-tonk jazz. All this was punctuated by Zappa telling the audience, "Laughing is very easy, all you have to do is go 'Ha-ha-ha!' " followed by nearly 14,000 risible patrons doing just that; Mother Motorhead making yodeling sounds; a little soft-shoe in unison by the Mothers; a voice from the upper deck intoning a mighty "Ooooo-aaaah!" followed by Zappa yelling, "Shut up, you idiot!"; a member of the symphony brass tearing his music to shreds and throwing it into the air, followed by the string section crying "Barf!" (Could this be the promised "bodily noises"?); the Phils and the Mothers exchanging friendly insults, topped off by Zappa crying, "Horseshit!"; the Phils goofing a few bars, with Mehta apologizing with a big operatic shrug to Zappa; Mother Ray holding up a toy giraffe, which then gave birth to a rubber chicken; some flickering blue flash bulbs on the jungle gym that held the stage lights (a sort of dime-store light show); a UFO gliding down from way up above—turning out to be a glow-in-the-dark Frisbee; a sequence in which only one Mother played and the others faked it silently.

During all this, the audience seemed attentive but not really turned on—not exactly the kind of concert where you need 500 rent-a-cops to keep things in order. At the end of *200 Motels*, there was a minute or two standing ovation—although one cynical critic suggested the ovation might have been prompted by the audience wanting to hear the Mothers in encore.

So they did. Zappa announced to the Phils: "Any of you fellows who desire to play rock, join us—you'll not get any overtime—and we'll play our version of *King Kong*." Eight or ten Phils (all of them young) brought their axes up—mainly brass and reeds, including one awkward bassoon. Zappa: "When I go like this, horn players pick any note at random, attack it and swell it up. We need a cello. [An obliging cellist walks up.] It's a very simple melody. Key of E-flat minor for as long as you can take it."

The session began with the bassoonist starting off a little badly by bumping Mother Motorhead with the swan's neck

of his instrument—but then, in later passages, coming on so strong that there is no doubt that, if they ever get this on LP, you'll hear one of the great bassoon riffs in rock-symphony history. The beauty of the bassoon is that it is a double-reed instrument, with bass and tenor registers. This affords it tremendous flexibility, so it can come in on the low shots and then suddenly space you out on the high stuff—often before you can even realize it is the same instrument. Also, bassoons have a very small solo-music literature—and so you can bet your ass if you invite a bassoonist into a session, you're gonna get wiped—he's hungry.

200 Motels will not break upon an unsuspecting world with the cultural shock of Handel's *Messiah*, but it seems beyond belief that a figure of the virtuosity and energy of Frank Zappa has been so long neglected by the media—for example, television. His eye and ear for Southern Cal schlock-pop detail are faultless. The boy in *You Didn't Try to Call Me* (*Freak Out!*) tells a girl who rejected him: "I reprimered the right-front fender, man . . . and you didn't try to call me. I thought you were my teen angel, man." Then there's Ruben Sano himself, who was:

> Nineteen when he quit the group to work on his car. . . . There were already 11 other guys in the band so when he quit nobody missed him except for his car when they had to go to rehearsal or play for a battle of the bands at the American Legion Post in Chino. . . . Ruben has three dogs, Benny, Baby and Martha.

Or the boy in *You're Probably Wondering Why I Am Here*:

> *You tore a big hole in your convertible top*
> *What will you tell your Mom and Pop?*

Or Willie the Pimp (*Hot Rats*):

> *Man in a suit with a bow-tie neck*
> *Wanna buy a grunt with a third-party check.*

Or the bopper in *Mother Mania*, who is "*only 13 and she knows how to nasty.*" Or the guy in the song *Later That Night*:

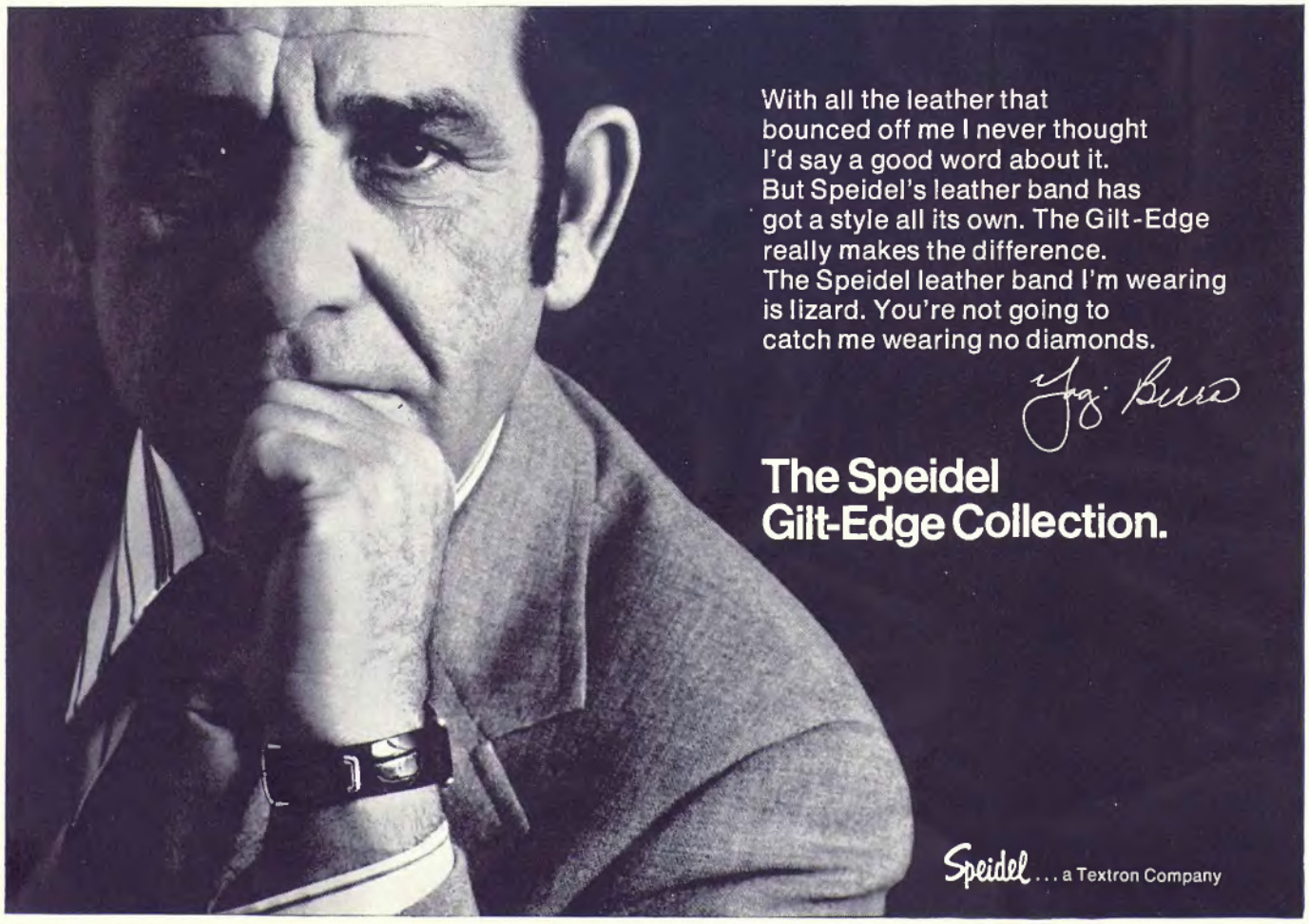
> *Don't go, baby, don't put me out on the street.*
> *You threw my best sharkskin suit out on the lawn, right on top of some dog waste.*

It may be, of course, that Frank has been upstaged by the Hoffmans and the Rubins who have purloined his cheerfully mad, earthy Motherness from the underground and the bandstand and brought it into the streets and the papers. What *is* certain, though—after the concert—is that classical and rock are as unmixable and unblendable as the rock and scissors of the pantomime game (Consciousness II *vs.* Consciousness III). For classical is a product of Western Christian sublimation (meaning to repress the sexual impulses and to "sublime" them), while rock is anti-sublimation. "The big beat matches the body's rhythm," says Frank. And then, in another place, "To deny rock music its place in the society was to deny sexuality. Any parent who tried to keep his child from listening to or participating in this musical ritual was, in the eyes of the child, trying to castrate him."

"Getting your shit together" is a vogue phrase now. It's what everyone really is trying to do—even Nixon and Agnew, though they wouldn't use the phrase. Frank seems to think that the Big Beat can be successfully Osterized with the Big Bands (symphony), satisfying a lower-middle-class yearning he seems to have long had for the technical expertise and precision of symphonic music. But getting it together may not be that easy. We may have to do it alone.

At any rate, whatever Frank Zappa does, you know it will be up front, whatever else it is. The blacks have a nice portmanteau phrase: "Goheadon!" Meaning, keep doing what you're doing.

Goheadon, Frank!



Harry Hastings Method

(continued from page 123)

maybe a new leather jacket—all things easy to dispose of.

This is an area of winding streets and a lot of trees and bushes, and the houses are mostly set back from the street and are some distance from their neighbors, and so it is an easy vicinity to work. There's no bus service up there at all, so everybody needs a car or two, and if there is no auto in the carport, you can be pretty sure that no one is home.

There are rural-type mailboxes on the street and people are always stuffing them with business cards and circulars, like ads for house cleaning and landscaping and such, so I had a lot of cards printed for various things, like for a house-painting firm, and some for the "Bulldog Burglar Protection Agency," which say we will install all kinds of silent burglar alarms, and bells will ring in our office and we will have radio cars there in a few minutes. I also have some Pest Control and House Repair cards. None of these firms exists, of course, but neither do the phone numbers on my cards.

But while I drive slowly around the hills in my little VW bus and put my cards in the boxes, I can get a pretty good idea of who is home and who isn't, and who is gone all day, and so forth.

By the way, my truck is lettered with: H. STUSSMAN INC. GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS on one side and FERGUSON PEST CONTROL. EVERYBODY LOVES US BUT YOUR PESTS! on the other side. I make these up myself. My theory is that nobody can ever see both sides of my truck at the same time, which will really confuse witnesses, if there are any. Of course I change the truck signs every week, and every month I paint the truck a different color.

When I decide that a certain house is ripe for hitting, I go and ring the doorbell. If I am wrong and someone is home—this is seldom—I ask them if their house happens to be swarming with disease-infested rats. Since there are no rats at all in these hills, they always say no and I leave.

If nobody answers the doorbell, it is, of course, another matter. Most of these houses have locks that could be opened by blindfolded monkeys. Not one of them has any kind of burglar alarm. There are watchdogs in some houses, but these I avoid, because you never know a friendly dog from a vicious one until you've been chewed up. And, of course, I would not hurt any dog if you paid me.

What I am getting to is about one particular house up there. It's a fairly new one-story modern style, up a driveway, but you can see the carport from the street below. In casing the place for some time, I figured that a man probably lived there alone. There was only one car, a great big new Mercedes, and this man drove off every weekday morning at nine. I saw him a few times and he was a nice-looking gentleman of about 45. He was always gone all day, so I guessed he had an office job.

So one day, I drove my truck up the driveway and got out and saw a sign: BEWARE OF THE DOG—and, at the same time, this little pooch comes out of a dog door and up to me, and he is a black bundle of hair and the wiggliest, happiest little puppy you ever saw. I picked him up and let him lick my face and saw that he had a tag on his collar that read: CUDDLES. MY OWNER IS HARRY HASTINGS. There was also a phone number.

I rang the doorbell, but nobody came. The front-door lock was so stupid that I opened it with a plastic card.

Inside—well, you have never seen such a sloppy-kept house. Not dirty—just sloppy. There was five days' worth of dishes in the sink. I found out later that this Harry Hastings has a maid who comes and cleans once a week, but meantime, this character just throws his dirty shirts and socks on the floor. What a slob.

I turned out to be right about his living alone. There was only one single bed in use—which, of course, was not made, and I doubt if he makes it from one year to the next. There was no sign of any female presence, which I don't wonder, the way this Hastings lives.

One of his rooms is an office, and this was *really* a mess. Papers all over the desk and also all over the floor. This room stank of old cigarette butts, of which smell I am very conscious since I gave up smoking.

From what I found on his desk, I learned that this Harry Hastings is a TV writer. He writes kind of spooky stuff, like this Rodney Serling. I took one of his scripts, to study. From his income-tax returns, which were lying around for all the world to see, I saw he made nearly $23,000 gross the year before.

But most of the furniture in the house is pretty grubby and the drapes need replacing, which made me wonder what this character spent all his money on,

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besides the Mercedes. He had a new electric typewriter and a great big color-TV set, which would take four men to move, and a hi-fi, but no art objects or decent silver or gold cuff links or things like that.

It wasn't till I went through his clothes closet that I found out that most of his bread went into his wardrobe. There was about $5000 worth of new apparel in there, most of it hand-tailored and from places like where Sinatra and Dean Martin get their outfits. Very Mod and up to date. I tried on a couple of jackets and it turns out that this Hastings and me are exactly the same size! I mean *exactly*. These clothes looked like they had been tailored for me alone, after six fittings. Only his shoes didn't fit me, sad to say.

I was very pleased, indeed, I can tell you, as I have always had trouble getting fitted off the rack. Also, I like to dress in the latest fashion when I take Susie to nice places.

So I took the entire wardrobe, including shirts and ties. I decided to take the typewriter, which I needed for my writing-class homework. The machine I had kept skipping.

But I wanted to try out the typewriter before I took it, and also, I thought I would leave a note for this Hastings, so he wouldn't think I was some kind of crude thug. So I typed:

> Dear Mr. Hastings: I am typing this to see if your typewriter works OK. I see that it does. I am not taking it to sell it, but I need it because I am trying to become a professional writer like you, which I know because I saw your scripts on your desk, and I am taking one to help me with my work, for studying.
>
> I wish to make you a compliment anent your fine wardrobe of clothes. As it happened, they are like they have been made for me only. I am not taking them to sell them but because I need some good clothes to wear. Your shoes do not fit me, so I am leaving them.
>
> I am also not taking your hi-fi, because there is a terrible screech in the treble. I like your dog and I will give him a biskit.
>
> A Friend

"You've really been with us quite a while, haven't you, Hepburn?"

