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APRIL 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

SPRING & SUMMER
FASHION FORECAST

A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
WITH ARNOLD TOYNBEE

A READER POLL FOR
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

THREE WAYS TO END THE
PERSONAL INCOME TAX
BY BISHOP PIKE, JACK
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PLAYBILL APRIL is, indeed, the cruellest month—in a way the late expatriate poet T. S. Eliot, who so described it, quite probably did not have in mind: In April of last year, 76,000,000 Americans forked over 53 billion dollars as their annual tribute to the IRS, and this year it's due to be worse. *PLAYBOY* readers in particular—because of their relatively high incomes—will feel the bite especially painfully. And needlessly, as this issue's tripartite takeout on *How to Abolish the Personal Income Tax* makes abundantly and unarguably clear. The articles that comprise it were written for *PLAYBOY* by, respectively, a well-known crime reporter, a controversial churchman and a syndicated columnist. From Drew Pearson's partner in crime detection, Jack Anderson, comes *Tax the Oil Companies*, a courageous plea to introduce equity in the oil industry/tax code buddyship. Bishop James A. Pike, author of *Tax Organized Religion*, is the Episcopal theologian whose attempts to reduce Christian dogma to its essentials have brought him, four times, to the brink of as unlikely an event as an Episcopal heresy trial. That Pike—who last year resigned as Bishop of California to become a resident member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara—should be known principally as a doubter of such doctrines as Original Sin and the Trinity makes him no less qualified to examine politico-religious problems such as church taxation. The proposal, in *Tax Organized Crime*, to rechannel some of the billions of dollars involved in "institutions" at the opposite end of the social spectrum comes from Pete Hamill, a freelance writer on a host of topics and a columnist for the *New York Post*. "As a man who lives on the edge of poverty because of the taxes a New Yorker pays," Hamill told us, "I don't know how much longer I can hold out. Either they've got to legalize gambling—the *sine qua non* of organized crime—so I can start taking home some of my pay, or one of my own occasional two-dollar bets has got to come through big." The dramatic—and hopeful—net of the three articles is that fair taxation of oil, organized religion and organized crime would virtually equal, and hence could cancel out, the personal income tax that now drains away an average of 21 percent of Americans' pay checks.

And now, to more immediately cheerful matters.

"Every word has the crystal ring of authenticity," the *Saturday Review* said when John Wain—author of *While the Sun Shines*, this month's lead story—published the autobiographical *Sprightly Running*. "The reader feels the presence of a man whose spirit has been refined by suffering, by insight, by the determination to be honest . . ." These

same qualities characterize the beleaguered hero of the first *PLAYBOY* story by the British novelist, poet and critic.

Guess Who Died? was Herb Gardner's first piece of writing following the wild success of *A Thousand Clowns*, which won the Writers Guild Award for the best comedy and four Academy Award nominations in 1965. "The week of the two ceremonies," the New York-based playwright told us, "I was in the process of abandoning writing and going into the art form of humbly accepting awards. I'd been talking about the superficiality of the Academy Awards for months. Then a couple of days before the ceremony I got the Writers Guild Award. It turned me into an awards junkie. By the night of the ceremony, I was ready to accept a flashlight from an usherette for wearing the best suit." A new play, entitled *The Goodbye People*, which is loosely dependent on *Guess Who Died?*, is set for production later this spring.

Completing April's fictional foursome are *The Party*, by science-fiction/fantasy specialist William F. Nolan, and Michael Frayn's brilliantly satirical *Dyson on the Box*. Though making his first formal *PLAYBOY* appearance this month, the 33-year-old Frayn, whose hatchet humor appears regularly in the columns of England's *Observer*, was quoted here last September—in a dissertation on the American discovery of Swinging London. *Dyson on the Box* will become a portion of Frayn's third novel, *Against Entropy*, which is scheduled for publication next month in the States by Viking Press and in England (as *Toward the End of the Morning*) by William Collins.

The 1967 edition of *PLAYBOY*'s annual *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* exhibits again the balance of accuracy, flair and taste that marks the sartorial predictions of Robert L. Green, who was made a Knight in the Order of Merit of the Republic of Italy for his contributions to U.S.-Italian fashion. Herein, too, the compleat reader will find matters informative and entertaining—for example, the definitive *PLAYBOY* Interview with historian Arnold Toynbee and Jules Feiffer's not-so-tongue-in-check plea to *Loathe Thy Neighbor*. And humorous—Jean Shepherd's reminiscences of *Scat Farkas and the Murderous Mariah* and Arthur Hoppe's study of sex and subversion in *Is Sex Un-American?* Also Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's chapter on experimental films in their authoritative *History of Sex in Cinema*: four color pages of cartoonist Eldon Dedini's sybaritic nymphs and satyrs; a trio of girls in the Mod mode (our Playmate, cover and Vargas girls); as well as the three contenders for girl of the year in our *Playmate Play-off*. All of this and more serves as support for the rumor, widespread among the spring-conscious (and nontaxpaying) young, that April is also the coolest month.



PIKE



WAIN



ANDERSON



HAMILL



FRAYN

PLAYBOY



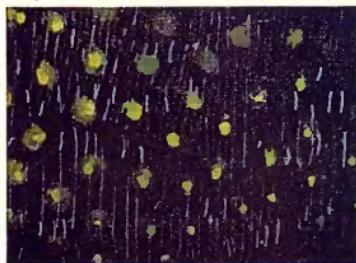
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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JANUARY RICHES

I have bought every issue of PLAYBOY since I came upon the one containing the interview with Sir Bertrand Russell about four years ago. Now what can I say? It's just simply tremendous. Not all of it, to be sure, but who cares? The wonderful thing is the overwhelming success you're having in your crusade for freedom of mind and mores. Your January issue was perhaps the richest yet of all your issues, with truly great articles—Castro, Huxley, Senator Long, Cox, Bentley and Hochhuth. My 75-year-old mother, a bit annoyed at having to grope through all that bared femininity, admitted to the high level of the articles I showed her. What irony that moral guidance is to be found in PLAYBOY rather than in the church. But again, who cares, after all?

Kurt Mohr
Paris, France

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE

I was completely absorbed by the first installment of Len Deighton's new novel, *An Expensive Place to Die*, published in your December issue. The characterizations and the atmosphere, not only of mystery but of Paris itself, are all beautifully done. I am intrigued to know whether the "I" of the story is Harry Palmer, the reluctant agent of *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin*—both of which I admired enormously. The film of *Ipcress* was, of course, a big international success, and I am looking forward to seeing the Harry Saltzman production of *Funeral*. Being a film maker myself, I found the first installment of the latest Deighton to have all the "smell" of a successful future movie, and I cannot wait to read the remaining installments to find out whether my nose has led me aright!

Basil Dearden
Pinewood Studios
Iver Heath, Bucks, England

The first-person hero of "An Expensive Place to Die"—which appeared in the December, January, February and March issues of PLAYBOY—is, indeed, Harry Palmer. On a recent visit to the Playboy Mansion, English actor Michael Caine, who portrayed Palmer in both "Ipcress" and "Funeral," expressed his personal

enthusiasm for "An Expensive Place to Die" and the hope that producer Saltzman would purchase the novel as a final film in the spy series.

FIDEL—SI Y NO

Playboy Interviews are always interesting, but your January conversation with Fidel Castro deserves a public-service award. Both the introduction and the interview itself, except for a little needling by that "Ed." fellow, were scrupulously fair.

Fidel is no fool. What Arthur Schlesinger said of John Kennedy in an earlier *Playboy Interview* goes for Fidel, too: He seems to luxuriate in the world of ideas. Many of your readers may be alienated by his Marxist terminology, by his hostility toward the American Government (surprisingly mild though it was) and by certain of his tacit assumptions that don't agree with their own. Nonetheless, your presentation could be a step toward easing the Cold War on the southern front. I hope we don't have to wait for history to absolve Fidel; he is a great man and—stand back, now—a great humanitarian.

Cliff Conner
Atlanta, Georgia

It is easy to see why Castro has limited his communications with the press of the outside world. Only in PLAYBOY could he have been guaranteed such a comprehensive record of his statements. You described the interview accurately when you said it was an attempt "to illuminate a darkly threatening presence in our hemisphere." The attempt was extremely successful. My compliments to Lee Lockwood and to PLAYBOY for a job well done.

Robert E. Painter
Fresno State College
Fresno, California

Dr. Castro came across very well, despite your occasional—and often erroneous—editorial comments. Viz.: (1) You wrote in your introduction that "thousands of Batista supporters were executed." Where did you (or *Time*) get your figures—Miami Beach? (2) When Castro asked "What country has achieved peace

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and political stability under the protection of the U.S.?" I'm sure he was not thinking of the defeated industrial nations (Japan and Germany) you provided him with editorially. And Formosa, the other example you presented, is a country? (3) You say U.S. attempts to discourage trade with Cuba are not conformable? Try a copy of *Time* around the date Britain was selling buses to Cuba.

Thomas McKinley
Flushing, New York

Your interview with Fidel Castro was remarkably impartial and your interviewer, Lee Lockwood, showed a real familiarity with the Cuban situation. However, you called the interview a "virtual document of position by Castro." My experience (as a Cuban national who lived three years under Castro) has shown me that Communists do not have a true position, nor do they obey what we would call moral and Christian obligations.

Roberto Peraza
Claymont, Delaware

There are many half-truths in Fidel Castro's interview that merit some explanation. Two highlights follow:

1. Castro indicated that Cuban exiles are Cuba's socioeconomic parasites and that they would not thrive in an austere Communist system. The truth is that of all immigrant groups that have come to the U.S., none has fared better nor had a more singular impact in a shorter period of time than the Cubans. The way of the Cuban exile in the American stream of life has been amply documented recently in an extensive study published in *Fortune* (October 1966). Exiled Cubans on welfare lasted on this handout for shorter periods than any other ethnic group on record; it is a fact that once relocated and working, many have paid back what was given to them by welfare agencies. For example, today Cubans hold executive positions in American businesses as well as firm footholds in universities. It is quite clear that the majority of Cuban exiles left their homeland because they were stifled by Castro's grip on the island and not because they were lacking initiative.

2. Castro indicated that he would have triumphed over Batista's dictatorship even if he had alienated the middle class, because he would have been able to get support from the "exploited masses of workers and peasants." This is an obvious ruse. The facts are that when he was left with about five of his followers after his landing in 1956, the first contingent of 50 guerrillas to join him in the Sierra Maestra mountains was ordered there from the city of Santiago de Cuba by underground leader Frank País. The vast majority of these recruits were of *petit bourgeois* background and were later to become his rebel army officers and are now the present opponents to his

regime. It is also a fact that the transportation of clothing, medicine, arms and intelligence reports was done in and out of Batista's *cordon sanitaire* through an ably organized underground that was in the hands of middle-class elements.

It was the growing civic resistance and terrorism conducted by the underground in the cities that tumbled Batista's prestige with the United States. The members of the underground openly said that Marxism-Leninism was 19th Century dogma, backward and reactionary. The Cuban Communist Party publicly issued a document to warn its cadres of the revolutionary movement probably because the Communists followed a pro-government policy since Batista had been their candidate for president in a previous national election and they had held posts in his previous cabinet.

It was the need for reforms in fiscal and agricultural matters that held the Cuban middle class in a type of economic limbo from which it yearned to break. Engineers, economists, doctors, teachers, etc., had to find new horizons, new social and economic formats. The middle class was the driving force of the Cuban revolution in supplying the money and the leadership that defeated Batista's dictatorship. Castro recognized these assets of the Cuban middle class early in the revolution and played his role of champion of middle-class morality to the hilt.

Finally, the Cuban revolution is far from over. Castro's betrayal of the Cuban revolution is merely an impasse. He has been unable to meet any of the goals he has promised to the Cuban people, and dissatisfaction in his ranks is subdued only by his dreaded secret police and his system of informers. Cuba's Communist regime is afraid and insecure. While the Communist dictator stewes in his own juice, exiled revolutionaries, now backed by well-paying jobs, aim to free Cuba by force of arms.

Charles A. Santos-Buch, M. D.
Associate Professor of Pathology
Emory University School of Medicine
Atlanta, Georgia

Your interview with Fidel Castro proves, once more, that the type of logic employed by the Communists is much more efficient than the classical Western variety we take for granted. Using the former, you can readily be convinced of the following facts:

1. President Johnson is a more dangerous dictator than Fidel Castro.

2. All the trouble that democracies take in electing their officials is a waste of time and money. The real democracy consists in huge concentrations of people in a public plaza, Mussolini style; and in the subtle, benevolent, personal interaction between the leader and the masses.

3. The stupid Cubans who fled Cuba because they did not realize that heaven on earth had arrived were parasitic

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elements of a decaying society. (The fact is that the emigration of seven percent of the population of a country for political reasons is without precedent. Among these Cuban "Lumpen" came approximately 25 percent of the physicians, 80 percent of the university professors, 50 percent of the poorer fishermen. Of course the cane cutters are not represented. They had no boats for escaping.)

Fidel confesses he has done a "little" distortion in presenting the American nation to the Cuban people. But he is fair. He has balanced this fact by also doing the converse. *Gracias, Fidel.*

L. G. Nova, Associate Professor
University of Alabama
University, Alabama

MARTIAN CHRONICLE

Congratulations on your choice of lead fiction in the January issue. Ray Bradbury's *The Lost City of Mars* is by far his best short story to date, Martian or otherwise. A *Ship of Fools* on Mars—fantastic yet a very real narrative.

Charles D. Bren
Mission Viejo Company
Newport Beach, California

LENNY LIVES!

Thank you for your feature *Lenny Lives!* (January). Perhaps the most fitting tribute to the man occurred this past Christmas in Seattle. Tom Robbins, a well-known local artist, art critic, social critic and all-around stud, sent his Aunt Boo and Uncle Rondo a Christmas card consisting of a photograph of the late Lenny. Explaining his action in *Seattle Magazine*, Robbins said: "I thought Christ's birthday would be a good time to remind ourselves that men who refuse to compromise the truth are still being crucified."

Ron Rich
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

MAN'S DESTINY

In one short but incredibly lucid article (*The Crisis in Man's Destiny*, *PLAYBOY*, January). Sir Julian Huxley has covered the subjects of inorganic and organic evolution, anthropology, the population explosion and birth control, our modern cities that are fast becoming festering sores on the face of the globe, environmental pollution, and so on. To present this much information in one article takes a unique talent.

Ronald M. Young, Ph.D.
Graduate Research Assistant
Department of Entomology
Purdue University
West Lafayette, Indiana

Sir Julian Huxley's *The Crisis in Man's Destiny* was a priceless New Year's gift. If only it could be presented to

every literate human being in this world—and the illiterate could miraculously become literate enough to share its wisdom.

Maryellen Brown
Leavenworth, Kansas

FESTIVAL FAUX PAS

I have read with interest the December article by Kenneth Tynan entitled *Our Man at the Film Festivals*. The last time I attended the Cannes Film Festival was nine or ten years ago, when I won three prizes for a very second-rate film called *Crack in the Mirror*. This dubious victory was achieved by the political activities of a group of friends who accompanied me to the festival (Orson Welles, Juliette Greco and Françoise Sagan). So if Mr. Tynan saw me at the Cannes Festival, it must have been nine or ten years ago. I am not at all opposed to festivals, as long as I do not have to personally attend them. I think they serve a very useful economic purpose and generally my corporation participates.

Darryl F. Zanuck, President
20th Century-Fox Film Corporation
New York, New York

COX TOUR

Thanks for Harvey Cox' *Revolt in the Church* (*PLAYBOY*, January). I particularly applaud his succinct comments on the death-of-God movement: "People still have plenty of questions they would like to ask, if they thought there was anywhere to ask them." To an elder in a main-line-denomination Protestant church, what a challenge!

Tom Hussey
Martinsville, Indiana

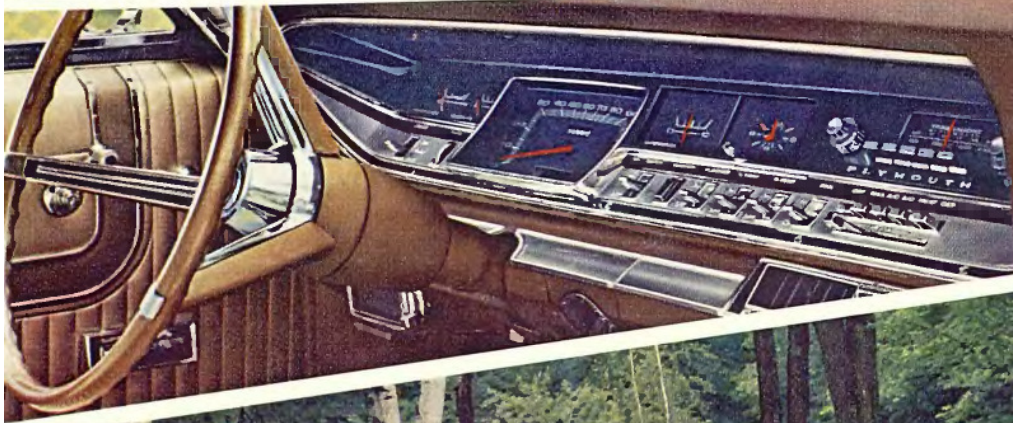
Let me take this opportunity to express my appreciation to *PLAYBOY* for the recent article *Revolt in the Church*. I believe this to be one of the most authentic and succinct statements of the current revolt in the church that I have read. For the secular reader (if, in fact, *PLAYBOY* readers are secular), this article gives a clear and rather broad introduction to the current revolt. I want to commend you on your vision and foresight in printing it.

The Rev. Don Benedict
Executive Director
Chicago City Missionary Society
Chicago, Illinois

As churchmen who work in the bureaucracy of the church with major responsibilities in studying, listening to and interpreting the emerging young-adult generation, it is our observation that *PLAYBOY* is read by many more young adults than the literature we produce.

Several young adults have called my

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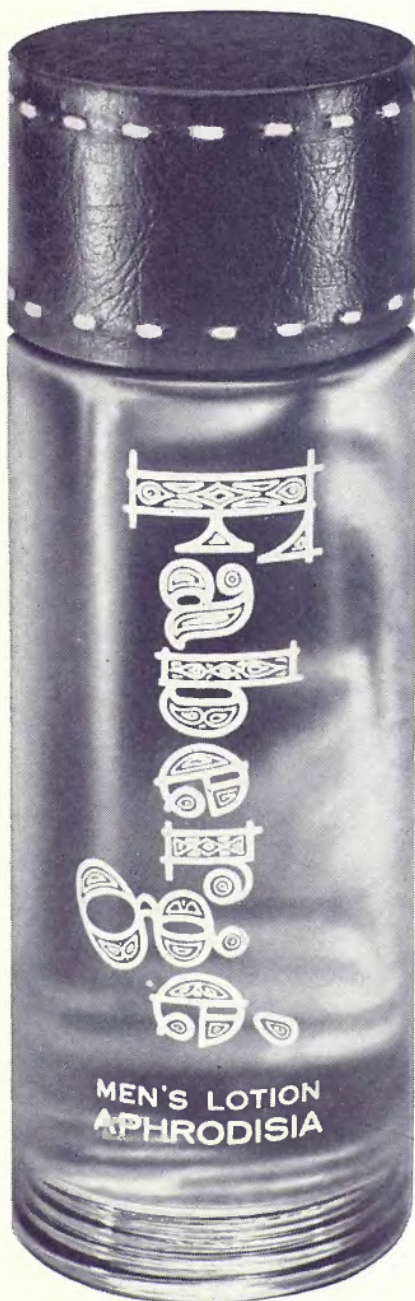
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attention to your January article *Revolt in the Church*, by Harvey Cox. I read the article and would like to commend PLAYBOY for the piece and for the choice of author. In a straightforward manner, Cox has caught the rhythm and temperature of the winds of change that are blowing through the church. Some of us who are *aficionados* of Cox' writings occasionally find him self-indulgent and overriding his "secular city" horse. In *Revolt in the Church*, however, he has caught the turmoil, direction and difficulties in the struggle for an operational definition of the church in the last third of the century.

Ted McIlvenna
Director of Project Development
National Young Adult Project
Board of Education
The Methodist Church
Nashville, Tennessee

Dr. Cox recognizes that "this younger generation of Christians insists that the church must now either live up to its words or get out of business." His insight is very important, more important than many imagine. The future of the church decisively rests upon her securing the support of a younger generation of Americans, most of whom are neither interested in nor involved with contemporary Christianity. The absence of youth in church congregations, the decline of seminary enrollment and the persecution of youthful clergymen seeking renewal are unavoidable signs of the failure of the church to enlist such support. Because PLAYBOY is the most popular magazine among college students and professional clergymen, the responsibility of providing information and insight on this issue becomes an imperative. Let such excellent articles as the Reverend William Hamilton's *The Death of God* and Dr. Harvey Cox' *Revolt in the Church* be followed by other journalistic efforts to explore, to explain and to evaluate the movement of church renewal. PLAYBOY has an enormous potential for being a pioneering spirit in this significant social change.

The Rev. Daniel Ross Chandler
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, California

WATCHING BIG BROTHER

I am astonished by Senator Edward Long's article *Big Brother in America* (PLAYBOY, January). What gives the Post Office or the Internal Revenue Service—or any other Government agency—the right to invade the privacy of U.S. citizens by placing mail covers on personal correspondence, tapping telephones, bugging homes and offices, etc. I can only hope that PLAYBOY and Senator Long continue to fight against Big Brother wherever he appears. Without them, we would

really be at the mercy of those unscrupulous persons in the Government who use their tremendous power to harass and hurt private citizens instead of attempting to help us as they are supposed to do. PLAYBOY and Senator Long should continue their efforts to fight Big Brother.

Warren Samuel Green
Brooklyn, New York

Senator Long's article should come as no shock to those who have read your *Forum*, to those who live or have lived in dictatorships of both the East and West, and to those George Orwells who have foreseen the horror that inevitably occurs with a paternalistic government and society.

The real shock will come when the last activist dies, when the last bit of opposition to the sugarplum great society succumbs, and when men find that living is a convenient alternative to death.

Although never held in much esteem by the American people (how many prophets have been?), was Senator Goldwater far from the truth when he said that he feared Washington more than he did Moscow?

John Ferrell Rowin
Texas A & I College
Kingsville, Texas

I am writing to you in connection with the article *Big Brother in America* that appeared in the January issue. We were disturbed to note the reference to the Orwellian connotation of the term "Big Brother." We know what a tempting target Mr. Orwell has set up. However, we have been using the term "Big Brother" since 1904—long before Mr. Orwell wrote his book *1984*. We believe, as we hope PLAYBOY does, that the Big Brother program in over 100 cities in the United States and Canada has made a positive contribution to the entire field of child welfare.

Thomas E. O'Brien
Executive Director
Big Brothers of America
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Big Brothers of America is obviously a force of a different color.

THE ONLY GAME

I really enjoyed Garson Kanin's December story, *The Only Game in Town*. It is rather appropriate that this story should appear just before the death of "Nick the Greek."

It also is reminiscent of the story of the man found swimming out to sea at Atlantic City. It seems someone had bet a million to one that he couldn't swim the Atlantic Ocean and the odds were just too good to pass up.

It is an interesting story of gambler's psychology, although, in order to make a story, Kanin has produced an impossible



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Fashion's favorite looks! Above: the West End Stryper Kent 4-button sport coat, worn with low-rise Flame Slacks. Right: the West End Countdown has 8 buttons, deep vents. Each coat, \$50; slacks, \$15. All in 50% "Fortrel"* polyester, 35% rayon, 15% flax. All in the Brolly Male Collection at fine stores.

gambling situation. When Georgie Benefit took seven to one that he would get married, he took it from other professional gamblers. He is supposed to have used "beards" to bet for him, but professional gamblers, or at least professional odds layers, are mighty cagey individuals, and I am afraid that they would have realized that they were betting against smart money and backed off the moment the action got high. Of course, this doesn't spoil the story; in fact, it makes it.

Oswald Jacoby
Dallas, Texas

Card champ Jacoby is an international authority on all gambling games.

TOUCHDOWN FOR ANNIE

I'm certainly glad that I was sitting down when I read December's *Little Annie Fanny*, since it left me in stitches (which is a pretty good trick, considering all of them I've had). It was one of the funniest satires ever. I especially liked the take-off on my good friend, Paul Horny. Your cartoonists should be congratulated on the way they captured the actual combat conditions of pro football.

Jerry Kramer
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Annie sends her love to crackerjack Packer Kramer.

PLAYMATE ART

Re January's *Playmate as Fine Art* feature: Dali, Warhol, Rivers, Lanyon, Schnackenberg, Johnson, Segal, Wesselman, Rosenquist, Leslie and Gallo can keep their interpretations. I prefer the real thing. Thanks for the best *PLAYBOY* issue yet.

Albert French
New York, New York

I was delighted with *The Playmate as Fine Art*. Pop artists have often turned to *PLAYBOY* for inspiration, and it thus seemed fitting and brilliant that *PLAYBOY* would acknowledge its role in pop art by commissioning works by these exciting painters.

Richard Gangel
Art Director
Sports Illustrated
New York, New York

The pictorial in your January issue dealing with famous artists' interpretations of the *PLAYBOY* Playmate was most interesting. Especially noteworthy is that none of the artists saw the beautiful girls the way they should be seen—as beautiful girls.

Joe Brody
New York, New York

For further critical comment on "The Playmate as Fine Art," see the letter from Ayn Rand in "The Playboy Forum" in this issue.



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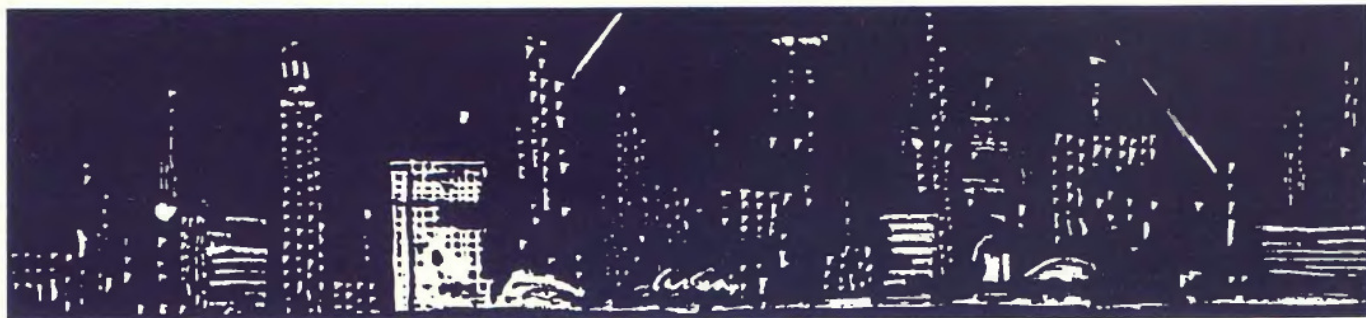
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In recent years, the demand for salable book manuscripts has far outstripped the supply, and publishers' nervousness has been eloquently expressed in the colossal advances they're now paying for unwritten material. Norman Mailer, for instance, received \$225,000 against two unwritten books; James Jones was advanced \$900,000 for three; and Harold Robbins, after receiving \$1,000,000 for *The Adventurers* before he'd even thought up the title, was guaranteed another \$6,000,000 against future opuses.

But in their haste to give away money, publishers may be overlooking a gold mine, by failing to exploit the 15,000 or so doctoral dissertations penned each year by earnest young American scholars in search of a Ph.D. We can envision, for example, an advance scramble for such a no-holds-barred study as *The Middle Ear of Sand Lizards* (submitted at the University of California), and we have no difficulty imagining a publishers' battle for such sure-fire epics as *Interaction Between Women's Clubs and Institutions in Greater Lafayette, Indiana* or *Social Problems at the Chicago Stockyards* (both written by University of Chicago postgrads).

Despite the recent Supreme Court decision against *Eros* publisher Ralph Ginzburg, a titillating come-on is still the best sales pitch; and Ph.D. candidates across the nation have responded in force, grinding out racy potential best sellers—all of them bona fide doctoral dissertations—such as: *A Histological Study of the Male Reproductive System of Decapod Crustaceans; An Investigation of Male Perception of Sexuality in Relation to the Amount of Hair Drawn on the Female Head; Inheritance of Male Sterility in Table Beets; Maternal Behavior of the Red-Backed Salamander; Sex-Role of the Examiner in Relation to Sex-Role Preference in Kindergarten Children; and an erotic exposé entitled An Investigation of Inhibition of Body Exploration as a Cause of Some Cases of Non-Reading.*

For diminutive readers of *The Little*

Golden Books, we can see a delightful children's story in *Age Structure and Reproduction of a Feral House Mouse Population Near San Francisco Bay, California*. Entomology's answer to Winnie the Pooh might well be found in *The Biology of the Chicken Body Louse*; and for harried adolescents, there is that gray-flanneled fish story, *Pressure in the Early Life History of Sockeye Salmon*. Ingénue Florence Nightingales would besiege bookstores for such required reading as *Nursing Experience and the Social Smile* and *A Study of the Physical Factors Affecting the Subcoating of Compressed Tablets*. The burgeoning fetishist market, we feel sure, would really freak out for such aberrational excursions as *The Surface Areas of the Heads and Arms of College Students*; and those who harbor secret doubts about their masculinity might find sound advice in the touching tale of *Punyik Point and the Arctic Small Tool Tradition*. Of more universal interest, and an odds-on choice for the top of the nonfiction charts, would be that searing sociological eye opener, *The Image of Auburn University Held by Auburn University Undergraduates*.

In the perennially best-selling realm of biography, there are such can't-put-it-down titles as: *Matthias Flacius Illyricus' Treatment of Frederick Barbarossa in the Madgeburg Centuries; The Rise and Decline of the Reputation of George Crabbe; The Relative Frequency of Various Forms of the Future Tense in "Tristram Shandy"; and the never-to-be-forgotten Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge—The Education of a Patron of Chamber Music; The Early Years*. Race rears its book-selling head in *The Color Preference of 1032 Very Young White Children*; and those readers not lured by a color come-on would doubtless find irresistible the Dostoevskyan sweep of *The Follow-Up Study of the All-States Conference of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America*, or the Faulknerian earthiness of *The Effects of Separating Maine Potatoes into Two Quality*

Grades. In the ever-popular realm of haute cuisine, publishers could have a gourmet field day with *Factors Influencing the Quality of Home-Canned Montmorency Cherries and of Cooked Jonathan Apples; The Growth-Promoting Value of Turnip Leaf Protein, Alone and as a Supplement to Corn and Carcass Evaluation in the Live Hog*.

After culling the card catalogs of a dozen universities for such neglected nuggets, we have yet to run across what promises to be our favorite of the lot, and the best seller of them all: *The Proliferation of Doctoral Dissertations as a Sopovific Manifestation of Both the "Publish or Perish" Syndrome and the Post-M.A., Pre-Tenure Depression, and Its Deleterious Effect on North America's Dwindling Wood Pulp and Rag, and Military Draftables, Resources*.

The Bishop of Woolwich, in a discussion of sexual freedom televised by the BBC, sent a few Freudian eyebrows heavenward when he observed that there were "three possible positions" one could take in the matter of sex, but that it was inadvisable to "bend over backward."

Sign spotted in a Tokyo hotel: IS FORBIDDEN TO STEAL HOTEL TOWELS. PLEASE. IF YOU ARE NOT PERSON TO DO SUCH IS PLEASE NOT TO READ NOTICE.

Asked to classify his creations artistically, movie producer Max Rosenberg (*Dr. Terror's House of Horrors, The Skull*) is quoted in the *National Review* as replying: "It depends where they are being showed. At drive-ins they're horror films, at art theaters they're Gothic fantasies, and at film festivals they are allegories of the human condition."

To Whom It May Concern, from an ad in the Minneapolis Sunday *Tribune*: "There is a certain kind of woman who dreams of having a chauffeur at least six

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Sunglass Spectaculars by
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This is Mach I with Orama IV lenses. \$17.50

Available in Canada

times a day. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck."

The Baltimore chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous is located in the Bromo-Seltzer Building.