Well, some three months or so now passed, because there was no sense in hitting Hastings' house again until he had time to get a new bunch of clothes together.

But when I thought the time was ripe, I drove by there again and saw a little VW in the carport, and also, there was a big blonde woman shaking rugs.

I drove up and asked her if her house was swarming with disease-infested rats, and she said she didn't think so but that she was only the once-a-week cleaning lady. She sounded Scandinavian. I took note that this was a Wednesday.

I went back the next Monday. No car in the carport. But on the way to the house, there was a new sign, hand-lettered on a board, and it read: BEWARE! VICIOUS WATCHDOG ON DUTY! THIS DOG HAS BEEN TRAINED TO GO FOR THE TESTICLES! YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! PROCEED NO FARTHER!

Well, this gives me pause, as you can well imagine. But then I remember that this Hastings is a writer with an ingenious and inventive mind, and I do not believe this sign for one moment. Cuddles is my friend. So I start for the house and suddenly, this enormous Alsatian jumps through the dog door and runs straight at me, growling and snarling, and then he leaps and knocks me down and, sure enough, starts chewing around my crotch. But then out comes Cuddles, and I am sure there is a dog language, for he woofed at this monster dog as if in reproach, as if to say, "Knock it off. This is a friend. Leave him alone." So pretty soon, both dogs are licking me.

But when I get to the front door, I find that this Hastings has installed a new, burglarproof lock. I walk around the house and find that there are new locks on both the kitchen door and the laundry-room door. They must have set Hastings back about 75 bucks.

There are also a lot of sliding-glass doors around the house, but I don't like to break plate glass, because I know how expensive it is to replace. But I finally locate a little louvered window by the laundry-room door and I find that by breaking only one louver and cutting the screen, I can reach through and around and open the door.

Inside, I find that the house is just as messy as before. This guy will *die* a slob.

But when I get to his bedroom, here is this note, Scotch-taped to his closet door. It is dusty and looks like it has been there for months. It says:

> Dear Burglar: Just in *case* you are the same young man who was in here a few months ago, I think I must tell you that you have a long way to go before you will be a professional writer.
>
> "Anent" is archaic and should be

avoided. A "wardrobe of clothes" is redundant. It is "biscuit," not "biskit." Use your dictionary!

I know you are a young man, because both my cleaning woman and a 19-year-old neighbor have seen you and your truck. If you have gotten this far into my house, you cannot be stupid. Have you ever thought of devoting your talents to something a little higher than burgling people such as me?

Harry Hastings

Inside his closet are two fabulous new suits, plus a really great red-and-blue-plaid cashmere sports coat. I take these and am about to leave when I remember there is something I want to tell Hastings.

In his office, there is a new electric typewriter, on which I type:

Dear Mr. Hastings: Thank you for your help. In return, I want to tell you that I read the script of yours I took and I think it is pretty good, except that I don't believe that the man should go back to his wife. I mean, after she tried to poison him three times. This is just my opinion, of course.

I do not have a dictionary, so I am taking yours. Thank you.

A Friend

I, of course, do not take this new typewriter, partly because I already have one and also because I figure he will need it to make money with so he can replace his wardrobe again.

Four months go by before I figure it is time to hit his house again. By this time, my clothes are getting kind of tired, and also the styles have changed, some.

This time, when I drive up to the house one afternoon, there is a new hand-lettered sign:

THIS HOUSE IS PROTECTED BY THE BULLDOG BURGLAR PROTECTION AGENCY! THERE ARE SILENT ALARMS EVERYWHERE! IF THEY ARE TRIPPED, RADIO CARS WILL CONVERGE AT ONCE! PROCEED NO FARTHER! YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

Come *on*, now! I and I alone am the *nonexistent* Bulldog Burglar Protection Agency! I'd put my card in his mailbox! This is really one cheap-skate smart-ass bastard, this Harry Hastings.

When I get near the house, the dogs come out and I give them a little loving, and then I see a note on the front door:

Dear Jack: Welcome! Hope you had a nice trip. The key is hidden where it always has been. I didn't have to go to work today. I've run down the hill to get some Scotch and some steaks. Be back in a few minutes. The gals are coming at six.

Harry

"So, Marshall . . . this is why you brought me here!"

Well, this gives me pause. I finally decide that this is not the right day to hit the house. This could, of course, be another of Hastings' tricks, but I can't be sure. So I leave.

But a few days later, I come back and this same goddamn note to Jack is still on the door, only now it is all yellowed. You would think that this lame-brain would at least write a new note every day, welcoming Bert or Sam or Harriet or Hazel or whoever. The truth is that this Hastings is so damn smart, when you think about it, that he is actually stupid.

The broken louver and the screen have by now been replaced, but when I break the glass and cut the screen and reach around to open the laundry door, I find that this bastard has installed chains and bolts on the inside.

Well, as any idiot knows, you can't bolt all your doors from the inside when you go out, so one door has to be openable, and I figure it has to be the front door; but the only way I can get in is to break a big frosted-plate-glass window to the left of it and reach through and open the door. As I said, I'm not happy to break plate glass, but this Hastings has left me no choice, so I knock out a hole just big enough for me to reach through and open the door and go in.

This time, there is *another* note on his closet door:

Dear Burglar: Are you incapable of pity? By now, you must be the best-dressed burglar in Hollywood. But how many clothes can you *wear*? You might like to know that my burglary insurance has been canceled. My new watchdog cost me $100 and I have spent a small fortune on new locks and bolts and chains. Now I fear you are going to start smashing my plate-glass windows, which can cost as much as $90 to replace. There is only one new suit in this closet. All my other clothes I keep now either in my car or at my office. Take the suit, if you must, but never return, for, by God, you will be sorry, indeed, if you do. I have a terrible revenge in mind.

Harry Hastings

P. S. You still have time to reform yourself.

P. P. S. I don't like his going back to his poisoning wife, either. But the network insisted on a "Happy Ending."

H. H.

Well, I am not about to fall for all this noise about pity. Any man who has a dog trained to go for my testicles and who uses my own Bulldog Agency against me is not, in my mind, deserving of too much sympathy.

So I take the suit, which is a just-beautiful Edwardian eight-button, in

gray sharkskin.

Now quite a few months pass and I begin to feel a little sorry for this character, and I decide to let him alone, forever.

But then, one day, when I am out working, some bastard breaks into my own pad, which is three rooms over a private garage in Hollywood. This son of a bitch takes every stitch of clothing I own.

By this time, I am heavily dating Susie Plimson, and she likes good dressers. So, while I am not too happy about it, I decide I have to pay Hastings another visit.

No dogs come out this time when I walk to the front door. But on it is a typed note, which says:

> HELGA! DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR! Since you were here last week, I bought a PUMA, for burglar protection. This is a huge cat, a cougar or a mountain lion, about four feet long, not including the tail. The man I bought it from told me it was fairly tame, but it is NOT! It has tried to attack both dogs, who are OK and are locked in the guest room. I myself have just gone down to my doctor's to have stitches taken in my face and neck and arms. This ferocious puma is wandering loose inside the house. The S. P. C. A. people are coming soon to capture it and take it away. I tried to call you and tell you not to come today, but you had already left. Whatever you do, if the S. P. C. A. has not come before you, DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES OPEN THIS DOOR!!

Well, naturally, this gave me considerable pause. Helga was obviously the blonde cleaning woman. But this was a Tuesday and she came on Wednesdays. Or she used to. But she could have changed her days.

I stroll around the outside of the house. But all of the curtains and drapes are drawn and I can't see in. As I pass the guest-room windows, the two dogs bark inside. So this much of the note on the door is true.

So I wander back to the front door and I think and I ponder. Is there really a puma in there or is this just another one of Hastings' big fat dirty lies?

After all, it is one hell of a lot of trouble to buy and keep a puma just to protect a few clothes. And it is also expensive, and this Hastings I know by now is a cheap skate. It costs him not one thin dime to put this stupid note to Helga on his front door and, God knows, it would terrify most anybody who wanted to walk in.

Susie told us in class that in every story, there is like a moment of decision. I figured this was mine.

After about five minutes of solid thought, I finally make my decision. There *is* no puma in there. It's just that this smart-ass bastard wants me to think that there is a puma in there.

So I decide to enter the house, by breaking another hole in the now-replaced frosted-plate-glass window to the left of the front door. So I break out a small portion of this glass.

And I peer through this little hole I've made and I see nothing. No puma. I listen. I don't hear any snarling cat or anything. No puma. Just the same, there *could* be a puma in there and it could be crouching silently just inside the door, waiting to pounce and bite my hand off when I put it in. Very carefully, I put some fingers in and wiggle them. No puma. And so I put my arm in and reach and turn the doorknob from the inside and open the door a crack. No snarl from a puma—whatever pumas snarl like. I open the door a little wider and I call, "Here, pussy-pussy! Here, puma-puma! *Nice* puma!" No response.

I creep in very cautiously, looking around, ready to jump back and out and slam the door on this beast, if necessary. But there is no puma.

And then I realize that my decision was, of course, right and there is no goddamn puma in this goddamn house. But still, I am sweating like a pig and breathing heavily, and I suddenly figure out what Susie means when she talks about "the power of the written word." With just a piece of writing, this bastard Hastings transferred an idea from his crazy imagination into my mind, and I was willing to believe it.

So I walk down the hall to his bedroom door, which is shut, and there is *another* typed note on it:

> Dear Burglar: OK. So there is no puma. Did you really think I'd let a huge cat mess up my nice neat house?
>
> However, I am now going to give you a *serious* warning. DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR! One of the engineers at our studio has invented a highly sophisticated security device and I've borrowed one of his models. It's hidden in the bedroom and it works by means of ultrasonic waves. They are soundless and they have a fantastically destructive and permanent effect on brain tissue. It takes less than a minute of exposure. You will not notice any brain-numbing effects at once, but in a few days, your memory will start to go, and then your reasoning powers, and so, for your *own* sake, DO NOT ENTER THIS ROOM!
>
> Harry Hastings

Well, I really had to hand it to this loony character. No wonder he made a lot of money as a writer. I, of course, do not believe *one word* of this, *at all*, therefore, I go into the bedroom and hurry around to see if there is any hidden electronic device, but, of course, there is not. Naturally.

Then I see another note, on the closet door, and it says:

> Dear Burglar: I don't suppose I should have expected you to believe that one, with your limited imagination and your one-track mind. By the way, where do you *go* in all my clothes? You must be quite a swinger.
>
> There are only a few new things in the closet. But before you take them, I suggest you sniff them. You will notice a kind of cologne smell, but this is only to disguise another odor. I have a pal who was in Chemical Warfare and he has given me a liquid that can be sprayed inside clothing. No amount of dry cleaning can ever entirely remove it. When the clothes are worn, the heat of the body converts this substance into a heavy gas that attacks the skin and produces the most frightful and agonizingly painful blisters, from the ankles to the neck. Never forget that you have been *warned*.
>
> Harry Hastings

Well, I don't believe this for one moment, and so I open the closet door. All there is is one pair of slacks and a sports coat. But this coat looks like the very same *plaid cashmere* I took before and the son of a bitch stole from *me*! But then I realize this could not be so, but it was just that Hastings liked this coat so much he went out and bought another just like it.

Anyway, I find myself sniffing these. They smell of cologne, all right, but nothing else, and I know, of course, that this kind of gas stuff does not exist at all except in Hastings' wild imagination, which I am coming to admire by now.

As I drive back to my pad, I start to laugh when I think of all the stupid and fantastic things that Hastings has tried to put into my mind today by the power of suggestion, and I realize that he almost succeeded. *Almost*, but not quite.

When I get home and climb the outside stairs to my front door, there are three envelopes taped to it, one above another. There are no names on them, but they are numbered, 1, 2, 3. I do not know what in hell all this could be about, but I open 1 and I read:

> Dear Burglar: The plaid cashmere coat you have over your arm right now is *not* a replacement for the one you stole. It is the *same identical coat*. *Think* about this before you open envelope 2.
>
> Harry Hastings

Well, of *course* I think about this as I stand there with my mouth sort of

"My dad thinks I'm jitterbugging at the malt shop."

hanging open. All of a sudden, it *hits* me! *Harry Hastings* was the son of a bitch who stole all his clothes back! But how did he know where I *live*? How could he know I was going to hit his house *today*? My hands are all fumbles as I open 2. Inside, it says:

> Dear Burglar: To answer your questions: On your *third* visit to my house, my young neighbor saw you and followed you home in his car, and so found out just where you live. Later, in my own good time, I easily entered this place with a bent paper clip and retrieved my own clothes. Today, my neighbor called me at my office and said you were inside my house again. Later, I phoned him and he said you had come out, with my coat. So I've had time to come here and write and leave these notes. I also have had time to do something else, which you will read about in 3.
>
> Harry Hastings

I open this third envelope very fast, indeed, because I figure that if Hastings knows all this, the fuzz will be along any minute. In it, I read:

> Dear Burglar: I got the puma idea from a friend out in the Valley who has one in a large cage in his yard. Long ago, I asked him if I might borrow this huge cat for a day sometime, and he said yes and that he didn't like burglars, either. He has a large carrying cage for the puma. I called him this morning the moment I heard you were inside my house and he drove the puma right over *here* and we released the huge cat inside your place. She is now in there, wandering around loose. I have done this partly because I am vengeful and vindictive by nature and partly because I've made my living for years as a verisimilitudinous (look it up later) writer, and I deeply resent anyone I cannot fool. The puma that is now inside is my childish way of getting even. This is no *trick* this time! If you have any brains at *all*, DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR! Just get out of town before the police arrive, which will be in about half an hour. Goodbye.
>
> Harry Hastings
>
> P. S. The puma's name is Carrie—as if that would help you any.

Well, I read in a story once where somebody was called a "quivering mass of indecisive jelly," and that is what I was right then. I simply did not know *what* to think or believe. If this was any door but mine, I could walk away. But all my *cash* was hidden inside and I *had* to get it before I could leave town.

So I stand there and I sweat and I think and I think and after a long time, it comes to me that *this* time, this bastard Hastings is finally telling the *truth*. Besides, I can hear little noises from inside. There *is* a puma in there! I know it! But I have to get *in* there, just the same!

I finally figure that if I open the door fast and step back, Carrie might just scoot past me and away. But maybe she will attack me. But then I figure if I wrap the sports coat around one arm and the slacks around the other, maybe I can fend off Carrie long enough to grab a chair and then force her into my bathroom, the way lion tamers do, and then slam the door on her, and then grab my cash and run out of there, and the police can worry about her when they come.

So this is what I decide to do, only it is some time before I can get up the nerve to unlock the door and push it open. I unlock the door and I stand there. But finally, I think, "Oh, hell, you *got* to do it, sooner or later," and so I push my door open and stand back.

No puma jumps at me. Nothing happens at all. But then I look around the corner of my door and *Harry Hastings* is sitting inside. Not with a gun or anything. He is sitting very calmly behind the old card table I use as a desk, with a cigarette in his mouth and a pencil in his hand, and I see one of my stories in front of him.

I walk in and just stand there with my face on and cannot think of any clever remark to make, when he says: "Tell me one thing. *Did* you or did you *not* really believe there was a puma in here?"

If I remember right—I was pretty shook up then—I nodded and I said, "Yes, sir. Yes. I really did."

Then he smiled a big smile and said, "Well, thank heaven for *that*. I was beginning to think I was losing my grip. I feel a little better now. Sit down. I want to talk to you. By the way, your syntax is terrible and your grammar is worse. I've been making some corrections while waiting for you. However, that's not what I want to talk to you about. Sit down. Stop trembling, will you, and sit down!"

I sat.

As I write now, I am the co-owner and manager of the Puma Burglar Protection Agency. Harry Hastings is my silent partner and he put up $2000 for financing. Susie helps me with my accounts. I have 130 clients now, at five dollars a month each. The reason it's so cheap is that we use the Harry Hastings Method. That is, we don't bother with burglar alarms or things like that. I just patrol around and keep putting up and changing signs and notices and notes on front doors. Already, the burglary rate in my area has been cut by two thirds.

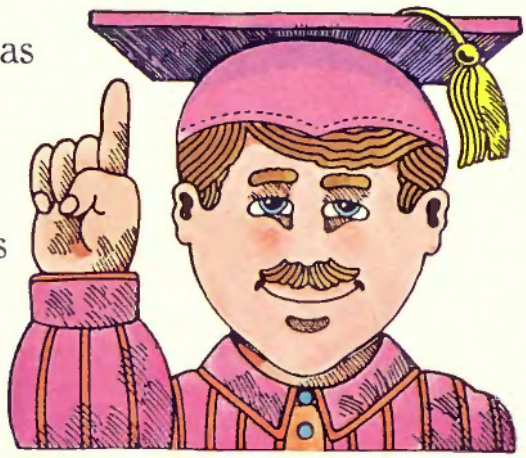
This very morning, I got a little letter from Harry Hastings with two new ideas for front-door notes. One is: CLARA! I HAVE ALREADY CALLED THE POLICE AND THEY WILL BE HERE IN MINUTES! DO NOT CALL THEM AGAIN! GEORGE IS LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM AND CAN'T GET OUT, SO WE WILL BE SAFE TILL THEY GET HERE!

The second one is: NOTICE! BECAUSE OF A FRIGHTFULLY CONTAGIOUS DISEASE, THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN EVACUATED AND QUARANTINED. IT MUST ABSOLUTELY NOT BE ENTERED UNTIL IT HAS BEEN FUMIGATED!

Harry Hastings says that I should be sure to warn the householder to remove this notice before any large parties.

"Another outburst like that and I'll clear the court."

CANADIAN MIST. VOTED MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED IN ITS CLASS.



For years America has been bordering on a great thing without knowing it. Now, it looks like Americans are coming around. They've discovered Canadian whisky.

Some start with the most expensive brands. But every day more and more of them make the ultimate whisky discovery: Imported Canadian Mist. Canadian Mist is now the fastest growing brand in America. And there are a couple of good reasons behind our success.

Canadian Mist tastes like the big brands. Smooth, light and mellow. Only Canadian Mist doesn't cost like the big brands. Because we distill and blend Canadian Mist in Canada but we bottle it here. Which saves us tax money. Which saves you money. Usually about two dollars a bottle.

So you can take the time, trouble and money to discover all this for yourself. Or you can learn your lesson the easy way. And start with Canadian Mist. It won't take you long to realize there's nothing quite like it in its class.

CANADIAN MIST.

Canadian Whisky—A Blend • 80-86.8 Proof • Barton Distillers Import Co. • N.Y.

BAJA-THE OTHER CALIFORNIA

(continued from page 142)

rides at anchor, canvas furled loosely on her booms, her hull streaked with rust.

La Paz means peace, which is the predominant flavor of this soothing little town. It is built in Spanish Colonial style with Mexican overtones, among a profusion of tropical blooms that festoon the patios and courtyards. A few café tables are set on shaded sidewalks; there is a scattering of hotels, banks, restaurants and stores; and in the narrow side streets that lead away from the waterfront are a couple of windowless adobe cantinas with radios blaring news of the outside world from behind their batwing doors. In the middle of the afternoon, siesta time, the sun is the only spectator, the town a set without actors.

What does a visitor do in La Paz? Not much. Once he has checked into a hotel (La Posada or the Continental, which have private beaches, or La Perla or Los Arcos, on the waterfront), he has accomplished 90 percent of the purpose of his visit. In La Paz one looks at things, eats, drinks, sleeps, goes fishing and breathes in and out. You can browse in one of the duty-free stores (if they're not closed or out of stock), sit at La Perla's Piano Bar and sample the local potions, take a dip in the Continental's pool or find a café table somewhere and engage in the rewarding Mexican art of watching people and wondering what it all means.

As a place to wind down the urban metabolism, La Paz is a perfect decompression chamber. This pleasant process should take a couple of nights at most, which is long enough to explore the possibilities of finding some company—or to take in the raunchy scene at El Ranchito, the local whorehouse—and then it will be time to think about moving south toward the tip of the peninsula and the resorts dotted around the cape.

If you fly from La Paz to Cabo San Lucas, the journey is completed in about an hour and southern Baja's spectacular scenery has been reduced to a rumpled brown blanket. You can get a lot more out of the trip if you rent a car from one of the three leading American agencies represented in town and drive yourself. Before checking out of your hotel, ask someone to pack a picnic lunch. There are a few restaurants en route to the cape, but if you have your own food—enhanced with a bottle of wine and fresh mangoes collected on the way—you can stop and dine on an empty beach and watch pelicans glide along the crest of breaking rollers.

The drive to the cape takes about three hours and, except for a short stretch of gravel at the end, the highway is paved. Apart from the road itself and the occasional hamlet that straggles along its verge for a couple of hundred yards, there is little to be seen of man or his appurtenances—not even a sign to record the fact that, not too far outside La Paz, you have crossed the Tropic of Cancer. Now and then, the highway cuts across a boulder-strewn valley and climbs into the mountains, then drops out of sight—a ribbon of road that wraps around the face of the rock and unravels and reappears far below as a thin, straight silvery gleam on the desert floor. Beyond that, it runs parallel to the sea, across the crest of steep cliffs overlooking wide beaches and thundering surf.

At the end of the paved road is the town of San José del Cabo; the gravel road branches off to the west, leading to the hotels along the cape. The first of these is Las Cruces Palmilla, a stately Colonial inn that stands in a thicket of date palms at the water's edge. Like all the best hotels in southern Baja, it is a luxurious and discreet resort, distinguished by the excellence of its service rather than by the opulence of its façade. Guests who feel energetic can play tennis, go water-skiing, game fishing, scuba diving and horseback riding, or they can rent a jeep and explore the coast line.

Not too far past Las Cruces is the Hotel Cabo San Lucas, perched on a rocky promontory over the beach of a bay once used as a stash by Chilean pirates. The suites here are cool and elegantly furnished, with wide balconies that overlook tropical gardens leading down to the beach. Guests are greeted with a large, frosty margarita upon arrival and, from then on, are left alone. There are no tour buses, excursions to shrines and museums nor other organized "fun" to fill the visitor's itinerary, but there is good food—perhaps a sweet fresh dorado or another fish caught that day by one of the guests—and a plenitude of amiable company. In the evening, one can take dinner on a terrace high above the crashing waves while the sun dies in a sky full of bleeding clouds, and a solitary trumpeter—believe it or not—wails plaintive eulogies to heroic bulls and jilted *señoritas*.

When the new Finisterra Hotel, ten miles to the west, is in full operation (this spring, if all goes according to schedule), travelers to the cape will find other novelties for their daytime diversion: Horses and dune buggies will be available for rent, plus an assortment of the usual aquatic recreations one expects at a seaside resort. Until the hotel opens, visitors must seek their pleasures in

"Hey! What's with you two?"

simple fashion—on the beach, within a run and a jump of the sea. The same can be said of any oceanside resort, but in Cabo San Lucas, where the existing hotels can accommodate only a few hundred guests among them, no madding crowds intrude. Furthermore, many of the people who pass this way occupy themselves with the region's principal tourist industry: They get up early and go to sea to hunt big fish.

In La Paz, everybody swears the fishing is better there than anywhere else in Baja; the same claim, of course, is made up north for Ensenada and San Felipe and, across the Gulf, for Mazatlán. It follows that in Cabo San Lucas they insist that fishing there is the best of all. In fact, fish are to be found in abundance in all these waters—over 650 species, according to one estimate—and half of these are considered game. Finding them depends on currents, season, weather, feeding habits and all the other stimuli to which fish respond. For marlin and sailfish, February to June is regarded as the best time, but even this can vary, so it's usually best to rely on your charter skipper's expertise; it's in his interest to make sure the guests catch fish. If anyone knows where they are, he will.

The Cabo San Lucas fishing fleet leaves the bay around seven in the morning, each boat stocked with bait, tackle and an ice chest full of food and beer or whatever other liquid refreshment the passengers may request. Once the mate has threaded the outrigger lines and baited them with mullet or flying fish, guests can take it easy in the boat's fighting chairs and wait for a strike. Perhaps an hour or more will pass before the first sighting is made. Schools of porpoise flash through the sea, surfacing every now and then to race alongside the boat, snorting and squeaking and rolling sideways to leer crazily at the occupants. Sometimes a marlin breaks the still surface and lands with a great crash to dislodge its parasites, but the skipper shakes his head if you point to one of them and tells you that a leaping marlin never goes after bait. The fish he seeks lie on the surface, scarcely moving, one dark fin pointing to the sky. When one of these is seen, the skipper throttles down and drags the bait in a circle around the quarry—a marlin or a sailfish—which will either strike or dive. In most cases, nobody sees the fish before it strikes. There is a shrill scream from the reel, the hook is set and the fight begins.

To have experienced the excitement and satisfaction of doing honorable battle with a worthy opponent is the single greatest reward in game fishing. Along with the sweat. There is no reason why every such encounter should end with the death of the fish, and anybody who feels

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uneasy about this can ask that his prey, once captured, be tagged (to allow its movements to be traced by marine biologists) and released. Some charter crews, aware of the food and monetary value of the catch, may not go along with this peculiar gringo notion. Quite frequently, one of the crew, unfazed by ecological proprieties, will run up and club a marlin to death at the moment it's brought alongside the boat. To avoid this, state your wishes firmly in advance and, if the skipper points out that tagging a 200-pound fighting fish is an impossible feat (which is not too far from the truth), tell him you want the line cut close to the hook, so that the fish can escape, tagged or not. A couple of small bills may help arouse his compassion.

About three in the afternoon, the fleet returns to the bay, the boats bedecked with pennants to signify the day's catch —blue for marlin, red for sailfish. The sight of a vessel skulking back to anchorage without any pennants is rare, but when it happens, the faces of the local people who go down to the beach to see what the *gringos locos* have caught are a study in restrained scorn—with perhaps a trace of disappointment. In most parts of the world, the fishing industry is manned by those who are not noted for their great wealth and most of their catch finds its way to the tables of the more fortunate citizens; but in Cabo San Lucas, the process is reversed. There, it is the rich (or comparatively so) who go to sea—and pay for the privilege. The consumers look cheated if a boat comes back without pennants flying; but if the reds and blues flutter from the outriggers, everybody's happy—the guests because they've hooked a fighting giant, the locals because they're going to eat the proceeds. The middlemen who profit from the spoils —the crews, trophy makers and assorted beneficiaries—are ecstatic because they're making money on the deal without the inconvenience of investment. It's a system that appears to work to the detriment of nobody.

If there is a threat to this arrangement, it's one posed by foreign commercial fleets, whose numerous vessels are equipped with sophisticated fish-finding gear and whose incursions have in recent years led to some lively skirmishes with Mexican nationals. One victim not too many years ago was the Inari Maru, a Japanese fishing boat that now lies stranded on the beach a couple of miles west of the Hotel Cabo San Lucas. According to the local story, the skipper of the Inari Maru was trying to locate a radio-direction-finder buoy that had been dropped the previous day to mark the position of a net. The skipper finally homed in on the R. D. F. signal, but, unknown to him, the buoy had been removed from the sea and carried ashore, where it continued to emit its signal. In the darkness, the Inari Maru ran onto the rocks, fortunately without loss of life. Since then, the foreign fleets have kept a respectable distance offshore. It is a yarn related with great relish by cape residents.