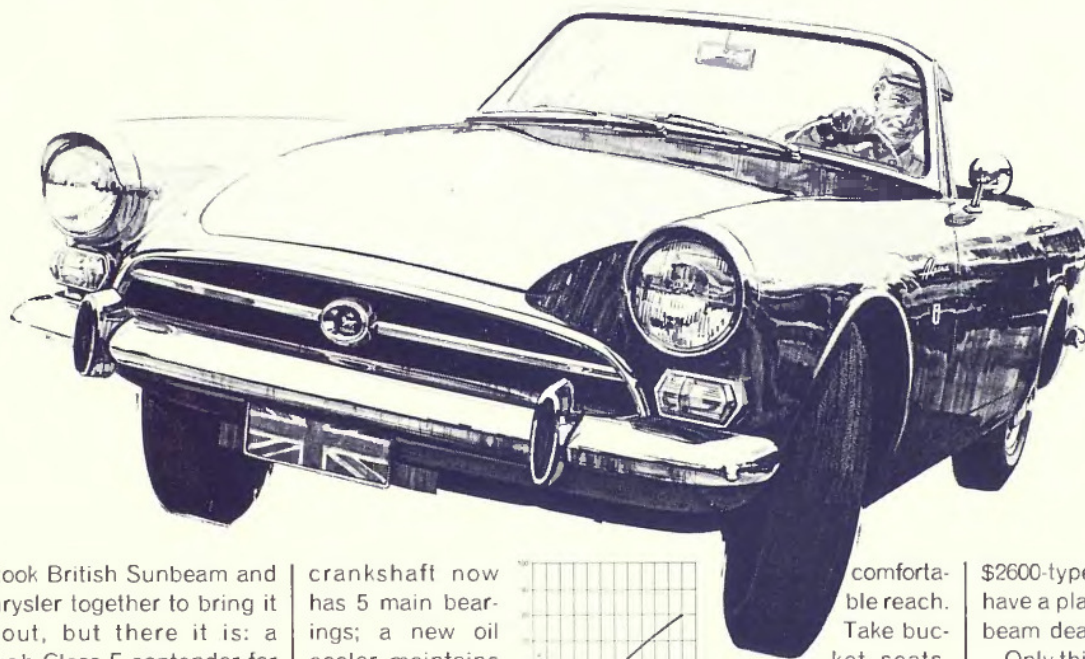
In the belief that the physical demands of sex pose a threat to health and longevity, an imaginative scientist has invented a machine to take the work out of copulation. Called a "re-stimulator," the device was advertised at the Second International New Inventions Exposition in New York as "a pneumatic chamber that is placed between the external sexual organs of the married couple. This chamber, as a result of the working of the apparatus, fills and empties with air in a rhythmic sequence. It causes the union and the separation of the two bodies that lie on each other in a horizontal position; this is done in a continuous and normal manner as required by nature to this end. The apparatus consists of the following parts: chassis, motor, transmission (by belt), compressor diaphragm, flexible tube and pneumatic chamber."

"From the foregoing description," reads the manufacturer's brochure, "it is seen that it was conceived for the benefit of humanity. It helps man in a labor of love, which he has been doing since his appearance on earth with only the help of his muscles, without his having received mechanical help in spite of the frequently sad results of relying entirely on his own strength." The advertisement insists that the device can add as much as 20 years to one's life and eliminate the need for most domestic infidelities: "It gives you all the enchantment and satisfaction of copulation carried out without the extreme tiredness of overlong excitement." To reassure those who pride themselves on their technique, the manufacturer avows that "the user has fingertip control of the apparatus, by means of adequate switches, so as to adapt the motion [33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45 and 78 rpm?] to his particular needs at all times." Thus, he claims, the re-stimulator is "not unnatural" and "does not suppress the spontaneity of the act."

We find ourself envisioning the vicarious erotic possibilities inherent in a merger between the manufacturer of this ingenious contraption and the creators of two equally offbeat prosthetic devices: an artificial plastic vagina, available by mail order from a shady Los Angeles medical supply house; and the lovemaking machine, complete with artificial phallus and piston drive, constructed by Dr. William Masters (of *Human Sexual Response* fame) for use in his celebrated St. Louis sex lab. The idea would be to wire all three together—and simply plug it in. The makers of this three-part mechanical marvel—a boon to the busy

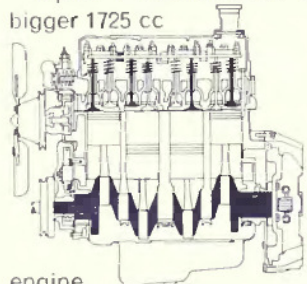
How to buy a high performance sports car—complete—for less than \$2600.†

Start with a dealer who sells the new Sunbeam Alpine V. You'll find it as advertised above—and carrying Chrysler's 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty* besides.



It took British Sunbeam and Chrysler together to bring it about, but there it is: a tough Class F contender for a mere \$2567.†

Alpine V has muscles. A bigger 1725 cc



engine puts out 100 hp at a comfortable 5500 rpm. With twin carbs, a geared, fully synchromeshed 4-on-the-floor plus quick clutch, 0 to 60 comes in 12.8 seconds.

5 years/50,000 miles

Alpine V is also built to satisfy Chrysler's famous engine and drive train warranty. The

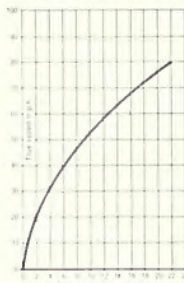
crankshaft now has 5 main bearings; a new oil cooler maintains lube efficiency at highrpm; even the exhaust ports are staggered to discourage hot spots in the block.

No austerity here

With so much car built into the basics, the amazing thing is what *else* Alpine gives you for your \$2600 or so.

Take brakes. 9.85 in. Girling self-adjusting discs up front, 9 in. drums behind. Generous. And to make matters easier, they're power assisted besides!

Take steering. A fast, crisp 3.3 turns lock-to-lock. The wheel also telescopes in and out and locks at your fastest, most



comfortable reach. Take bucket seats.

Alpine's are richly padded, neatly turned out in pleated vinyl. Both adjust forward, back, up and down, and the backs recline.

Take room. Alpine has more than most sports cars at any price. Even around the feet (pedals are adjustable) and in the trunk—two places you often get pinched.

Etc., etc., etc.

Console with locked storage well is standard. So is a heater with 2-speed blower. The dash is a gem of instrumentation. The convertible top is self-storing and easy to work. And so on.

So for the impossible on a

\$2600-type budget, you now have a place to go: your Sunbeam dealer's, for Alpine V.

Only thing that meets it for value is a Sunbeam Tiger V-8. But that's \$1100 more.†

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Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of Sunbeam Alpine cars imported by Chrysler for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Sunbeam Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings. **HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO:** Give your car this normal care—change engine oil every 3 months, or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace engine oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; clean crankcase ventilator valve, and change transmission and axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; and every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. This warranty shall *not* apply to cars subjected to racing or other sustained high speed use, acceleration trials or wide-open throttle operation, etc.

†Mfr's suggested retail price, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra. West Coast slightly higher. **FOR MONEY-SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY**, ask your dealer about Sunbeam's Overseas Delivery Plan.

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executive and a perfect gift for the man who has everything but the time—could then go into full-scale production for the consumer market, under the aegis of the American Metal Climax Company.

When a 67-year-old veteran of both World Wars dropped out of night school in Sun City, Arizona, not long ago, his local draft board ordered him to report as a school dropout.

Adjacent to a recent syndicated column of golf instruction by Arnold Palmer—which that day advised duffers to “adjust swing when playing into wind”—the *Boston Record American* headlined Palmer’s then-current misadventures on a gusty Australian course: “ARNIE BLOWS UP TO 78 IN WIND.”

In a hopeful spirit, perhaps, the Philippine government sent Miss Mercedes Concepción as its delegate to a United Nations Fertility Conference.

The Tampa, Florida, Chamber of Commerce has released a list of area hospitals that includes this anomalous item: “Lily White Hospital (Negro).”

Our Best-Laid Plans Award goes to would-be bank robber Gaetan Giroux of Montreal. According to *Maclean* magazine, Giroux entered a bank, attempted to mask his face by pulling a pair of red panties over his head, became entangled—and shot himself in the leg.

“Double-bed mattress in excellent condition,” an ad in the *East Village Other* read. “Used by little old man and little old lady who never. \$15.”

THEATER

Harold Pinter’s new play, *The Homecoming*, is malevolently mysterious, quasi-cryptic, comically compelling. That is to say, it is extraordinarily Pinteresting. In a gray run-down house in North London live, in sort of semi-communication, a blustering ex-butcher named Max (Paul Rogers), his ineffectual chauffeur brother Sam (John Normington) and Max’ two youngest sons, Lenny (Ian Holm), a dapper, wily pimp, and Joey (Terence Rigby), a bull-like demolition worker who is studying to be a boxer. Into the male ménage comes the eldest son, Teddy (Michael Craig), and his wife, Ruth (Vivien Merchant), for the past six years residents of the U.S., where Teddy teaches philosophy. Teddy’s separation from his family is not just geographic; it is also intellectual and psychological. Ruth, too, at first seems distant, but she once lived in the neigh-

borhood and presumably walked its streets for a living; it is her homecoming as well as Teddy’s. In a strangely ritualistic fashion, the characters abuse one another (Max greets his daughter-in-law as a “stinking pox-ridden slut”), then use one another. Eventually the family invites Ruth to live with them as mother, cook and whore—but the indications are that instead of her being their kept woman, they may be her kept family. Through all the banter and barter, Teddy stands by as unfeelingly as if he were watching animals or objects. The attitude is unsettling, but in order to understand Teddy and the play, they must be approached on their own terms, which are neither realistic nor absurd. Pinter has a private logic. It is the unspoken, sometimes even the unthought things that he is after. As the curtain rises on the second act, the men huddle to light their cigars from the same match, then disperse in a quick, rhythmic, dancelike pattern across the stage, one by one to relight his cigar alone. The author does not insist on anything, but the symbols are there for the plucking, and there are miles of meaning between the lines. For the punny-pinching Pinter, these characters are surprisingly rich in detail. The Royal Shakespeare Company ensemble of actors who perform *The Homecoming* under the direction of Peter Hall are so exacting and so knowledgeable about the characters they portray that it is impossible to imagine any other valid interpretation. At the Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

RECORDINGS

Lou Rawls Carryin’ On (Capitol) continues the success saga of the rhythm-and-blues belter chronicled in these columns. Rawls kicks off the recording with an explosive run-through of *Mean Black Snake*, done in the best blues tradition, and doesn’t let up till the last note of the final offering, *On Broadway*, a ditty that has been well received in both vocal and instrumental form. Lou’s a lulu.

Contrasts . . . (Command) provides an elegant showcase for the diverse talents of Toots Thielemans. Guitarist, harmonica virtuoso, composer and whistler *extraordinaire*, Thielemans displays all of his facets to advantage in the context of a small group, or backed by a brass choir or a string section. Included here is his chart smasher *Bluesette*—still an engaging bit of business.

Presenting Joe Williams and Thad Jones / Mel Lewis: The Jazz Orchestra (Solid State) is an all-star production all the way as Williams’ booming baritone, riding the crest of the Jones-Lewis sonic wave,

4711 makes your skin tingle in a very pleasant way. It's like a cooling rain after a hot spell.

Splash it on after a steamy shower. Or any time you need a lift.

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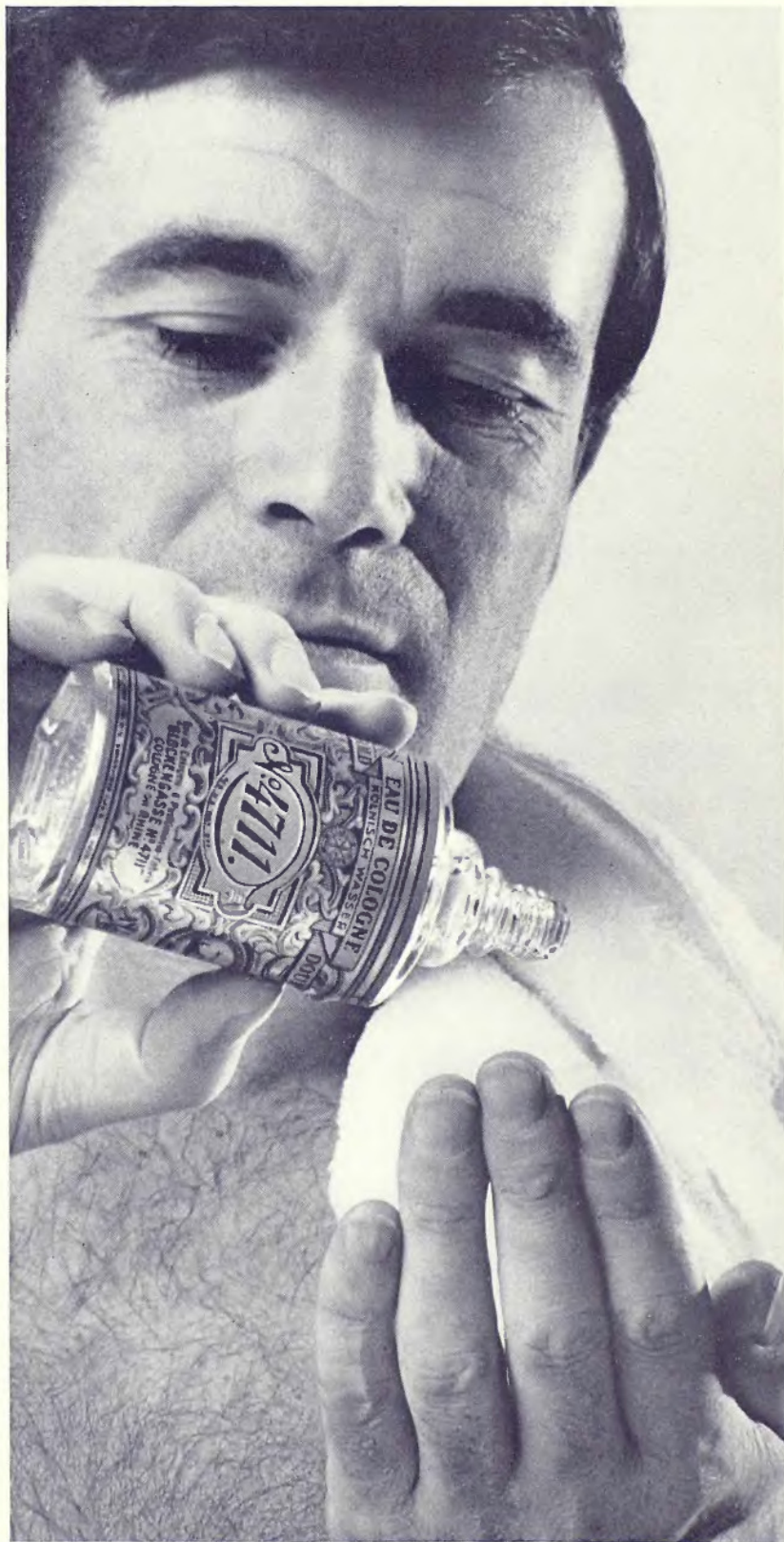
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sweeps a stack of blues before it. *Woman's Got Soul, Evil Man Blues, Smack Dab in the Middle, Hallelujah I Love Her So* and eight others of similarly swinging ilk are done to a turn by this top-rank triumvirate.

Spanish Rice / Clark Terry & Chico O'Farrill (Impulse!), with O'Farrill doing the arranging and conducting and Terry supplying a happy horn of plenty and an occasional vocal, is a Latin mother lode of goodies. The personnel is impressive. Joining Terry on trumpet and Flügelhorn are Snooky Young, Ernie Royal and Joe Newman; Barry Galbraith and Everett Barksdale are on guitars; and among the Latin percussionists is the legendary Chano Pozo. A very hot tamale.

This Is Fran Jeffries (Monument) finds the high-flying thrush warbling beautifully. Aided by the skilled arrangements of Dick Grove and Bill Justis, the electric Miss Jeffries turns her attentions to such ear-catching ballads as *No Moon At All, Lazy Afternoon, Yesterday* and *Our Love Is Here to Stay*, with Fantastic results.

Several tasty slices of soul are served up this month. *Lonesome Traveler / Ray Bryant* (Cadet) features the fine funky pianist in an exciting display of his talents. The Flügelhorns of Clark Terry and Snooky Young are added to the rhythm on the title tune and several others, in an outing that tells it the way it is. Soul-centered vibist Freddie McCoy is positively inspired on *Funk Drops* (Prestige), an LP that has him fronting a quartet and a septet; the former is enhanced by the playing of pianist Joanne Brackeen, while the latter is noteworthy for the presence of an electric violin manned by John Blair. *My Babe*, the opening item, by the big group, sets the top-drawer tone for the rest of the LP.

One of the things that guitarist Gabor Szabo has going for him on *Spellbinder* (Impulse!) is a superlative rhythm section—Ron Carter on bass, Chico Hamilton on drums and Latin percussionists Willie Bobo and Victor Pantoja. But the key ingredient is the tasteful inventiveness of Szabo himself, who combines originals and oldies in a heady amalgam. An estimable LP.

Fred Neil (Capitol) presents the underground hero (supposedly influencing everybody from Dylan to the Mamas & the Papas), sometime Nashville songwriter, rhythm guitarist and hermit (except for brief forays to New York and L.A. for bread, he stays secluded in Coconut Grove, Florida). It's an LP that should go far toward repeating the earlier success of Neil's Elektra LP, *Blecker* and

MacDougal. Neil does his own material in a gentle and engaging dip into the folk-rock idiom. The arranging is solid and the featured song, *The Dolphins*, is the new sound at its best.

Don Friedman reiterates, in *Metamorphosis* (Prestige), that he is one of the most cerebral and sensitive jazz pianists around. Friedman is aided greatly by the presence of guitarist Attila Zoller (bassist Richard Davis and drummer Joe Chambers round out the quartet), who has an amazing rapport with his leader and shares the composing chores. Jimmy Giuffrè's *Drive* is the only composition by an outsider, but his avant-garde approach fits in splendidly with the work of Friedman & Co.

A thing of beauty is *Stan Getz with Guest Artist Laurindo Almeida* (Verve). Getz' tenor and Almeida's guitar are perfectly suited to each other as they weave their way through a half dozen Latin lilt, accompanied by bassist George Duvivier and assorted percussionists from north and south of the Border.

We commend, as a fine addition to any chamber-music devotee's library, Handel's *Twelve Concerti Grossi, Op. 6* (Victor), performed by Alexander Schneider and his chamber orchestra. With Handel, the concerto grosso reached a pinnacle it was never to achieve again. This three-LP album is an inspired elucidation of the composer's eloquent accomplishment.

The Wicked Pickett (Atlantic) means Wilson Pickett, baby, in a rhythm-and-blues-shouting go-round that is the *ne plus ultra* of the nitty-gritty. The largish group behind Pickett wails but not nearly so loud as Mr. P., who keeps a high decibel count going at all times. The titles of the dozen tunes on hand are of little import. What counts is that wild Pickett's charge into the fray on each occasion.

Autentico! / Bola Sete and His New Brazilian Trio (Fantasy) finds the renowned *caçarioca*, now working out of San Francisco, joined by fellow Brazilians bassist Sebastian Neto and drummer Paulinho. The melodies are all straight from Rio and a magnificent melding of jazz and bossa nova.

Sounds! (Capitol) is a second serving of the electronic shenanigans of Messrs. Jack Marshall and Shelly Manne, as the stalwart guitarist and drummer turn themselves into a two-man band. Manne does the lion's share of the work as he switches from one exotic percussion instrument to another with the speed and grace of a gazelle. From the opening *Theme from "Lawrence of Arabia"* to



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The Rain in Spain and right through the capper, a medley from *Black Orpheus*, Marshall and Manne are two much.

Indigo suits Nancy Wilson perfectly on *Nancy—Naturally!* (Capitol). Operating from a blues base, Nancy was never better, as she delivers the likes of *In the Dark*, *Since I Fell for You* (a shamefully neglected song), *Willow Weep for Me* and *Alright, OK, You Win*. The proceedings are under the aegis of Billy May, who always has matters well in hand.

Comfortably in the pop-folk bag is *Bobby Darin: If I Were a Carpenter* (Atlantic). Five of the tunes are by folk-rockster Tim Hardin; a brace were penned by The Lovin' Spoonful's John Sebastian; Buffy St. Marie contributed another. A surprisingly but pleasingly subdued Darin is more than equal to the task (he practically sobs out St. Marie's plaintive *Until It's Time for You to Go*) in coming to grips with vocaldom's New Thing.

Vinyl remembrances of things past have graced our turntable in admirable abundance this month. VSP, a reissue label for Verve, has poured out an impressive number of excellent LPs, put together from recordings etched in the Fifties. *Soul Mates / Dizzy Gillespie and Roy Eldridge* is an exciting helping of Little Jazz and Diz, working with Flip Phillips, Ben Webster, Bill Harris, the old Oscar Peterson Trio (guitarist Herb Ellis, bassist Ray Brown) and drummer Louis Bellson. *Soul Source* features Machito's wild Afro-Cuban band, starring soloists Charlie Parker, the aforementioned Phillips and drummer Buddy Rich; the results are explosive. *Pres and His Cabinet / Lester Young* includes the classic *Just You, Just Me* and *Lester Leaps In* (with the Basie Band). On hand for the festivities are trumpeters Eldridge and Harry Edison and pianists Peterson and Teddy Wilson, among others. *Stan Getz / Another Time, Another Place* finds the nonpareil tenor man in felicitous surroundings: in a quintet featuring Lionel Hampton, another co-starring Eldridge, a quartet that threads its way through the fragile joys of *With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair* and a larger group that includes Gillespie and two other first-rank tenor men, Coleman Hawkins and Paul Gonzales. *The Jazz Legacy of Bud Powell* is a poignant reminder of the late pianist's prodigious and pioneering talent. Either as a soloist or heading a trio, Powell worked wonders. *Alto Blue* brings together the blues and Johnny Hodges, which is really a marriage made in heaven. The Rabbit, in the context of three largish groups, romps through an idiom that has long been his special domain. But for the absolutely definitive recording of the eminent alto man, dig *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, the best LP to date

in the Victor Vintage reissue series. Hodges and a small group of Ellingtonites fill side one with such memorable items as the title tune, *Squatty Roo*, *That's the Blues Old Man* and *Going Out the Back Way*. It's 20 minutes of pure delight. Side two is made up of the Rex Stewart-fronted Ellington unit in which the Stewart horn and the tenor of Ben Webster are outstanding. Among the classics reprised: *Mobile Bay* and *Subtle Slough*. Another fine offering in the Vintage series is *The Blue Bechet*, wherein the elder statesman of the soprano sax (he's on clarinet on a half dozen of the tracks), whose distinctive vibrato is a readily identifiable signature, plays jazz in the classic tradition, aided and abetted by such stalwarts as Tommy Ladnier, Earl Hines, Charlie Shavers and Willie "The Lion" Smith. A pair of Capitol re-pressings bring back the warm baritone of the late Nat King Cole and the musical inventiveness of his trio. The latter fills *The Vintage Years* with such songs as *The Frim Fram Sauce*, *You're the Cream in My Coffee* and the pretty *Baby, Baby All the Time*. *Nature Boy* is Nat backed by strings—the familiar Cole of his last years. The title ballad, *Tenderly*, *Stardust* and one of our all-time favorites, *That's All*, are part of a lush package. A European re-etching, *Django and His American Friends / Django Reinhardt* (Odeon), circa the mid-Thirties, features guitarist Reinhardt midst French musicians and visiting American jazz dignitaries—Coleman Hawkins, Bill Coleman and Dicky Wells. Hawkins, even then, was a jazz giant—as this recording gives ample evidence—and Reinhardt, of course, was a guitarist of protean stature. Definitely an LP to pick up on.

DINING-DRINKING

There's an old myth in the eating game that says that the best restaurants are the little secret ones run in basements and in the back of stores by old Italian families. Well, it's true; it's true. Manhattan's Ninth Avenue in the 30s and 40s is girded with a long string of Italian and Greek grocery stores and food stands. *Supreme Macaroni Company* (511 Ninth Avenue) appears to be, at its front, merely one of the Italian grocery stores, undistinguishable from its neighbors. In the back of the store, Poppa Scarola used to crank out macaroni by hand. Then he started cooking it for friends. Now, in the back room of the store are about 20 tables and a small kitchen that turns out the most extraordinarily high-quality Italian cooking at the most phenomenally reasonable prices. Momma Scarola still runs the store out front and oversees the entire operation with a warm smile and a firm hand, and Poppa still oversees the back of the house. The practical aspects are run by son Mike (who holds down a

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daytime job as a production man in the garment center) and daughter Faye. Everybody else in the establishment is also a relative. There is no menu and the S. M. C. has no liquor license—you buy your own bottle of wine across the street. Each day the Scarolas feature something different, although they are always ready to serve the standards. Superb spaghetti served *al dente* goes for a buck and a half, and a remarkable steak Pizzaiola, the best you'll get in any Italian restaurant at any price, goes for five bucks. The coffee, made with anisette, is served in a Woolworth-type wineglass with the rim dipped in sugar. Service is family style and informal, with more warmth than flourish. Monday to Friday, lunch is served from 12 to 3, and the crowd is a mixture of uptowners and local folk. Dinner—every evening, except Sunday, from 5:30 to 10—usually has at least one celebrity in attendance. It's a rare spot that shouldn't be missed, because, like most myths, it probably won't last forever.

BOOKS

A tantalizing challenge of living in the American democracy is the feeling that if we could only talk to enough people, if we could only probe the minds and hearts of everyone from Judy O'Grady to the colonel's lady—then we would know What America Is Thinking. The newest effort to find out what "typical Americans" think and feel about themselves and their country is embodied in *Division Street: America* (Pantheon), by Chicago radio-TV commentator Studs Terkel. Seventy Chicagoans of all ages, colors, occupations, backgrounds, persuasions and prejudices talked into Mr. Terkel's tape recorder. Their verbatim monologs, accompanied by brief introductory remarks from the compiler, constitute the book. In an attempt to present an unadorned, uninterpreted "cross-section of urban thought" (the book's title is symbolic, reflecting the divisions among—and within—ourselves), Terkel has deliberately not imposed any structure on his interviews. One result is that the unwary reader (he who sets out to *read* the book rather than to dip into it) is quickly lost; the characters appear and vanish in such bewildering succession. Yet this torrent of words gradually develops a fascinating life of its own. The book is a sort of Hydra-headed Midwestern monster, its multiplicity of mouths spewing out an incredible mixture of ignorance, fear, idealism, hate, futility, hope, cynicism, kindness, filth, beauty, selfishness, altruism, belief, loneliness, puzzlement, despair and love. As one interviewee says: "I think this is a real great country . . . the majority of people like it the way it is, corrupt, maddening, aggravating, horrible, we would fight to keep it that

way." If there is a single, general point that emerges, it is the truism that in the worst of us there is a yearning for good that makes one weep for the bitter crudities and lost hopes that betray that yearning. "Suppose you were God?" Terkel asks a teenage Negro dropout, who answers: "I'd have it so . . . they couldn't kill nobody. They all go out and work together and grow food and stuff. They'd have fun together after working hard. . . . And with this, I'd create a love for each other. Such a love where it couldn't be unbroken. This is my world. But this is dreaming."

The miracle of the rose, as mediocre poets never tire of repeating, is that it springs from dung. But in the works of Jean Genet the odors mingle—the stench of manure, the fragrance of flowers—so that evil doesn't merely nourish beauty but is its very essence. In his second novel, *Miracle of the Rose* (Grove), Genet exalts life at Fontevault (the state prison in which he is writing) and his memories of Mettray (the nearby reformatory where he spent much of his youth), transforming the prisons into temples, their routines into rites, their inmates into a mystic community of saints. Genet's style sometimes resembles the tangled self-consciousness of a psychodrama with only one character—himself. In fact, in his first novel, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, Genet begins to recognize the squalid reality beneath the luminous blackness of his fantasies. But his vision remains the same—the beauty of evil, the purity of crime, the saintliness of sin—for he is still determined to create his own paradise, even if he has only the basest materials with which to work. Called a thief, he deliberately transfigures hoodlum lovers into black knights. The only ascension he knows is further degradation, so it becomes the incandescent center of his mythology, its victims the archangels of his religion, its violent deaths, the birth of gods. Genet doesn't swallow his pride, he spits it in our face; he doesn't confess his sins, he boasts of them. His revenge on society is that his graffiti are carved on black marble—to efface them, we must also efface enduring beauty.

John Sack's bombshell of a book called *M* (New American Library) conveys more about the day-to-day reality of the American involvement in Vietnam than a marathon debate between hawks and doves. Sack simply followed an ordinary company (the "M" company of the title) from its basic training in the U. S. to its first combat engagement in the jungles of Vietnam, and set down the dialog, the thoughts and the actions of the men with results that are shattering. Make no mistake; whatever Sack's personal

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persuasions when he began his assignment, by the time he sat down to record it, he was appalled at the human tragedy of the conflict; yet he keeps his fury under the tight control of a disciplined intelligence, never going rhetorical or preachy, but sticking to the particular fact, the exact phrase and scene and situation. From the early indoctrination against communism delivered by a Negro captain ("As you know, communism is—as you might say—our competition") to the disillusioning soldier's leave in the fleece markets of Saigon, to the sham "dressing up" in battle gear for visiting Congressmen, the narrative moves like a nightmare to the fearful, mistaken first moment of combat when voices are heard in a hut in some small village and a soldier hurls a hand grenade. "It rolled through the door hitting a sort of earthen baffle before it exploded, and [the soldier] gasped as ten or a dozen women and children came shrieking out in their crinkled pajamas . . . a Negro specialist-four, his black rifle in his hands, warily extended his head in, peering through the darkness one or two seconds before he cried, 'Oh my God!' 'What's the matter?' said a second specialist. 'They hit a little girl,' and in his muscular arms the Negro specialist carried out a seven-year-old, long black hair and little earrings, staring eyes—eyes, her eyes are what froze themselves onto M's memory, it seemed there was no white to those eyes, nothing but black ellipses like black goldfish. The child's nose was bleeding—there was a hole in the back of her skull." This "incident," like the rest of the book, is ugly, personal, frightening and unforgettable.

As they say in showbiz when you slay the audience, what are you going to do for an encore? Successful authors have a similar problem: Having written *The Quiller Memorandum*, a hair-straightening tale of espionage in Berlin, how do you top yourself? In *The 9th Directive* (Simon & Schuster), the non-de-plumed Britisher Adam Hall meets the challenge with a daring plot gambit—he arranges no less than a plan for the assassination of Prince Philip, the royal regular guy from London. And who's paying to rub out the duke, in the exotic boroughs of Bangkok? Nobody but the firm of Mao Tse-tung and Lin Piao, that's who. The gunslinger is a sharpshooting Mongolian named Kuo, a craftsman of the old school. His antagonist is Quiller, an employee of the Bureau and, in the ultra-modern style, cryogenically cool and calculatingly computeroid. He kills with scientific objectivity, loves with lustless detachment and will die dispassionately if fate does death decree. All the components are here, then, for a tingling tale of international intrigue—Cold War iciness, a staccato style appropriate to high-speed narrative and a series of story-line

shocks—but something is amiss. Throughout *The 9th Directive* runs a nagging sense of improbability. Puppeteer Hall's strings become visible time and again, and finally invention yields to contrivance, suspense to predictability. Hall has not managed to upstage himself after all.

Out of his experience as chairman of a subcommittee that has been tuning in on tales of incredible electronics-age listening devices, Senator Edward V. Long has written *The Intruders* (Praeger)—a portion of which was tapped for last January's PLAYBOY. Long presents an eavesdropper's gallery of moral misdemeanors: Senator Wayne Morse sent his desk lamp out for repair; it was returned complete with listening bug. The Internal Revenue Service has piously forbidden bugging by its agents, meanwhile bugging taxpayers in conference with their lawyers. The FBI periodically damns taps, but it goes on tap-tap-tapping. Clergymen have been electronically spied on and so have doctors conversing with their patients. Airlines, manufacturers, department stores and restaurants have "monitored" conversations. Sometimes suspicion of crime has been the rationale; other times, the sole motive has been industrial espionage. Whatever the alibi, the Senator notes, nosiness is growing as eavesdropping technology becomes ever more sophisticated. To short-circuit these attempts to invade office, parlor and bedroom, Long calls on his colleagues to stop looking the other way while the interlopers move in on once-private domains. He warns that those who believe that "only criminals need fear the bugs" are missing the danger point. The electronic bell will toll for all of us one day soon if we don't shut it off, he says, and he says it well.

One day in the late 1950s, Willie Pastrano, soon to become light-heavyweight champion, boxed a few rounds in a Louisville gym with a local teenaged slugger. "You looked awful," his trainer Angelo Dundee informed Pastrano after the workout. "Ange, it ain't me," said Pastrano. "This kid is a good-looking fighter." The kid, of course, was Cassius Marcellus Clay III, who soon went on to win a gold medal in the 1960 Olympics in Rome and then, in his 20th fight as a pro in 1964 in Miami Beach, defeated a shy Sonny Liston and became heavy-weight champion of the world. Suddenly, like Vietnam, urban renewal and air pollution, the "good-looking fighter" assumed the proportions of a "problem." For he announced that henceforth he preferred to be known as Muhammad Ali and that he was a true follower of the gospel of the Black Muslims. An American sporting public accustomed to making idols of its boxing champions just didn't know what to make of the feats of Clay. In *Black Is Best: The Riddle of Cassius*

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Clay (Putnam), Jack Olsen, an unusually literate sportswriter, helps us understand the makings of an antihero. There are tableaux of his father, Cassius Clay, Jr., "a miniature volcano of a man," embittered bohemian and affected martinet; his mother, overprotective to the point of cliché; his younger brother, Rudolph Valentino Clay, at once Cassius' mentor and disciple; and Cassius himself, a bundle of explosive contradictions, paranoid and lovable, always suspicious yet oddly ingratiating. Clay is at least 3/16 white himself, in the grand Southern tradition, but there his traditionalism ends. "My white blood came from the slavemasters, from raping. The white blood harms, it hurts. When we was dark, we was stronger. We was purer." A singular figure—but given his background and the nonchoices offered the American Negro, the wonder is that the sporting pages do not produce more Cassius Clays.

"Decency and voluptuousness cannot exist together," wrote the anonymous Victorian author of *My Secret Life* (Grove). But since Victorian "decency" was hypocrisy, Victorian "voluptuousness" was called pornography; and this 11-volume, 4200-page erotic autobiography, originally published in only six copies, became perhaps the most legendary of "forbidden books." Its pseudonymous, hypersexual author—who was, we are told, a respectable married man in his public life—"did, said, saw and heard well-nigh everything a man and a woman could do with their genitals." Estimates as to the total number of women (to say nothing of men) he dallied with range from 1200 to 2000, including women of 80 nationalities and representatives from every country in the Western world—"except Lapland." After years of only "simple belly to belly exercises," he widens, and flattens, his tastes until he has experienced every position in every combination in every conceivable trysting place—a carnal cornucopia of "miscellaneous lascivities." Despite the writer's avowed worship of women, they are nothing to him but depersonalized organs, "heavenly receptacles" to be used and discarded like condoms. Despite his grandiloquent raptures, sexual intercourse is mechanical and repetitive. The search for variety grows ever more desperate, compulsive and impersonal, because the women come to seem more and more alike. The song of the sirens becomes a monotonous drone, and by page 1501, he is willing to concede that "the repetition seems a little wearisome." The book is nevertheless a fascinating document, not only for its multitude of details about Victorian social life and sexual mores but for its revelation of Victorian psychology. In his single-minded obsession with sex, the author is not a rebel against his society but its



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victim. For all his erotic candor, he lacks self-understanding; for all his experience, his life is without emotional resonance. This book reveals, if further proof were needed, that one of the results of Victorian hypocrisy was not only to deprive love of sex, but to deprive sex of love, that in minimizing the sexual instincts, it maximized their distortion.

"It must soon dawn on the public and the Government that the nation's compulsory system of military recruitment is a failure," writes Bruce K. Chapman in *The Wrong Man in Uniform* (Trident). But Chapman's book does little to hasten the dawn. There is a good case to be made for abolishing our universal draft system and switching to a "voluntary military," as Representative Thomas B. Curtis pointed out to PLAYBOY readers last February in his definitive article, *Conscription and Commitment*. Chapman correctly shows us that the universal draft is not really universal, because we need only about half the young men who are actually eligible for military service. This leads to inequities in selection. Why not, he asks, depend entirely on volunteers? It sounds reasonable, but to make the idea stick, Chapman would have to answer the major arguments against it—and he never does. He never proves that the cost of attracting sufficient volunteers by raising soldiers' pay to compete with civilian wage scales would not be prohibitive. And he never answers those who fear a voluntary Army might create a potentially dangerous cadre of military professionals, isolated from the American mainstream. Instead he creates a straw man that he calls "the draft lobby" and proceeds to shoot it down. The draft lobby, it seems, is comprised of Secretary McNamara, General Hershey and a clutch of Pentagonog has-beens who like to do things the same old way. "The draft," writes Chapman, "is probably host to more mistaken rationales than any piece of current legislation, most of them sprung unchallenged out of World War Two experience, that so colors the thinking of many politicians and military men alike." The opinion may be anti-McNamara and company, but the prose style is strictly Pentagonogian.

At 3:30 A.M. on February 7, 1966, two New York City policemen spotted a young man sitting dazedly in his parked car. One close look told them that he was high on heroin. They took him to headquarters and then made a perfunctory search of his car. There was nothing perfunctory about the contents of the trunk—the body of a young girl. A squalid, yet not terribly atypical case, it seemed—drugs, an overdose, death. But the case took on different proportions when it was discovered who the principals were. Twenty-five-year-old Robert Laurence Brooks Friede came from one

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of the wealthiest families in the country. As part of his inheritance from Moses Annenberg, founder of the Annenberg publishing empire, Friede received a yearly income of \$27,000. The girl, 19-year-old Celeste Crenshaw, came from a distinguished American family that marked its beginnings from before the Revolution. *Turned On* (New American Library), by Dick Schaap, is a reconstruction of their sad lives, their grim voyage from sheltered upper-class homes to a search for "drugs for excitement and knowledge and escape." Written while the case was still warm, the book reaches a high level of crime reporting. The talented Schaap tells the story in lean, taut prose that heightens the drama and builds the tension. There are one or two breakdowns in tone: when Schaap tells of Friede's Park Avenue parties where "there was marijuana among the Modiglianis, pot among the Picassos." But, fortunately, such cuteness is not habit-forming. The most revealing aspects of the book are the vignettes of the ineffectual characters who surrounded the couple and were unable to do anything to help them. After her son's arrest for unlawfully possessing a narcotic drug and for unintentionally killing Celeste "by injecting her with a narcotic drug," Mrs. Evelyn Annenberg Friede Jaffe dispassionately analyzes the case as "an American tragedy." In the end, the doctor who had treated both youngsters throws up his hands and says, "Drugs terrify the hell out of me." The story of Celeste Crenshaw, dead at age 19, and Bob Friede, alive at age 26, eligible for parole next October, is enough to scare the hell out of anybody.

MOVIES

Oh Arthur Kopit, poor Arthur Kopit, Richard Quine has ruined your little playlet and we're feelin' real bad. No wonder Quine waited so long before releasing *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. Undergraduate humor is a fragile commodity. It may seem to pulse with the hot blood of youth, but its frenzies are self-limiting and it rarely travels well into the commercial idiom. In Kopit's case, what he wrote for a Harvard lark got a brilliant setting from Jerome Robbins in its off-Broadway production; it became a manic play, a big hit. Madame Rosepettle, her 25-year-old child Jonathan, his steamy-loined baby sitter Rosalie, all their weirdly morbid and hysterical adventures in some sticky little banana republic of the mind were played for just what they are—absurd figures of fevered sophomore satire. And it worked. But when Richard Quine got hold of it for a movie, all his theatrical sense apparently departed. First he decided on a specific resort on a specific cove in Jamaica. Then he got Ian Bernard to dismantle



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most of the Kopitry in the script and to rebuild the thing after some more concrete structure of his own imagining, making what had been amusingly absurd into something repulsively grotesque. Rosalind Russell's Madame Rosepettle becomes a helmeted harpy with no dramatic excuse for herself. Robert Morse's Jonathan, played in rompers and whiteface, becomes simply cretinous and nasty. Hugh Griffith, the commodore, sniggers and leers, drools and fiddles. But the greatest loss is Barbara Harris' Rosalie. The titillating, shocking device of her characterization in the play was her embodiment of juvenile sexuality; she was a child and a whore at once. Now she's just a whore, apparently a retarded one, and none of her power in this role comes over. Quine must have seen, too late, what he had done. So then he did something worse. Jonathan Winters, as Dad, is rejuvenated as an angel, to intrude on the dialog throughout. In the middle of a scene, a little circle opens to one side and Winters says something like, "I don't think anything is going to happen in the next four or five minutes, in case you want to go get some popcorn or something." It's the sort of remark that usually gets a laugh track on TV. Some critics thought Kopit's play was "sick." But you have to see Quine's abortion to know what "sick" really is.

It is asking a little too much to accept Sidney Poitier as a Mr. Chips of a different color, but that is how E. R. Braithwaite, now ambassador to the UN from Guiana, portrayed himself in his autobiographical novel, *To Sir, with Love*, and Poitier is stuck with more success in this tale than might reasonably be expected to accrue to a novice Negro teacher in a rough school for rejects near the London docks. The saving element is the work of James Clavell, whose script and direction somehow skirt bathos, despite the suggestion that all a dock-walloper's spawn ever needed was a saint in blackface. Sidney Poitier, unemployed Guianan engineer, takes a teaching post at this tough school. The children are ghastly, but perfect—a mixed bag of arrogant almost-dropouts. The world of ideas is shut to them and they to it, and their single scholarly interest is in breaking the spirit of their teacher-keeper. Poitier is paralyzed at first—the kids are monsters, perverse and dangerous, scornful and rejecting—and he is not certain that he can bear to be despised so intensely for so long by so many. But one day a girl puts a used Kotex on the coal stove, and Poitier blows his top. He calls the girls sluts and the boys tramps; he throws the textbooks in the trash; and he explains that from now on, observing certain basic courtesies, he is going to conduct every class as a discussion of the real life that awaits these "adults" in a few weeks. They will discuss love, hate,

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sex, marriage, rebellion, death—anything pertinent to adult life—but they will treat one another as ladies and gentlemen as they do it. In the end, it's dead sure that not one kid in the class can diagram a sentence. But every one of them is a lady or a gentleman, with a respect for himself and a conventional appreciation of appearances that he didn't have before. The film laves itself in too much self-satisfaction at the end, but Poitier, electric personality that he is, almost makes us believe that such miracles are possible.

In matters of sex, you can depend on the Scandinavians to be frank. Also, usually, heavy-handed. Now comes a Danish film that tries to be funny about a boy reaching sexual maturity at the age of 17, and the "laughs" leave clodhopping footprints all over the Eastman Color. It's called *Eric Soya's "17,"* largely because *Seventeen* magazine might object otherwise, possibly because Booth Tarkington's heirs might make a claim, but mostly because it's from a novel by Eric Soya. The time is 1913 in picture-book Denmark. Ole Soltoft, an agreeable youth with bug eyes and brilliantined hair, thinks of nothing but sex, sex, sex. He keeps getting erections, but by hammering his fists into his crotch, or by subjecting his private parts to ice-water baths, he contrives to keep masturbation at bay. On summer holiday with his uncle and aunt, he tries every ruse to seduce his pretty blonde cousin Vibeke (Ghita Norby), but she just dodges and dips, giggling goonishly. Ultimately, after they have bicycled and picnicked and run and swum and sunned and eaten themselves into exhaustion, Ole finally gets himself into the young lady's sack. He convinces her to have sex on the grounds that "nobody likes me since Mother died." But their union is brief and unsatisfactory, and Vibeke turns in preference to her dolly, Doodie. Ole runs outside, swings from the trees in his starched nightshirt, and finally takes the obligatory bare-ass swim in the sea, after which he is fit to be tied. Now, every servant girl he sees is prime prey, and, of course, being in Denmark, Ole is never refused. At the end of the film he is eagerly returning to Copenhagen, where his father's maid impatiently awaits. Ah, let us mourn for those dear days of yesteryear, when for the young master, there was no bed un-maid.

Peter O'Toole, apparently under the impression that a ramrod posture, a little green-and-white make-up and a spitty way of speaking his lines will convey the substance of a mad German general, instead provides comic relief in *The Night of the Generals*. A firm directorial hand is conspicuously absent from this version of Hans Hellmut Kirst's novel, and the dialog has so many ups and

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downs it makes your ears pop. The story has to do with three German generals—O'Toole, Donald Pleasence and Charles Gray. One of them has brutally slashed and murdered a Polish prostitute during the German occupation of Warsaw. For the audience there is never any doubt that O'Toole did it, and will do it again. But Omar Sharif, as Major Grau of the military police, is unsure. Later in the War, all three generals turn up in Paris, where Grau has been transferred because his criminal investigation in Warsaw annoyed the murderer. He resumes his investigation at a time when most of the general staff in France is implicated in the plot to assassinate Hitler; but Grau presses on doggedly as great events crash and thunder above his head. To him, murder is not relative, and the death of a whore is not diminished by the death of millions. It is an important theme, but the focus here wavers from an improbable love affair between Joanna Pettet and Tom Courtenay to Christopher Plummer's cameo impersonation of Field Marshal Rommel, to a wartime Paris with no blackout, to the aforementioned clowning of Peter O'Toole. The work of the lesser principals is commendable throughout, with Donald Pleasence demonstrating what can be done with a role even when it is inadequately written. And *Götterdämmerung* fans, who still fall for that *Achtung!* stuff, will be titillated by the gleaming brass and squeaky jack boots.

Eleven years after it was made, *I Live in Fear*, one of Akira Kurosawa's most sensitive films, is available to American audiences. It offers Toshiro Mifune in a virtuoso performance as a man well over 60, patriarch of a noisy clan of disagreeable tax deductions who are convinced that he is out of his skull. An untutored, self-made success in the foundry business, the old fellow becomes obsessed with the fear that atomic-bomb blasts are going to wipe out his family. He wants to save them by staging a family exodus to Brazil. His frantic efforts in this regard convince them that he's gone round the bend, and they petition the courts to declare him incompetent. Thoughtful observers are touched by his fright and are compelled to admit that they are as afraid as he, but lack the courage to act on their feelings. His family's collective mind is on his will. The poor old man winds up on the funny farm, convinced that he has somehow escaped to another planet and that the sun he sees every day is actually earth, burning for all time. The question Kurosawa puts is simple enough—"Who is really crazy here?"

Nobody ever said that a movie has to be at least 90 minutes long to substitute a "feature," but that is nevertheless the accepted size of things in current

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practice. The result is that numbers of excellent shorter films never reach an audience, because distributors and commercial houses don't find them profitable and won't book them. Now, in a scheme called *New Cinema*, Janus Films is circulating some of the best recent short films in a sort of concert series, available to university and college centers, art centers and auditoriums. The idea is to string together several films of varying lengths on a single program. It will now be possible to see what Godard, Polanski, Lester, Truffaut and many other lesser-known but highly imaginative film makers are doing in random time spans. Chris Marker's 27-minute drama *La Jetée* moves back and forth in time, compounding images of love, horror, reverie and death in a perfectly coherent though wildly idiosyncratic narrative. *Two Castles*, a tiny animation of three minutes by Bruno Bozzetto, full of fun, is precisely long enough. *Corrida Interdite*, by Denys Colomb de Daunant, is a collection of bullfight scenes in slow motion. In ten minutes it conveys both the balletic grace of the *corrida* and the grisly significance of the confrontation between man and bull. Janus owns a wide variety of such films and will continue to add to the collection.

Mark Lane is a New York lawyer whose principal business for the past couple of years has been the defense of Lee Harvey Oswald. Lane, interviewed in these pages in February, has been called a profiteer, an exploiter of a tragic business we would prefer to forget, but he has helped publicize the deficiencies of the Warren Report and is largely responsible for the increased public skepticism over the way the investigation was handled. *Rush to Judgment* is Lane's home-movie brief for Oswald, a pastiche of lectures interrupted by charts and interviews with all the sophistication of a courtroom exhibit, yet it is an impressive marshaling of doubts as to the nature of J. F. K.'s death. It tends to the argument that more than one gun was fired at the Presidential limousine on November 22, 1963, with the second assailant firing from behind a picket fence at the top of an embankment to the right of the motorcade. Lane has put on film a number of eyewitnesses, few of whom were ever called before the Warren Commission, who swear that some of the shots came from behind that fence. If Oswald had survived and had gone to trial with vigorous counsel, many curious byways of the affair would have been more deeply probed. Lane's campaign is an attempt to cast doubt on the Warren Commission's methods and findings. It is the heart of the advocacy procedure to do so, and it serves the public good. *Rush to Judgment* is, cinematically, a rotten movie. But its content is disturbing.

Hallucination Generation ought to be called *Hallucination Exploitation*. It tells nothing new about hallucinogens or who takes them or why, and it tells a great many lies, born of the ignorance and apparent indifference of the people who made the picture. Nobody who wanted to travel anywhere would dream of mixing pot, LSD, heroin, mescaline and cocaine in the same water glass. But here we have George Montgomery, cast as a sort of expatriate Timothy Leary in Iviza, feeding such a ludicrous concoction to the potheads who hang around his villa. They themselves are a concoction of societal dropouts who would put any true disestablishmentarian to shame. To Iviza comes a scrawny youth named Bill (Danny Stone), who, supported by checks from his mother in San Francisco, scrums around on the beach until he meets and marries a nice German girl. They go to live in Barcelona, but, when Momma stops the checks, Bill goes to pieces, bugs out on his wife and repairs to Iviza. George Montgomery, guru, wickedly involves Bill in drugs, beats him at poker and finally feeds him LSD. While Bill is hallucinating, George induces him to commit a robbery. Poor Bill, poor audience.

Well, for one thing, there's this onanistic young guy who likes sweat—his, anybody's. "I just like sweat," he says. "See, I lick myself here—um, yum—and it tastes good." Then there are these two faggots who are having such a beautiful time on this rumpled bed when two startlingly beautiful girls come in and tie up one of the boys with silk scarves and pull his Jockey shorts down to his knees while he writhes around loving it. And there are plenty of other things—a panoply of pill-popping, joy-popping and mainlining, leather fetishism, exhibitionism, whipping, Lesbianism and honest-to-God schizophrenia. It's what's happening, baby—at least in the world of Andy Warhol in *The Chelsea Girls*. Warhol has all his friends from the "factory," his aluminum-foil-walled Manhattan salon-studio, doing what they most like to do. His "technique" is simply to set the camera in place and stare with it until the film reels right off the spool. With two reels running simultaneously, side by side, the action occupies almost four hours. The reels are unrelated and the sound track applies to one for a while, then to the other, without any special reason. The material on both screens is whatever assorted groups of people happened to be doing in front of the camera before the reel ran out. It is consecutively boring, shocking, titillating, revolting, pathetic, funny. Take the case of the handsome faggot, not so young anymore, who thinks he is the Pope. He comes on, wraps a strap around his wrist, produces his "works" from a paper sack and shoots something into a vein in

the back of his hand. "Being the Pope isn't easy," he says. "It isn't hard either." He identifies his flock: "homosexuals, perverts of any kind, thieves, criminals—all those rejected by society. That's who I'm Pope for." Then a girl comes in to "confess." She suggests he's a phony and he slaps the hell out of her (the only unpremeditated violence in four hours) and then plunges into genuine hysteria. He is a human being going to pieces before your eyes and it is not pleasant to watch. But the camera grinds on. *The Chelsea Girls* is a movie only because it appears on film in a movie house. It is a peep show, a freak show, a horror show. It says life's like that or, anyway, Andy Warhol's life.

Now let us praise Francis Ford Coppola, who at the age of 27 has written and directed *You're a Big Boy Now*, working very fast and loose from a novel by David Benedictus. And let us not omit praise for Aram Avakian, who edited the work into the funny, punchy, contemporary cartoon it is. For the strong point of this production, the fast-paced pop quality, the swinging lyricism that lifts an audience, from gag to visual gag, was achieved in that quiet room where the scissors are. Principally we meet Elizabeth Hartman—skinny and beautiful, as the meanest girl in the world, Barbara Darling. She is mean because a one-legged albino physiotherapist (Michael O'Sullivan) stole her maidenhead when she was in boarding school. Barbara, now as an off-Broadway actress and rock-'n'-roll dancer, got her revenge by stealing his wooden leg, which she keeps mounted over her bed. But she wants to go on stealing such symbols from all men, and her most innocent victim is poor, bespectacled Bernard (Peter Kastner), whose father (Rip Torn) is curator of incunabula at the New York Public Library and whose mother (Geraldine Page) wishes he would wear his contact lenses. Bernard lives on the fifth floor of a boarding-house run by a neurotic lady named Miss Thing (Julie Harris), who has the house by virtue of respecting her late brother's wish that his pet rooster, who hates women, have a home in perpetuity on the fifth-floor landing. This makes it awkward for Bernard to entertain the loving Amy (Karen Black), or indeed any lady. Innocent Bernard must be rescued from his deadly infatuation with the deadly Barbara, and love must *will* find a way. It is a fantastic satire played out against real-life New York, which is quite fantastic as it is, and nothing in the story is true while everything in it is true. It is hilarious; it is what used to be called "bittersweet," and it is brilliantly played by actors old and new who could not be improved upon. It's a movie for the eyes—and the eyes have it.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

As a college freshman, I've met many girls at parties, but I've had bad luck in attempts to set up first dates with them. I figure that if I've been having an enjoyable conversation with a girl for an hour or more, I shouldn't draw a blank when I say, "How about a date next weekend?" Do you have any hints on handling this first request for a date?—E. B., Los Angeles, California.

"How about a date next weekend?" is about the laziest possible way of asking for one. After an hour of conversing with a girl, you should be able to make an informed guess about her interests. When talk naturally hits upon one of these areas—or is steered by you to an activity she might favor—the time will be at hand. Be specific as to where you want to take her: to a concert, coffeehouse, dinner and discothèque, movie, art gallery, theater, cocktail lounge, etc. If you keep informed about events taking place in town, you'll be armed with a number of alternatives from which to select those most suitable.

It's my impression that the tradition of the male walking on the curb side of a girl is now a bit pointless, as the threat of horses bounding off the street has pretty well vanished. Is it still necessary to follow this useless and often awkward custom, or can I walk where I please?—L. G., Baltimore, Maryland.

Providing this curb service is a courtesy as "pointless" as rising when your date enters the room or allowing her to precede you through a doorway. But these gestures are still the mark of a gentleman and an attentive escort.

My duty in Vietnam will soon be over, and I need some advice before returning to the States. I have served a relatively hard tour with the 1st Air Cavalry Division, having been hospitalized twice for combat wounds and malaria. When I return, I will be looking forward to kicks aplenty, but my girlfriend and I are having troubles. Our letters seem to show that we are losing interest in each other. We've had a lot of disagreements, even though we never argued when I was home. After the hardships I've had, do you think it is worth while to try to patch up our relationship, or should I try something new? Do you think there is a possibility of someone else being involved?—W. S., APO San Francisco, California.

Any guy separated from a girlfriend for a considerable period of time—whether he's in Vietnam or on the Riviera—is wise to keep open the possibility that things may have changed

while he was away. On the other hand, the fact that you and the girl were compatible when you were home makes us think that the disagreements in your correspondence may well be artificial: As one unidentified sage put it, "Absence is the darkroom in which lovers develop negatives." Keep your letters as positive as possible from here on out and save the "arguments" for the time when you can work them out in person.

Help! The loves in my life—good liquor, gourmet food and beautiful women—are beginning to conflict. To put it bluntly, I'm developing a bad case of stomach spread long before middle age. My "in-fat-uating new look," as a former female companion sarcastically put it, isn't helping my sex life at all. Now that I'm on a crash diet (no more rich foods), can you tell me what alcoholic beverages—namely, wines, cocktails, highballs and liqueurs—have the lowest proof; therefore, the lowest caloric content?—F. H., Des Moines, Iowa.

It's the sweeteners, not the proof, that can wreck your battle of the bulge. A shot of 86-proof booze, whether it's whiskey, gin, vodka, brandy or rum, contains about 107 calories. But when mixed into a brandy alexander, the caloric content weighs in at a hefty 236. Therefore, the drier the drink, the fewer the calories. Wines, such as dry whites (chablis, moselle and rhine), dry reds (chianti, claret and burgundy) and dry champagne, are far less fattening than a sparkling burgundy or a sweet dessert wine. Limit your cocktail and highball quaffing to drinks that call for a single shot of liquor and little or no sugar—Scotch, bourbon or rye and soda, or a dry martini or manhattan. After-dinner drinks that receive a cordial welcome from most weight watchers include Drambuie, cognac and benedictine. In case you're wondering, a zombie tops the caloric scale, with a whopping 519 calories per serving.

For a birthday present, I was given a heavy knit sweater with contrasting stripes on the cuffs and bottom. What is the proper way to wear a sweater of this type—cuffs and waistband up or down?—P. S., Winooski Park, Vermont.

Both down.

I am a young widow with one little boy and have gone back to college to qualify as a teacher. Some months ago, I started what developed into an intense relationship with a graduate student. I want to pursue my career and am not interested



got enough ball?

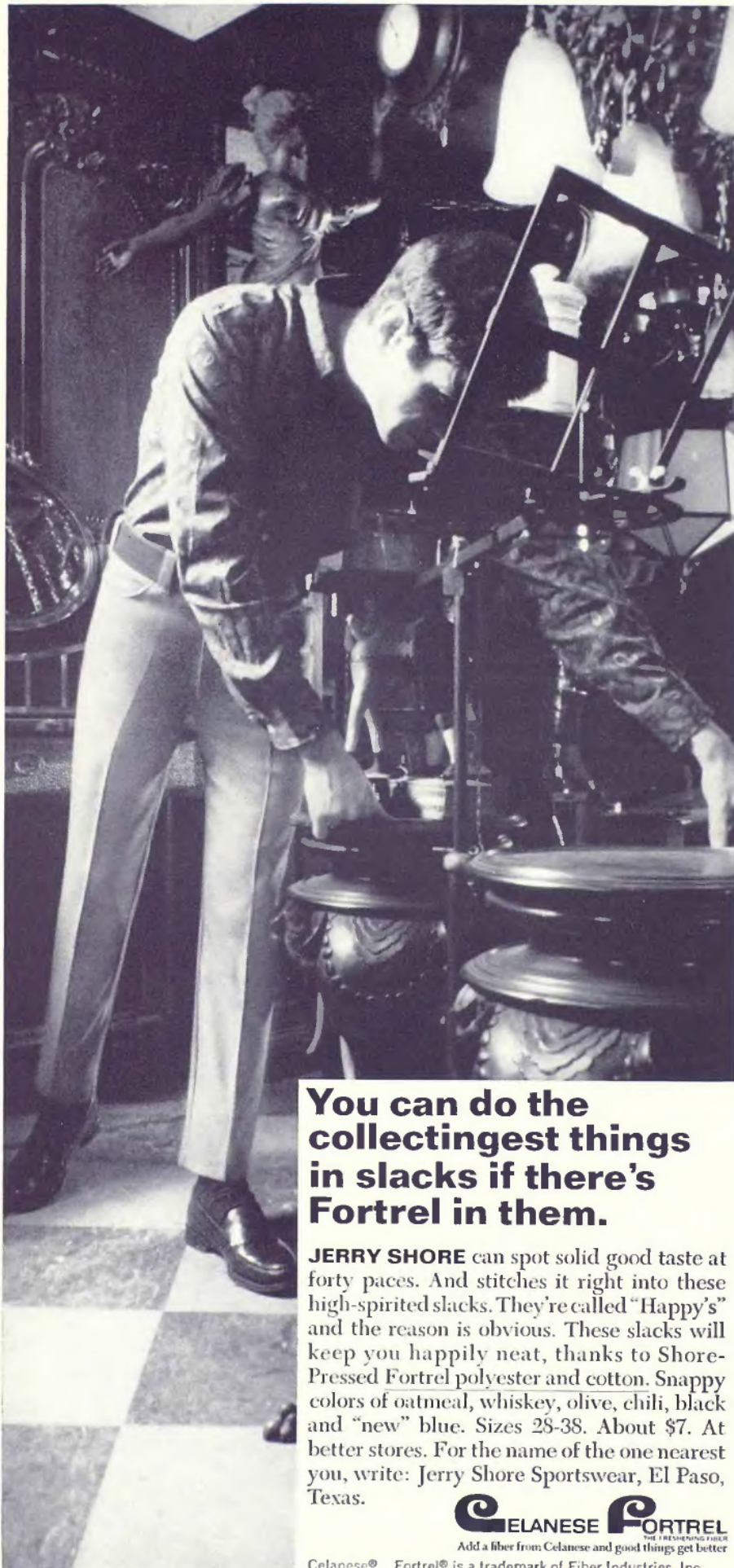
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in marrying again at this point, although I certainly need and enjoy male companionship. My boyfriend wants very much to live with me and has suggested that next year, when I'll be teaching, I should take a house and he could live there as a boarder. I am dubious as to whether school authorities would "buy" this. What do you think?—Mrs. G. B., Phoenix, Arizona.

We don't think your personal life outside the classroom is any business of the local board of education, but in all probability, they would disagree. When most communities hire an individual to shape the minds of their children, they expect the teacher's moral behavior to conform to traditional community standards. And even a relatively sophisticated community would be apt to take exception to the rather obvious bed-and-board arrangement your boyfriend is suggesting.

But there's another, more important reason than your position as a teacher, for advising against any such cozy cohabitation—and that's your own son. Children become aware of situations such as this at surprisingly early ages—long before they are emotionally equipped to cope with them.

We think you would be wise, both personally and professionally, to continue to maintain separate residences, so that your relationship with your friend can remain what it should be—a private affair.

I'm about to purchase a brand-new pocket billiard table (regulation size) and I'd like to order by mail a custom-made cue that fits me properly. (I might add that until now, the only type of pool I've tried is the kind you dive into.) Are there any specific rules you can pass along for selecting the right weight and length of cue?—P. T., Canton, Ohio.

No, simply because a pool cue, like a golf club, should be selected by feel rather than formula. While some players with, say, a short reach prefer a long cue to give them maximum control on difficult shots, others find it awkward. The same goes for cues of various weights. When your table arrives, get the feel of the game by using one of the cues that come with it. They'll be an average weight and length (usually 18 to 21 ounces and about 57 inches long). Whether or not you should move on to one that's shorter or longer, heavier or lighter depends on how you and your first cue fit each other. After a few months of steady shooting, visit a well-equipped billiard parlor that has trained instructors. They'll check out your table technique, including stance and arm reach, while helping you size up the situation.

I have been accused of being image conscious. While I do not deny that I am more acutely aware of my social

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October 18, 1965

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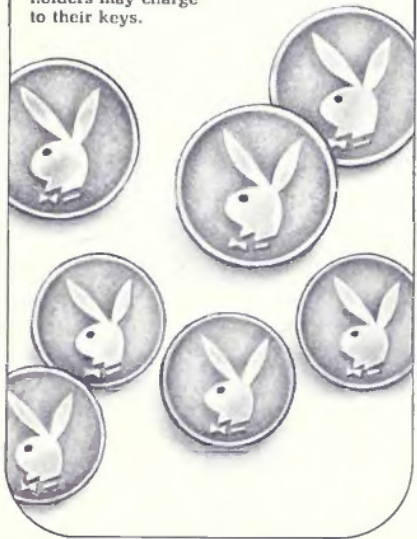
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surroundings than some of my more boorish acquaintances. I do not think that my tastes in such things as clothing (impeccable), games (backgammon and whist), automobiles (expensive), drinks (Scotch, of course) and female companionship (lovely and loving) are necessarily pretentious. However, some of my colleagues at the office have stigmatized me with the accusation that I constantly project a "connoisseur" image (which I do) without actually being one. Personally, I can discount their thoughts as being somewhat naïve and childish. Wanting to keep their friendship with the understanding that my outlook on life is ingenuous, how can I diplomatically tell these people that perhaps their inability to understand my viewpoint is due to their own shortcomings?—C. V., Los Angeles, California.

Why don't you tell it to your colleagues at the office in the same language you used to describe yourself to us, and see if they buy your message any more than we do. Incidentally, while projecting your "connoisseur" image, give thought to Ambrose Bierce's anecdotal definition of that much-abused word: "A specialist who knows everything about something and nothing about anything else."

A friend and I have bet ten dollars as to which model Rolls-Royce came first, the Silver Dawn or the Phantom IV. I say the Phantom IV. Who wins?—B. T., Houston, Texas.

Your friend. The Silver Dawn was introduced in 1919 and was not produced after 1955. The Phantom IV, a special long-chassis state car specifically designed "for royalty and heads of state," was manufactured from 1950 to 1956. Only 16 were made.

My dilemma is this: I have recently become engaged to a lovely Jewish girl and agreed to be converted to Judaism. But now she wants me to go further—she insists that I should be circumcised or the wedding is off. I have strong feelings against it, since I am 32 and have gotten along fine without the operation so far. Which of us do you think is being unreasonable?—J. B., New York, New York.

Your fiancée. But we think there is a middle ground on which you and she might be able to work out a compromise. Your fiancée probably belongs to an Orthodox or a Conservative congregation (both of which insist on circumcision for male conversion to the faith). You could, however, be converted by a Reformed rabbi, who would also perform the marriage, without requiring the circumcision ritual. While Conservative and Orthodox rabbis would not recognize you as a Jew, Reformed rabbis would; and your wife would continue to be recognized as Jewish by all three branches of the religion—as would your children.

What is the best way to prevent alligator skin from aging or cracking? I have a pair of alligator shoes that are quite expensive and I'd like to keep them looking like new.—D. S., Jacksonville, Florida.

The best preservative to use on alligator is paste wax designed for automobiles. Apply it sparingly with a soft cloth, then polish to a lustrous sheen.

Not too long ago, a 20-year-old girl I had been dating told her family she was pregnant and that I was responsible. Her father telephoned me to talk marriage. I refused to agree that I was the guilty party—in fact, though the girl and I had had sexual relations several times without contraception, I'm certain I was innocent. About a week later the father called again, to inform me that his daughter had undergone an abortion. He demanded that I pay half the expenses—which were considerable, because they included round-trip plane fare for two to Acapulco. He threatened to make a lot of trouble for me—with my family and my employer—if I refused to pay. Perhaps it's worth \$500 to get him off my back. What do you think I should do?—G. L., Nashville, Tennessee.

Since you and the girl had "sexual relations several times without contraception," we're impressed with your certainty that you are not responsible for the pregnancy. However, we can't blame the girl—or her father—for not sharing your confidence. It seems to us that at some point you should have acknowledged the possibility of your responsibility ("guilt" and "innocence" are not the appropriate words); then you should have discussed what part you could play in a satisfactory solution to the problem. Indeed, it's not too late to do just that. And, under the circumstances you describe, we think you should pay the \$500; not in order to get the father "off your back," but because you have a moral obligation to assist the girl in such a situation. If, having expressed a willingness to accept this obligation, there are any further threats or attempts at coercion, you would be wise to consult a lawyer. There are legal means to avert blackmail, slander—and pregnancy. In the future, you'd do well to familiarize yourself with the preventive measures for all three.