Fishing and doing nothing in particular amid surroundings of perpetual magnificence are the main preoccupations in Cabo San Lucas. They are leisurely pursuits that will appeal to some visitors but not to others—who may, after a week or so, feel the urge to expend the restless energy this sort of lazy schedule can generate. The best and nearest remedy is to be found on the mainland in Mazatlán. And to get there, one must return to La Paz to catch a plane or, preferably, to book a first-class cabin on the ultramodern ferry La Paz, which crosses the Gulf from the territorial capital in an overnight journey of about 16 hours and arrives soon after breakfast in Mazatlán.

The temptations of this attractive city are bountiful after a sojourn in Baja. It's far enough from the border to have retained an authentic flavor of old Mexico and, while it's not overwhelming in size (the population is around 100,000), something is always going on: bullfights on Sundays in the winter season, parties and *fiestas* at the larger hotels, cabarets, *discothèques*, sights to see, things to buy. In the center of town is a noisy, smelly, colorful market and, around it, streets full of shops stacked with bargains in leatherware, carvings in wood and bone, Taxco silver, pottery from Pueblo and all the other ingenious handicrafts at which Mexican artisans excel. North of the center of town, where the best beaches and hotels are located, is the Balboa Club, which provides the finest accommodations in Mazatlán, available only to members of private clubs that are affiliated with this exclusive establishment. The next-best lodgings are in the Hotel Playa Mazatlán, which is favored by unattached visitors of both sexes because it's big and blasé and stands on its own beach. Specify an ocean-front suite here, not the viewless rooms at the rear of the building.

To explore the town, you can pick up a jeep from the Aviles brothers; one of them also rents fishing boats whose crews refuse to quit until their guests have made a decent catch. The mate will cut off a couple of choice fillets, if you wish, and your hotel can prepare them for your dinner—if you're not eating out. Restaurant food in Mazatlán is, in general, very good and remarkably inexpensive—especially seafood. Local shrimp, which are exported to every corner of the globe, are served all over town—by the handful, by the plate and in buckets. It's also an ideal place to sample fresh turtle steak, which has the color and texture of fine veal and tastes like a rare species of game. The turtle is especially delicious at Mamuca's, one of Mazatlán's better and smaller restaurants, where the maritime fare consists of everything from oysters to octopus and smoked marlin.

Elsewhere, you'll find the by-now-universal fast-food joints for hamburgers and milk shakes, steakhouses, Chinese and, of course, Mexican restaurants. At La Cascada, which is also a popular bistro after dark, the specialties are Italian dishes and what may be the hottest, spiciest pizza this side of Naples. Unless fine wine plays an important part in your life, don't order imported vintages here or anywhere else in Mazatlán (nor, for that matter, anywhere in Mexico), because even the poorest years are priced exorbitantly and the best of them are often inferior to native labels. Try Alamo, a serviceable dry white from Saltillo, or San Marcos, from Aguascalientes.

After dinner, you'll find plenty of unescorted ladies in local hangouts such as the Moana Loa *disco*, the bar of the Hotel La Siesta, La Joya in the Copa de Leche, El Coral Club, La Cascada and in all the other nocturnal roosts where the lights are low and the music insistent. It might also be instructive to wander over to Campo Siete, the Mazatlán red-light district; but don't expect any ravishing beauties, and go with a guide who speaks Spanish.

As a change of pace after a week of relative solitude in Baja, Mazatlán offers many such obvious attractions: It is a town in which a stranger readily finds congenial company and no end of distractions to while away the hours. It is a popular resort, and rightly so, for it has an abundance of bright lights and things to do, and its setting could hardly be improved upon. But after a few days in the big city (which is what Mazatlán seems like after Cabo San Lucas), the quality of life there tends to take on a slightly frenzied and somehow familiar air. Perhaps it is because nearly all cities, whatever their virtues, have become too crowded and too noisy. If you've already experienced the quieter pleasures of the otherworldly peninsula across the Gulf, you may begin to feel that the glitter of Mazatlán is, in some way, less enduring —and less fulfilling—than the lure of mountains, sun and sea. It is a line of thought that can provoke another bout of restlessness—the urge to return to Baja and spend the final days of your vacation rediscovering the secrets of this lonely and majestic land. It is, after all, one of the few beautiful places on the map that has not yet been covered with concrete and garnished with neon; and once experienced, it's difficult to stay away. John Steinbeck would have been relieved.

"I don't care what the Government is payin' for pork,
I feel like a damn fool!"

QUEASY RIDER *(continued from page 144)*

begin descending a rocky, narrow canyon trail into the town of El Rosario—check point number two. The Automobile Club of Southern California, I recall, notes in its *Guide to Baja California del Norte* that El Rosario is "the 'last outpost' before entering the wilds of central Baja. . . . Most important, the town is the terminus of telephone communication."

We drive into El Rosario at 3:59 P.M. and put on our GI parkas. At this time of year, the sun sets early in the Baja and desert nights are long and cold. Rancho Santa Ynez, check point number three, is 86 long miles away. We're off again, in four minutes, making tracks in the dust. Suddenly, Cleaver turns off the road and starts shagging ass cross-country along a one-lane track that looks as though it had last been used by a sunstruck iguana. This is the Old Mine Road, a short cut, he shouts in my ear. I wonder if this is listed in *Vados y Vacas*, because it's not on our map.

Out of the corner of my right eye I think I see a tire, then a chrome headlight rim. There's a Wampuskitty dune buggy thundering along about two feet from us, trying to pass on the right. I yell at Cleaver, but he can't hear a thing over the roar of the Burro's engine. Then it passes and he sees it and we're ahead again, and then it's ahead and then we. Now it's *really* ahead, because we're sliding backward out of control down an arroyo. We stop, we're OK and we pull back onto the road, following the Wampuskitty's dust. There's nothing quite like Mexican dust; you have to eat it to believe it.

Ten miles farther on, we overtake two guys in a souped-up Chevy sedan jouncing along from rut to rut. We pass them at 50 mph. Coming up is a fork in the road. Which way? We take it to the left and I look back. The Chevy has gone to the right. I give Cleaver the elbow. We stop. Do they know something we don't know? Better back up and turn around. Two miles down the road, we see them coming back. They pass us, smiling. In a minute, we find out why: The road dead-ends at a tumble-down rancho. As we slow down to turn around, here comes a pack of rabid Mexican dogs right in through the doorless sides of our dune buggy. I frighten them off with a few shrill screams while Wes swings us around and we head back to the other fork.

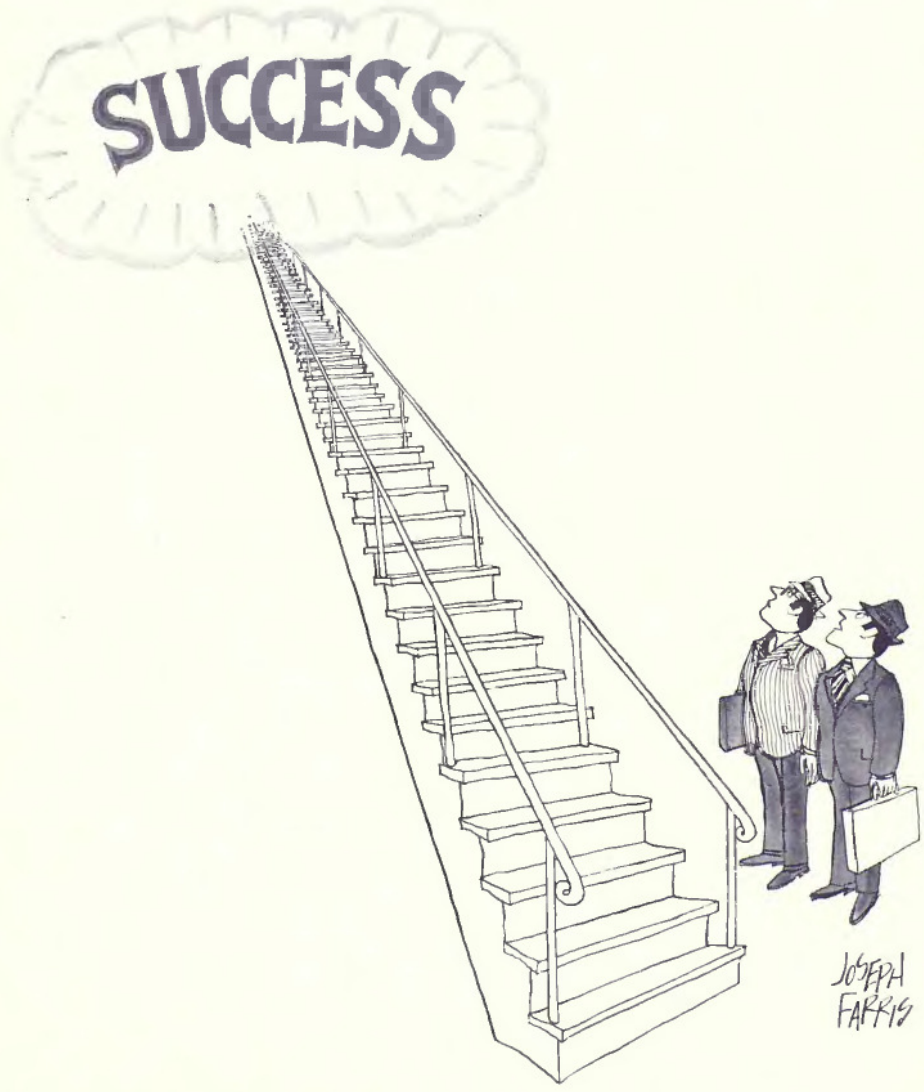
The sun dips low in the west and then disappears behind cactus-studded hills. We turn on our headlights and a pair of sealed-beam driving lamps mounted to the front of our buggy's roll-bar cage. The hot desert has turned cold and sinister. As we hurtle along, strange shapes lurk behind every cactus. My mind begins to wander and I recall some of the stories friends have told me about the Baja:

"Watch out for the *bandidos*!" somebody said. "They're after not only your Fritos but your boots, too. And if the *bandidos* don't get you, the cholla cactus will. That's the kind with little prickly balls that jump on you if you get too close. And they're a bitch to pull off."

Keep to the center of the road, Wes.

The Old Mine Road rejoins the main route and we accelerate into the darkness, our detour having enabled us to bypass an even nastier stretch called the Stair Steps. God knows what I missed. The one- (sometimes two-) lane road we're on twists like a snake, carving down into canyons and around the sides of hills. Treacherous rocks the size of your head and larger loom up ahead, some of them buried in the dust with just a point sticking up. The drivers aptly call them rim crackers. Trying to make myself useful—and to keep from thinking what might happen if we crack a rim—I begin giving wigwag signals with my hands to show Wes which way the road curves ahead. This works pretty well. He can watch for rocks and then, with a glance at my curved fingers, instantly know where the road goes next. On soft turns I curve my fingers slightly, on hard turns more sharply and on U-shaped mothers I cup them—and cover my eyes with the other hand.

Lights are coming up behind us. Bright lights. There's something *big* back there and it's gaining fast. There are lights all over it. What the hell is it? A semi? A Greyhound bus? We move over to let it by and a Ford Bronco truck roars past, throwing dust and loose gravel in our faces. Remind me to buy drinks for those guys when we get to La Paz. The dust clears and Wes floors the accelerator going around a sharp turn. Too sharp a turn. We skid off the road, swerve to miss a big rock and hit a



"I'll never make it . . . I suffer from acrophobia."

bigger one. We get out and take a look. Scratch one Goodrich and one badly dented tire rim. *Caramba!* Nothing to do but clunk along God knows how many miles at ten mph into Rancho Santa Ynez on what's left of the rim. On go the dust masks. Will this desert never end? We must be on the backside of the moon.

An hour later, we're still limping when—lights, bonfires, humans—Rancho Santa Ynez is dead ahead, all lit up like a Christmas tree. We thumpety-thump in and leap out of the buggy. There are cars everywhere in various stages of disrepair. People in clean clothes with clean faces wander by to ask us how it's going. They've flown down in small private planes and landed at the nearby airstrip. I resist the temptation to punch them in the mouth.

Wes changes the tire and rim while I hold the flashlight. When we climb back into the buggy, it's eight P.M. Steeling ourselves, we turn our backs on the warmth and companionship of Rancho Santa Ynez and take off in our Iron Maiden. Seventy-six miles down the road is check point number four, Punta Prieta, and to reach it, we must cross the dreaded Laguna Seca Chapala, a dry lake bed partially covered with silt. There's no real road across it, just hundreds of tracks going in all directions, made by dozens of predecessors who undoubtedly wandered about the dusty lake bed for hours, seeking the opposite shore.

Even by Baja standards, the road is rough out of Santa Ynez. We pass a large rock with GO MARY ≠90 and HEAVY 70 scrawled on it in huge letters, then a sign that reads ENSENADA—244 MILES, pointing back from where we came. Only 588 miles to go. Dust masks in place, we reach Laguna Seca Chapala and a wall of silt rolls in through the open windshield frame and we're stone blind. (If you'd like to experience what this thrill is like, go outdoors some night, put on a pair of goggles and a crash helmet, sit down in a chair and then have someone hit you in the face with a bushel basket of flour—50 times.)

We're on the lake bed, wandering around, stopping every two minutes for the dust to settle and then going on again, when we see the Ford truck stalled directly ahead of us. Wes tries to swing around it, throws up a tremendous cloud of dust and smashes into the driver's door, which has carelessly been left open. Two very dirty, very angry, very large men come round from in front of the truck, where they've been working on the engine, and one kicks the dented door shut.

"Whydonyousonsofbitcheswatchwherethefuckyergoin'!"

"Sorry," we yell through our dust masks and bandannas, hastily backing up

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into the darkness. "Can we give you a hand?"

"No!"

"Well, good night."