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



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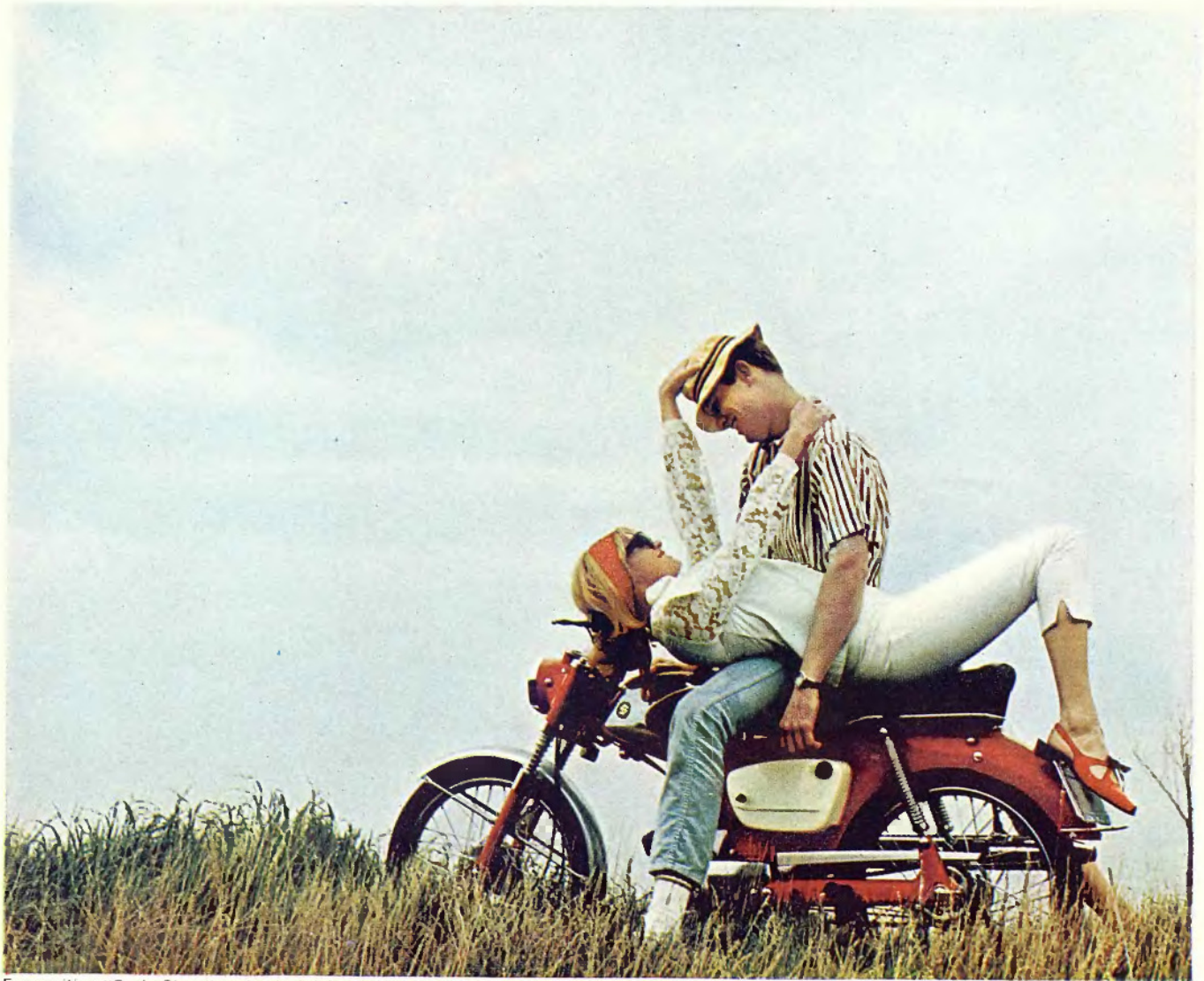
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

FOR A SUMMER LARK that's different and idyllic, visit the tourist resort of Sveti Stefan on the coast of Montenegro in Yugoslavia. Easy to reach by car or bus from the airport at Dubrovnik, all 36 buildings, which occupy the entire tip of a tiny peninsula, have been converted into modern hotel rooms. The medieval architecture, of course, has been preserved. Along the winding, narrow streets, you'll find restaurants, shops and night clubs. This former hangout of Adriatic pirates also offers superb little beaches where you can laze away the days under a warm Adriatic sun. Rates range up to \$18 a day for two, not including meals.

Already something of a resort for the Greeks back in the Fourth Century B.C., the Adriatic island of Hvar, two hours by ferry from the Yugoslav port of Split on the Dalmatian coast, also offers excellent accommodations. The newest hotel there is the Pharos, located on the edge of town and facing its own private beach. A complete resort, the hotel has restaurants, a night club and a movie theater. Skindiving and sailing excursions can also be arranged.

Sirmione is another lovely European spot where the main activity consists of lazy living. Located on Lago di Garda, just 75 miles from Milan, it boasts a romantic 13th Century castle with swans swimming in the moat and a ruined Roman villa that may have belonged to the poet Catullus. But more important, it also offers serene lakeside cafés where you can dawdle for hours over a vermouth or slice into one of the huge oranges that grow in the region. During the day you can swim, water-ski and play tennis, while the evening's entertainment may include visits to the local bars—several feature live dance bands—for a few rounds of after-dinner drinks. And you can make the hydrofoil run across the lake to Riva or drive to such art centers as Mantova, Verona and Brescia, all within 25 miles of Sirmione.


For an unusual vacation in France, we suggest a river-and-canal cruise aboard the *Palinurus*. A converted canal barge, the 100-foot ship carries 20 passengers in outside cabins on one-week cruises from Paris through the Burgundy vineyards to Chalon-sur-Saône. The meals and wine served (included in the \$65-\$75 tab per person) alone make the trip worth while: A regional chef prepares Burgundian dishes for you to savor while you glide past the ancient towns, châteaux and vine-clad hills of the Burgundy countryside.

Served by "canal liners," which offer such luxury touches as early-morning tea brought to your cabin, a trip down

Britain's mellow old canals is perhaps the most peaceful cruise you can take. In fact, you can even charter your own canal boat, complete with captain, or operate it yourself after brief instructions. Obviously, with a chartered boat, you're free to travel where you please—perhaps on the most beautiful of all Britain's canals, the Shropshire Union Canal, which twists 66 miles through Shropshire and Wales, passing picture-postcard lake country and fine Elizabethan mansions. On the cruise, you can tie up for a meal at any number of sleepy country villages and stroll to quiet inns for a real sense of English country life.

The art of good living has been carefully nurtured by Britain's manorial families for centuries. Try it at Great Fosters, one of England's stateliest country homes, located just six miles from London airport. A place of great stone fireplaces and oak paneling, it was once a hunting lodge for Henry VIII and a country home for Elizabeth I. There you'll find a swimming pool as well as tennis courts set in grounds that have been lovingly landscaped by successive generations of gardeners. The charge is \$12 a day for a modern suite and meals. Within 12 miles or less are nine great golf courses and the Ascot race track.

Trail jeeping is fast becoming the "in" sport out West: It's twice the fun and half the work of a sports-car rally. In Colorado, jeeps can now be rented at any number of mountain towns, including Leadville, Aspen and Silverton, for about \$20 a day. Renting agencies or local chambers of commerce often provide mapped itineraries of forest service trails and old mine roads that you can follow. Or, if you prefer company, join a jeeping club or base at a guest ranch: Many in the area are now adding four-wheel excursions to their more usual horseback jaunts. One jeep trip you can take runs from Lake City to Silverton, Ouray and Telluride, through the San Juan range, past ghost towns, abandoned mines and high-country lakes and streams. But this is no rough-it ride: There are small towns along the way where you can stop for a snack or to stretch your legs. The same applies to a trip out of Fairplay, over Mosquito Pass, tracing the old stagecoach route from Leadville. Also, a one-day circuit out of Creede runs to Silverton and back, following part of another former stagecoach route. Now that you know the directions, pack your frontier duds and hit the trail.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PLAYBOY THERAPY

Many of the letters published in your *Forum* and *Advisor* columns relate to sexual deviations. Judging from the advice usually given, it is probable that your staff is unaware of new therapeutic methods for changing a wide range of maladaptive behavior, including sexual behavior. Based on findings from the experimental laboratories, these techniques—usually referred to as "behavior therapy"—aim more at reconditioning and relearning than at uncovering presumably unconscious psychic conflicts.

I think you will be especially interested in the enclosed copy of a forthcoming article—a case report that illustrates the technique used in changing a long-standing sadistic fantasy in a college student—because of the use to which I put some of the pictures in *PLAYBOY*.

Gerald C. Davison, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychology
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

Dr. Davison's report describes the treatment of a maladjusted male patient, 21 years of age and a senior in college, who was emotionally incapable of any "normal" romantic or erotic interest in the opposite sex, because his fantasies about females had been exclusively sadistic since the age of 11. Treatment consisted of psychotherapy and counterconditioning of the patient's sadistic fantasies—associating erotic response with the attractive images of women in the pages of PLAYBOY magazine, while pairing a strong negative stimulus with the sadism. The treatment lasted ten weeks, at the end of which the sadistic fantasies of a decade had been completely replaced by healthy heterosexual ones and the patient was considered cured. In the months immediately thereafter, Dr. Davison was able to reconfirm this positive prognosis, finding no recurrence of the sadistic fantasies initially established in the subject's early adolescence.

Dr. Davison's paper is related to previous case studies involving the modification of deviant sexual behavior through counterconditioning, reported by Bandura, Feldman, Grossberg, Kalish, Rachman, and Ullmann and Krasner, among others, since 1961. Therapy of fetishism, homosexuality and transvestism has also been reported recently using similar procedures (e.g., Davies and Morgenstern, Blakemore, Freund, Feldman

and MacCulloch, Lavin, Raymond, and Thorpe), but this case is unique in several respects: "To the best of the author's knowledge," Dr. Davison writes in a brief introductory paragraph, "this is the first report of the elimination of a sadistic fantasy by conditioning methods. . . ." It is also, to the best of our knowledge, the first reported use of PLAYBOY's photography as an aid in psychotherapy. But more significantly, it is clinical substantiation of the point often made by Hefner in "The Playboy Philosophy," and re-emphasized in "Forum," that the best way of reducing sexual deviation in society is to place significantly greater emphasis on healthy heterosexuality. If, under suitable clinical controls, counterconditioning can replace long-established maladaptive sexual fantasies and behavior with positive erotic and romantic images and impulses, it should be obvious that a society that strongly emphasized these more attractive, appealing aspects of human sexuality from the outset—that conditioned positive attitudes about sex from infancy and projected appealing images of romantic eroticism at every level of society—would reduce sexual sickness to a minimum.

SODOMY FACTORIES

I would like to comment on a letter in your October *Playboy Forum* concerning homosexuality in prisons.

All prison administrations, while not condoning homosexuality, will turn their backs on it with the justification that it is inevitable. At the same time, they will stifle heterosexual inclinations and, in so doing, encourage homosexuality. For example: The copy of *PLAYBOY* that I was fortunate enough to read was a smuggled copy and is contraband reading, as in most penitentiaries. The reason that it is contraband is because of the pictures of healthy American girls that might remind the prisoner of what he's missing. On the other hand, all "bodybuilding" magazines are allowed and, in some cases, stocked in the prison libraries. You know damn well who digs "bodybuilding" magazines.

A short time ago, I had what is termed in prison jargon "a sleep-out." This is a job—for trustees only—where the work requires a prisoner to sleep outside the prison compound. With very little imagination on my part, I could have obtained a female bed partner. However, had I been caught in such an act, I

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would have been deprived of trustee status and put in solitary confinement. On the other hand, if a person is caught indulging in a homosexual act, he is let off with a light reprimand that amounts to "shame on you"—not for what he was doing, but for getting caught.

The average taxpayer who reads this will say, "So what—stay out of prisons if you don't like it." But this taxpayer does not realize that he is paying for a system that is daily turning out into society a new type of misfit: the aggressive homosexual of the sociopath type—a much different person from the ordinary homosexual.

(Name withheld by request)
Carson City, Nevada

HOMOSEXUAL HARASSMENT

I am the heterosexual ex-policeman whose previous letter to you (*The Playboy Forum*, January) concerned the persecution of homosexuals by the Los Angeles vice squad. Let me say, for the benefit of readers who missed my earlier letter, that I have been running a "gay" bar for the past few years and vigorously fighting the vice squad's harassment of my customers.

You will be proud to know the extent of the readership of the *Forum*. I have received support in letters, telegrams and phone calls from all over the United States. Alas, this support arrived too late to help me personally; my license was revoked by the State Board of Alcoholic Beverage Control in January and, although I am appealing this decision, I have little hope of obtaining justice.

Ironically, a few nights after closing my bar (probably forever), my wife and I were the victims of a hit-and-run driver, and I had to call the police five times within two hours (11 P.M. to 1 A.M.) before we received assistance. I can't help wondering how much quicker help might have been available if so much police-force manpower wasn't tied up in harassing the patrons and owners of other "gay" bars.

G. R. Schwartz
Los Angeles, California

VICE-SQUAD CORRUPTION

There is only one way to eliminate the "Vice Squad Frankenstein" (about which a reader complained in your January *Playboy Forum*)—namely, to eliminate the laws that make vice squads necessary.

Corruption has been the inevitable concomitant of vice squads in every city in the country. It is always easy to look the other way, when protection is bought and paid for. Innumerable prostitutes, gamblers, proprietors of "gay" bars and proprietors of straight bars, who wish to operate outside the law, have known this since time immemorial. Corrupt vice squads justify their existence by arresting and harassing a few purvey-

ors of illicit pleasures who do not believe that policemen should grow rich from their activities. They also concentrate on the young or naïve homosexual who has not the wit to distinguish between an honest fellow homosexual and an effeminate cop.

Eliminate the laws against adult consensual homosexuality, provide opportunities for legal gambling, restrict the scope of the prostitution laws, and there will not be much need for vice squads. The police manpower thus saved can be put to work protecting the public against thieves, swindlers and stick-up men, of whom there are enough to keep the police busy. We need protection from such predators more than we need protection from harmless prostitutes, gamblers and homosexuals. It is not the function of the law to see that policemen die rich.

Morris Ploscowe
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

DEATH FOR RAPE

As a humanitarian and nonbeliever in capital punishment, I can only look upon the enclosed clipping as legalized murder:

A teenaged girl who requested the death penalty for three accused rapists got her wish.

An all-male jury Wednesday night decreed death in the electric chair for three youths charged with rape. The decision took four hours.

In earlier testimony, the Miami Beach girl told the jurors, "They should be fully punished for what they did. I want them to die."

Sentenced to death were John Smalley, 19, Samuel Choice, 20, and Robert Gissendanner, 18.

The sentence was automatic, since the jury did not recommend mercy.

Is rape the most serious crime there is? Wouldn't five, ten or fifteen years' imprisonment be enough punishment? I wonder if this girl will be able to sleep nights after these boys are buried.

Thomas Rogers
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

A PROSTITUTE SPEAKS

This is a long-overdue letter of congratulations for your *Playboy Philosophy* installment on prostitution (May 1966).

I am a prostitute, a nine-year member of "the oldest profession"—pushed while being pulled, desired and defiled, loved at night and stoned in daylight. A daughter of joy I am not.

Of the many books and many more articles that I have read on the subject of prostitution, only two weren't completely balderdash. One is a book, *The High Cost of Loving*; the other is Mr. Hefner's *Philosophy* installment in *PLAYBOY*.

What can be done about the problem? I don't know, but I do know there never has been, nor can there be, one over-all solution. But then, there's no one vaccine that will cure all sicknesses, either.

Most people see the situation in one of two ways. They either want us prosecuted and behind bars or they want our profession legalized. What a choice! On one hand we can be placed in prison. The other choice is a Government-controlled ghetto. Should our profession become legal and regulated, we will surely become a people apart from the rest of humanity. There will be prostitutes for as long as humanity is as it is. Neither imprisonment nor Government control is acceptable to us as individual human beings. So thanks to Mr. Hefner for thinking of us as just that—human beings.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

CASTING THE FIRST STONE

Prostitution is not ugly or dirty. Only the word itself is dirty, because society has given it such a connotation. I have been "in the business" for three years now and I consider myself thoroughly respectable. I visit my doctor every week and keep myself clean. Also, I am often more than just a bed partner. I listen to all kinds of problems—business, home life, money, etc.—from some of my regulars. (I handle only steady trade—no bar-room pickups.) I am taken to some of the nicest places as a "showpiece." All men don't want just sex all of the time. One gentleman in particular has never taken me to bed. He just needs conversation and someplace to relax for an hour.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

INDECENT CITIZEN

The anonymous and self-appointed "decent" citizen of Miami, Florida (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1966), makes the sweeping and untrue assertions that all prostitutes are disease-ridden and that their number would multiply if it were not for legal prosecution.

The truth is that, often, prostitutes are much nicer people than "decent-citizen" letter writers. For one thing, they are usually not self-righteously cruel to other human beings. Furthermore, the vindictive decent citizen seems to wish sickness upon prostitutes: There is certainly no medical evidence that experienced prostitutes are diseased. It is usually the amateur who passes on venereal disease.

A. F. Jervis
Montreal, Quebec

PROSTITUTION PUT-DOWN

I disagree wholeheartedly with the letter writer who defended prostitution in the October *Playboy Forum*. I feel that moral stability has to be maintained.

The world just isn't ready for a big cash-and-carry sex orgy.

I am *not* a puritan. I think sex is the most beautiful thing in nature and, in my opinion, if God made anything better than a woman, He kept it for Himself. That is why she certainly shouldn't be put on sale.

James A. Briscoe
Baltimore, Maryland

PROSTITUTION AND MARRIAGE

The justification for prostitution is plain old *human nature*. If there is any married man among your readers who claims that he has *never* longed to have another woman, "just for a change," then I say he is one of four things: a vegetable, a faggot, a liar or dead.

George Mejeas
Hudson, Florida

WIVES AND WHORES

The answer to both sides of the dispute on wives and whores (*The Playboy Forum*, January) can be put in one sentence. Wives *can* be, and *should* be, a great deal more than whores with lifetime sinecure; but usually they are not.

Gerald Chase
New York, New York

Stanley Eigen's identification of wives with whores (*The Playboy Forum*, October) implies that sex is so dirty a thing that women give in unwillingly and tolerate it without pleasure because they are given gifts in return. Is Mr. Eigen's wife really that cold? Or, if he is unmarried, how can he state as truth that which he only assumes, rather than knows from experience? The only truth in his letter is that a woman who "holds back" for gifts (or to punish a man) is no better than a prostitute.

I believe that the majority of married women have found that the sexual act and all that it implies is an ecstasy to be shared with pride, in marriage or out. I intend to teach my daughter that sex relations between two people who love, respect or simply admire each other are the highest pleasure in life.

Mrs. Mary Farren
Lynwood, California

Stanley Eigen, in comparing wives with prostitutes (*The Playboy Forum*, October), has placed himself in the company of the eminent and controversial philosopher Bertrand Russell, who, in the essay "Our Sexual Ethics," first published in 1936, wrote:

... Everything possible should be done to free sexual relations from the economic taint. At present, wives, just as much as prostitutes, live by the sale of their sexual charms; and even in temporary free relations, the man is usually expect-

ed to bear all the joint expenses. The result is that there is a sordid entanglement of money with sex and that women's motives not infrequently have a mercenary element. Sex, even when blessed by the Church, ought not to be a profession. It is right that a woman should be paid for housekeeping or cooking or the care of children, but not merely for having sexual relations with a man. Nor should a woman who has once loved and been loved by a man be able to live ever after on alimony when his love and hers have ceased. A woman, like a man, should work for her living, and an idle wife is no more intrinsically worthy of respect than a gigolo.

William B. Neaves
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mr. Stanley Eigen (*The Playboy Forum*, October) must be single or unhappily married. His statement "A wife is, simply, a prostitute paid room and board for continuous service" is the statement of a man uneducated in the ways of married life.

Having been recently divorced, I think I now understand and appreciate what a wife is. She is not the prostitute Mr. Eigen envisions, but a part of the husband. The act of love is not payment for room and board but a joining together of both bodies and spirits. Nor is this act one-sided, as Mr. Eigen implies.

Sex alone does not make a marriage. Marriage is based on a thousand other joys and responsibilities, the first of which is love. There should be silent communication between husband and wife; an understanding of each other's wants, desires and needs; a respect and admiration for each other; a loyalty through sickness and health, for better, for worse; and a devotion to each other.

Capt. John W. Cox
Saigon, South Vietnam

PROSTITUTION AND PORNOGRAPHY

In my opinion, both pornography and prostitution should be legalized. Make it easy for the man who needs an outlet to find what he seeks and there will be no further outbreaks of violence such as happened in Chicago and Austin. It is the *frustrated* human being who eventually runs amuck and perpetrates a crime such as killing 8 nurses or gunning down 44 passers-by.

I don't attempt to tell the golfer that he can no longer play his favorite game simply because I don't like it. Nor do I tell the colleges that they are ruining the youth of America with their penchant for football games. It isn't usually mentioned, but I can point out more kids ruined by too much football and sports than by "dirty" books or whores.

Prostitution is for the solid citizen, like me—the poor soul who is so henpecked that he gets a piece about once a year and then has to promise the sun, moon and stars in return for it. Prostitution would be the salvation of the poor decrepit who can scare up a few bucks for the whore but would never have the price of the expensive callgirl.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Clara, California

The view that both prostitution and pornography are socially useful was most recently articulated by sociology professor Ned Polsky, of the State University of New York. Speaking at the annual meeting of the American Sociological Association last year, Professor Polsky pointed out that society's need to channel man's sexual instinct results in a conflict between sexual inclinations and social requirements. This conflict is relieved by pornography and prostitution, since "both provide for the discharge of what society labels antisocial sex, i.e., impersonal, nonmarital sex: Prostitution provides this via real intercourse with a real sex object, and pornography provides it via masturbatory, imagined intercourse with a fantasy object."

"Both prostitutes and pornographers," Professor Polsky went on, "are stigmatized because they provide for socially illegitimate expression of sex (nonfamilial sex), yet their very existence helps to make the institutionalization of legitimate sex in the family tolerable."

TAXING PORNOGRAPHY

The law that forbids hard-core pornography is so powerless as to be ludicrous. If anyone wants to get stag films, all he has to do is pay for them. Prohibition of such material only serves to arouse the ire of would-be censors, but does not stop its manufacture or sale.

I feel that there should be no law preventing erotica from being on the market. If pornographic material were openly available, parents would have an easier time than they do now controlling what their children see—and by putting a luxury tax on pornography, the Government would stand to make millions.

Jacob F. Von Hoefler
Brentwood, New York

CLERICAL COMMENDATION

I have just been introduced to *PLAYBOY* and its *Philosophy* by an acquaintance in my district. Apart from the picture content of your magazine, which I suspect makes it popular with most young men, I am sure *The Playboy Philosophy* has great interest for them also.

I was delighted to read of the placing of *PLAYBOY* in a theological college reading room by an administrator who stated bluntly, "This is what your future parishioners are reading and thinking." I wish

the faculty of my college in England had done the same thing. What little bit of the *Philosophy* I have been able to read shows me that my fellow clergy and myself have very little real contact with the inner life of young men.

I am now reading the entire *Playboy Philosophy* through before I make any real judgment upon it. It will also give me ammunition that I can present to my fellow clerics to show them just why they are unable to capture the attention of youth.

The Rev. H. Callaghan
Press and Publicity Officer
Diocese of Guyana
Georgetown, Guyana

"PLAYBOY PRIEST"

I admit to having been rather skeptical when a close friend, who also happens to be a member of the clergy (Methodist), told me that PLAYBOY is the most influential secular magazine among liberal churchmen today. Then I picked up a copy of the *Columbia Missourian* and read that a local Catholic clergyman has become so involved in the same social and sexual debate that you began in your magazine that he has become known as the "Playboy Priest." The Reverend Augustine Wilhelmy, according to the story, has not only studied Hugh Hefner's *Philosophy*, but regularly lectures on it to audiences of young people and numerous members of the clergy. The reason for his interest, says Father Wilhelmy, is that "A few years ago I found at Washington University that the church was talking about one thing and the students about something else. I asked them what they talked about and they answered PLAYBOY. That's when I started these lectures.

"If so many people are talking about Hefner and so many are concerned . . . we have an obligation to find out what this man is saying, for he must be saying something in tune with society."

Ray Lipscomb
St. Louis, Missouri

JESUS AS A PLAYBOY

Some time ago I decided to find out for myself what PLAYBOY was all about. I read all of Hefner's articles, from the beginning to the present. I was struck by the erudite presentation of the material and I was surprised to find myself basically—often totally—in agreement with his views.

Hefner has done a terrific job of exposing the stupid, hypocritical antisex bias of our culture, which is basically anti-Biblical. Swinburne wrote: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown gray from thy breath." But it wasn't Jesus who was gray—far from it. It was a large segment of his followers. True Christian ethics and morality, I have concluded, are not at all incompatible with Hefner's philosophy as far as its

general viewpoint is concerned. A Christian can be an ascetic if he wishes, but he can also be a Hefner type of playboy. Most professed Christians live *The Playboy Philosophy* anyway; most clergymen in their fashionable parsonages live more like playboys than ascetics. I am prepared to argue that Jesus himself was somewhat of a playboy, the way Hefner uses the word, and which he defines as follows: "Is he simply a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, a fashionable bum? Far from it. He can be a sharp-minded young business executive, a worker in the arts, a university professor, an architect or engineer. He can be many things, providing he possesses a certain point of view." (I would add: He can even be the Son of God.) "He must see life not as a vale of tears—but as a happy time; he must take joy in his work, without regarding it as the end and all of living, he must be an alert man, an aware man, a man of taste, a man sensitive to pleasure, a man who—without acquiring the stigma of the voluptuary or dilettante—can live life to the hilt." The Bible says: "There is a time to embrace, a time to refrain."

Jesus said we should love our neighbors as we love ourselves. This coincides with Hefner's enlightened self-interest. Jesus was against "meaningless selflessness" (Hefner). He loved life and did not believe in making things tough for himself just for the heck of it. He liked the company of women (*Mark* 5:40-41). He loved some of them (*John* 11:5). (The word *agapan* here must have a more exclusive meaning than altruism, as otherwise it would be pointless, since Jesus naturally, in the altruistic sense, loved all men and women.) He loved good food and good wine (*Luke* 7:34, 5:39) and good grooming (*Mark* 14:3). He loved nature. He worked hard and he knew how to relax, usually by "lying at table," which we know in Jerusalem at that time was an elaborate, scrumptious affair, comprising up to 80 different dishes, wine and sweets always included (*Matthew* 9:10, 26:7, etc.).

Jesus castigated the self-styled puritans of his day (*Luke* 11:46). Does not Jesus fit pretty well (though not totally) Hefner's description of a playboy? Sure, he went to the cross, but he also had a lot of fun. How far have his disciples strayed from his glorious example! Jesus hated pain and cured the sick. To him pleasure was indeed preferable to pain.

If I had the space available, I could prove that Saint Paul rather than Hefner turned women into some sort of convenience or accessory, less than a full personality. He told them to be subject to their men and he flatly stated that woman is here for the sake of man (*I Corinthians* 11:9). Did Hefner ever say this?

I disagree with Hefner when he suggests that premarital chastity leads to sexual marital problems. It may do this

in some cases, but it did not in my marriage and, I am sure, in many others. I also disagree with Hefner's basic assumption that morality must be based on reason rather than revelation. But this is my bias. Others may have their own bias. This is a minor point, as it does not affect the general viewpoint of *The Playboy Philosophy*, with which I entirely agree.

The Rev. H. L. Wipprecht
The United Church of Canada
Cobalt, Ontario

PLAYMATE AS FINE ART

There is a sorry contradiction between *The Playboy Philosophy* and the stuff presented in your January issue under the title *The Playmate as Fine Art*. I disagree with many aspects of *The Playboy Philosophy*, but I agree (at least in general terms) with its stated intention: that man should enjoy his life on earth and that sex should be regarded as a proper, innocent, inspiring part of his life.

If this is what the Playmate of the Month is supposed to symbolize, it is regrettable to see you publish "interpretations" that symbolize the exact opposite. The only real artist in the bunch is (or was) Dali, whose contribution is not up to the best of his former standards. As for the rest of the stuff, observe its resemblance to the art of the Middle Ages. Both come from the same view of life, from a profound hatred for man and for this earth: the deliberate distortion of the human figure into an inept, grotesque, unappetizing object—the stress on ugliness and crudeness, the treatment of woman as a gargoyle. That collection is not a gay joke: It is a morbid sneer directed specifically at human enjoyment.

Another item of *The Playboy Philosophy* is its intention to serve as a voice of youth, as a rebel against the entrenched prejudices of the *status quo*. That sort of "art" is the *status quo* of today, the remnant of a dying trend, the stale, conventional output that one can see anywhere, from subway ads on down.

There's no shock value left in ineptitude. What *would* shock people today is a sight of craftsmanship.

May I call your attention to a glimpse of the *new* in the field of *actual* fine art, to an artist who projects a view of life similar to your philosophy, but expresses it with a virtuoso technique: José Manuel Capuletti. Capuletti is a young Spanish artist who lives in Paris, whose American following is growing rapidly by word of mouth. (His latest exhibition was at the Hammer Galleries in New York, November 15-26, 1966.) What is particularly significant, as a trend of the future, is the fact that he is attracting a large number of admirers among the young.

(continued on page 170)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **ARNOLD TOYNBEE**

a candid conversation with the eminent historian and outspoken adversary of brinkmanship and U.S. "imperialism"

Hailed by many scholars as the greatest historian of the century, assailed by others for what they consider an obsession with dead rather than living civilizations, and for his insistence that the Western world may collapse unless it rediscovers a sense of spiritual purpose, Arnold Joseph Toynbee, at 77, is one of the most brilliant, distinguished and controversial of living Englishmen. Best known as the author of "A Study of History"—a prodigious attempt, which occupied him for 27 years and fills a dozen weighty volumes, to chronicle and assess nothing less than the entire recorded history of mankind—Toynbee is also an acknowledged authority on contemporary international relations and a contentious critic of American foreign policy in particular. He was a member of British delegations to peace conferences after both World Wars, and for much of his working life has supervised the annual survey published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London.

Although Toynbee's eminence and accomplishments are beyond dispute (he is a Companion of Honor, a title granted by the Queen for outstanding literary achievement or public service, and bears honorary degrees from Princeton, Columbia, Cambridge and his own university, Oxford), other historians have for years been attacking his theories, in detail as well as in design. When the last four volumes of "A Study of History" appeared, the prominent Dutch scholar Pieter Geyl dubbed them "a further installment of the same maddening profusion of vastly learned examples, stated in

an attractive or impressive, but frequently slipshod fashion and proving exactly nothing." The British historian A. J. P. Taylor, writing on Toynbee's book "East to West," averred that his colleague "disliked contact with life. . . . Toynbee is an expatriate, a rootless man, alien everywhere and . . . at home only among the ruins." Toynbee, however, credits his classical background with giving him "a mental standing ground outside the time and place into which I happen to have been born" and "a lifelong conviction that human affairs do not become intelligible until they are seen as a whole."

Western civilization can escape the fate of Babylon and Rome, Toynbee believes, if the people of the West accept his thesis that "our choice is going to be not between a whole world and a shredded-up world, but between one world and no world." He prophesies "that the human race is going to choose life and good, not death and evil. I therefore believe in the imminence of one world, and I believe that, in the 21st Century, human life is going to be a unity again in all its aspects and activities." Among the obstacles to such a unity, Toynbee has often singled out nationalism as a prime cause of war and social disintegration. Zionism—which he considers a nationalistic perversion of Judaism, a religion he professes to admire—has been one of his most frequent targets. "All the far-flung ghettos of the world are to be gathered into one patch of soil in Palestine to create a single consolidated ghetto there," he once wrote. S. O. Liptzin,

Chairman of the American Jewish Congress Commission on Jewish Affairs, considers Toynbee's dubious distinction between Judaism and Zionism "insulting and dishonest." Another critic has called Toynbee "an outright, if highly sophisticated anti-Semite." Toynbee himself claims he is neither an enemy of the Jews nor an advocate for the Arabs; but while visiting the Arab countries, he has chosen to bypass Israel—which he invariably refers to as "Palestine"; he has also publicly denounced "the Jewish massacre of Arabs in 1948." His questionable attitude toward the Jews, like the other controversial issues that have evolved out of his search for a "total" view of mankind, will continue to be debated as long as his works are read.

Today, though nominally in retirement, Toynbee spends three days a week working at Chatham House in London, headquarters of the Royal Institute. He remains an active traveler and continues to write every morning; his afternoons are devoted to research, sometimes in the British Museum—where he can be seen taking voluminous notes in a minuscule hand—but usually in the book-lined study of his fourth-floor apartment in West London, where late last winter he spent two four-hour sessions, on consecutive days, with PLAYBOY interviewer Norman MacKenzie. As he spoke, in a gentle but emphatic voice, he sat passively, relying on subtle idiosyncrasies of expression—especially a trick of squinting, and a habit of lifting his eyebrows in mock surprise—to dramatize his statements. We began our conversations by



"America has been stirring up China; she has been as nasty to China as she can be. She has been sticking pins into the tiger, and then saying, 'Look what a ferocious tiger it is—it reacts.'"



"There should be a regime in Vietnam that will be genuinely independent and neutral. The only regime I can think of that would be capable of doing this is a united Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh."



"The technological and economic forces on both sides of the Iron Curtain are identical. President Johnson's 'Great Society' and Mr. Kosygin's post-Stalinist communism will be very like each other."

asking him to amplify some of his well-publicized criticisms of the United States.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago you wrote that America is "the leader of a worldwide counterrevolutionary movement in defense of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for. Rome consistently supported the rich against the poor." Do you still feel that way?

TOYNBEE: More than ever, I'm afraid. The U. S. Government and the American people used to sympathize with and encourage liberation movements all over the world, such as the Spanish-American struggle against Spain, the Irish and Indian movements against Britain, the Italian *Risorgimento* against Austria, and the Polish movement against Austria, Prussia and Russia. But today, America is making it her business to oppose and defeat so-called wars of liberation wherever they break out, and in some cases she has actively supported reactionary and unrepresentative regimes in other countries. She has even practiced countersubversion, as in Guatemala a few years ago. I think this policy is immoral; it is also bound to bring its own retribution. In resisting subversive left-wing practices to which she objects, America has in some cases fallen into adopting the same practices herself. The occasion of this big—and, as I see it, unfortunate—change in American attitudes and policy was the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. The deeper cause of the change, I should say, is that America has become immensely rich, and therefore has become defensive-minded. She suspects other people of wanting to take her wealth from her, and this has made her militantly antiliberal.

PLAYBOY: Is this view what led you to make such extreme statements as your remark that "Madison Avenue is more danger to the West than communism"?

TOYNBEE: That is an extreme statement, but I believe it is a correct one. Communism is a threat to the West from outside, but not a very serious one. No Western country seems likely to be converted to communism. Most Western countries, including the U. S., are becoming welfare states, which is a form of inoculation against communism. Madison Avenue, however, is a threat from the *inside*, and we are betrayed by what is false within. Pushing sales by advertising is propagating what Plato called "the lie in the soul." It is substituting the "image" of things for the truth about them. It is, in fact, a campaign of subversion against intellectual honesty and moral integrity—and these are the indispensable foundations of decent civilized life.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be implying that

America should be more concerned with its domestic integrity than with what the Government construes as a moral responsibility to protect the free world from falling under Communist control.

TOYNBEE: If, at any time between 1914 and 1946, you had told me that one day I should wish to see America return to isolationism, I should not have believed you. Of course, I still do not really wish to see America go isolationist. The world has now become a unity, and we must all, therefore, become world-minded—especially America, because she is at present the most powerful country in the world. I do not want to see communism spread, but neither do I want to see the system of capitalist "free enterprise" spread. I should like to see communism, capitalism and other ways of life—the ways of the majority of mankind—that are neither Communist nor capitalist, finding means to co-exist with one another. That is why I think America's policy of opposing communism by force is misconceived. It defeats its own object. The only effective means of preventing the spread of communism—or any other way of life, for that matter—is to make some different way of life more attractive on the test of its results. In Europe, the U. S. is helping Europeans to do things that the Europeans themselves believe to be good for them. In Asia, the U. S. is trying to impose on Asians things that the U. S. feels to be good for Asians—or to be good for American interests in Asia. The Americans and the Northwest Europeans have the same way of life; Asians, however, have their own ways, which are neither Communist nor capitalist.

PLAYBOY: In this context, you have said: "In refusing to recognize that the Viet Cong represents a national liberation movement made by the South Vietnamese themselves, and in attributing the war wholly to Communist intervention from the outside, the United States is unintentionally making herself the heir of European colonialism in Asia." Do you stand by that statement?

TOYNBEE: I certainly do. I arrived at this conclusion as a result of a number of meetings and discussions with people in different parts of the United States in the fall of 1964 and the spring of 1965. To my mind, the most alarming thing about the American attitude toward Vietnam—and this applies to the Administration as well as to the general public—is that, as I see it, the American attitude is so unrealistic. I think America wants to play the role of Saint George on a world scale, and therefore needs a world-wide dragon: monolithic world communism. I happen to think it is an *imaginary* dragon that she is hugging, that the U. S. will not look at the realities. As I see it,

the motive that makes the Viet Cong and North Vietnam fight this colossus of the United States at tremendous cost to themselves is one that is very well known. What they want is national liberation from foreign domination, and then national reunification. They wanted to get rid of the French, and now they want to get rid of the Americans. They want to be reunited again. This is a perfectly understandable motive; it is one that inspires people to fight wars of liberation. But the U. S. goes on insisting that this is part of a world Communist conspiracy. Until the Americans get down to looking at the realities, without prejudice, they won't begin to solve their difficulties in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: Some commentators feel that the Chinese are willing to see the United States drawn more and more deeply into Vietnam, because it offers them a chance to demonstrate to the world that the U. S. is an imperialist power. Do you think this is the case?

TOYNBEE: I think that some such motive is probably present. After all, the Chinese are causing America odium and expense in lives and money. Vietnam is costly, after all. But, of course, the Chinese might miscalculate; the risk in this policy is that the war with the U. S. might in the end make Vietnam turn against China. China is not being a very handsome partner to Vietnam. So the Chinese can't go all the way in this policy. I also think we should recognize that the Chinese have a strong motive for wishing to get America farther removed from their own doorstep. She is standing on their doorstep in Vietnam, in Taiwan, in Korea. They would like to see her farther off. I think that is a genuine anxiety on their part.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that the U. S. withdraw completely from Southeast Asia, in order to cease causing China anxiety?

TOYNBEE: I believe the right policy for America would be to try to get a Southeast Asia that wasn't dominated either politically or militarily by any major power, either by herself or by China. Americans might say: "Well, if we go out, China will come in." But what is the priority of Chinese motives? I think China's paramount motive in Southeast Asia is to get America out. As I said, America is uncomfortably close to China's doorstep, from China's point of view. The safeguard, from the American point of view, would be that, if China did then think of encroaching on Southeast Asia, there would always be the deterrent that this might provoke the U. S. to return. A really neutral Southeast Asia could well receive aid from both America and China. Both these countries, I believe, have a common interest in ensuring that



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Southeast Asia shall be politically and militarily independent.

PLAYBOY: Yet you have suggested that the U. S. should "stand aside and allow self-determination in Vietnam . . . even if this leads, as it most certainly will lead, to . . . a Communist regime."

TOYNBEE: I think it is desirable that there should be a regime in Vietnam that will be genuinely independent and neutral and that will therefore form a kind of insulator between the United States and China. I think this is desirable from the point of view of Vietnam itself, and from the point of view of China and America, too. The only Vietnamese regime I can think of that would be capable of doing this is a united Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh. That is what we would get if we had self-determination in Vietnam—and that, to my mind, is very desirable, even at the cost of this being a Communist regime. Ho Chi Minh is a Communist, after all, only because the French and the Americans forced him to turn to communism as a means of organizing the movement for independence. He started as a nationalist. He is still a nationalist first. All Communists or capitalists are nationalists first and foremost. Any other ideology always comes second, I think, to nationalism. I believe the North Vietnamese hate having been thrust into China's arms by France and being firmly kept there now by America. As I see it, America is playing China's game, not America's and Russia's game, by making war in Vietnam. If America withdrew and allowed the two forcibly separated halves of Vietnam to reunite under Ho Chi Minh, I believe a reunited Vietnam would be as effective a barrier to China's expansion as Yugoslavia is to Russia's.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Ho playing a Titoist role in the Far East?

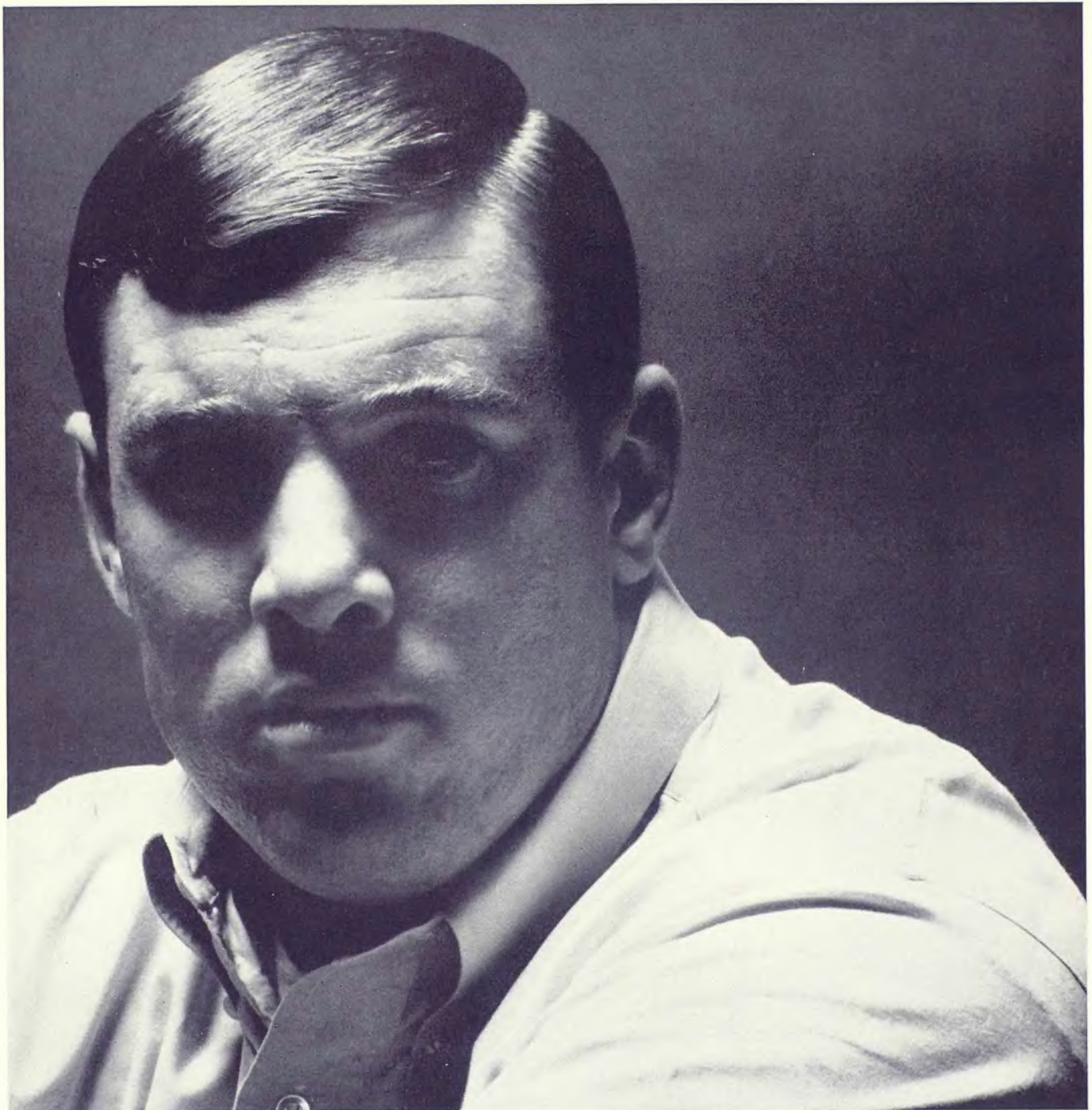
TOYNBEE: Yes, and astonishing China by his ingratitude, just as Austria astonished Russia by her ingratitude at the time of the Crimean War.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the United States would accept a Communist regime in Vietnam?

TOYNBEE: They have accepted a Communist regime in Yugoslavia, haven't they? They have recognized that from their point of view, Tito is as good a thing as they can get—in that part of the world, anyway. My hope would be that they would come to see that Ho Chi Minh was as good a thing as they could get in Southeast Asia. But there is a serious psychological obstacle. America first has to admit that she has made a mistake—a big one.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is anything the U. S. can do about ending the war while Hanoi and Peking refuse to negotiate except on terms equivalent to unconditional and unilateral American withdrawal?

TOYNBEE: Well, nobody is going to refuse



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to negotiate on *any* terms. If both sides agree on a cease-fire, the crucial question is whether the U.S. would agree to a genuine consultation of opinion in the South as well as the North, including the option for the South to reunite with the North. But Hanoi doesn't believe that America is at present willing to do that, though President Johnson keeps on saying that he is ready to negotiate unconditionally. Now, I notice that though the British Foreign Secretary steadily lays the blame on Hanoi for refusing to negotiate now, he always says, too, that if we could get back to the 1954 Geneva agreements, then there would come a point when there would be a free vote in Vietnam over the question of reunion. If that possibility could be assured, then I think we would be removing the chief obstacle to negotiation. But will the U.S. be willing to agree to that? After all, she refused once before to be a party to an agreement under which South Vietnam could join up again with North Vietnam. Has she changed her mind and her policy on this?

PLAYBOY: Many of those opposed to U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam argue that to do so would open the door to Communist take-overs in Laos, Cambodia and even Thailand. How do you feel about this “domino theory”?

TOYNBEE: The domino theory depends on the dogma that communism or anti-communism is the capital question in everybody's mind. I entirely disbelieve in this. I think communism is a very secondary thing, and that capitalism is also a very secondary thing at present, compared with nationalism. I think Cambodia and Laos and Thailand will follow their national interests—whatever they think these are. If they think their interest is to go Communist, they will go Communist. But I don't think the fact of Vietnam's going Communist will necessarily lead to the neighboring countries' going Communist, too. As a matter of fact, they are very anxious *not* to fall under Chinese control. For about 2000 years, all the peoples of Southeast Asia have been afraid of falling under Chinese domination, and sometimes they have temporarily fallen under it. I think that if the American presence were removed, then the whole national effort of these countries would go back to resisting being taken over by China instead of America. In Vietnam, in particular, there would be some hope of stabilizing the regime on this basis of independence, because the Vietnamese people have a stronger national consciousness; I think they are the most upstanding of all these peoples. After all, they have resisted China for 2000 years: they resisted the French; and now they are resisting the Americans.

PLAYBOY: You have expressed a great deal of hostility toward nationalism in

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many of your writings. How do you reconcile your support of self-determination in Vietnam with your low regard for nationalism?

TOYNBEE: Nationalism is the big enemy of the human race in present conditions, because technology has made the world one, while the habit of nationalism tries to keep it apart. Technology can be used to better mankind; but if we can't get over nationalism, technology will be used to smash up mankind, I think. Though I dislike all nationalism, however, I dislike an aggressive nationalism more than I dislike a defensive nationalism. It seems to me that before you can get over nationalism, you have to satisfy the nationalism of people who have been subject to foreign rule—like so many peoples in Asia and Africa, including the Vietnamese. The only desirable long-term policy is that all nationalism should be subordinated to some kind of general government of the human race. We are a long way off from that; but unless we can get there, now that we are in the atomic age, our future is pretty black.

PLAYBOY: China can now make nuclear weapons, and will soon have rockets to carry them. How do you think this will change the nuclear "balance of terror"?

TOYNBEE: For the moment, atomic weapons are making China cautious in action—as distinct from her words—because her nuclear installations are hostages to fortune while they are in the embryonic stage. If and when China has stockpiled nuclear weapons and rockets on the American and Russian scale, America and Russia will have to treat China as an equal.

PLAYBOY: In view of the bellicosity of China's leaders, do you believe that they might be more ready than the Russians to risk the use of nuclear weapons against the West?

TOYNBEE: Their words would make us think so; but the more they have to lose, the more cautious they are likely to become.

PLAYBOY: The upsurge of the war-mongering Red Guard movement, with Mao Tse-tung's wholehearted support, would seem to give little evidence of a trend toward caution in Chinese foreign policy.

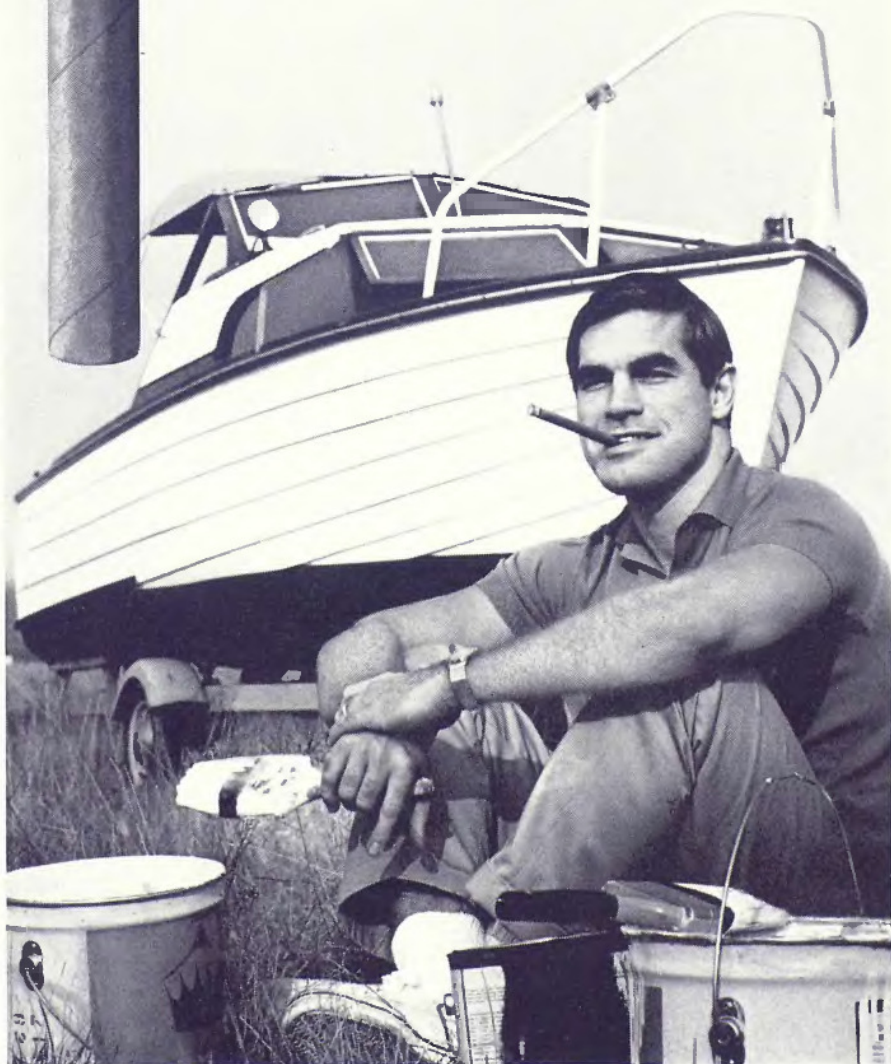
TOYNBEE: I think the Red Guard uprising is merely a still more violent form of the violent reaction in China against foreigners that began as long ago as the Boxer rebellion at the beginning of this century—nearly half a century before the Communist take-over. This constantly increasing Chinese militancy is, I believe, a reaction to China's century of humiliation, from 1839 to 1945, during which the Chinese were trampled on by Britain, France and Japan, in turn, and were treated as "natives," after having been the center and source of civilization in their half of the world for more than 2000 years. I think the Chinese have

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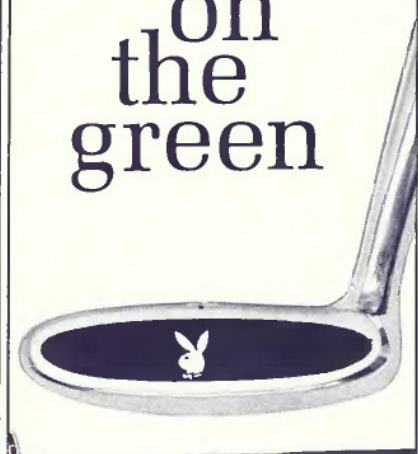


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turned savage now because they want two things that cannot be combined. They want to get rid of everything Western and, at the same time, they want to have the material power and wealth that can be given only by a mastery of Western science and technology. As they acquire it, I expect China's policy to evolve in the way Russia's has evolved—toward coexistence with the West; and the West, as far as China is concerned, includes Russia. For the moment, I think the Chinese hate America and Russia equally.

PLAYBOY: Since the Soviet Union is now moving closer to what the Chinese consider heretical capitalist ideas such as wage incentives and the mass production of consumer goods, do you see industrialization leading to a withering away of Communist ideals in Russia?

TOYNBEE: No, I do not. I expect industrialization to lead, everywhere, to a mixture of free enterprise with socialism. The technological and economic forces that are at work on both sides of the Iron Curtain are identical, and they are going to produce uniform results. President Johnson's "Great Society" and Mr. Kosygin's post-Stalinist communism will be very like each other. The past conflicts between Protestants and Catholics, and between Moslems and Christians, throw light on what is likely to happen. After all, Christianity and Islam coexist in the world today, after 13 centuries of war and hostility; both Protestantism and Catholicism have managed to survive in the same world, though for centuries after the Reformation each party swore that the world would be an impossible place to live in as long as the other party was on the map. The same thing is likely to happen to communism and capitalism. They are each going on swearing that they cannot coexist with the other, yet they are beginning to coexist more and more. And what is more, they are beginning to become less and less unlike each other. They keep their labels but change their contents. Eventually, I suspect, they will become practically indistinguishable from each other. For I think that the same thing is happening to Russia now as began to happen to America in 1917. Russia, in her turn, is ceasing to be revolutionary and is becoming conservative. For the moment, this makes a present to China of the pro-revolutionary role in the world that was played by America until 1917 and by Russia after that date. But China, too, will surely become conservative in her turn, as she becomes more affluent. Traditionally, in their politics, the Chinese have been conservative and moderate.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that, as China catches up industrially and economically with Russia, their ideological differences will slowly disappear?

TOYNBEE: Probably so—but I think the ideological dispute between China and Russia is a screen for a deeper and perhaps more lasting conflict of national interests, and the heart of this conflict lies in China's determination to regain all the territories that were taken from her during the century 1839–1915. She has already regained Sinkiang, Manchuria and Tibet. Till 1856–1860, the whole left-bank half of the Amur basin, as well as the territory between the Ussuri river and the sea down to the site of Vladivostok, inclusive, was Chinese. The Chinese would like to recover these lost territories from Russia; but China is no match for Russia yet. Before many more years, however, she will be.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that this is one of the major anxieties underlying Russia's antagonism toward China today?

TOYNBEE: I should. Look at the length of the land frontier between Russia and China. After all, if America got tired of boxing with China, she could just pull her troops back across the Pacific and have half the world between her and China. But Russia can't disengage from China. Once, long ago, I traveled from Peking back to Ostend by train. The Russians and Chinese were fighting in Manchuria then, over the railway that the Russians had built on what the Chinese claimed to be their land. I can't forget the impression of coming out of that teeming country, China, into the empty expanse of Siberia. There they were, side by side. It was like two levels of water. When you have two very different levels of water, there is tremendous pressure to combine at the same level. Now, the Russians are conscious of this. They are trying to fill eastern Siberia and to industrialize it, but it is a race against time. I think they have great cause for anxiety.

PLAYBOY: Do you anticipate that this territorial dispute may lead to war between Russia and China?

TOYNBEE: I do not expect to see armed clashes between nuclear powers. But, of course, I may be too optimistic.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the differences between Moscow and Peking could be turned to the advantage of the West?

TOYNBEE: Yes, I do. If peace were to be re-established in Vietnam, I think that Russia might seek insurance against Chinese nationalism by reaching an understanding with the United States. Russia, after all, is far more genuinely threatened by Chinese chauvinism than is the United States. But this new line-up would only continue the Cold War while shifting the line of division between the opposing parties. I don't want to see a line-up of the West and Russia against China. But I do want to see a *rapprochement* between Russia and America—not necessarily *against* China but for a more positive purpose: to stabilize the world

and put the world in order. Nothing can put the world in order except the combined action of the United States and the Soviet Union. Vietnam is the key, because while President Johnson goes on with the Vietnam war, and U. S. bombers smash up the country, Russia just can't afford to side with America. Nationalism may be more important than communism, but take another example. If a Moslem country were fighting a holy war against a Christian country, it would be difficult for another Christian country to collaborate with the Moslems who were fighting a holy war against its co-religionists. The same sort of thing applies here; we have to allow for the outward appearance of Communist solidarity. So I think that the Vietnam war is the key to relations between Moscow and Washington.

PLAYBOY: How do you see relations between the U. S. and China developing in the next ten years?

TOYNBEE: It very much depends upon the attitude of the U. S. toward China. As I see it, America has been busy since 1949 sticking pins into the tiger and then saying, "Look what a ferocious tiger it is—it reacts." The French have a saying: "This creature is very wicked: it defends itself when attacked." I think this sums up my view of American relations with China. America has been stirring up China; she has been as nasty to China as she can be. For instance, she has been lobbying to keep China out of the United Nations and has been urging other countries to stop trading with China. How can you expect China not to be nasty to America and to America's Western satellites? What I would try first is behaving to China as if she were an ordinary country with ordinary human rights, to see how she reacts to that. I think China is determined to get all Western powers—and today that really means primarily the United States—away from her doorstep. I don't think Britain on her doorstep in Hong Kong or Portugal on her doorstep in Macao is much of a worry to China; but America is.

China wants to get back to her position as it was when she was the leading nation in East Asia, in the same sort of way as the U. S. is the leading nation in the Western Hemisphere. But I don't see China having world-wide ambitions. In the past, she was the great power in East Asia but not outside that area; and she can be the leading power in that area again without actually annexing or politically and militarily dominating the smaller countries around her. For instance, China could take the line in Eastern Asia that the U. S. takes in the Western Hemisphere. The U. S. bars all non-American powers from reacquiring political influence or control in the hemisphere, but it is only occasionally and temporarily that she herself has occupied

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Latin-American countries militarily. The U.S. interest in the hemisphere is largely negative—an interest in keeping other powers out. I think that this is also China's substantial interest in Eastern Asia. For the present regime of China, as for the present regime in Russia, communism is an instrument of nationalism, not an end in itself.

I always go back to the original struggle in Russia between Stalin and Trotsky. So far as I know, Trotsky was the only leading statesman in any Communist country who was genuinely prepared to sacrifice the national interest of his country in order to propagate the Communist world revolution. That's what Trotsky wanted to do with Russia. But Stalin wanted to exploit communism in Russia's national interests, and Stalin won. This is significant. I think the nationalist will always win over any other kind of ideologist. Therefore, I believe that what China wants with communism is to use it as an instrument for restoring China to her traditional position in the world. That may be a position of very great power and importance, but it is something quite different from expending China's national resources and well-being in order to convert the whole world to communism by force.

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true, why do you think Chinese communism has such a significant appeal in Africa and Latin America?

TOYNBEE: Like the Africans and the Latin Americans, the Chinese have been treated as "natives," and they have suffered recently enough, and are still suffering enough from white imperialism, to feel a real solidarity with other poor peoples, and to join forces with them rather than with the West or even with Russia. The Africans and Latin Americans think the Russians are wretched white people like the rest of us. After all, the Russians are becoming as prosperous as the Europeans and the Americans, and now in African and Latin-American eyes, their true color is coming out. The African and Asian revolutionaries feel that the Russians don't really mean business. They think, however, that the Chinese do mean business. So it isn't communism so much as Chinese support that is attractive to Africans and Asians who are still subject to colonial regimes. Chinese communism is attractive insofar as it proves to be as effective as Russian communism in generating industrial and military power under the conditions of the present-day world.

PLAYBOY: How can the U.S. combat this appeal?

TOYNBEE: By competing with Russia and China in giving these developing countries the things they want. But this is more difficult for a capitalist country than for a Communist country. The point is illustrated by the fate of the Alliance for Progress in Latin America. Latin America

really needs a drastic revolution; it needs the putting down of the selfish minority that is in power in most Latin-American countries. This is a thing that communism will do but that America, almost on principle, won't do. Therefore, America's attempts to help the people of Latin America are going to be frustrated by her leniency toward the ruling minorities. Communist countries don't have the same inhibitions, so communism has rather more to offer to the masses in Latin America than has the United States.

PLAYBOY: Can you see any way the U.S. could avoid supporting reactionary dictatorships as a bulwark against Communist take-overs?

TOYNBEE: By going back to her original tradition. If you go back 150 years, you will find passages in Metternich's dispatches in which he bewails the revolutionary subversive action of the United States in South America and Europe, very much the way in which Mr. Dulles bewailed the actions of the Soviet Union there. America started with a revolutionary tradition, but about the time of the Russian Revolution, she suddenly made this about-face and became the Metternich of the present day, trying to organize another Holy Alliance against revolution.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that America's foreign-aid programs have been a failure in this respect?

TOYNBEE: They are not successful insofar as they put money in the pockets of the rich. There are many countries, including India and many Latin-American countries, in which you have got to have really drastic social and political changes before foreign aid can effectively reach the pockets it should go to. But America in her present mood will not do that, and her present foreign-aid program is therefore bound to be frustrated to a large extent. Some things, like the Peace Corps, are successful, because all these individual young men and women are obviously politically disinterested and they are now doing useful things for the countries they work in. But monetary and economic improvements are largely frustrated by the social setup of many of the countries that are being given aid. Things are different, of course, in both the east-European Communist countries and the west-European capitalist countries that have received U.S. aid. They are in a healthier social condition than many other parts of the world. The reason the Marshall Plan was a success was that the social and political structure of the west-European countries was sound enough for that money to be put in the right places and to fructify. But that is not the case in Latin America or, say, in India or Pakistan.

PLAYBOY: Because of these economic inequities, do you foresee the possibility of a military conflict between the West and the underdeveloped nations?

TOYNBEE: I think this is the issue underlying the Rhodesian question today. If you take a long-term view, you can see that, until about 300 years ago, the West was just an ordinary part of the world, just one section of the civilized world like any other, not more advanced in any way, not less advanced. But about three centuries back, we in the West began to pull away. We became preponderant in power because we stole a march on the rest of the world in technology. For a time, this put us ahead of other people. As a result, a smallish minority of the human race, which is becoming a smaller minority every year, has easily dominated the world through its technological superiority. But as we see from the case of Russia, technology may be a difficult thing to invent, but it is not so difficult a thing to adopt from other people once it has been invented. Now, Russia, China and all the rest of the non-Western majority of the human race have begun to realize that if they want to get even with the West and to hold their own, they must master Western technology. If it is possible to do it, they will do it. Once the rest of the world has fully mastered Western technology—Russia pretty well has done so already; she is now ahead of most Western countries except the U.S.—then numbers will count. The West has a limited time to get off its perch. If we continue to be racist, and if we go on insisting on our domination, instead of trying to get back to an equality with the majority, we shall eventually become an oppressed minority. It is up to us. The question that Britain faces over Rhodesia is this: Are we going to be racist or are we going to be mankind-minded and try to give equal treatment to nonwhites and whites? We haven't given a positive answer so far. For instance, Britain is perfectly ready to use force in Arab countries, like Aden. She won't use force against a white minority in Rhodesia. The world notes this and draws conclusions.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is a danger of a racial rather than an ideological or economic split in the world?

TOYNBEE: I didn't think that until recently. After all, the biggest rivalry has been between America and Russia, two white nations; in Asia, the key differences have been between India and China and between India and Pakistan. But since the Rhodesian issue came to the surface, and since I have seen how divided Britain is on the race question, including the internal question of Pakistani and West Indian immigrants, I am much more inclined to fear that we may line up on racial or color lines. This is a grim prospect. I am now rather afraid that racial differences, which are very inflammatory, may come to the top. The really provocative thing is the Western nations' double standard in dealing with

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white people and with nonwhites. People in Britain, for example, are horrified at the idea of using military force against the 217,000 white Rhodesians. But they don't get upset when force is used against Arabs in Aden. This is so everywhere. The Americans wouldn't do to, say, France what they are doing in Vietnam—no, not for a moment.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the persistence of such attitudes abroad may be related to the rise of "Black Power" and Negro rioting in the U. S.?

TOYNBEE: Yes, I do—and I expect, in the immediate future, an increase in violence on both sides. But I also expect that the ultimate solution of the race conflict in the U.S. is going to be integration in the 100-percent form of intermarriage. This will become possible when the African Americans have arrived at cultural equality with the European Americans—as they will one day. What looks like race conflict often masks a conflict between people who are at different levels of culture. I believe culture counts for more than race. We can learn from current history. When I say "we," of course, this is the minority white point of view, isn't it? A number of countries have already solved this problem. Go to west Pakistan, for example; you will see there people of every kind of physical race—black, white, yellow—living together, intermarrying, passing the time of day together socially, without any race consciousness whatever. The divisions in the Indian subcontinent are religious, not a matter of color. Go to Mexico and many other Latin-American countries, where the population is predominantly Indian, with a dash of white in it, and you will see the same. This problem has been solved already in a great part of the world, largely in Latin America and the Islamic world. It is only a portion of the Western world, especially the Teutonic-speaking portion, the people who speak English and Dutch and German, that seems to be so bad about race.

PLAYBOY: Why, in your opinion?

TOYNBEE: This attitude has rather a distant origin, I think. After all, these are the barbarians who came into the Roman Empire. By the time they had carved out successor states from the Roman Empire, they were very conscious that they were the new dominant race. Of course, they became assimilated, but perhaps later on, when they came up against markedly different races—the Africans, for instance—this sense of racial privilege and race pride came out again. I don't know. In any case, it is a very serious thing. It is not so bad in the French Commonwealth—though the Algerian war was as bad as it could be, of course; but the French *colons* did intermarry with Africans quite a lot, too. That is a help.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that racial or religious differences are as important historically as economic or class conflicts?

TOYNBEE: It is awfully hard to measure the relative importance. I think Marx was right to criticize the old-fashioned kind of history, which was in terms of politics and wars entirely—a history of kings and queens and battles and political revolutions. But Marx made no real progress by saying: "It is not politics; it is economics that counts. That is the key thing." I don't think there *is* any key thing; or if there is, it is probably the underlying religious feelings that people have. Religion gets down to the deepest layers of the human soul. On the whole, I should say that no aspect or activity of human life is the sole key to history. The old-fashioned political view of history, the view that politics is more important than economics, is borne out, against Marx, by the facts. When people have the choice between an economic interest and a political interest, they will nearly always sacrifice the economic interest for the political goal. One remarkable case is that of Trieste in recent times. Trieste was a very flourishing port for the whole Habsburg monarchy, but the population was mainly Italian. They had this choice: Did they wish to see the Austrian Empire broken up and themselves united with Italy at the cost of being ruined economically, or did they prefer to remain prosperous economically and remain Austrian subjects? They preferred to be Italians and be ruined—and I think this is rather characteristic. I can think of many other instances. Politics are more romantic than economics. You can appeal more powerfully to peoples' emotions on political or military issues than on economic matters. People are pretty silly about this.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the United Nations has been effective in arbitrating such political and military disputes on an international level?