The dust is everywhere. In our eyes, up our noses, down our throats, in our ears, down our boots, up our pants legs. It's inescapable. We pass several cars with the dust-covered drivers curled up asleep, probably awaiting dawn's early light to learn where in hell they are and then continue the race. Then, by some miraculous piece of luck, we see the silhouette of Rancho Laguna Chapala against the starry night sky and know we've made it across. I celebrate by breaking out two clean bandannas and a fresh pair of dust masks. Onward, nonstop. The road turns fast and I resume my wigwag hand signals. God help us if I wig when I should wag. At mile 300, we pass a tiny road sign, skid to a halt, back up and read PUNTA PRIETA—10 MILES. Let's go! Sure you don't want me to drive, Wes?

Punta Prieta is a dinky little village that, in its heyday, served as a stopping place for gold miners venturing into the nearby hills. Cattle ranchers have long since replaced the prospectors. We arrive at 10:35 P.M., get the card punched, get gas and check the oil. We've lost nary a drop. El Burro is serving us well. Only 102 miles to El Arco, check point number five, halfway point of the race. Halfway? *Mamma mia!*

The road becomes one dark blur, mile after mile of endlessness. Cactus. Rocks. Dips. Sharp turns. Dust. An occasional car out of the race. About an hour out of Punta Prieta, we come to a junction and three parked dune buggies, the drivers all clustered around, checking a map. "Which way to El Arco?" Wes yells. They point and we're off in that direction. Five miles later, we dead-end into another rancho. The sons of bitches sent us the wrong way. Heading back, we meet two guys from the Saab team who have made the same mistake. We tell them and they swing around. It doesn't pay to give wrong information when running the Baja. The car you send to a dead end may be the first one along just after you've stalled and are begging for a push.

Wes is beginning to tire. I can tell by the way we're slamming around sharp turns and taking sweeping curves with too much sweep. Lights are coming down the road toward us and a minute later an official in a truck pulls up.

"Did you guys see a Revmaster that flipped three times and ran over a couple of Mezzicans?"

"No, but we did see a Revmaster parked about ten miles back. The driver looked like he was asleep."

"See you in La Paz."

At mile 353, I promise myself a treat. When we get to El Arco, I'm going to reward us both by breaking open the giant-sized box of Mason spiced berries I have brought along. Visions of spiced berries dance in my head. The orange ones are cinnamon. The green ones are spearmint. I can taste them right down to the tips of my dust-encrusted cowboy boots. We round a turn in time to see a coyote slink off into the desert. Its eyes glow in the dune buggy's headlights. They're not eyes at all. They're Mason spiced berries. Clove.

By mile 387, my kidneys are beginning to kill me.

"Wes, do you think we could stop for a second . . . ?"

"We're almost to El Arco," he says, lying.

My kidneys begin to feel like two cannon balls. A fellow could injure himself this way.

El Arco at last! I spring from the buggy and race for the bushes, hoping one of those jumping cacti doesn't zap me. Oh, yessss! I'm a new man. Now for those spiced berries. I dig into my duffel bag and come up with a jumbo-sized box, just like the kind you buy at the movies. What? They're Jujubes. Stale Jujubes, no less, hard as pebbles and covered with dust and grime. We wolf them down, anyway, by the handful, along with our Gatorade-and-honey ("It really zazes the ole honey into your blood stream," according to Wes), and top it all off with two or three quick-energy candy bars. Neither of us says much. I think Wes had been looking forward to those Mason spiced berries, too. The time is 1:55 A.M. and Wes reminds me that it's time we got moving.

The road out of El Arco is straight and fast. This is the territory of Baja del Sur, a beautiful, primitive wilderness that very few travelers are fortunate enough to see. I sure wish I could see it instead of nothing but dust and inky blackness. Then, 20 miles on, I discover that I have a problem.

"Wes, *stop*!" There's no mistaking the hysterical note of authority in my voice. Out to the bushes again. Montezuma, belatedly, takes his revenge. Back

"Arnold, why must you always be Dracula? Why can't you occasionally be Wolf Man?"

to the buggy on wobbly legs. Just 53 more miles to San Ignacio, check point number six. Adrenaline and dextrose are surging through us. We're over the hump and into the second half of the race, making great time. We could be in La Paz by noon.

San Ignacio is a beautiful little city with a population of 1400. The dates grown there are still processed the same way the Jesuit padre settlers taught the Indians to do it in 1728. We roar into town at 4:33 A.M., fishtail past the majestic San Ignacio de Kadataman mission, considered the finest example of hand-cut stonework in this hemisphere, and skid sideways into the check point, throwing up stones and gravel. Beautiful place. Wes asks me for the map.

"Here's what we're gonna do," he says, squinting in the beam of our flashlight. "The regular route from San Ignacio to La Purisima, our next check point, is one hundred thirty-four miles, but we're gonna take a short cut and go by way of Santa Rosalia and Mulege over on the Gulf coast."

I look at the map. Santa Rosalia is almost due east of San Ignacio, not farther south. And Mulege is below it, way over on the Gulf coast side of Baja. We're going to be driving all over Baja making right-angle turns, instead of following NORRA's well-marked route straight south. "How long's the short cut?" I ask.

"A hundred eighty-six miles."

I search for words. "Wes, it's four-forty-five in the morning. I've just ridden shotgun over five hundred miles of the world's worst roads, my beard feels like a Brillo pad, my ass is aching, my feet are beginning to swell. Montezuma could stage another sneak attack at any minute, my head feels like it's about to burst inside this goddamn brain bucket and you want to drive fifty-two more miles than we have to and call it a *short cut*? Why?"

"Trust me."

We're off on the world's longest short cut, heading back through San Ignacio and up into the hills, jouncing in and out of huge potholes and around giant boulders big as houses, averaging a brisk ten mph. Twenty-four miles later, I'm seriously considering becoming the first person in history to stage a mutiny aboard a dune buggy, when we come to the summit of a divide called the Cuesta de las Virgenes and begin descending a series of one-lane hairpin switchbacks with 1000-foot drop-offs and no guardrails. It's getting light and the air is fresh and cool. Then, over in the east, I see it. The sea! Santa Rosalia can't be far. As I watch, an orange sun peeps over the horizon, sending its wonderful warming rays over our cramped, cold bodies, chasing the last shadows of that long, chilling night.

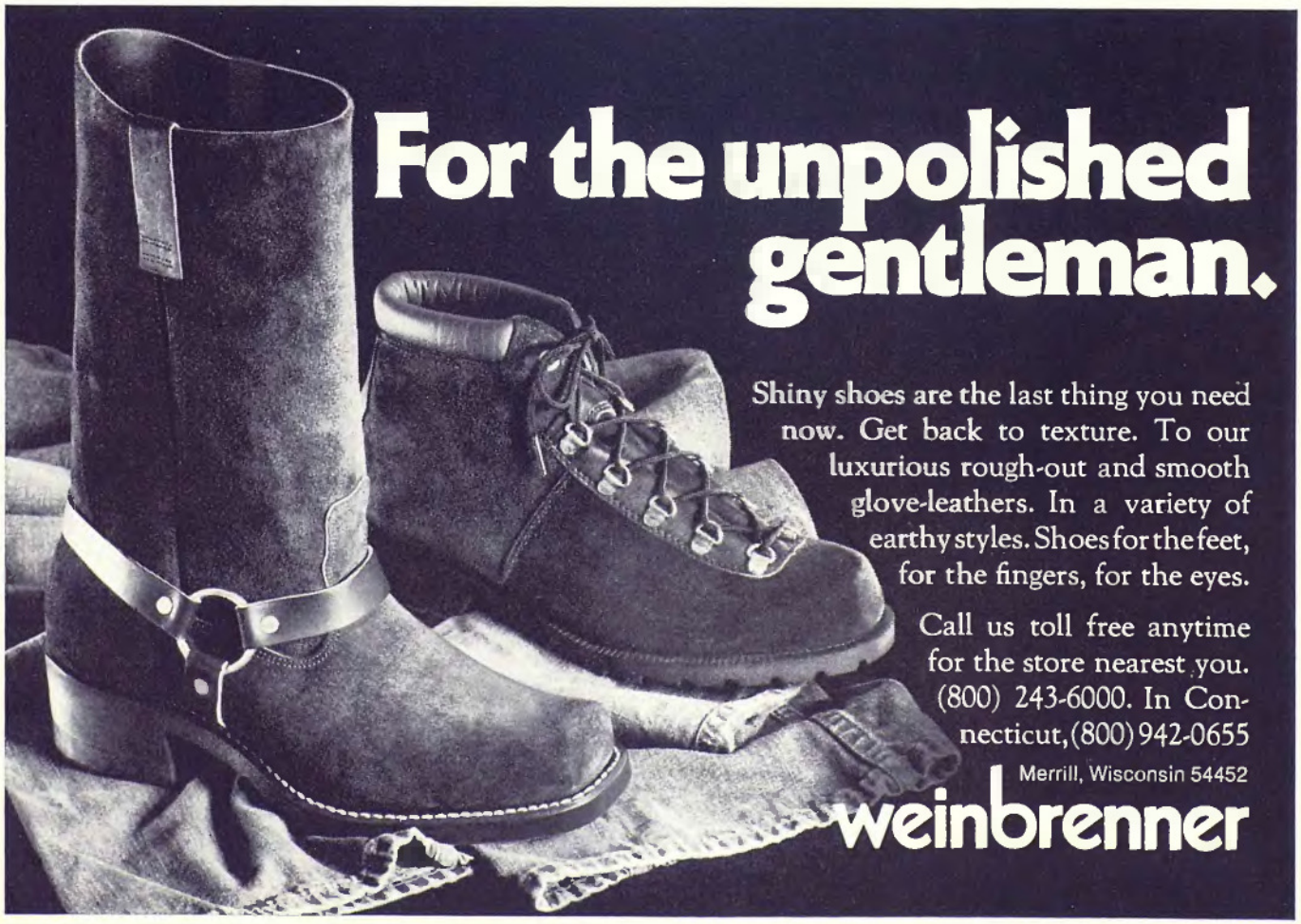
Wes slams on the brakes. There it is. The inevitable Mexican standoff. A soda-pop truck filled with empties is chugging up the hill in first gear directly toward us. The road is one lane and he's got it. To our left is an 800-foot drop-off. To our right is sheer rock with no place to hide. Somebody's got to give. It's us. We back up, up, up. Can he make it? No. Back up some more. At a wide spot, the truck creeps past—an inch away—while we hug the side of the mountain, cursing. Then we take off downhill again and begin another series of hairpin switchbacks that meander down the edge of a huge canyon, the bottom of which, I notice, is dotted with the rusting hulks of cars and trucks that never made it.

Santa Rosalia. Whoopee! The town's just waking up. Let's stop for a cold beer. No answer. We keep going on a flat, gravel, fog-shrouded highway that parallels the calm blue sea a few hundred feet below us to our left. The scene is tranquillity itself.

Ahead, there's a car coming out of an early-morning fog bank, straight for us.

"Watch out, Wes!"

There's no car. Nothing but more fog and this winding gravel road that we're driving along a wee bit too fast. A few



miles later, I see another car. Nothing again. I must be hallucinating—something that happens to almost all Baja racers, usually about two thirds of the way through the run. Before the race, I'd heard dozens of stories:

"Yeah, so my buddy all of a sudden slams on the brakes and we're sittin' in the middle of this friggin' desert, so I ask him what's the matter and he says, 'Ah ain't movin' until that friggin' freight train up there goes by.' "

"That's nothin'! The guy *I* was drivin' with one year thought a cardon cactus was a toll booth, so the sucker pulls up, throws a quarter on the ground, thanks the cactus and drives on. Funny thing is, I loaned him the quarter."

We're in and out of Mulege so fast I forget to look for the famous prison there. Each day, all the prisoners are let out to work in the fields on their own recognizance, knowing that if one tries to escape or commits a crime, all will be punished. Then, at 4:30 P.M. a guard blows a conch shell and they return to their cells. Man, that's *poetic*, my punchy mind keeps repeating over and over to the rhythm of our tires.

We're getting low on gas. Dangerously low. Ahead is El Coyote, a few adobe buildings that look as ramshackle as the name implies. We buy gas from a farmer, then we're off through the desert again, leaving the sea behind us, driving on what the Automobile Club of Southern California ingenuously calls the worst road in Baja. Compared with what we've been through, it's a winner. Wes tells me to keep looking for a rock with a big red arrow painted on it. Sure. We jounce along at 20 mph for about seven miles and then turn back. Must have missed it. Back seven miles with me bent around, looking back to see where the arrow might have been. Nothing. Let's start all over again. We go 14 miles this time and there it is, a big red arrow painted on a rock near a Y in the road. "I'd swear that arrow should be pointing to the right and not the left," says Wes. We sit and think and then decide to play it like the arrow says.

Twenty-two miles later comes the truth; somebody *had* turned the rock around and we should have gone to the right. Forked again. We'd turn around and go back, but we're not sure where we are. "Stop and ask that Mexican!" I yell. We stop. The Mexican's a cactus. Two miles later, I see a little child kneeling in prayer, her head pressed against a cactus. She's a pile of rocks.

In the distance is an adobe rancho. If this is another hallucination, I'll retire to a rubber room. We pull up and an old Mexican woman comes out accompanied by what seems to be a pack of wolves. Which way to La Purisima? That way, she signals. It's back over the mountain we just crossed. Thanks a lot, lady. Car 295, where the fuck are you? We turn toward the mountain and take off, the desert stretching out ahead flat as the bottom of an oven. Twenty miles. Thirty miles. We're not getting any closer. Why doesn't this road take us back over the mountain? This is the way that old woman said to go. If she's lying. . . .

Ahead is a junction with a road sign. We stop. I'm almost afraid to look. Thank God! If we take this right turn, in just 41 kilometers we'll be in La Purisima. A bit late, perhaps, but still in La Purisima, check point number seven. But Wes says no. Keep going, he says. He knows another short cut. Of course. I should have known. OK, Wes, you're the driver.

One hears stories about what happens to guys who race together in the Baja. It seems one team came to a crossroads and couldn't decide which way to go. Words flew. The guys finally jumped from their buggy and beat the shit out of each other for several minutes, then climbed back in and finished the race.