TOYNBEE: Its history so far has been sadly like the history of the League of Nations. Its technical organizations, like those of the League of Nations, have been a great success; they have played a very valuable role in a world where we are trying to help the backward countries to get abreast of the more advanced countries. But that in itself will not keep the peace of the world. There will be no advance for anybody unless we can keep the world in order. But as a peace-keeping agency, the United Nations is no stronger than the strength that is behind it. Given the present distribution of power in the world, the United Nations would not be effective in, say, insisting on a compromise settlement in Kashmir or a settlement in Rhodesia unless it could count on the joint action of the Soviet Union and the United States. That

was the original idea at San Francisco in 1945. But as has happened so often after a great war in which one side has suffered a decisive defeat, there was an immediate reversal of alliances. As soon as Japan and Germany were temporarily out of the way, the power competition shifted to between the former allies, Russia and America. That is one of the fatal aspects of power politics. It is what has hindered the United Nations from playing the role that it was meant to play in putting the world in order. Unless the world is put in order effectively, our future is black.

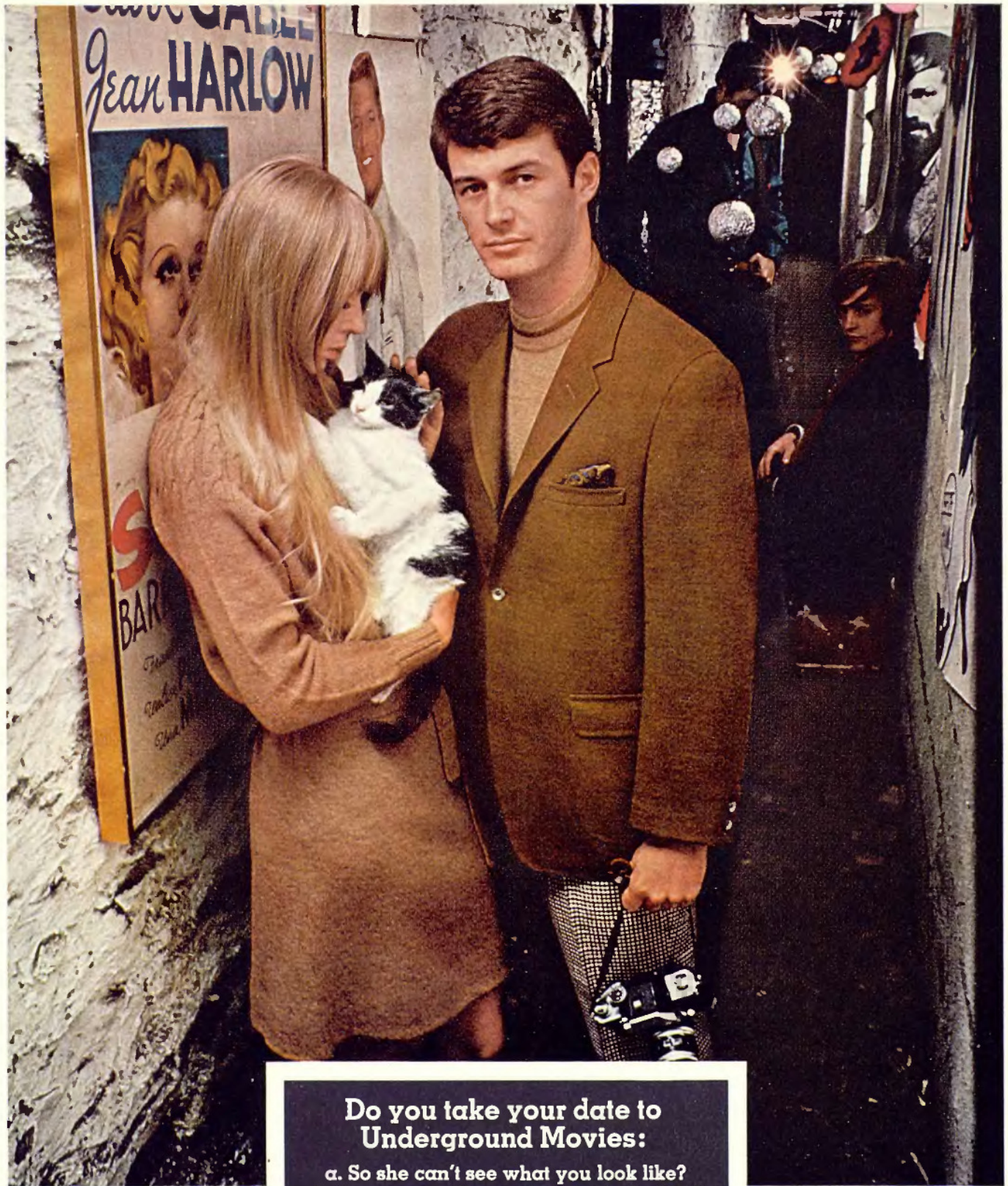
PLAYBOY: What do you think are the chances of putting the world in order?

TOYNBEE: Pretty good. I believe that the world *is* going to be put in order, and I also believe that mankind will fairly soon come to a point at which we shall be willing to buy order at a high cost in terms of liberty. We shall not like to give up our traditional liberty to go to war, to go on strike, to spend our earnings as we choose instead of paying them away in taxes for the public authorities to spend as *they* choose. But I believe that peace and affluence are what most people desire, and we cannot have these without order in the age of mechanization. I therefore believe that the human race would submit to a Russo-American—or a Russo-American-Chinese—dictatorship if it believed that, at this price, it could have affluence and peace. This was the state of mind of the peoples of the Mediterranean world in the First Century B.C. That was why they welcomed Augustus' world dictatorship and, by welcoming it, made it possible.

If the 125 sovereign independent states of this atomic-age world remain sovereign and independent, they will destroy one another and the human race as well. The only hope of survival for these states lies in voluntarily subordinating themselves to a world government. The original 13 North American states have survived because they have subordinated themselves to the Union. I should like to see the rudiments, anyway, of a world government for the crucial things, for life-and-death things like the control of atomic energy and the production and distribution of food—to take the two most urgent issues. I don't think we can get through without that. Treaties between individual governments will not be enough to ensure that atomic energy is not used either to blow the world up or to poison it, or to see that enough of the right kind of food is produced and is then distributed to the right places.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see some kind of international peace-keeping force?

TOYNBEE: Yes, I would. Of course, it can only be of avail with the smaller powers. A peace-keeping force could deal with Rhodesia, perhaps; it might deal



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with India and Pakistan. It could even deal with powers the size of France and Britain. The mere fact that, in December 1956, Russia and America happened to have the same point of view was enough to stop Britain. France and Israel dead in their attack on Egypt. But a peace-keeping force couldn't deal with rows among America, China and Russia. You would need the combined force of Russia and America backing some system of world government rather than just the moral force of treaties over such crucial matters as food and atomic weapons.

PLAYBOY: You have written that the invention of nuclear weapons has helped to keep the peace since the end of World War Two. How?

TOYNBEE: Let's suppose they hadn't been invented. It is hard to imagine that, in such circumstances, there wouldn't have been already a final war between Russia and America. That would have been the natural sequel, I think, to the Second World War. One of the two surviving superpowers would have knocked the other out and would have established a world empire as the result of a third World War. But that can't happen in the nuclear age, because they would each knock the other out; there couldn't be a winner. No one would be left to organize the world as a conqueror. I think that has been a deterrent. I also think a nuclear club is extremely important. The proliferation of nuclear weapons is one of the great menaces in the world today. I should really like to see nuclear weapons confined to Russia and America and, I suppose, China. We cannot prevent China from having nuclear weapons now. But I should like to see Britain and Egypt give them up, and I would like to see France somehow induced, after De Gaulle has departed, to give them up as well. Of course, if nuclear weapons were limited to Russia and America, there wouldn't be democratic government of the world. A Russo-American world government would probably be very authoritarian, but it would at least ensure the survival of the human race—and that is the first consideration, to my mind. I have 11 grandchildren, and I want them to survive; that comes first for me.

PLAYBOY: Are there any practical steps you think could be taken to achieve universal nuclear disarmament?

TOYNBEE: There are 123 states in the world besides Russia and America. If Russia and America were to have a nuclear monopoly, they would have to persuade the rest of the world that they were not going to misuse their power but were going to use it to preserve the human race, not to destroy it. They would also have to persuade the world that they were genuinely proposing to

scale down their own nuclear weapons gradually to the vanishing point. If they could make people really believe those two things, then there might be some chance of persuading the world. What is at issue is the survival of the human race versus the self-destruction of the species; so we had better let the Russians and the Americans have this temporary monopoly, pending the complete abolition of nuclear weapons.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that the great powers should use their nuclear stockpile as a means of discouraging the development of nuclear capacity or missile systems by lesser powers?

TOYNBEE: Yes—by giving a guarantee of nuclear protection to any power that is willing to renounce nuclear weapons.

PLAYBOY: Is it realistic to expect any nation to relinquish its atomic weapons voluntarily?

TOYNBEE: Weapons do tend to be idolized, don't they? They have a kind of ceremonial value—like swords. They survive as focuses of emotion long after they cease to have any practical value. It is possible that they will become a kind of status symbol, that people will keep nuclear weapons for this reason, though they are a little more expensive than even the most elaborate swords. But if war were really ruled out and if peace were preserved for many generations, I suppose a time might come when people would be rational enough to ask whether there was any point in keeping these nuclear weapons. But here we come up against a very irrational element in human affairs, especially concentrated on things like war and weapons. Each time a new weapon was invented in the past, people would say that it was so awful that they must not use it. But they did use it, and though it was awful, it didn't wipe out the human race. We have got something now, however, that could really extinguish life on this planet. Mankind has not been in this situation since toward the end of the Paleolithic Age. Toward the end of the Paleolithic Age, we got the better of lions and tigers and creatures like that, and from that time onward the survival of the human race was ensured. But in 1945 our survival again became uncertain, because we became our *own* lions and tigers, so to speak. The threat to the survival of the human race has actually been much greater since 1945 than it was during the first million years of human history, because man equipped with modern technology is much more formidable than any lion or tiger or microbe could be. So we are in a very dangerous situation, one that is really unique. On the other side of the balance sheet, however, is the fact that atoms for peace could give mankind an unheard-of material prosperity and power for constructive action. This is

also something new. So the extreme possibilities are very far apart, with a choice between certain annihilation on one side and a kind of earthly paradise on the other.

PLAYBOY: Do you think any useful steps can be taken to restrict the extension of the arms race into space?

TOYNBEE: I think they could be. The recent Russo-American treaty for the demilitarization of outer space is a promising first step. As a start, you could get a minimum of mutual confidence established between America and Russia. Things are bad enough on this planet without our extending our differences to infinity. But all this concern with space may change our attitude on some things. Take this question of nationalism and national sovereignty. Until the other day, until a few hundred years ago anyway, the surface of this planet was infinite, as far as man knew; he hadn't explored all the unknown regions on earth, so the sovereign state then seemed a more sizable and respectable object compared with the size of the known universe than it seems now. I mean, to cut up one planet into 125 sovereign states, when our whole world has become just a dot among millions of galaxies—well, there is a kind of disproportion in doing that. People might realize the absurdity of this. I think it might have a quite important psychological effect, making people see that local sovereign states are ridiculous when set against the scale of the universe.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the importance of the space race?

TOYNBEE: When I listened on the radio to the space rendezvous between the Gemini astronauts, I must admit that I was rather excited. But I regard this as a rather childish form of escapism—despite the enormous interest people take in it. We have been failing since the Second World War to clean up this planet, so we have been trying to divert our minds from that by thinking about outer space. I think we had better settle things here first and put this planet in order before we head for other worlds. I am also skeptical about any useful nonmilitary result coming from it. When Europe discovered the Americas, there was an immediate practical new world to explore. The astronomers tell us that there are an infinite number of habitable planets in the universe but that the nearest one is probably thousands of light years away from us. So from the scientific point of view, it is very interesting to know about this, but from the practical point of view, however much progress we make in spacemanship, we probably shall never be able to reach those distant planets, even if we can land on the moon or Mars. This may be just stick-in-the-

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mudness, a ridiculous conservatism on my part. But as I am acutely aware of this planet's immediate political and military dangers, I get rather impatient at the diversion of energy and interest to the space race.

PLAYBOY: You have argued that, despite its technological prowess, the West may be in a process of decline comparable with that of Rome and Greece. Do you feel any inclination to revise that rather pessimistic judgment?

TOYNBEE: I have never been pessimistic, since I have never, like Spengler, thought of it as being predestined or fated that a civilization must break down after so many centuries. I have always thought that the future was open for every civilization, and that it wasn't necessary for the Greek civilization to break down. I think the Greeks could have taken a different line that would have enabled them to go on in perpetuity, and I think the same holds for our own civilization. I feel that its future is open. It depends on us—the living generation and the future generations—whether we crush it or whether we preserve it and improve it. But I am a pessimist in the sense that, on looking back over the past, I think we can see very clearly the ways in which people did wreck a number of civilizations, and how they have repeated the same unnecessary mistakes quite a number of times. This suggests that it is rather easy for people to go on making these mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Could you name some of these mistakes—particularly those you feel we are repeating today?

TOYNBEE: Going to war, above all. Also, trying to suppress opinions that one dislikes and trying to hold down subject peoples who are ripe for independence. In the past, war has been the immediate cause of breakdown, but wars are probably symptoms of something *else* that has gone wrong. Obviously, in our turn, we may bring the same thing on ourselves. The first thing to try to do about this is to make war impossible. In order to do this, we must get back *behind* war to social justice. I think there are two hopeful signs. People are rather historical-minded now: they are aware of the mistakes made in the past. And the best safeguard against making the same mistakes again is to know what they were and what the consequences were. We might make other mistakes, but perhaps we shan't make those particular mistakes. I also think we are now much more sensitive in our consciences about social justice: privileged people are becoming, increasingly, throughout the world, more ready to concede social justice voluntarily, and that, too, is a safeguard against destruction.

PLAYBOY: Are you thinking of the efforts

now being made in the United States to solve the problems of poverty and civil rights?

TOYNBEE: Yes, and I would also note the change of heart among the wealthy people of this country in my lifetime. I have lived to see, in Britain, a far-reaching redistribution of wealth and a recognition by the rich and the privileged that social injustice is hateful, even to themselves. They have shown a great deal of good humor in accepting the change, in bearing high taxation, and so on. The American rich, being more recently rich and much richer than the richest rich in Britain have ever been, are more surly and sulky about this. But I think they are coming round. I think President Johnson's idea of the Great Society is probably going to succeed in America, if everything isn't wrecked by the Vietnam war.

PLAYBOY: Speaking as a historian rather than as a critic of current U. S. foreign policy, do you feel that America has made a significant contribution to the health, wealth and happiness of mankind?

TOYNBEE: America has made a very significant contribution. Ever since the American colonies were founded, they have given a new opening and a new hope to people of all kinds who have in some sense been penalized in Europe. They were people who hadn't been given an economic opportunity, or who had been in political or religious trouble. They were able to make a new start in America. That planted deeply in American minds the idea that there is no ceiling on an individual and no limit to the progress of a family. In America a man can rise to any level. Now, this is something very good and very stimulating. It is what human life ought to be like. That's been a very great American contribution to the welfare of mankind. I think this aspect of the American way of life sets an example to the rest of the world. It has awakened hope in other countries—hope that the same thing might be possible for them, too. Go to a place like India, where the social structure has been frozen for thousands of years, and where things are now stirring. The ordinary person in the villages of India now feels that life can perhaps be made better. I think this is ultimately due to the American example, although the Indian peasants may not be directly conscious of this.

PLAYBOY: Let us look at the other side of the ledger. What would you say has been America's greatest disservice to Western civilization?

TOYNBEE: Her fanatical attitude toward communism. This is the old intolerance of the 16th and 17th Century wars of religion come to life again. What the 20th Century needs is 18th Century tol-

erance. When students become political-minded—as has begun to happen on American college campuses—this is usually a sign that something has gone gravely wrong with their country. I think this rising student revolt against the Vietnam war may be the first symptom of a coming general revolt in the U. S. against "the American way of life." My impression is that this way of life is unsatisfying and that it has made the Americans an unhappy people. Sooner or later, I believe there will be a strong reaction against it among Americans of all ages and all social classes.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think the United States will maintain its position as the leading world power?

TOYNBEE: Not long, because history is moving faster and faster. In the end, *the* Continent—that is, Asia plus its European peninsula—will become preponderant over the Americas, which, after all, are only a couple of large islands. Britain's predominance lasted for about one century; France's previous predominance lasted for about two centuries. Shall we give the U. S. 50 years?

PLAYBOY: Do you think that, judged against the perspective of history, communism is likely to rank with the other great ideological movements, such as Mohammedanism or Buddhism or Christianity?

TOYNBEE: I don't expect it to have the long-term hold on people's hearts that Buddhism, Christianity and Islam have had. If you look at those other three religions, you will see that they all offer very direct practical counsel and aid to the individual human being in his personal life, in the problems he faces in his passage through life. This is what gives them their hold on human hearts. Now, communism is all for the collective welfare of mankind, not for the individual's welfare. It assumes that the individual is going to take a stoic line and say that his individual life is unimportant so long as the community prospers. But human beings are egotistic. An ideology that gives nothing to the individual ego, either in this world or in another world, isn't, in the end, going to be able to compete on equal terms. This is a weak point of communism in a competition for converting the world, for it fails to recognize that human affairs are a network of relations between individuals, that all action and all choice comes out of some individual personality. If one has ever tried to get teamwork done in the intellectual field, one realizes that a committee can't write a poem, and I doubt whether they can even write a report. All real action and real thought comes out of individual minds. So in one sense, I rate the importance of the individual very high. But I think that a great man can't actualize his greatness unless the environment is

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favorable for him; in that sense, he is beholden to his environment. But there are also situations in which, if a great man does not turn up, a society can't solve the problems that confront it. I think a good example of this is Churchill and Britain in 1940. If there had been no Churchill, would Britain have held out? Perhaps not. On the other hand, if Churchill had been prime minister of France instead of Britain, would Churchill's personality have been able to make France stay in the War? Perhaps so.

PLAYBOY: Do you think President Kennedy was a great man?

TOYNBEE: President Kennedy was great in truly caring for the welfare of the whole human race. He will be remembered as the first American President who was mankind's president, too.

PLAYBOY: Probably more than any other living historian, you have studied the lives of great men. Do you see any pattern in their character or behavior?

TOYNBEE: There is one characteristic that, though far from being general, has been common to a number of great men. That is, some of the greatest men have been people who have had a broken career; they have started off on some ordinary, conventional line; they have come to grief in that; and then they've withdrawn from the world and come back in some new capacity. Saint Paul started off as a fanatical orthodox Pharisee. He had a religious experience, withdrew into the desert for several years and then came back as a Christian missionary, which was obviously going to be his true career. He wouldn't be remembered now if he had never been anything but a persecutor. Thucydides is another case. He started out as a minor naval commander, and he had a reverse and he was exiled; he came back as a writer of the history of the war in which he had not been a military success himself. This is a rather significant and important pattern, but it is by no means universal; many great men have gone steadily through without this great withdrawal.

PLAYBOY: Could this pattern of withdrawal and return be related to what Jung called the "40-year-old success"?

TOYNBEE: There does appear to be a psychological law operating here—a law that people who somehow got on the wrong path recover themselves in the middle of life. They are twice born; and they are different from the once-born. The twice-born often get farther; it's like a rocket that has a second boost.

PLAYBOY: Several fellow historians have pointed out the similarity of your views and those of Jung. How much influence did Jung actually have on you?

TOYNBEE: He had a latish influence. I

can't remember when I first read Jung; it must have been about halfway through the 1930s or a bit later, I suppose. I read his book on psychological types first. There were an awful lot of new ideas for me in that, and so he had a very strong influence. But it came about three quarters of the way through the writing of my own book. What fascinated me was the way he assembled his evidence. He would take one of his own clinical cases, a piece of Greek mythology, some historical event, something out of astrology, and he would show you that these were all expressions of some identical primordial image deep down in the psyche, which was coming out in all these different ways. He saw a psychological unity at the bottom of human nature. This seemed to me to throw a lot of light on things in history that interested me enormously.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to Jung's idea of a collective unconscious for the human race?

TOYNBEE: Yes. It fits in, you see, with my notion that there is a fairly constant, fixed human nature. Before, we knew a little about the surface world of the intellect; but now—thanks to the insights of men like Jung—the psychological world, the vast continent of the subconscious, has been immensely expanded. This gives a huge new dimension to all studies of human affairs, I think.

PLAYBOY: Did Freud influence your thinking as much as Jung?

TOYNBEE: No, and I think I can see why. It was because his theories were more strait-laced, more narrowly geared. I don't believe in sex being at the bottom of everything, even if one takes the word "sex" in the very esoteric sense in which Freud uses it—or came to use it by the end. I don't believe in this or any other single key to human affairs. It is just one explanation among a number; I feel that we ought to have a wider horizon, that's all.

PLAYBOY: There are some religious moralists who associate the breakdown of a civilization with a period of spiritual decline and sexual decadence. They feel that we're living in such a time today. Do you think there is any historical justification for this view?

TOYNBEE: It is very hard to say; the sexual manners and customs of various societies are so different. What seems horrible to some people seems quite all right to another lot. The early Christians were, of course, in revolt against the sexual manners of the Greek and Roman world. Under the early Roman Empire, from the Christian point of view, sexual morals were bad; but I don't know that they were any worse at the time when Rome was obviously in decline than they had been when Rome was flourishing. I am thinking of things like homosexuali-

ty, like looseness in marriage relations, and so on. So I am a bit skeptical about this kind of pious argument about morals. One must not simplify too much. As I said before, I don't believe sex or economics or politics or even religion is the sole key explanation of anything in human life.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've been accused by one critic of believing that "civilization exists for the sake of religion." Is he wrong?

TOYNBEE: As I said, one must not simplify too much. Though I do believe in the great and fundamental importance of religion, I am very unorthodox from the point of view of any religion, and I don't think religion is the only thing in life. Go to India, and you will find that economics are certainly no less important in that exceedingly and perhaps excessively religious country. But I don't mean that Hinduism is not acceptable, while my own ancestral religion is. Certainly not. I regard Christianity as being one among half a dozen approaches to the central mystery of the universe. I think each of these different approaches—Christian, Jewish, Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, and so on—has something in it that the others don't have. Therefore, I value them all—but I couldn't swallow any one of them whole.

PLAYBOY: Could you give a name to your own spiritual beliefs?

TOYNBEE: Yes. Religious-minded agnosticism.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

TOYNBEE: I believe in the reality of a spiritual presence behind the universe, but this may not be a personality—that is, not God as conceived by Jews, Christians and Moslems. I am an agnostic in the sense that I think we ought not to shirk facing up to our ignorance of the answers to the questions that are of the greatest importance to human beings.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself a humanist, then?

TOYNBEE: Certainly not. It would be ludicrous to imagine, as humanists do, that human beings are the highest form of spiritual life in existence. When human beings worship themselves as gods, they always quickly come to grief.

PLAYBOY: As a student of Christianity, how do you feel about the ecumenical trend toward unity among the churches?

TOYNBEE: I find this very surprising, very welcome and very encouraging. It seems to have arisen in both the Protestant and the Catholic churches since the end of the Second World War. It is one of the good and hopeful things in the present-day world, and it isn't limited to the Christian churches. About ten years ago, I was in a number of Buddhist countries—Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Japan

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and also in that part of India where Buddhism started. I noticed then a corresponding movement in that part of the world. I saw that the northern and southern Buddhists are getting together again and that the Hindus are welcoming Buddhist pilgrims to the scene of the Buddha's enlightenment and making things agreeable for them—feeling that, after all Hindus and Buddhists have a common past. It seems to me to be a world-wide phenomenon, and to be one of the positive and encouraging trends in the world today. Certain leading figures, like Pope John, have furthered this movement very much, but there must be some very strong answering feeling among the members of the churches to have made this remarkable success possible.

PLAYBOY: Is it on this sort of evidence that you base your belief that the 21st Century will be a period of human unity?

TOYNBEE: It is one of the things, yes. There are persuasive forces like religion; and there are compulsive forces like technology. Technology faces us with a choice between unity and destruction. I think. Because it is a compulsive force, we may be very unwilling to be driven by it. But religion may lead us toward the same goal in a happier way.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to feel that way about Judaism. The Jewish faith, you've written, has become an instrument of "Zionist nationalism"—which, like all nationalism, you regard as a divisive and destructive force. Because of this view, one critic has called you "an outright, if highly sophisticated, anti-Semite." Do you feel that your attitude toward the Jews has been misrepresented?

TOYNBEE: Yes, I do. What makes Judaism what it has been since the Romans evicted the Jews from Palestine has been that the Jews have found a way of living without a country of their own in which they are in the majority—living as a minority in the midst of other people, taking part in other people's life in many ways, making a living and contributing to the economic life of other people's countries. At the same time, the Jews have kept their continuity and have remained a self-conscious community, largely thanks to their special religious organization and religious law, religious manners and customs. Zionism, on the other hand, is an attempt to turn Judaism, and the Jewish community, away from its traditional form, into just one more example of the local nationalisms of the present-day world. As it is doing this at the expense of the people who lived in the country before, I think this is perverse. Thus, I distinguish entirely between my attitude toward the Jewish people and the Jewish religion on the one hand and my attitude toward the

Zionist movement on the other, just as I distinguish between my attitude toward English-speaking people in general and my attitude toward Mr. Smith and his Rhodesian colleagues at the present moment. I am 110 percent against what seems to me to be colonialism—I mean the exploitation and ill-treatment of weaker peoples. But I am not for that reason against the nation or the race that does these things; they can always stop doing them. I am not against them in themselves and I am not against those elements in that nation who are not guilty of colonialism. So I distinguish very sharply between my feelings about the Jews and about Zionism. I feel what all decent persons feel about the extermination of the European Jews by the Nazis, but I also have a very strong feeling about the eviction of the Arabs from their homes in Palestine. The Arabic-speaking people of Palestine have been there since the Romans evicted the Jews in the First and Second Centuries of the Christian era. The Palestinian Arabs have a right to their homes, and I feel that Zionism, by evicting them, has become guilty of colonialism. The Zionists seem to be obsessed with the idea that having their own country will somehow prevent the Germans or someone else from doing again what has been done to the Jews in Europe in the past. I think that they are thereby exposing their descendants to the risk of suffering the same sort of thing in the Arab world. It seems to me to be a retrogressive step. Nationalism, anyway, is a retrogressive movement. The Jews have hitherto been cosmopolitan, and I think it is a pity that they should fall into nationalism now. This is what I am against. I value the Jewish religious contribution to the Western world; it is a most desirable element in our Western civilization. But I believe that the future of the Jews, the Jewish religion and the Jewish culture lies in the Western world, particularly in the United States. It does not lie in Israel.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that the Jews should be evicted from Israel and emigrate to the United States?

TOYNBEE: Jews in Palestine are obviously in much greater peril than Jews in Western countries outside Germany. On the whole, I don't expect—and I do not want—to see the Jews now in Palestine evicted, as the Crusaders were. I want to see the minimum of suffering for the maximum number of people. Modern technology, applied to distillation of sea water, could provide subsistence in Palestine *both* for its evicted Arab population *and* for the present Jewish settlers there. I want to work for a solution on these lines, however great the psychological and political difficulties may be.

PLAYBOY: If a substantial number of Arab refugees could return to Israel, would this remove your objections to Zionism and to Israel?

TOYNBEE: If they could return to Israel under decent conditions, not necessarily having just the same farms or patches of land that they had originally, and could then become first-class citizens of the state of Israel, yes, that would remove a great many of my objections. There are people in Israel and Jews in other parts of the world who want this solution, but they are in a minority at present. Again, nationalism is the enemy both of the Jews and of the Arabs.

PLAYBOY: You have visited most of the Middle Eastern countries at one time or another in your life. Why have you not been to Israel since its foundation?

TOYNBEE: You have to make a choice. I wanted to see the Arab countries, and I want to go on visiting them. But, as a matter of fact, I have seen the whole of Israel, looking either across the frontier or from the air. I think that if I visited Israel on the ground, I should much admire the material economic progress that Israel has made. I think I should admire the kibbutzim particularly. But, then, I might also have admired what the Nazis would have done economically in Poland if they had kept possession of that country. Yet that would not have made me think it was a good thing that they should have conquered and annexed Poland.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of conquest and annexation, how do you feel about President Nasser's expansionist policy in North Africa and the Middle East—in Yemen and other Arab states?

TOYNBEE: Insofar as the United Arab Republic's policy is one of expanding its own power, as distinct from serving the interests of its sister Arab countries, its policy will arouse resistance. I hope to see the Arab countries unite with one another on a footing of equality. Inevitably, Egypt—with its central position, big population and advanced civilization—will be the nucleus of any Arab union.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that Arab nationalism is less reprehensible than Zionist nationalism?

TOYNBEE: Well, it's a defensive nationalism. The Arabs are only saying: "We want to be free in the countries we inhabit, and we don't want our countries to be taken from us." But I'm not unreservedly a supporter of the Arabs. For instance, there is one case of Arab nationalism that I deplore as strongly as I deplore Zionism—the nationalism of the Arabs of the Northern Sudan against the non-Arab Africans of the Southern Sudan. The Northern Sudan Arabs seem to me to be flagrant colonialists trying to

(continued on page 166)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Unmistakenly male. A man with a look that says he's "arrived." The PLAYBOY reader has a singular style of his own. Facts: One out of every four adult males in the U.S. who spent \$100 or more in the past year for a business or dress suit reads PLAYBOY. And for the leisure life, one out of every four who spent \$40 or more for a sports jacket reads PLAYBOY. The word is out: Men who read PLAYBOY are well advised. Well dressed, too. (Source: 1966 Standard Magazine Report, W. R. Simmons.)

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fiction **By JOHN WAIN** *the two men were undeclared enemies; the battleground was a farmer's field; the stakes were a proof of courage, a bit of hay and the reaping of more than the mower cut down*

WHILE THE SUN SHINES



"YOU WERE HIRED as a tractor driver and that's what you'll do on this farm, or get out," he said.

"I was hired by your father, not you," I said.

"Same thing," he said. "I'm running the place while he's away."

That was the whole trouble. If Mr. Cartwright hadn't wrenched his back and gone off to hospital, the say-so would have been his and then there'd have been no question of mowing that field. Not after what happened to Daniel.

But of course the son, Robert, he'd got his knife into me. He wanted me out of there, and it was all the same to him whether I refused an order and gave him the chance to sack me or whether I went ahead and the tractor rolled on me and put me in hospital or in the graveyard. He wouldn't sleep or eat any worse. He was one of the hard sort: red-faced, thick-legged, with that cold stare. Even then, he might have turned out all right if it hadn't been for her. What she put him through, it made me feel sorry even for him, at times. He must have



felt he couldn't trust another man within 20 miles of her. Those eyes! And good-looking with it. "My husband doesn't let me even *look* at another man," she said to me, that time we were alone in the kitchen. And considering the *way* she looked at them, I didn't blame him.

Not that I wanted any. I'm a married man and I get on all right with my wife. And if you're all right at home, why go about looking for it? Nothing messes things up faster than that. And with two kids to feed and young Jimmy starting to school, I didn't want to give up this job, right in the middle of the summer. In Sussex a good tractor driver can always get work, but by early July the farms are all staffed up, and it would have been building-site work. I don't like that.

So there we were. I wanted to stay on. Mr. Cartwright was quite satisfied with my work, but young Mr. Robert wanted me out because he thought his wife was looking at me. That's a laugh. She'd have looked at any man who wasn't a hundred years old. They'd have had to hire a ghost to drive the tractor if they wanted to be sure of keeping her on the straight and narrow. And she was quite safe with me anyway, if he'd only known it. It was on the tip of my tongue, once or twice, to tell him so, but of course I couldn't. It wasn't possible to touch on the matter at all, it was such a sore spot with him. Had she given him trouble with other men before? Or was it just that he was jealous and knew she was that way inclined, you might say, and went mad every time he saw her rest her eyes on another bloke? I didn't know and I didn't care. I just wanted to drive the tractor and take a fair week's wage home. But it wasn't part of my job to kill myself.

"Look," I said, "I can drive a tractor as well as anybody. I've driven every type and done every kind of work. But not across that field. It's too steep for a tractor, and that's the end of it."

"If that's the end of it, you can pick up your cards and go today," he said, giving me that hard stare out of his light-blue eyes. "There's fifteen quid worth of hay on that slope alone." And he walked off, into the house, before I could answer. All very well for him. But I'd seen Daniel since the accident and I knew that Daniel would never drive a tractor again.

He'd been plowing on this very steep slope, the one you can see from the main road. It's a big field and most of it isn't so bad, but about halfway along it goes very steep and then, right in the middle of the steepest bit, there's a big bulge. The ground just seems to come out, suddenly, and then go back again. I suppose it was all right for horses. And since tractors came in, I don't believe they used that field for anything but grazing. But they must have had a change of policy, one way or another. I wasn't in these parts

then and I don't know. What I do know is that they sent Daniel out to plow it with the big old tractor they had then, and he never complained or hesitated, just drove it straight along the slope, and when it got to the bulge, it rolled over on him and crushed his pelvis. He'll never drive a tractor again. And he's 50; too late to learn another job.

I walked over to the tractor and stood looking at it in the sunshine. It was a new one, bright yellow. Even the tires hadn't got muddy yet, and the paint was in showroom condition. Mr. Cartwright had made a great point of how they were getting a new one that would be more stable than the one that rolled on Daniel. As if there was all that difference between one tractor and another. A tractor's a tractor, and when it starts to roll, it rolls, and if you're driving, you just go over with it. Some of the caterpillar-track jobs are safer, I admit, but this was an ordinary farm type.

I just couldn't make up my mind. Nobody wants to get killed or badly injured just for a bit of hay. On the other hand, I knew he'd be glad of the chance to sack me. And as if to chime in with that thought, out of the farmhouse comes the girl who's the cause of the blasted mess I'm in.

She gave me that come-on look as she went past. Of course, her face was turned the opposite way from the house. He was probably watching her with a shotgun in his big meaty hands. Yvonne, her name was. I'd Yvonne her. Causing nothing but a lot of trouble.

"Robert tells me you're going mowing this morning," she said, all innocent.

"Expect so," I said, and I turned to bend over the tractor's oil tank. It was quite full, I knew that, but I didn't want her sending me any more of those signals. I'm as human as anybody, but I had serious thoughts on my mind.

She clicked past me—she was wearing some kind of foreign wooden shoes and a simple print dress. Together they added up to something far from simple, if you follow me. I kept my eyes well down on the dipstick until she went back into the house.

Then I thought, well, I might make a start, at any rate. There was all the rest of the field to do. If I decided not to do the bulge, when I got to it, that would mean the sack, but at least I'd mow the rest of the hay, for Mr. Cartwright's sake. He was a decent old bloke, and he couldn't do anything on the farm himself, now that his back was bad, so the work would get behind anyway. So I got into the seat and started the engine. I'd been working with this tractor since I came to the farm, a matter of three or four weeks, and it handled pretty well, I must say.

The cutter was already fixed on behind. I'd seen to that the night before. It was the type of cutter that has no wheels

of its own, just fastens onto the back of the tractor and has one lever to stop and start it and another to move it up and down. You keep it raised till you get to the grass you're going to cut and then you lower it as you go along each row and raise it again when you get to the end. It takes a lot of patience, because you have to keep your eye on it all the time, as well as steer the tractor, and if the ground is uneven, you have to keep reversing and going back over bits you've missed through not bringing the cutter down low enough. If you bring it down too far, it digs into the ground. It's fiddling work, going back five and six times on every row; you're lucky if you get finished with one medium-sized field in half a day, and then you're dead tired with concentrating so hard and twisting round all the time on your seat. And on your own, of course, all the time, never anybody to pass the time of day with or have a joke like you would with your mates in building-site work. Then they say tractor drivers get paid a lot. And on top of that to get rolled on like Daniel.

So I went down to the field. Mary had given me some sandwiches and a flask of tea. I decided to mow the rest of the field, leaving out the bit where Daniel had bought it, and then go down to the pub and have a beer with my sandwiches and leave the tea till later. The afternoon would be very heavy, I could tell that. I kept my mind off the question of what exactly I'd be doing in the afternoon. I might be in an ambulance going to hospital, or I might be picking up my cards and going home to tell Mary I was sacked.

I mowed all morning. After about an hour, my back started aching with all the twisting back and forth. The cutter was always going too low or too high. Once it dug itself into the ground and began to drag, so that I had to slam the brakes on. It had earth and grass wedged in the cutting blades. Took me half an hour to clear it properly. Then off again, with the thing clacking behind me. What with the drumming of the tractor, the smell of hot oil covering up the smell of the hay, and the *clack-clack* of the blades, I began to think very kindly toward a quiet corner seat in the pub and a cool dark pint of beer. But I had to get a fair morning's work in first.

I did it all except the dangerous bit and then I drove the tractor down to the pub and parked it right outside. It was half a mile at least, and I wasn't going to waste time walking. I went in, got my pint, opened my box of sandwiches and was just settling down, passing the time of day with old Ken, the landlord, and one or two others, when I heard a noise I thought was familiar. I looked out of the window. Mr. Robert's car. He drove a Jag. Probably Yvonne wouldn't ride in anything else, but in

(continued overleaf)



"I think our bareback rider has come up with a great gimmick."

any case, he was the smarty-pants Young Farmers' Club type who would have to have a fast car like he'd have to breathe.

I saw him looking at the tractor and then he took his wife into the saloon bar, very smart for summer visitors and very pricey. He stayed long enough to settle her with a drink and then he came in to the public bar, looking for me.

"There you are," he says, coming straight to the point. "Using the tractor for personal transport, I see."

"It's either that or take a much longer lunch break," I told him.

"Any reason why you shouldn't eat your lunch in the field?" he asked. Oh, he was out to get me, the red-faced pup.

"I'm in the habit of having a pint with my lunch, Mr. Cartwright," I said, very clearly. "I'm entitled to forty minutes, the union'll back me on that, and it's my own affair where I spend them."

"But the tractor's my affair," he said. "I pay for the fuel it costs for you to run the thing round like a taxi."

"Please go outside if you want a quarrel," said old Ken, getting ready to show us the door.

"Have you finished that field?" said Robert, ignoring Ken completely.

"All but the bit that's too steep," I said. I could feel myself beginning to shake, he was annoying me so much.

"Well, remember that's what the tractor's for," he said, giving me a really mean look. He turned to go back to the saloon bar, and at that moment I happened to look past Ken's head and right through the serving hatch into the saloon. You could see anyone who was standing there, though you couldn't see the rest of the room. And Yvonne had the upper half of herself well and truly framed in the hatch, looking across, taking it all in. Her eyes were very bright. I suppose she liked to see men quarrel. I hated her worse than him.

We got a bit of peace then, in the public bar, but it was all spoiled for me by knowing that the two of them were in the saloon. So I just finished up my sandwiches and had another half of beer, to wash them down, and went out to the tractor again. I hadn't told Ken or any of the others about what was on my mind. Sometimes a man's best alone. Their advice couldn't help me and I didn't want to spoil my lunch break talking about it.

I drove the tractor back to the field. The grass I'd cut during the morning was already drying. It was very good mowing weather. To my eye it already looked a different green from the part that was still uncut. There were a lot of flowers in it, mostly buttercups and clover. There were a few poppies, but not many, because it was good soil.

I got the tractor in position as if I was going on, but I still hadn't made up my mind. The engine was going, so I

didn't hear the Jaguar drive up, but suddenly it was there on the road, at the bottom of the slope. I looked down at it and saw Robert and Yvonne get out. She stayed by the car and he came into the field and walked up toward me. I stopped the engine to hear what he had to say.

"You've made a pretty good job of this," he said, looking round at the field. "Finish this bit and you can knock off."

"If I do this bit I'll knock off for keeps, as like as not," I said. But I didn't press it too much. He must have wanted to smooth things out a bit, after the way he'd insulted me down at the pub. He'd cooled down and realized he'd gone too far. If he sacked me on the same day as he'd quarreled with me like that, in front of witnesses, it would be all over the district that he was a farmer who treated his hands badly.

He blinked up at me. "You can do what you think best," he said. "If you don't want to mow that slope, don't."

Then he turned round, before I could say anything, and went back down to the Jaguar and Yvonne.

That left me in the clear. All I had to do was turn the tractor round, take it back to the farm and call it a day. He wouldn't sack me. He'd given in to my judgment. He must have known damn well that he wouldn't drive a tractor along that slope himself, not for £50,000, and he knew how it would look if he made me do it, under threat of the sack, and then I got killed. That was how his mind was working. He didn't like me any better than before and he still wanted to get me out of eyeshot of his wife, I knew that.

I started the engine. And now comes the bit that's hard to explain. All of a sudden I didn't want to leave the field without mowing that slope. I was frightened, but now that Robert had backed down, it was a matter between me and my fear. He was out of it and so was his silly bitch of a wife. And now, for the first time, I really felt I couldn't turn my back on the job. Am I making it clear? I don't suppose so. It's just that—well, I was a tractor driver and the field was waiting. I felt that if I did it and got away with it, I'd feel better every time I climbed up on a tractor, for the rest of my working life.

So now I was trapped, and in the strongest trap of all: one of my own making. If the boss tells you to do something foolhardy or else he'll sack you, and you tell him to go to hell, that's all right—you've shown your independence. But if he tells you to do it if you feel able to, and leaves it up to your own judgment, what then? You can turn away from it and still live with yourself, right enough. But for the rest of your life you'll wonder what would have happened. Whether

you were right to put your own safety first. Whether you would have made it after all.

So there was the slope, with its uncut grass, waiting.

For a moment I just sat there, looking at it. I kept the engine turning over, and the tractor was shaking under me as if it was already getting ready to buck me off and roll on me. I took my cap off and there was a rim of sweat where it lay against my forehead. Jesus, I was frightened.

I knew Robert's eyes were fixed on me and I knew what he must be thinking, but I hadn't any energy to spare for him now. Yvonne would be watching me, too, and thinking her own little thoughts, but the same applied. No time for that now. Although I knew they were close by, I felt as if they were millions of miles away, on another planet. There were no other people in the world: There was only me, and the tractor, and the tall green grass with the flowers in it. And the field, lying so still in the afternoon sunlight, with that horrible hump sticking out in it. Sort of bulging out, as if it wanted to mock me. *Come on*, it seemed to be saying, *and I'll treat you like I treated Daniel*.

The cutter was rattling behind me, in time to the shaking of the tractor. It seemed to be impatient to get going. I couldn't tell whether it was on my side or the tractor's.

Did I really have to do this? I put my cap back on and leaned for a second on the mudguard at the top of the nearside rear wheel. It was vibrating with that same metallic *drum, drum, drum* that ran all through the tractor and up through the seat into my spine. It seemed to me, at that moment, like the drumming of the soldiers of death coming for me.

I shifted right over on the seat and leaned my weight on the offside wheel, the one on my right. I'd decided already to tackle the slope in that direction, right side high and left side low. When I got to the end of each row—that is, if I *did* get to the end and didn't tip over right away on the first run—I wasn't going to turn round and come back. I was going to go down to the bottom of the field, where it was level, and come back to this side again. My reason was that to keep an eye on the cutter, I had to twist round to the left and look back. This meant I would naturally lean my weight to the right, up the slope. Not that it would make much difference. I'm not a very heavy man.

I looked again at the slope ahead of me. Well, I was ready to go. Suddenly I felt, in my belly, the terrible lurching feeling the tractor would make as it went over. As Daniel must have felt it. My inside churned round and round and my bones felt chalky, as if they'd snap

(continued on page 195)



the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

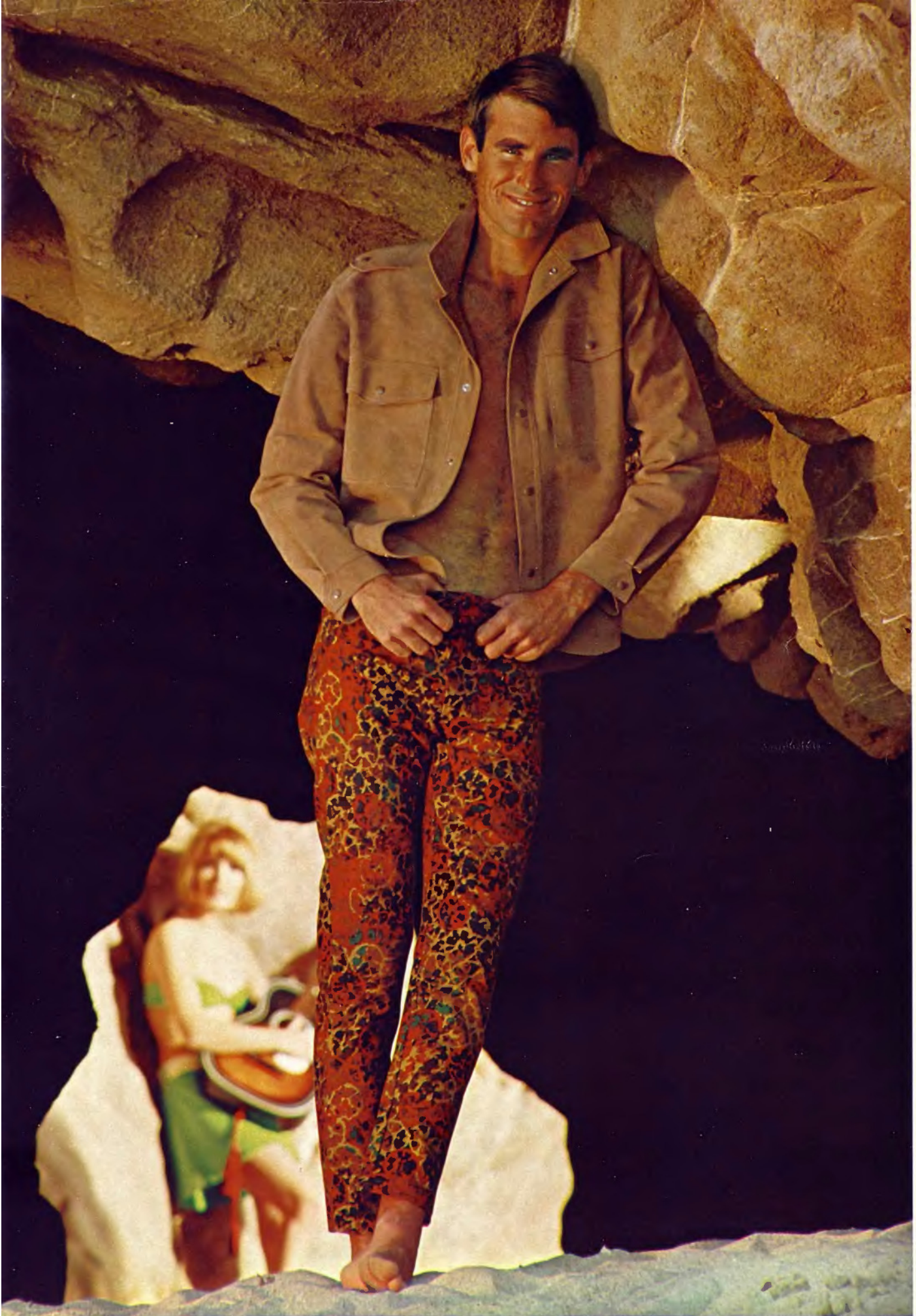
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



A stylish standout, our man on the preceding page wears a moygashel linen and Terylene two-button shaped suit, by Fashion Park, \$135, a cotton oxford shirt, by Hathaway, \$8, a hand-loomed Thai silk tie, by Tucker, \$5, and an imported silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$3.50. Rugged chap cavorting with companions favors a rayon and cotton cavalry-twill bush jacket that features a full belt and a shoulder yoke, by Fox Knapp, \$17, along with Kodel and cotton broadcloth shirt, by Manhattan, \$6, tattersall-weave, cotton, acetate and Orlon hopsack jeans, by Contact, \$10, and silk ascot, by Handcraft, \$5. Leading lad lending a helping hand likes a Dacron and Avril crinkle-cloth shirt, by Eagle, \$12, that colorfully combines with his cotton Aztec-print slacks, by Tads, \$9, and sueded-leather belt with brass buckle, by Canterbury, \$9. Below: Fellow making the grassy scene prefers a poor-bay ribbed, cotton knit pullover with mock turtle-neck, by Reis, \$3, along with midwale cotton corduroy jeans, by Contact, \$8, and sueded-split-cowhide belt, by Canterbury, \$5. Cool guy at right digs a sueded-split-cowhide snap-front shirt jacket with epaulets, by Robert Lewis, \$30, and cotton camouflage-print canvas-weave jeans, by Contact, \$9.



THE DOUBLE-BREASTED LOOK is taking top priority on fashion fronts from coast to coast. The sophisticated silhouette of today's sports jackets, blazers and suits is enhanced by four to six buttons, deep side vents, suppression at the waist and a generally longer jacket. The influence is European, with designers such as England's Hardy Amies and France's Pierre Cardin setting the stylish pace. We predict that details will play an important fashion role; inverted side-vent pleats along with bright and bold linings should add an impeccable finishing touch to your wardrobe. The single-breasted, two-button shaped suit with side vents that we correctly labeled a sleeper in 1964 is now wide-awake. For spring and summer it's combined with color (a burnished-green model, for example, comes with an orange chalk stripe) as well as solid white. A careful selection of the latest looks in herringbones, checks and plaids will help round out your suit-and-sports-coat wardrobe. For a fashionable change from the ubiquitous black dinner jacket, take a timely step forward in a double-breasted, sand-colored formal suit. It's a smart newcomer to the formal scene. "Think color" when it comes to slacks. The Western look, which features narrow legs and on-the-hips belt line, will be the season favorite. In swimwear, we see last year's baggy surfer styles being replaced by lean, squared-off briefs. Also, pay particular attention to the matching trunks-and-jacket sets made of vinyl. Another item we favor is a suede c.p.o. shirt that, when donned at the beach, looks best worn without a T-shirt. When resort bound, resort to sleeveless shirts and beach vests for topping off an *après-swim* or *-surf* session. The cotton pullover, a long-term summer stand-by, is also available in a vast variety of looks you'll like. All in all, by dressing right, you'll be riding the crest of a fashion wave soon to hit both shore and city.







Lad at left is stylishly in the swim, having donned a vinyl zip-front jacket, \$20, and vinyl trunks (with clear-vinyl side and shoulder panels), \$10, both by Robert Lewis. Clockwise from above: Playful swinger has on a reversible vest-jacket of vinyl-coated nylon, \$15, and cotton beach pants, \$7, both by Puritan. Sociable rock climbers dig screen-print stretch trunks, by Kingswood, \$9, and belted nylon stretch trunks, by McGregor, \$8. Sand sports favor a crew-neck cotton knit pullover, by McGregor, \$6, plus corduroy shorts with self-fabric belt, by Robert Bruce, \$6, and a sleeveless cotton knit pullover, by Manhattan, \$4, worn with stretch trunks, by Laguna, \$9. Appreciative overseer likes a boat-neck cotton knit pullover, by Reis, \$3, and brushed-cotton denim shorts, by Male, \$7.



Jump suit by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier



Our guy above wears an Arnel and cotton jacket, \$45, and Arnel and cotton slacks, \$15, both by McGregor, with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Wren, \$7, and wide tie, by Taylor, \$3.50. Below, left to right: Swain goes for a Dacron and worsted jacket, \$55, and worsted slacks, \$25, both by Stanley Blacker, worn with cotton voile shirt, by Ex-cello, \$10, and silk tie, by Berkley Cravats, \$4. Young exec has on a Dacron and cotton suit, by McGregor, \$60, a broadcloth shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6, and a challis tie, by Tucker, \$5. Champ at right wins in a Dacron and wool jacket, \$45, twill slacks, \$18, both by Stanley Blacker, a chambray shirt, by Eagle, \$8, and a silk tie, by Tucker, \$5.

Leather pants suit by Anne Klein for Malfory



Stripe dress by Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl



Below: Print dress by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier
Bottom: Long dress by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier



Above: Great dictator favors a Dacron and worsted shaped blazer, \$50, polyester and linen slacks, \$20, both by Cricketeer, a cotton oxford short-sleeved shirt, by Career Club (Truval), \$5, and a wide tie, by Tucker, \$3.50. Male mocha lover is hot for a rayon, acetate and cotton jacket, \$47.50, denim twill slacks, \$17, both by Stanley Blacker, and a turtleneck pullover, by Battaglia, \$27.50.

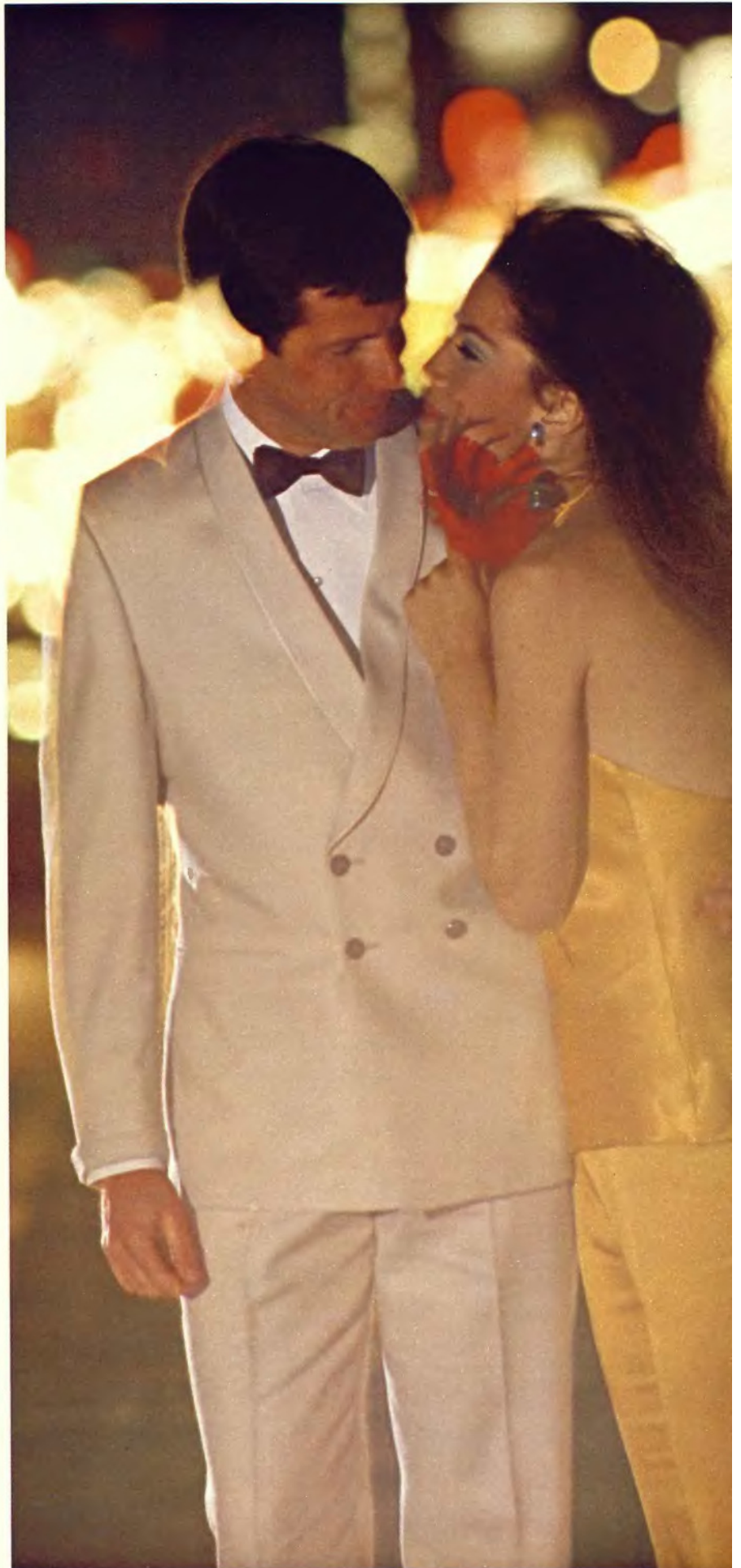




Dress by Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear



Clockwise from noon: Squire wears a worsted wool suit, by Varsity Town, \$85, with cotton broadcloth shirt, by Enro, \$7, and cotton tie, by Taylor, \$3.50. Man about town chooses a Fortrel and rayon formal suit, \$80, and tie, \$3, all by After Six, worn with Dacron and cotton formal shirt, by Excello, \$13. Lad with an eye for beauty prefers a worsted wool suit, by Raleigh, \$85, Dacron and cotton permanent-press shirt, by Van Heusen, \$7, and cotton tie, by Taylor, \$3.50. Exec keeps cool in a Dacron and wool suit, by Cricketeer, \$70, worn with woven-check cotton shirt, by Hathaway, \$9.50, and cotton tie, by Taylor, \$3.50.



Left: Girl's ensemble by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier

Above: Evening pajamas by Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia



HOW TO ABOLISH THE PERSONAL INCOME TAX

if equitably taxed, three sources of enormous revenue could virtually wipe out the individual taxpayer's burden

Seventy-six million American taxpayers, with an average income of \$3300, pay 53 billion dollars a year in personal income taxes (corporations pay 26 billion dollars)—the biggest tax bite in the history of the world—and this year they are being asked to pay even more. Adjusting the personal income tax is certainly the easiest way to control consumption and thus direct the entire economy. But one of the prevailing political myths is that the personal income tax is the only source of additional Federal funds. It is not.

Three obvious sources of revenue—the oil and gas industry, the churches and organized crime—escape an estimated 45 billion dollars a year in taxes, a staggering sum that could be obtained by legislation. If this figure were applied only against the personal-income-tax bill, the present taxpayers of the United States conceivably would pay no Federal taxes. (The additional eight billion could be acquired by closing less gaping loopholes.)

The prime reason for purging the tax structure of its current inequities is that they are not equally accessible to all. Our tax system presses most heavily on those whose salary is their primary source of income, and on those in the professions (doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers and the like). Why are they the most heavily hit? Because their incomes are exposed to the full force of the graduated income tax. The shelter of tax-abating devices is, for the most part, denied them.

The three articles that begin on these pages describe the enormity of completely legal tax avoidance by the oil industry and the churches, and uncheckable tax evasion by organized crime. The articles tell how these "untaxables" maintain their virtual immunity from taxation and tell what we can do to end what are, in effect, Federal subsidies for them, paid by the individual taxpayers en masse.

Jack Anderson, the Washington columnist, shows us that the oil industry is almost entirely untaxed and that the wealth and power of the oil corporations is being used to influence legislation to maintain a uniquely favorable tax advantage. In oil, as in the secular affairs of the church and in crime, the real revenues are carefully concealed from the press and the public; but it is authoritatively estimated that the amount of taxes legally avoided by oil, gas and similar depletion industries is conservatively six billion dollars and perhaps as much as ten billion dollars a year.

Bishop James Pike, America's most controversial churchman, pleads for

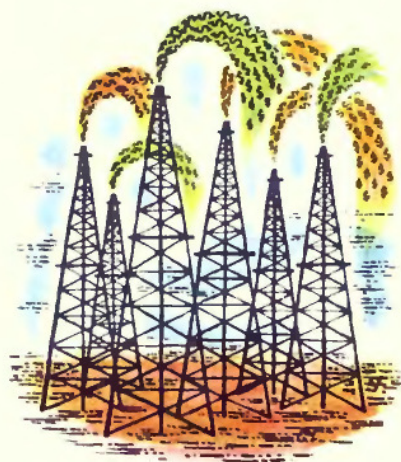
taxation of the churches, not only for revenue at both Federal and local levels, not only to maintain separation of church and state, but literally to force the churches back to their original role as shepherds of humanity, not of dollars. The author explains the spiritual and economic reasons for taxing the churches' investment income and outlines reasons and methods for fair taxation of church-owned property on a local level, to balance local tax budgets and lessen the need for Federal aid to states and cities.

Estimates of untaxed church property are 79.5 billion dollars, legally avoiding local taxes of 4 billion, if current values were placed on the property. Bishop Pike presents other evidence to show billions of dollars in church investments whose yearly income is untaxed, and on which no tax is paid when the investments are sold for profit. Bishop Pike and other prominent clergymen believe the economic leverage of the churches, increasing at a geometric rate because of tax immunity, is a danger both to society and to the church itself.

In our third article, author Pete Hamill details a plan to tax organized crime by legalizing gambling and imposing an arbitrary tax on the proceeds—a simple move that would provide a Federal revenue of 30 billion dollars a year. A student of crime, Hamill points out that illegal gambling, the overwhelming source of mob money, is used to finance other organized crime: narcotics, loan-sharking, prostitution and raids on legitimate business.

As tax expert Philip Stern has pointed out in his recent book, "The Great Treasury Raid," these three obvious areas of untapped tax revenue are not the only tax inequities that should be corrected before our Government can rightfully ask its citizens to contribute even more. But the three untaxables—oil, organized religion and organized crime—constitute the most flagrant and obvious inequities.

Current Government plans call for yet another increase in already confiscatory personal income taxes. If more tax revenue is needed, sources should be sought elsewhere. Given the facts presented here, full disclosure of all income should be made mandatory, and Congress should open—for the first time in our nation's history—a general debate on fair taxation. With a more equitable tax structure, the now-burdened taxpayer may well find himself enjoying the affluence he has earned—and living in an affluent society as yet undreamed.



TAX THE OIL COMPANIES

By JACK ANDERSON

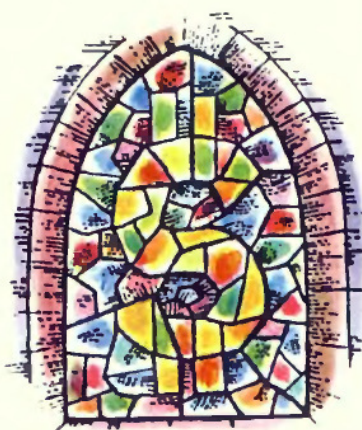
THE HOLY WRIT of the oil industry, *The Oil and Gas Journal*, was clearly pleased with the outcome of the 1966 Congressional elections. "OIL WINS BIG IN OFF-YEAR ELECTIONS," the headline read. It had been a triumphant campaign for the champions of oil indulgence and had stamped more securely into the statutes that most controversial of tax privileges, the oil-depletion allowance.

The *Journal* noted that "the Senate's most articulate critic of percentage depletion, Senator Paul H. Douglas . . . was defeated." Oilmen were almost as elated to hear that "the voters also silenced the year's most persistent anti-depletion gadfly in the House—Representative John R. Schmidhauser." Both were replaced by pro-oil legislators.

The 75-year-old Douglas, liberal conscience of the Senate, had fought his lonely battles for 18 years. At the end, he stood before a press conference, hulking, slightly humped, white head high, to announce his return to teaching. Expressing few regrets, he conceded that he would have liked to stay in Congress to continue the war. "The tax system is like a sieve," he said with a solemn wag of his grizzled head. "The depletion allowance for oil and gas has spread like a great disease."

There is no disputing that our tax structure is ventilated with more escape routes than a medieval fortress, and the biggest breach is the 27½-percent oil-depletion allowance. This curious privilege has exempted oilmen from billions in taxes—money that less-favored taxpayers have been obliged to make up. Incredible though it may seem, the total legal tax avoidance of the petroleum industry through this and other methods of favoritism has been estimated as high as ten billion dollars a year.

Yet the majority, who pay the taxes that oilmen escape, are either unaware or unconcerned. They ignore the Douglasses and probably (continued on page 112)



TAX ORGANIZED RELIGION

By BISHOP JAMES PIKE

EVERY TAXPAYING CITIZEN of the United States could have his personal income tax significantly reduced, and every homeowner could have his property tax abated, without local or Federal governments' losing a penny, if church property and income were fairly taxed. And it is my sober and considered judgment, as a bishop of the Episcopal Church, that this tax reform would be good, not only for the people of the country but for the churches themselves—many of which are presently in danger of "gaining the whole world and losing their own souls." I would add, in all earnestness, that taxing the churches may be mandatory, finally, in order to preserve our present democratic form of government.

Several times in history, the churches have become so wealthy and powerful from the geometric growth of tax-free wealth, without carrying their share of public expense, that the whole economy was imperiled, and the governments feared the political power which concentrated wealth can buy. In each case, acting almost in self-defense, the state has seized a substantial amount of church property. This happened in 16th Century England, in 18th Century France, in 19th Century Italy and in 20th Century Mexico (where, prior to the 1910 revolution, 80 percent of all arable land was church-owned). There is no reason why it cannot happen again, in America, if we do not take action to prevent its causes. As Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, chief executive of the World Council of Churches, wrote recently in *Christianity Today*, noting that churches pay no inheritance tax and are exempt from the 48-percent corporate income tax, "One hundred years from now, the present pattern of religious tax exemption . . . if continued, may present the state with problems of such magnitude that their only solution will be revolutionary expropriation of church property. It is not unreasonable (continued on page 100)



TAX ORGANIZED CRIME

By PETE HAMILL

FOR A SUFFICIENT REASON a man might do anything: murder his wife, enter a monastery, move to Texas or take up the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett. One such reason is usually enough. He seldom gets 30 billion reasons for doing anything. Thirty billion, after all, is a very large number. If you tried to count it out a second at a time, it would take you 100 years, with no time out for sleep. Today in this country, we have 30 billion sound reasons for doing one particular thing, but a combination of fear, Victorianism and political self-righteousness is stopping us. Immediately, and on a nationwide scale, we should legalize gambling.

Thirty billion dollars in net revenue should be reason enough. According to conservative estimates, that could be the Government's take, after expenses, if gambling were legalized tomorrow. It would represent a tax, of course, but it would be a tax that is voluntary, would be relatively uncomplicated, and could cut the personal-income-tax bill by more than half. Put simply, billions of dollars in revenue now paid to organized crime would be cut off in one stroke and could be applied to our personal-income-tax bill.

To begin with, according to such gambling experts as author John Scarne, and sources in the Justice Department and the Senate Rackets Committee, Americans now lose some 50 billion dollars every year gambling. That is five times the yearly net income of this country's 20 top corporations and is a little shy of what we spent last year on national defense. And according to the Internal Revenue Service, only \$800,000,000 of it can be accounted for. Someone is making billions on gambling, and it is not the Government of the United States.