We come to a rise in the road and stop. There's no short cut. There's no highway. There's nothing but millions of miles of desert running on forever. The things Wes mistook for highway poles marking his short cut are really cacti, their tall trunks extending skyward—nature giving us the finger. *Adiós, Vados y Vacas*, I say, throwing our copy to the wind. You're no help now. Back we go to the junction and then up and over the mountain 41 kilometers to La Purisima.

Finally, we see it across the desert—an oasis tent city set up outside the main town just for drivers in the Mexican 1000. We stop—but not to get a better look at our destination. We've run out of gas. In the middle of the desert. At high noon. Out of the dune buggy, off with the helmet and on with an old knit beanie to protect my throbbing head from the brain-boiling rays of the Baja sun. One hour and five minutes later, my tongue turned to pumice, we limp into La Purisima like drunken marionettes. Dazed but undaunted, Wes gets a can of gas and has somebody drive him back to the buggy while I collapse in the shadow of a tent and prop my feet up, waiting for the blood to flow back into my head. I'm just beginning to breathe again when Wes arrives with the buggy all gassed up and ready to go. Two miles out of La Purisima, on the other side of town, we pull up beside a motorcyclist fixing a flat tire. He's about 45, slightly balding and hatless.

"Need any help?"

"No, thanks. Listen, you got any water? I could sure use a drink."

"How about some Gatorade-and-honey?"

"Water'll be fine, thanks. Say, if you make it to La Paz, would you tell my son that Dad is OK and I'll be in sometime late tonight? He's at the Hotel Los Arcos, room twenty-five."

"Sure. Anything else you need? Quick-energy cookies, Sego, No Doz?"

"No, thanks."

At 2:15 P.M. we're into Villa Constitución, check point number eight, driving on pavement again. The last 129 miles of the race are over good old asphalt, a beautiful, modern Mexican highway just like the ones we gringos build. Kids are all over the buggy, asking for our autographs. Somebody shoves a cold Pepsi into my hand. I almost faint from the chill.

We're back onto the pavement, on the homestretch, heading for La Paz. The road is straight, we're chugging along at 65 and there's nothing to break the monotony except the occasional carcass of a cow. The wind rushing through the open windshield frame gives my helmet a slight lift and the strap begins to cut deeper into my chin. I look at Cleaver. His eyes resemble maraschino cherries, his face is the color of warm mud and his fingers have a death grip on the steering wheel. The floor of our dune buggy is covered with two inches of dust. Absurd thoughts ricochet in my head. What if I've lost our check-point card? Cleaver'll kill me. I'll have to hide out in the Baja forever, living off rattlesnakes and buzzards. He'll track me like Javert tracked Jean Valjean.

The last few miles: If Cleaver cracks us up now, I'll track *him* forever; but I think we're going to make it. What's that in the distance? An Indian doing a rain dance? A guy trying to dry his wet T-shirt by flapping it in the breeze? No, it's a man with a black-and-white checkered flag and he's waving it for us. Wahoooo! We beat the Baja: 27 hours, 15 minutes, 34 seconds. Arrival time: 4:10 P.M. I want those figures chiseled onto the face of Mount Rushmore.

Twelve hours later, when I wake up, the parties have already begun—three days of unabashed hell-raising, with everyone swapping stories about what happened out thar in the wilderness. Of the 261 entries, 145 finished; we came in 88th. Not bad for a first try, especially with one guy doing all the driving. In our category, Production Two-Wheel-Drive Buggies, we were 20th out of 28. Wes Cleaver is definitely a driver to watch.

On Sunday, the festivities start to break up. And here comes the kicker: Unless you've arranged to have your car flown or shipped out of La Paz, you have to drive it back up the Baja. And that's what Cleaver is going to do. Will I go along for the ride? Gee, Wes, I'd love to, but I have to get back home and tune up my unicycle for *next* year's 1000. Then you enjoyed the trip? Baja, humbug!

"Another aim of the women's-liberation movement, Mr. Brierley, is to change male-chauvinist attitudes."

DEATH OF LIBERALISM

(continued from page 122)

against this bill, most of them conservatives such as Stennis of Mississippi, Kerr of Oklahoma and McClellan of Arkansas. Only two liberals joined them: Herbert Lehman of New York and John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky. The others, such as Humphrey and Douglas, all went along, still trying to prove their own anti-communism.

In foreign policy, most of the liberals were mute as the CIA helped overthrow the leftist government in Guatemala; mute at the CIA's intervention in Iran; mute about the support for Chiang Kai-shek, Batista, Diem, Trujillo and all the other "free world" dictators; mute as the arms budget grew geometrically. And without the intellectuals to provide a better example, without sustained criticism and analysis from the left, the liberal Democrats enlisted as privates in the Cold War to prove themselves as tough-minded and "realistic" as John Foster Dulles. But they were too clever by half.

When they woke up, the permanent war economy and the military-industrial complex were an impregnable reality. Their own anti-Communist rhetoric became the official justification and sanction for Vietnam and the Bay of Pigs. And a new generation wanted to hold them accountable for their actions.

What I've tried to say here is not that the liberals should have acted like radicals during the Fifties but that they didn't even act like liberals. They weren't true to their own tradition of Jefferson, Holmes and Brandeis. They didn't take any risks in defense of freedom and reason once the McCarthy juggernaut got rolling. They informed and compromised and voted freedoms away just like the moderates and the reactionaries. And that's what all the jabber about "the end of ideology" and "new consensus" was really all about.

Something else, something much less obvious, also happened to liberalism during the Fifties. It wasn't just that the Big Ideas of the old liberalism were wrong. It wasn't just that the politicians flunked the test of McCarthyism and that the intellectuals fought the Cold War as mindlessly as the generals. But the Democratic Party, the essential instrument of liberalism, began to abandon the working masses and became suburban and elitist. And it did this during a time when the grinding cycle of poverty still persisted beneath the surface of affluence, during a time of a flagging economic growth and two mini-recessions.

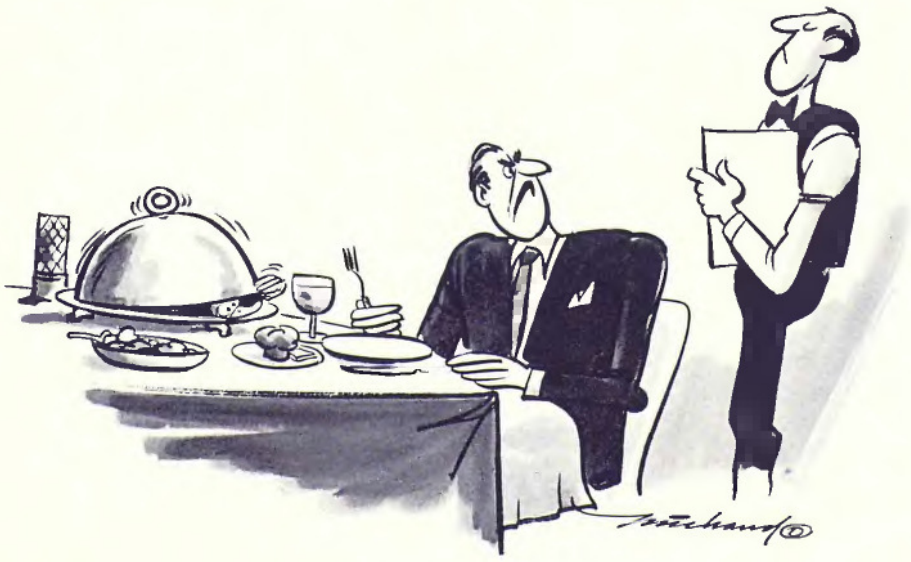
The Populists had attacked the bankers and special interests with a holy passion. The Progressives had assailed the monopolies and the big trusts. F. D. R. had attacked the "economic royalists." Harry Truman had made the "plutocrats" a central issue in 1948. But Adlai Stevenson kept himself aloof from the issue and after him Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey bent over backward to show they weren't the slightest bit antagonistic to big business. And this trend away from the blue-collar worker, away from the people who worked with their hands, began in the early Fifties.

On the issues of the Cold War and civil liberties, Adlai Stevenson conducted himself better than most public figures of his time. He was an attractive man of personal taste and decency. His campaign speeches, often drafted by John Kenneth Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger, danced with wit and elegant phrases. He was a magnificent Tory. But beginning with Stevenson's two Presidential campaigns, the Democrats began the slow process of disengaging from the needs and hopes of the white lower middle class. Part of it was Stevenson's patrician style, the impression he gave of not really liking people or politics. And part of it was programmatic. Stevenson didn't talk much about economic problems—what the pols like to call "bread-and-butter issues." He was very good defending the United Nations or proposing a nuclear-test-ban treaty; but one rereads his old speeches, looking in vain for sustained passion over raising the minimum wage, or attacking price-fixing by giant corporations, or building more low-income housing, or pushing tax reform to help families earning under $10,000 a year.

In 1954, Irving Howe wrote an excellent essay in *Dissent* that tried to deflate the Stevenson cult, then so powerful among literary and liberal intellectuals. "Stevenson," Howe wrote, "was the first of the liberal candidates in the post-Wilson era who made no effort to align himself with the plebeian tradition or plebeian sentiments. . . . Just as Stevenson bewitched the intellectuals by miming, from on high, their political impulses, so did he fail to attract very much enthusiasm among the workers. By and large, they voted for him, but with little of the fervor they felt for Roosevelt and Truman. . . . Truman was one of the plebes, and after his triumph over Dewey, there was a remarkable elation in the Detroit auto plants. . . . A striking characteristic of Stevenson's campaign, as distinct from Roosevelt's or Truman's, was that he did not speak in the name of the poor or the workers. . . . The conservative press was always delighted to praise him for not indulging in Truman's 'demagogy'; that is, for not employing Truman's 'anti-plutocrat' vocabulary."

Howe correctly pointed out that "Truman was, if anything, slightly to the left of Stevenson." But the intellectuals fell in love with Stevenson for reasons that I cannot fully understand even now. Part of it might have been Stevenson's world-weariness, his civilized stance of being above politics—beyond ideology—that the intellectuals identified with. Part of it was surely Stevenson's personality, a compelling mixture of reason and wit. What is so hard to understand is why the liberals and intellectuals didn't lavish their affection on Stevenson's great rival, Estes Kefauver, a better liberal and a better politician. Kefauver, who stood in the tradition of Southern Populism, did talk about the things the workers cared about, and if he had been nominated in 1952 or 1956, I think the Democratic Party might not have begun the process of alienating the white workers who now vote for Wallace and cheer for Agnew.

Kefauver, bereft of polish or style, or



"I asked for the Peking duck!"

the tragic quality the intellectuals saw in Stevenson, fought hard for the people Dos Passos liked to call "the working stiffs." Kefauver led the fight to prevent the "private power crowd" from taking over the Tennessee Valley Authority. He attacked the steel industry and the auto industry for overpricing. He beat the giant drug lobby and made the big companies lower the prices of medicines for the sick and the aged. In 1950, Congress passed the Celler-Kefauver Act, an anti-trust law, and, in 1962, Kefauver got Congress to tighten the pure-food-and-drug laws. In the Senate, he opposed the seniority system and, in what was perhaps his most famous crusade, he went after the Mafia in 1950, even though it embarrassed a lot of big-city Democrats and helped retire Mayor O'Dwyer of New York City.

But Kefauver was poor, and his crusades antagonized all the powerful interests that share control of the Democratic Party. His crime-busting hearings upset the big-city machines. His maverick voting record frightened the party regulars. His folksy, coonskin-hat style turned off the intellectuals. So he was never nominated for President, even though in 1952 he went directly to the people and won 13 primaries and lost one, and came to the convention with the largest bloc of delegates. He had run that spring in the New Hampshire primary and defeated President Truman, who had not yet announced his decision not to run. But at the convention, the big-city leaders, the unions and President Truman and the party establishment helped nominate the man who had not entered a single primary—Adlai Stevenson.

From 1960 to 1968, the liberal Democrats had a chance to govern again. But throughout that whole time, they were unable to think up a single large programmatic idea that ventured beyond the formulas of the New Deal. It required Richard Nixon to propose the Family Assistance Program. Liberalism became a set of bureaucratic routines to defend, rather than a new vision to fight for. In fact, the blue-suited army of liberal bureaucrats and technocrats found ways to make things even worse for the working stiffs.

They made things worse, first, by building up ghetto hopes with a symphony of speeches promising an end to poverty. But when the poverty program turned out to be just another patronage hustle (which is precisely what happened—the money went to bureaucrats, sociologists and contractors), the disappointed hopes fell back into rage and the aroused expectations of a better tomorrow exploded in the streets.

In August of 1970, Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon finally blew the whistle on the poverty hucksters. She said that billions of dollars intended for the poor had been diverted into private

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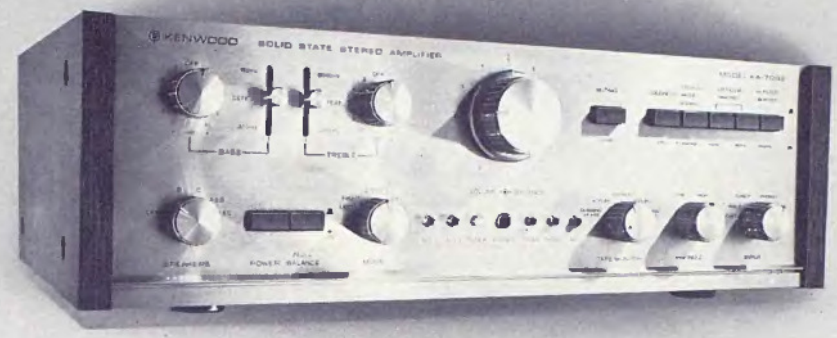

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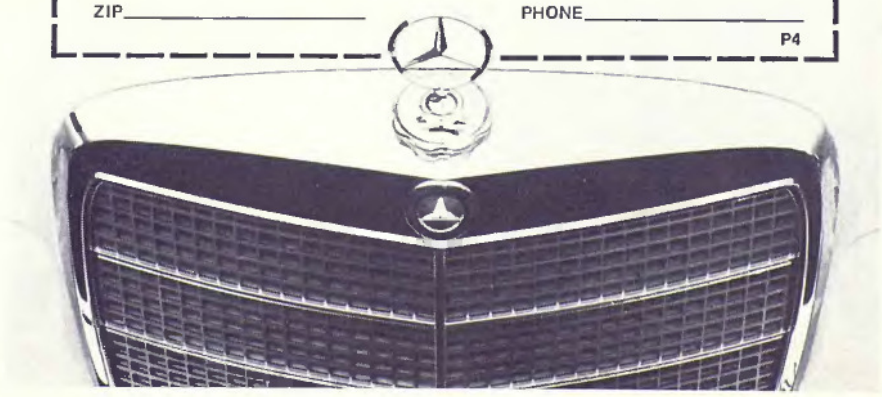
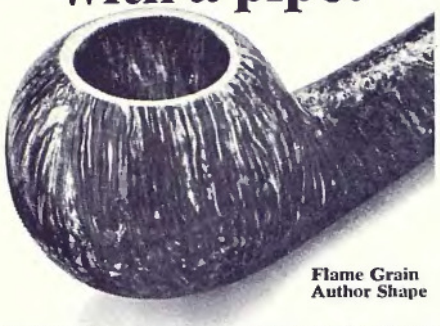


9 tips on how to start and stay with a pipe.



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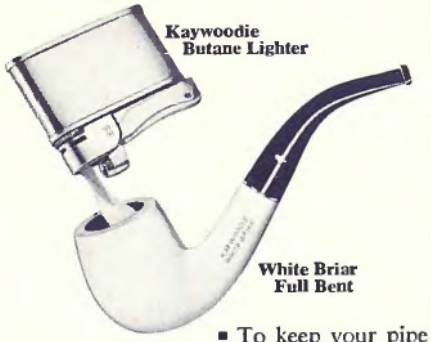
■ Pack your pipe firmly. Neither too tight, nor too loose.

■ Light your pipe twice. After the first light, tamp down ¼". Light up a second time. Cover the bowl and draw in. This spreads the embers for an even light.



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research companies "more interested in profits than poverty." Much of the money, she said, went to $100-a-day consultants, "many of whom used to be high-level Government officials in Washington." She added: "Since 1965, OEO has spent over $500,000,000 on studies conducted by experts on research and evaluation of the poor. Most of the anti-poverty money never gets in the hands of the poor."

The liberal Democrats also made things worse by ignoring the very real problems of the millions of white workers who earn between $5000 and $10,000 a year. These families are not part of the media's "affluent society." Although they see all the products of that abundance—cars, appliances, jet planes—each day on television, the only way for them to share the affluence is to go broke. The white lower class saw no new anti-poverty programs launched in their run-down neighborhoods. In New York City, John Lindsay set up neighborhood task forces for all the black and Puerto Rican communities in 1966, but he didn't start them in low-income white sections until after he began to run for re-election in 1969. What the liberals failed to do, while they had the chance to govern, was devise programs such as national health insurance, or a guaranteed annual wage, or air-pollution control, or free day-care centers, programs that helped blacks and poor whites alike. Instead, they pushed piecemeal programs for blacks (busing, for example)—programs that didn't work.

By promising and not delivering to the blacks and by forgetting the low-income whites, the liberal Democrats managed to anger and polarize both halves of the other America. Although in power for eight years, they failed to make any significant improvement in the day-to-day life of America's 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 poor. Blue-collar whites and slum blacks competed bitterly for the same scarce jobs and the same scarce admissions to colleges, while the aerospace corporations, the oil industry, the insurance companies, the defense contractors, the conglomerates and the large banks continued to make immense profits. And the Federal regulatory agencies—the ICC, FCC, FTC, FDA—continued to be dominated by the very industries and corporations they were supposed to be supervising in the name of the consumers. And all the while, the sullen resentment among the people we would come to call the Silent Majority began to rise and swell. They might not have gone to Harvard, but they could see what was going on.

They saw those liberal professors drafting plans that would make the sons of steelworkers and the daughters of secretaries bear the brunt of school integration, while the professors' own kids were

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going to exclusive private schools or all-white public schools in the suburbs. They saw the liberal bureaucrats construct all those anti-poverty programs for Watts and Harlem but none for the white sections of Akron or Utica or Gary. They heard the Kerner Commission tell them the number-one problem in America was "white racism," while their children couldn't get into college, and they owed money on the house, and there were layoffs at the plant. They saw the faddish media romanticize the Woodstock Nation while ignoring their own culture of bowling alleys, Merle Haggard and stock-car racing.

The elitism of the liberal intellectuals reached its apotheosis with Eugene McCarthy's campaign in the spring of 1968. Not since the first campaign of Adlai Stevenson did the liberal eggheads so adore a living politician. Everyone, it seemed, from George Kennan and Murray Kempton to Simon & Garfunkel, was on the hustings stumping for Clean Gene.

I campaigned hard for Robert Kennedy that spring for several reasons, the most important being that he understood that poverty was the heart of the matter. He communicated his passion to the white working masses, and this made it possible to forge a new majority of the victimized. Kennedy, like Kefauver, offered liberalism a second chance to stand again with Roosevelt's "one third of a nation." ironworkers as well as Indians, cops as well as *chicanos*. McCarthy, on the other hand, wasn't comfortable in the company of the poor—black or white. He twice told audiences in Oregon that "the educated people vote for me, and the less educated people vote for my opponent, and I think you ought to bear that in mind as you go to the polls here on Tuesday."

Shortly after Robert Kennedy was murdered, Paul Cowan wrote a piece for *The Village Voice* describing George Wallace campaigning in the small textile towns around Boston. He quoted several of the Irish Catholic workers who had come to cheer Wallace as saying that they had originally preferred Robert Kennedy. He quoted one Wallace enthusiast as saying of Kennedy, "He wasn't like the other politicians. I had the feeling he really cared about people like us." Cowan, who had not supported Kennedy, concluded by writing, "I realized for the first time how important Robert Kennedy's candidacy had been. He was the last liberal politician who could communicate with white working-class America."

The conventional wisdom, from *The New Republic* to the *National Review*, now has it that the ethnic workers have moved to the right in backlash against student demonstrators, hippies and blacks. Although that, of course, has been a factor, I don't believe it's been the major factor. The workers have gone to the right because the old liberalism has made their life worse—worse with inflation, worse with bureaucracy, worse with Vietnam, worse by ignoring them and making promises to the blacks. And quietly laughing at their life style ("greasers, hicks, Philistines") all the while.

"Looking for your ball, honey?"

Yet the record shows that when new-style Populists have attempted to talk directly to the blue-collar class, they've been remarkably successful. The white workers are open to a fresh alternative to Wallace, but old-fashioned liberals can't provide that alternative because their past record of mistakes robs them of credibility.

In 1968, I watched Robert Kennedy win the Indiana and Nebraska primaries. These are not liberal states. He won by standing up and shouting in places such as New Albany and South Bend, Indiana, standing up in the town squares with his shirttail hanging out and his hair flopping into his eyes and shouting about taxes and war and priorities and local control. And he won every backlash county in Indiana that had gone for George Wallace in 1964.

In 1969, 44-year-old Pete Flaherty was elected the new mayor of Pittsburgh, a tough steel town that is not known as a bastion of reform. He won in a campaign that forged a coalition of blacks, students and low-income whites behind his attacks on the "Mellons and Carnegies," the "union bosses" and the "corrupt political machine." The day after Flaherty was elected, with 59 percent of the vote, *The Pittsburgh Press* carried this description of his headquarters: "At one stage in the night, the oldest person to be found in a Flaherty vote-counting room was 19 years old. Typical of the youthful Flaherty followers was Barbara Lembersky, 19, a Pitt student from Squirrel Hill. She had been typing, stuffing envelopes and talking up her man for months. 'I like the way he responds to people' was the reason she gave for her loyalty. And then there was the 55-year-old man who voted for Wallace for President, and then threw his support to Pete for mayor. 'I just wanted to rock the boat,' he explained."

In November of 1970, despite all the predictions of a national right-wing trend, economic liberals William Proxmire and Philip Hart were returned to the Senate and John Gilligan was elected governor of Ohio. Bella Abzug, Father Robert Drinan and Ron Dellums were elected to the House. Those candidates who sounded most like they were running for sheriff of Tombstone—California's George Murphy and Illinois' Ralph Tyler Smith, for example—were soundly defeated.

Let me try to be more concrete about what I mean by a new Populist program. The enormous wealth of America is unequally distributed among its citizens: Twenty percent of American families earn between $1000 and $4000 a year, and 75 percent of these families are white. Our laws and institutions—from expense accounts to bail and the cost of lawyers and doctors to the influence of

lobbyists to the tax structure—all favor the rich. We have an economic system that housing expert Charles Abrams has described as "socialism for the rich and free enterprise for the poor." This is how Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas put it in his book *Points of Rebellion*: "The great welfare scandal of the age concerns the dole we give rich people. Percentage depletion for oil interests is, of course, the most notorious. . . . When we get deeply into the subject we learn that the cost of public housing for the poorest 20 percent of the people is picayune compared to the Federal subsidy of the housing costs of the wealthiest 20 percent. . . . The 1968 Report of the National Commission on Civil Disorders tells us that during a 30-year period when the Federal Government was subsidizing 650,000 units of low-income housing, it provided invisible supports, such as cheap credit and tax deductions, for the construction of more than 10,000,000 units of middle- and upper-class housing. . . . Like examples are numerous in our tax laws, each marking a victory for some powerful lobby. The upside-down welfare state helps the rich get richer and the poor, poorer."

The litany of tax injustices is endless. As we know, there are millionaires who pay no taxes at all, while poor people sometimes go into debt to pay their taxes. Yet this tax system grew more unequal when liberal Democrats such as Kennedy and Johnson were in power. It would seem to me that the first plank in a new Populist platform would be a radical restructuring of our tax laws; an end to Government subsidies for giant corporations and industries; an increase in corporate, real-estate, inheritance, stock-transfer and bank-assets taxes; and the reduction of taxes for all families earning less than $10,000 a year. The beneficiaries of such reforms would be mostly blue-collar families, whose lives now can be wrecked by sudden illness, death, unemployment or divorce. Recently, such families have voted their fears because so few politicians have offered the countervailing incentive of a larger share of America's affluence. The only possible way to compete with a Nixon or a Wallace, who appeals to their racism and paranoia, is to appeal directly to their pocketbooks, to their self-interest.

In this bewildering time of simultaneous inflation and recession, I find it incomprehensible that no Democratic Presidential candidate has mounted a campaign to raise the national minimum wage to $2.75 or $3.00 an hour. (The Louis Harris public-opinion survey of August 27, 1970, showed that "21 percent of the nation's households have experienced a layoff, or a cut in overtime, or a reduction of the regular work week. Coupled with rises in the cost of living, this cut in take-home pay has led 30 percent of the American people to conclude that their standard of living today is lower than it was a year ago. . . . Young people in the $5000 to $10,000 income bracket report having been hardest hit.")

Let me suggest two more forgotten areas where a Populist movement might do some good. One is the alphabet soup of Federal regulatory agencies. Many of them were started during the New Deal to protect the ordinary consumer from price fixing, inferior products, misleading advertising and other corporate abuses. Ralph Nader and his Raiders have now published three books on these agencies and they contain all the evidence—hard, cold facts—anyone needs to prove that these bureaucracies have all been failures.

A book on the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), by Robert Fellmeth, documents how the ICC has become "an elephant's graveyard for political hacks," how the public is excluded from the decision-making process, how important studies of transportation problems have been suppressed, how railroad mergers are rubber-stamped, how conglomerates cheat the consumer, how truck-driving safety regulations go unenforced, how rate bureaus encourage monopolistic price fixing. A report by Nader Raiders Fellmeth, Edward Cox and John Schulz asserted, "There is little doubt that tooth pastes, mouthwashes, deodorants, cleansers, soaps and so on are priced between five and twenty times their cost of production. The American people must eventually grow tired of paying one dollar for a tube of tooth paste that costs no more than 15 cents to make."

Nader's associate John Esposito has revealed that Consolidated Edison of New York pays its board chairman more in salary in a single year than it spent on pollution-control research in the past five years; and another associate, James Turner, has claimed that Caltec Citrus paid a fine of $6000 when it was charged with adulterating and watering its orange juice. Estimated company profits as a result of this practice were $1,000,000.

The point seems clear. Many huge corporations are cheating consumers, mostly low-income people, and the Federal regulatory agencies aren't doing much about it, though such protection is supposed to be their only function. If some ballsy liberal politician, armed with these facts, would go to the white workers in Gary, Indiana, or Muskegon, Michigan, I think he would find a receptive audience. But instead, most liberals repeat the stale slogans of the New Frontier and the New Deal, and pander to the backlash by promising to "stop coddling criminals." Meanwhile, they coddle the corporations, which are stealing much more—and getting away with it.

Another problem area the unions and the traditional politicians have ignored is industrial safety. According to the Department of Labor, 2,000,000 injuries and 14,000 deaths occur every year in the workplace. And according to Nader, who is preparing a book on the subject, many companies suppress or underestimate their accident statistics. Nader says, for example, that a large beryllium producer warned a company doctor that he would be fired if he published a report on beryllium poisoning among employees of the factory.

Many of the deaths and diseases that strike industrial workers are caused by the environment they work in. Steelworkers get silicosis, a condition that causes paroxysms of coughing. More than 100,000 of the country's 1,000,000 textile workers have contracted byssinosis, or brown lung disease, caused by inhaling cotton dust. And many thousands of coal miners suffer from pneumoconiosis, or black lung.

Unions such as the United Mine Workers (U. M. W.) have been as much accessories to this slow murder as the mine-owners and the politicians. According to the August 17, 1970, *Newsweek*, "The generally unimpressive industrial record in the U. S. has a good many causes, none of them reflecting much credit on those responsible. Union leaders too often are willing to barter safety for a wage hike. Employers tend to try to coax a little more life from worn-out and unsafe machinery. State safety standards are too often antiquated and ineffective, and there aren't enough inspectors to enforce the ones on the books."

A tax system that favors the rich and punishes the poor. Federal regulatory agencies dominated by rich corporations, and factories and mines that killed more Americans in 1969 than the war in Vietnam: These are a sorry bunch of monuments to be left by the liberal Democrats, who have governed us for so much of the past 40 years.

The remedies are as obvious as they are radical. In Galbraith's concise and precise words, the cures lie in "taxing the rich, regulating private enterprise and redeeming power and policy from military and civilian bureaucracy."

Amen.

• • •

I'd like to conclude with a few personal notes. I used to be a liberal anti-Communist myself. My first vote, at the age of 22, went to John Kennedy in 1960, and my first enrollment was in New York's Liberal Party. But I quickly began to learn the limits of that school of politics. Liberal pundits have often attributed the alienation of my generation to a variety of causes, from the bomb to the murder of John Kennedy. But, in fact, it was Kennedy's policies that began to make me a radical.

On the mild April night on which Cuba was invaded in 1961, I was a copy

"Just what do you want, fella, good grandma or good taste?"

boy on the late New York *Daily Mirror*. I was in the wire room when the first bulletins about the landing at the Bay of Pigs arrived, heralded by jingling bells on the A. P. machine. I couldn't believe it. Fidel was a hero to me. How could J. F. K. do it? I felt so enraged, so betrayed, that I burned the first five takes of copy, and was, of course, fired on the spot. The next few days, I stayed home and watched Adlai Stevenson, then–U. S. ambassador to the United Nations, lie his head off about America's role in the invasion. And so I began to learn what liberalism was all about.

In the next year, I heard Bob Dylan sing at Folk City in the Village. Then I met Tom Hayden and became a charter member of SDS. I began to read the books and pamphlets of C. Wright Mills. I met Bob Moses and Chuck McDew and the rest of the first generation of SNCC organizers. And I got the flash that there was something out there, beyond the frontiers of the New Frontier, that was more humane, more gutsy and more creative.

I spent the rest of the Sixties getting disappointed by established liberals. When we officially launched SDS in June of 1962, Michael Harrington and the old-time socialists in the League for Industrial Democracy Red-baited us, changed the lock on our offices on East 19th Street and prohibited us from distributing our founding manifesto, the "Port Huron Statement." We were hardly much more than militant liberals then, and the Port Huron document didn't even mention socialism, or imperialism, or violence. But anti-Communist paranoia strikes deep in the Old Left. We called only for "nonviolence" and the "realignment of the political parties" and "participatory democracy," and echoed Mills's idea of the university as the new catalyst of social change. But the oldtime socialists on the L. I. D. board treated us the way the sweatshop owners treated union organizers in the Twenties—they locked us out and called us Reds.

In August of 1964, I stood on the honky-tonk boardwalk at Atlantic City in a vigil for the domestics and poor farmers of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (M. F. D. P.), who asked to be seated instead of the racist regulars, who were really for Barry Goldwater anyway, at the Democratic National Convention. We held up pictures of the martyred Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Mickey Schwerner, and sang freedom songs all day and all night. For a few heady hours, it seemed that the M. F. D. P. had enough votes inside the credentials committee to force an open floor fight in front of the television cameras. But then the liberals were informed by L. B. J. that Humphrey might not get the nomination for Vice-President if they didn't quell the M. F. D. P. rebellion.

The choice was clear—stand with the poor, semiliterate blacks of rural Mississippi or stand by Hubert Horatio Humphrey. The liberals chose Humphrey. One by one, they came before the M. F. D. P. caucus in an old church, urging the delegation to accept a symbolic compromise of two voting seats at the convention. Bayard Rustin, Walter Reuther, Roy Wilkins, Wayne Morse, Joe Rauh, they all made this spineless pitch. There was no floor fight. The 11 votes on the credentials committee melted away under the pressure. And Fannie Lou Hamer went home to Ruleville, Mississippi.

Then came the invasion of the Dominican Republic, black power, student power, the escalation of the war in Vietnam and, finally, the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Hubert Humphrey and George Meany always seemed to be playing tackle for the other side. The 1968 convention was the clearest example of the corruption of the old liberalism. There was Hubert, finally being nominated for President on the votes of union delegates, and on a pro-war platform. There was Hubert, being advised by Bayard Rustin, and being courted for the Vice-Presidential nomination by Muskie, Fred Harris and Shriver. And there were the police, beating up kids, medics, reporters, anything that moved, on the streets. There was Hubert, making a florid acceptance speech that didn't even mention the Chicago police, making it behind weapons carriers and barbed wire; and a few hours later, there were the police, beating up Eugene McCarthy's staff inside their hotel rooms. It was like a phony apocalyptic ending to a bad big-budget movie.

But there was to be a crazy coda—the Chicago conspiracy trial. In February of 1970, five of the Chicago Eight, later called Seven, were convicted in a "compromise verdict," and all eight were put in jail by Judge Julius Hoffman on contempt charges. We didn't know then if they would be released on bail. Along with my friends Paul Cowan and Paul Gorman, I dropped everything I was working on and began to visit and telephone any liberal I knew who had some influence, in an effort to organize public pressure for the defendants' release. Of the eight, I regarded only Hayden as a close friend, while of the others, I considered Jerry Rubin, for example, personally and politically obnoxious. But I thought it was a question of civil liberties, and that influential liberals would respond on that basis.

I phoned Ted Kennedy twice, but I couldn't interest him in making any kind of statement, even the most moderate one on the narrow issue of bail. Gorman got the brush-off from Eugene McCarthy, for whom he wrote speeches during the 1968 campaign. Cowan called columnist James Wechsler and was given a lecture on how the defendants and their lawyers had behaved so miserably, how they "wanted to lose," how "their antics were disgusting."

It was like watching an instant replay of the Fifties, when the collapse of the vital center made McCarthyism possible. Now the liberal center was caving in again, as soon as things began to get a bit rough.

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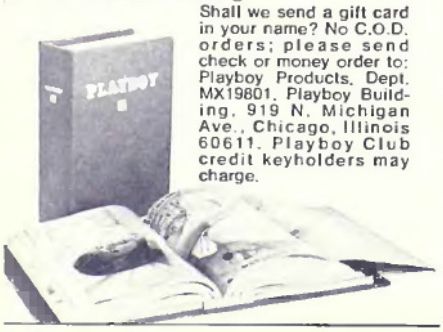

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In the months immediately after the conspiracy trial, the middle continued to disintegrate under the energetic attack of the right. The television networks were intimidated by Agnew's speeches into defensive banality. *Commentary* published an article by Walter Goodman implying that Agnew's demagoguery in the 1970 campaign marked the harmless outer limit of Nixonian repression. Tom Wolfe published an influential article that, in Pete Hamill's apt words, "made it fashionable to sneer at the oppressed." And Hubert Humphrey repudiated his former support for gun-control legislation.

When black and *chicano* and Indian militants get jailed and shot, it's an invisible event, and the center doesn't even feel obliged to organize a defense committee anymore. Can anyone remember the names of the two blacks killed at Jackson State? Or even the white student killed by police at Santa Barbara?

I am not an ideologue. There is no single system of thought that seems nearly adequate to me. I'm much more comfortable dealing with the concrete than with the abstract. I can define myself only as a radical and as a democrat, as an activist and a skeptic. I have tried to argue here that the old orthodoxy of Cold War Liberalism is used up, that it is a dying hand on the present. I have also suggested that we need to rediscover a usable past within America to help chart a radical future.

If I have learned anything these years since the night I burned the first news of the Bay of Pigs, it is that movements make history; movements with ordinary citizens, and not organizations or personalities. People in motion generating energy move time forward. There are a variety of such mass movements in the American experience that we might identify with and learn from: The American Revolution itself, with its models of Tom Paine and Sam Adams. The abolitionists, the Populists and the socialism of Eugene Debs. Susan Anthony and the feminist movement that won the vote. The black radicalism of W. E. B. Du Bois, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King. The literary radicalism of Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Lincoln Steffens and Heywood Broun. And an older liberalism, symbolized by Fiorello LaGuardia and Louis Brandeis, committed to liberty and equality, before it became spoiled by McCarthyism and the petty compromises of power. And a tradition not recently much in fashion—the wobblies of Joe Hill. Perhaps we should confront Nixon and his band of Babbitts from behind the banner the I. W. W. displayed during the triumphant textile strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1912: "BREAD AND ROSES TOO."

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Li e Annie Fanny
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS exploits women
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
BY HARVEY KU
TODAY WE DISCOVE OUR ANNIE, HER CRAZY FRIEND WAN MEFREE! WANDA, WHO IS VERY ACTIVE SEXIST SOCIETY LIBERATIO OF ALL WOMEN SEX OBJECTS A SEX IS M SEXISM IN OUR MALE IS CHAUVINIST PIG IMAGINE TO OUR SURPRIS ANNIE D ENDS UP NUDE!
JOIN THE SISTERS, ANNIE! WE'RE PASTING WOMEN'S-LIBERATION STICKERS ON EVERYTHING!
LICK!
SPLAT!
NOTICE HOW IT HASSLES THE MALE-CHAUVINIST PIGS THAT THEY CAN'T MAKE US WEAR BRAS ANYMORE.
WIBBLE! WOBBLE! WIBBLE!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, SISTERS?
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH THE FAMED MACSWOGGLE'S BAR, WHERE NO WOMAN HAS SET FOOT FOR ONE HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS.
WHY SHOULD WE TOIL IN THE KITCHEN WHILE THEY'RE OUT TIPPLING? WHY CAN'T WE HAVE WHATEVER MEN HAVE-
-FREEDOM, EQUALITY, CIRRHOSIS OF THE LIVER!
URP! I THINK I GOT SICK DRINKING TO YOUR HEALTH.
WHO SAYS I'M A PROBLEM DRINKER! I DRINK... I FALL DOWN! NO PROBLEM!
MA FEMME NE ME COMPREND PAS.
OF COURSE NOT, IDIOT! LEARN HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH!
ANY MAN IN THE HOUSE CAN LICK ME!
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR BERNIE TO CHANGE ANALYSTS!
LIBERTY LOAN
LUSITANIA
HOW'S THE "OLD CROW"?
FINE! HOW'S YOUR WIFE?

LICK!
SPLAT!
LICK!
SPLAT!
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS exploits women
LICK!
SPLAT!
FREE LUNCH
THIS WAY TO SUPER-PEEP SUPER-SCOPE SUPER-WEIZINSKI
GROPOSCOPE
ATSA SPICY MEAT BALL
SOMEBOOY HELP ME! I CAN'T STOP PUTTING IN QUARTERS!
ON TO THE PORNO SHOPS, SISTERS!
PORNO SHOPS?
THE PORNOGRAPHY SHOPS ··· LOWEST FORM OF SEXIST EXPLOITATION OF WOMEN!
MERCHANDISE TORN OR DROOLED ON MUST BE PURCHASED
BOOKS
ALL SHOWS GUARANTEED X-RATED
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT DO YOU CARRY "U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT"?
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I KNOW WHAT SUPER-PEEP IS! I KNOW WHAT SUPER-SCOPE IS! BUT WHAT'S SUPER-WEIZINSKI?
SPEAKING.
I DON'T LIKE TO BE SEEN HERE EITHER, MURRAY, BUT THAT DISGUISE IS RIDICULOUS!
DO YOU HAVE ANY GET-WELL CARDS FOR A TRANSVESTITE UNCLE WITH A GALOSHES FIXATION?
NO LOITERING
MAKE YOUR PURCHASE AND CRAWL OUT.
THIS IS DISGUSTING. HOW DO I GET IN TOUCH WITH THE HEAD OF THE CITY VICE SQUAD?
SPEAKING.
CLIMAXSCOPE WITH SOUND
UNH!
UNH!
UNH!
UNH!
UNH!
AKK!
YIK!

LICK! LICK! LICK!
SPLAT!
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS exploits women
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
SEXUALLY ~~SOCIALLY~~ REDEEMING
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
THIS exploits women
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
FORWARD TO OUR NEXT STOP, SISTERS... THE EXCLUSIVE MANHATTAN MEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB!
IF THEY'LL LET US EXERCISE BEHIND THEIR BROOMS, THEY SHOULD LET US EXERCISE INSIDE THEIR CLUBS.
THE WOMEN ARE COMING! THE WOMEN ARE COMING!
GAD! WHAT HAVE THEY LET INTO THE CLUB NOW!
(SIGH) IS THERE NO PRIVACY LEFT FOR THE RED-BLOODED AMERICAN WASP?
HAVE THEY LET SOME SCRUFFY FOREIGNERS IN?
SVEN! RUB A LITTLE MORE MAYONNAISE IN MY BACK!
WHERE'S MY PHONE? WHERE'S MY LAWYER? WHERE'S MY RUBBER DUCKIE?
ANGLO-SAXON ARYAN
IT'S WORSE THAN SCRUFFY FOREIGNERS! IT'S WOMEN!
EEK!
EEK!
RUN!
S-STOP THEM! THE ONLY WOMAN WHO'S SEEN ME NAKED IS MOTHER!
ISN'T IT TIME WE WASPS STOPPED CALLING OUR WIVES "MOTHER"?

LICK!
SPLAT!
LICK!
SPLAT!
MOO GOO GAI PAN!
VICTORY! THE LOCKER ROOM IS OURS! WE'VE GOT THEM CORNERED IN THEIR SANCTUM SANCTORUM!
BETTY FRIEDAN for PRESIDENT
STEAM ROOM
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN

STRIP, SISTERS!
WE'RE ABOUT TO OCCUPY MAN'S MOST HALLOWED GROUND... THE M.M.A.C. STEAM ROOM!

LICK!
SPLAT!
DOUBLE SPLAT!

LEAPIN'
LIZARDS!
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
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