There is no escaping the fact that we are a gambling people. The 50 billion dollars was expended by 90,000,000 Americans who staked it on such as: the fortunes of horses and left-handed pitchers; pro (continued on page 96)

*“Who says the
new generation
is in terrible shape?!”*



Vargas



and college football; basketball and hockey; slot machines, punchboards, dice, bingo, keno, baccarat, bridge, poker, mah-jongg, dominoes, roulette, wheels of fortune and the political aspirations of Ronald Reagan.

The vast bulk of this gambling, of course, was outside the law. It was therefore untaxable. Nevada is the only state in the Union where all forms of gambling are legal (except numbers). Pari-mutuel betting on horse races is legal in 24 states, on dog races in 7 states, and gambling on *jai alai* is legal in Florida. Bingo—the national sport of those who can endure church basements—is with us everywhere, though it is legal in only 11 states. Everything else is against the law (with the exception of the New Hampshire lottery) and therefore, for all practical purposes, untaxable.

John Scarne made a survey several years ago and found that 70 percent of the adult American population gambles at one time or another. All of them gamble in apparent ignorance—or indifference—of the fact that they are also supporting a vast, clandestine, untaxed industry. Scarne estimated that more than 1,600,000 people are involved in book-making alone, handling a gross illegal play of 64 billion dollars annually on the single sport of horse racing. And book-makers in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles will tell you that the ponies now compose only one seventh to one fifth of their total play. Among the changes television has caused in our national life is that it has apparently made pro football and pro baseball even more attractive to gamblers than the fortunes of Likely Lad in the fifth at Hialeah.

Gambling on sports is only a part of the total picture. The numbers (or policy) racket accounts for an estimated five billion dollars nationally, with \$600,000,000 bet annually in New York alone, of which only a small percentage goes back to the bettors. One high-ranking New York police official estimates that another five billion dollars changes hands every year in professionally handled "games" of cards and dice. The Association of American Playing Cards Manufacturers says that 68,000,000 decks of cards were manufactured in 1965 (400,000 of them marked) and estimates that 47,000,000 people play for money, mostly poker. Some 4,000,000 pairs of dice were sold in 1965 (150,000 were loaded).

True, a good deal of this gambling is on a simple man-to-man basis, an expression of man's pleasure—or at least willingness—when it comes to risking loss for possible gain. There is no way to regulate or tax spontaneous recreational gambling between friends, nor any reason to. But an enormous amount of the

money we gamble does not go to our friends (and back again) but to that dark, modern colossus, the Mob (or Mafia, Syndicate, Cosa Nostra—take your pick). Of the choice 2000 Americans whom law-enforcement officials would like to see in cells in Atlanta or Leavenworth, some 1200 have their well-manicured fingers in gambling. Their gross is estimated conservatively at 10 billion dollars a year, and liberally at 20 billion dollars. About half goes toward expenses: pay-offs to cops and politicians, fees and salaries for enforcers and the rest of the rank and file. So, while you and I are struggling with Federal and state income taxes, the boys with the diamond pinkie rings are rolling in money, laughing their heads off. It isn't often that you can make a whole country your own personal sucker.

There is a further point, even beyond the fact that you and I are supporting these thieves. According to such authorities as muckraker Fred J. Cook (author of *A Two Dollar Bet Means Murder*) and Milton Wessel, chief Federal prosecutor at the 1959 Apalachin crime-syndicate trial, these lush gambling profits provide the basic bank roll for the underworld in this country. Every time you put a quarter on a number or bet two dollars with a bookie, you are helping finance loan-sharking, prostitution and murder, not to mention the traffic in heroin and the corruption of police departments.

In short, gambling earnings have become to 1967 what bootlegging profits were to 1927, and for the same reason. The underworld is providing what the Government, in its misguided self-righteousness, is withholding. People wanted to drink and a minority group of zealot do-gooders and Bible thumpers decided it was bad for them—which promptly paved the way for the organized underworld as we know it today. People want to gamble, and the underworld will provide the action. And with the profits, they finance other criminal activities and, worse, are buying their way into the mainstream of American life. They are buying real estate, textile mills, skyscrapers, grocery stores, saloons: anything and everything that will turn a buck. We could conceivably find ourselves one morning living in a country dominated by a criminal oligarchy devoid of moral standards. But there is a wide-open, simple, legal way to stop them: We can take away the bank roll. And the way to do that is to legalize gambling throughout the United States.

And that means legalize it in *all* its forms: off-track betting in every state; football and baseball pools; casinos in states other than Nevada; legalization of numbers; national and regional lotteries; licensing of private gambling clubs—any-

thing that will allow an American citizen to do legally what he now does illegally. And from all of this money, the Government can collect tax revenue, as high, perhaps, as 25 percent. There is no logical reason whatever for our driving the hard-pressed taxpayer into violating the law and *doubly* enriching the underworld, to boot—which is precisely what is happening today. The first enrichment comes from cash losses; the odds, even in unrigged gaming, are against the gambler; the second enrichment is indirect and is in the form of personal income taxes, which buy identical Federal benefits, services and expenses for the average taxpayer and the crook alike, and which the crook gets for free. We are virtually alone, among civilized countries, in persisting in this punitive puritanism.

There will, of course, be a small but noisy uproar over the so-called moral issues involved. Some law enforcers will say that the Mob will take the whole thing over (the same ones who cannot seem to stop the Mob from running it now). The Calvinists of the left, new and old, will no doubt claim that legalized gambling is the final evidence of the decadence of capitalist society, that the poor will be the great sufferers while the rich will simply get richer. Other voices can be expected to invoke the names of our noble founding fathers and proclaim that Americans succeed only through hard work and virtue, that relief rolls will soar and moral values will plummet.

These objections are easily disposed of. To begin with, the poor are already gambling on a tremendous scale. The Mob doesn't need high rollers to get rich; they can do it on a nickel or a dime at a time. The poor buy raffle tickets on Cadillacs from their local churches, they put money into baseball pools, they clip get-rich-quick coupons from the newspapers and, when they have it, they put two dollars down with a bookmaker on a horse. More than anything else, they play the numbers. The New York police estimate that \$350,000 is invested in numbers every day in Harlem alone. That's gambling—and whether it's "good" or "bad" for the poor (or the rich), you don't eliminate it by making it illegal, as is now apparent.

But what *does* happen when gambling is legalized? Let's look at "policy."

Numbers, or policy, had its beginnings among the Italian immigrants who settled in East Harlem. Negroes started playing it around the turn of the century, but it did not become a major racket until 1932, when beer baron Dutch Schultz realized that Prohibition was about over and that he needed to diversify.

The simplicity of numbers must have grabbed Dutch from the start. To play, you pick any number from 000 to 999.

(continued on page 162)

GUESS WHO DIED?

sometimes you think you've got it made because you've mastered all the rules—and then you discover you never understood the game

fiction By HERB GARDNER

"PLEASE DON'T SAY IT like that, Margot. Just say who died." Sidney was getting angry.

"You won't believe who died, Sidney."

Sidney turned to his son and sent a class-C shrug across the kitchen table to him. A class C involved one shoulder, a slow lowering of the eyelids and a subtle whistling sigh.

"On his way to the airport, yesterday. Bing-bing. In the taxicab. No warning. Perfect health in a taxicab. His heart on the way to Cleveland, Ohio, on business."

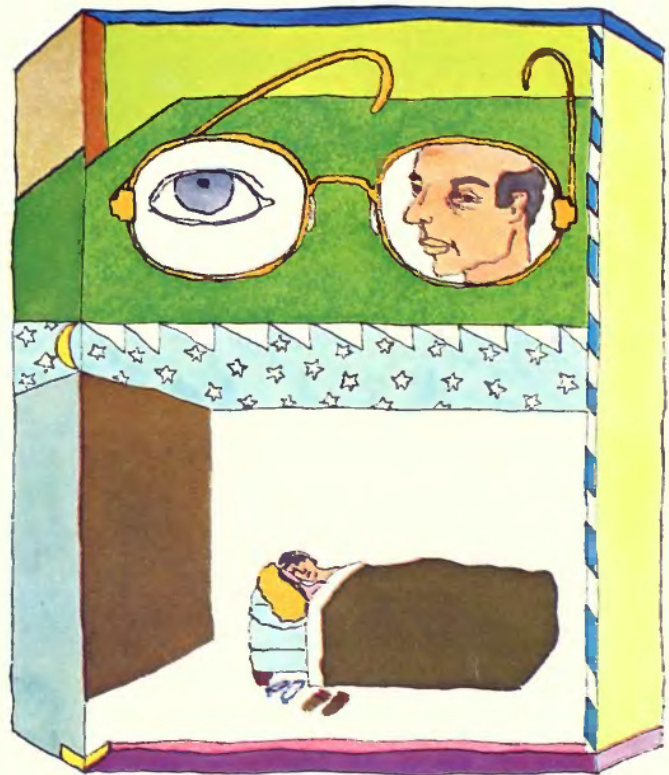
On the word "business," she set a plate of whole-wheat toast covered with melted American cheese in front of her son and shook her head at him. "A plane crash I can understand; you who has to fly planes everywhere like a gambler. You can't take a bus, you can't take a train, it must be a plane. The odds are against you, Michael. Look in the papers. This jet, that jet. Crash, crash, crash. *That's* how people die, *that's* no surprise, *that's* asking for it. And still you have to keep flying those planes."

"I don't fly the planes, Ma. The pilots fly the planes. I go as a passenger."

"They always put the passenger list in the paper. After the crash. Last name, comma, first name. When you went to the Virgin Islands, that plane crashed. I read the list in the *Post* on the front page with my heart in my mouth looking for Needleman."

"The plane crashed over the Grand Canyon four days after I got to the Virgin Islands and it was another airline."

But she had him. He was playing the Airplane Crash game with her again. The game he always swore, among many



games, that he would never play with her again. At these moments Michael thought of himself as the losing pitcher who watches the replay on TV that night knowing that he will be taken out in the third inning just as he was that afternoon, but watching anyway, hopelessly. Michael looked at his father. His father wanted to know who had died on the way to the airport in the taxicab, and in a matter of moments he would be playing the Guess Who Died game with her. She is amazing. Soon she will be playing both games at once, and winning both, taking on all comers, moving from one board to the other, checking all the kings, and still preparing and serving a superb breakfast of scrambled eggs and smothered onions, Swiss-cheese omelets, grilled garlic toast and fresh fruit salad under a blanket of shredded coconut.

"OK, Margot; who died?"

"You'll never believe it."

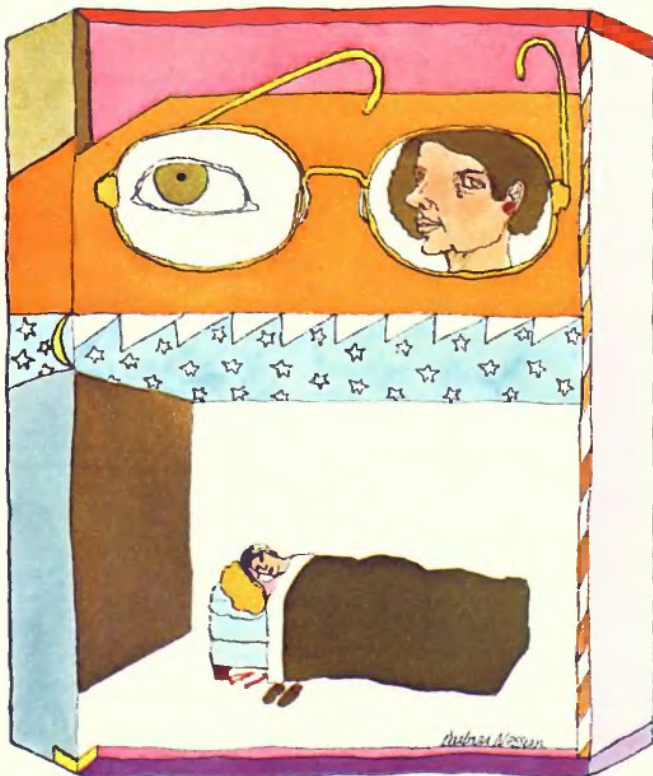
"I'll believe it. Who died?"

"Bing-bing, from out of the blue. His heart."

"Whose heart?"

Now she had his father, too. Sidney sent out a class-A shrug, skipping the B's completely. A class A required no witness, it was done to oneself, both shoulders up to the ears, head back, eyes wide to a vengeful God, a clearly audible "oooooh" sound that admitted weakness to the enemy, unconditional surrender and the awful wait before the terrible swift sword.

It was the crucial moment in the Guess Who Died game. In Sidney's mind were all his friends and relatives, business associates, contemporaries, in their 60s, and the angel of death hovered now over them all, (continued on page 186)



KEEPING YOUR COOL WITH CASSEROLES

food By THOMAS MARIO *an at-the-ready supply of savory main courses for fine, impromptu feasting*

OF ALL FEASTS, a casserole is the most movable. You can tote it from freezer to oven or from city high-rise to country retreat. For travel purposes, you can keep a casserole either hot or cold by simply blanketing it with generous layers of *The New York Times* or by coddling it in an insulated bag. When three or four yachts are tied together at eventide, one way to celebrate sundown is with a boarding party: Come aboard with a cocktail pitcher in one hand and a casserole in the other. Chronic icebox raiders who can't wait for the witching hour to sample sliced shell steak, roast turkey or goose with stuffing always keep a well-chilled casserole handy. As time goes by, cold roast meat loses its flavor, but any man with time on his hands knows that a two-day-old casserole has twice the flavor of a one-day-old beginner. Most important of all, a large casserole enables the bachelor chef—whether he's on land or at sea—to feed a starving crew without running into any last-minute logistical hang-ups. The built-in features of a casserole give you freedom to imbibe along with all other bibbers at the appointed hour.

When you case a casserole at a party table, you're not likely to discover dainty breasts of guinea hen resting in a pool of madeira sauce with star-shaped slices of truffle. But when your serving spoon breaks through a crust of rich buttered crumbs and cheese, and in the mélange of soft kidney beans you dig up plump slices of garlic sausage and smoked pork tenderloin, suddenly your palate's alive. All's right with the world.

Casseroles have a way of taking their own sweet time. And their lazy pace only goes to prove that some of the easiest things in the kitchen are the slowest. The great French culinary classic *tripes à la mode de Caen* normally takes from 10 to 12 hours to cook. Since the dish is baked at the lowest possible oven temperature, there's no need for stirring, skimming or watching. Many Frenchmen prepare it after the evening meal and then simply go to bed while the tripe, beef shank, vegetables and hard cider or white wine simmer overnight.

Certainly the first qualification of a casserole specialist is his ability to improvise. If a recipe calls for imported French green kidney beans called flageolets, and these aren't to be found at your neighborhood grocery, don't hesitate to use American counterparts, including lima beans or marrowfat beans. Imported flageolets in cans or jars may be used, but these are weak pinch hitters. If the recipe says veal, and you dream up chicken or pork, you may actually ad-lib a better casserole than the original concoction itself.

Many casserole chefs regularly double the quantities of their favorite casserole recipes and stash half in the freezer. It's easy to freeze anything from a meatball to a bison, but to unfreeze it and cook it within a reasonable time often is a problem. If a pasta casserole, for example, has been built up layer by layer to a frozen feast five inches deep, it may take two days in the refrigerator for it to thaw out sufficiently, so that when placed in the oven, it will emerge hot inside and not burned to a charcoaled crisp outside. A simple standing order for frozen casseroles is this: Frozen cooked foods should never be more than 1½ inches deep. Such casseroles moved to a hot oven directly from the freezer, cooked uncovered, will be ready for the most ravenous appetite in an hour's time.

When it comes to wines with casseroles, the best are those in the morning of their life. Wines that should be drunk young (months rather than years old, such as the rosés and beaujolais) are the kinds of libations one expects at a casserole buffet; and the 1966 beaujolais, with their brisk prodigal fruit flavor, are now on American wine shelves. A word to the wine wise: The label beaujolais, meaning the fruity red wines from a district in southern Burgundy, has been exploited by all kinds of four-flushing exporters. In one year, allegedly five times as much beaujolais was shipped from France as had been pressed that year. Always buy the label of a well-known shipper. Those beaujolais marked "Supérieur" are worth their slightly superior price. Beaujolais and all other wines in the bloom of their youth should be poured chilled, but not numbingly cold.

For stretching or chopping down recipes, your casserole gear should include large-, medium- and small-sized utensils as well as casseroles of different widths and heights, so they can be filled just to the brim for golden browning. Ever since primitive chefs wrapped wet clay around their game, earthenware casseroles have been the pick of the tribe for casseroleers. The old adages about rubbing earthenware with garlic before its first use, boiling it in salt water or baking-soda water are kitchen demonology at its worst. All modern terra-cotta ware from France, glazed inside, dull outside, is pretreated for the oven. Of course, it's breakable and chippable, and it can't be popped directly from freezer to oven. Porcelainized ironware is the toughest of imported casseroles. It can be whisked from temperatures below zero to the fiercest oven. American Corning Ware, now in simple white, is also amazingly hardy. Sudden changes in temperature won't bother it; it can be exposed to a top flame without asbestos pads and seldom acquires that sudden beat-up-with-age look that overtakes so many porcelainized vessels.

Casseroles haven't always been just a staple stand-by for busy bachelors. Talleyrand, the great French diplomat, was noted for hosting the most luxurious table of his time. A deft intriguer, he was also a lover of, among other things, casseroles. Furthermore, he never forgot the role of food in his political ploys. When he left for negotiations in Vienna, he confessed to Louis XVIII. "Sire, I have more need of casseroles" *(continued on page 176)*



TAX ORGANIZED RELIGION

(continued from page 93)

to prophesy that with prudent management, the churches ought to be able to control the whole economy of the nation within the predictable future."

H. L. Mencken once wrote:

When Henry VII came to the throne in England [the clergy] numbered between 30,000 and 40,000 in a population of 3,000,000 and had two thirds of all votes in the House of Lords, owned one third of all the land in the realm and had an income two and a half times that of the king himself.

The Reformation, at bottom, was quite as much economic in motive as theological; it represented a desperate effort to throw off an intolerable burden . . .

We may be reaching such a crisis point in America. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church agrees with Dr. Blake's grave assessment of the situation and, pointing out how worldly power has seduced the church from its spiritual concerns in the past, stated recently that any favored tax position constitutes "a hindrance to the fulfillment of the church's mission."

This is why it can only be regarded as tragic that the Supreme Court on October 10, 1966, refused to hear a taxpayer's suit by the atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair, which contended that all other property owners are taxed at an unfairly high rate because of the churches' exemption. It would be sad if the tempest that surrounds this brave, bellicose and bothersome woman were to result in a complete burial of the important issue she has raised. For church wealth *has* become a menace.

This is not just my opinion, or that of Dr. Blake, or of the United Presbyterian Church. The National Conference of Christians and Jews has also called for a probe of church property and correction of abuses. The Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs has bluntly suggested that the Internal Revenue Service re-examine the matter of church wealth and begin taxing church businesses that have no real connection with religion. Reverend Dean M. Kelley, an officer of the National Council of Churches of Christ, has said that the expansion of church-owned property "is causing real damage to the image of the church, and it's high time businessmen themselves should be getting up in arms."

Let me present some of the facts about church wealth—facts that are seldom publicly discussed and are usually published only by professed "enemies of the church" like Mrs. O'Hair. When one understands these facts and their implications, one may realize that these "en-

mies" are, unknown to themselves, friends of the church in disguise.

Churches of all denominations are owners or part owners of countless businesses, on which they pay no taxes. They own a laundry in New Hampshire, office buildings in Chicago, radio and TV stations in New Orleans and a night club in Hawaii, for a few minor examples. According to articles in the German magazine *Der Spiegel* concerning the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church, the Jesuits own 51 percent of the stock in the Bank of America, one of the world's largest banks. The Jesuits also own a controlling interest in the Di Georgio Fruit Company—an empire that consists of several processing plants and citrus groves in California and Florida, more than a hundred steamships and many of the vast banana plantations in Central and South America. The Jesuits also own the majority stock in both Phillips Petroleum Company and Creole Petroleum Company, which between them dot South America with countless oil wells, bringing in millions of barrels a day. The Society of Jesus is also a heavy investor in Republic Steel, National Steel and our four largest aircraft companies: Boeing, Lockheed, Curtiss-Wright and Douglas. From these and other holdings, the Jesuits realize a yearly income of at least \$250,000,000, on which they pay no taxes at all.

No wonder that Father Richard Grider wrote recently in *The Wall Street Journal*, "The Catholic Church must be the biggest corporation in the United States. Our assets and real-estate holdings must exceed those of Standard Oil, A. T. & T. and U. S. Steel combined [51.4 billion dollars—*Ed.*]." As further illustration of the power of tax-exempt capital to multiply, the Baptist Foundation of Texas is reported to have increased its assets from \$20,000,000 to \$53,000,000 in just ten years' time.

The Knights of Columbus, a Catholic organization, acquired Yankee Stadium through a lease-back technique. (The K of C, as they are called, have about \$200,000,000 in assets, including a steel-tube factory and several department stores.) St. Andrews Roman Catholic Church in Chicago also acquired a hotel through the lease-back strategy, and the Southern Baptist Annuity Board picked up a nice little textile mill in the same sly way.

The exact dimensions of church wealth in the United States are unknown. Other tax-exempt institutions—such as charities or scientific foundations—must submit a "Form 990" to the Government, which shows their income, even though that income is not taxable. The churches are not required to submit this report.

Furthermore, as Martin Larson emphasizes in his *Church Wealth and Business Income*, "No one has the authority to demand the necessary information." The Internal Revenue Service, under our present laws, cannot ask this question; a committee of Congress cannot ask; not even the President himself can ask. There is no atomic secret that is more heavily veiled in mystery than the wealth of American churches today. Only taxation of church property itself could establish the exact amount and value of church property and income in the United States and abroad.

However, Dr. Larson was able to estimate the visible wealth of the churches—their real estate—as no less than 79.5 billion dollars. This figure was derived from a detailed study of four "statistically typical" American cities—Washington, D. C.; Buffalo, New York; Baltimore, Maryland; and Denver, Colorado—and by extrapolating the results for the rest of the country. The 79.5 billion dollars in real estate breaks down as follows: Jewish, 7 billion dollars; Protestant and others (including Eastern Orthodox, Buddhists, Moslems, Mormons, New Thought groups, etc.), 28 billion dollars; and Roman Catholic, 44.5 billion dollars. There is no good reason to think that Dr. Larson's estimates are high; if anything, they may be a little bit low. Local real-estate taxes imposed upon these properties would yield at least four billion dollars, if the properties were assessed at current value.

Let me remind the reader what 79.5 billion dollars represents. We usually see such figures only when the national budget is discussed, or in the study of astronomical distances. Seventy-nine and a half billion dollars is one and a half times the full value of *all* real property in the five sprawling boroughs of New York City. Note that this estimated figure refers only to property and does not include the unknown but vast amount of invested endowments or businesses operated for income. It is probably safe to assert that the amount of Federal taxes legally avoided by the churches on their income is at least as large as their local real-estate tax exemption; judging by all other commercial and mercantile records, this presumption is more than merely an educated guess.

To illustrate the power of this gigantic wealth, the latest (1965) figures on assets of our five largest industrial corporations show: Standard Oil of New Jersey, 13.1 billion dollars; General Motors, 12.6 billion dollars; Ford Motors, 7.6 billion dollars; General Electric, 4.3 billion dollars; Chrysler, 3 billion dollars; for a total of 40.6 billion dollars. This is approximately *half* of the real estate alone owned by the churches, and small compared with presumed church investment portfolios.

(continued on page 111)

IS SEX UN-AMERICAN?

ignoring the thunder from right and left, a dauntless california columnist objectively analyzes one of the day's burning issues HUMOR BY ARTHUR HOPPE



THE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE has now polished off the Communist Party and the Ku Klux Klan. It has proved, to its own satisfaction, that overthrowing the Government and beating up people are definitely un-American. Where will it turn next? Where it will turn next is clearly indicated by the California Senate's Committee on Un-American Activities, a bellwether group whose alert work is closely watched by un-American investigators across the land for valuable new trends in exposures, public spectacles and down-to-earth sensationalism. And never has this committee received more mileage in the press than with its report attacking the University of California for condoning, among other things, homosexuality, LSD, the frug, sex, rock-'n'-roll music, smoking marijuana, dirty words and throwing up. This unquestionably points the way.

Indeed, Mr. Ronald Reagan, in his bid for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, constantly cited the report. What he said was that the details were so lascivious that he couldn't possibly bring them out in public. But if elected, he pledged a public investigation—in order, presumably, to bring the details out in public. Needless to say, he was nominated by a landslide, and subsequently elected. So it behooves us all to take a close look at this pioneer work. And while special-interest groups may question the report in certain particulars—"Is a co-educational institution the place for homosexuals?" or "Is frugging the American way?"—let us confine ourselves to the one basic issue this new trend raises that is of grave concern to us all:

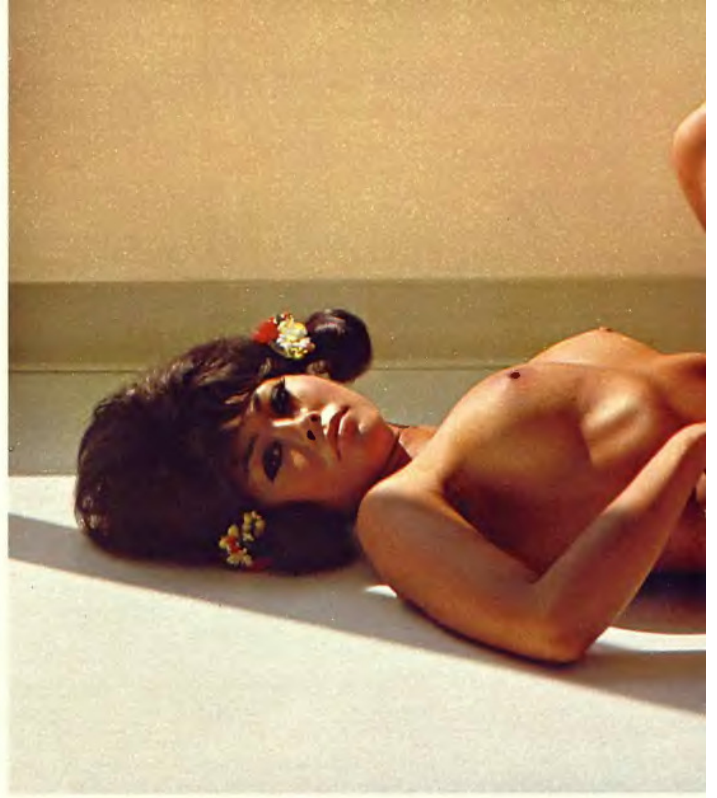
Is sex an un-American activity?

By broadening their scope to include sex, investigators of un-American activities are taking a risky leap forward that is bound to arouse widespread controversy. True, it can be argued forcibly that sex is certainly not 100 percent American. It is neither a native art form nor indigenous to our shores. Reports from Communist defectors (see *None Dare Call It Dirty*) prove conclusively that sex is secretly practiced by the Kremlin puppetmasters, the Red Chinese enslavers and, it is believed, perhaps even by Fidel Castro.

Moreover, studies demonstrate (see *Flag Etiquette*) that presumably loyal American citizens, when engaged in sexual activities, are definitely in no position to show proper respect for Old Glory nor, in most cases, to remove their hats for our national anthem. In addition, it cannot be denied that over the years sex has sapped the will to resist of countless young American ladies.

Thus, there is a considerable body of evidence to show that sex is an integral part of, if not perhaps the very key to, the Communist master plan for overthrowing us all. One need only envision the forthcoming televised hearings: "Are you now or have you ever been engaged in sexual activities?" No agency of Government will escape unscathed—with the possible exception of the State Department.

On the other hand, as the hastily formed Fair Play for Sex Committee points out, it can be argued equally that sex is in the American mainstream. "While documentary evidence is admittedly (concluded on page 149)



Afternoons often find Gwen movie-star gozing. "Beverly Hills is a great place to visit," she says, "and an even better place to live. Both the Southern California climate and the people just couldn't be any nicer."



Revealing herself to be one of Beverly Hills' loveliest homebodies (left), Gwen places a high premium on privacy. With mystic logic on her side, Gwen says, "Silence can be a marvelous thing to listen to." Below, she takes a hot-dog break during an antique hunt and meets up with a friendly German shepherd—who soon wangles half her lunch. "I like animals very much," says our April Playmate. "They have few affectations."



SPICE FROM THE ORIENT

playmate-bunny gwen wong, a canapé-sized gourmet, is an exotic april dish

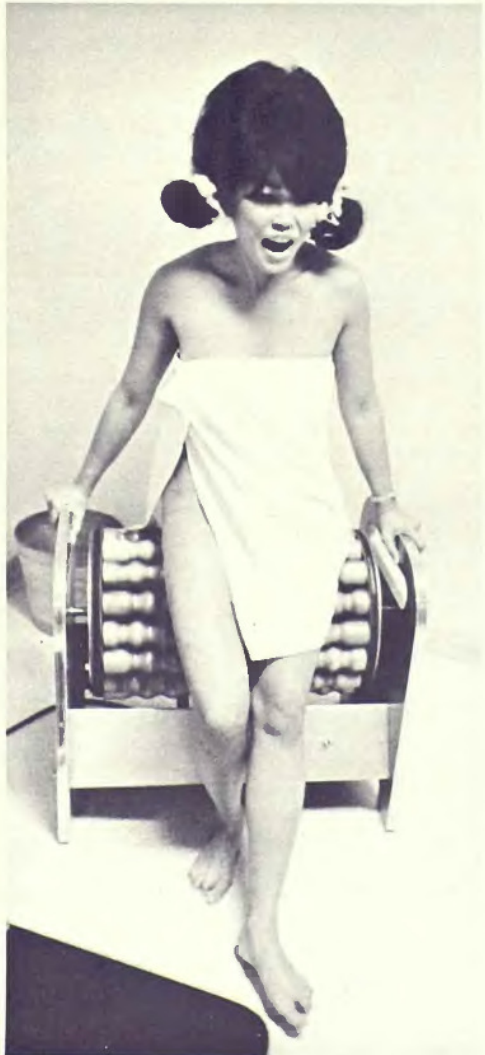
AN OBSCURE 19th Century poet named Coventry Patmore might well have pre-
saged the appearance of Gwen Wong, our April Playmate, when he wrote, "A woman is a foreign land." The exotic Miss Wong is, in fact, a startlingly beautiful blend of six nationalities: Chinese, Scottish, Spanish, Australian, Filipino and Irish. A Cocktail Bunny at the Los Angeles Playboy Club, Gwen is a small (all of five feet) sensation in any language. Born in Manila during the latter part of World War Two, our Playmate-Bunny spent some of her infancy in Australia. (Gwen's mother, Doreen Wong, had been a popular pianist throughout the Orient, and she continued her nightclub career in the U.S. after the family moved to San Francisco in 1949.) An expert cook, Miss April is equally adept at whipping up *wor shew opp*, *scungilli* or *boeuf Bourguignonne*. "Cooking has almost become a mania with me," she says. "I collect cookbooks the same way people collect LPs." Before becoming a Bunny, Gwen studied painting and ceramics at California's El Camino Junior College. "Frankly," she says, "most modern art confuses me, although I wouldn't classify myself as a traditionalist. I try not to be swayed by other people's opinions when visiting a gallery, but that's not always easy. I like to think if a canvas is good



Gwen (right center) is most-photographed bird to visit Van Nuys' Anheuser-Busch Gardens. Gwen on rainy days: "They depress me."



Renting an auto, Gwen and fellow Bunny Marilyn drive to Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. After unpacking, they unwind from the journey with a visit to the sauna. Later, Gwen has a massage: "It's almost the best physical feeling there is."





I'll know it — because, well, I'll *feel* it." Gwen paints whenever she gets the chance. "But since I've become a Bunny," she says, "my life has become very hectic, and I don't do nearly enough." Miss Wong is also a jazznik and prefers the singing of Morgana King and Ella Fitzgerald among at least a score of recording artists she admires. Tentatively planning a summer trip to Europe (with friend and fellow Los Angeles Bunny Marilyn), Gwen would eventually like to see all the capitals. "But," she says, "I won't be staying in Europe for more than a month, so I'll probably spend most of my time in the city that fascinates me most: Paris. I also plan to visit France's wine districts while I'm there." Although she could easily break into films Miss April is not interested in a show-business career. "I'll admit it—I'd like to get married," she says. Gwen is a domestic kind of girl: her idea of an ideal date is a stay-at-home dinner for two. "And I'll do the cooking—French or Chinese food, probably, and perhaps afterward a film. But the important thing is to be with a man with whom I can relax and enjoy myself by *being* myself." While Miss Wong awaits Mr. Right, she is more than happy to continue serving as a Bunny—and the Los Angeles Playboy Club patrons will be even happier to hear that their favorite fortune cookie isn't about to split.



The next morning, Gwen and Marilyn drive southeast to Hoover Dam (above), where our comely April Playmate says, "I know it sounds corny, but you just have to marvel at man's ingenuity when you see something like this." After checking out road maps to see if they'll continue sight-seeing, the girls decide in favor of the gaming tables at Coesor's Poloce. Following a successful spin of roulette, Gwen pockets her winnings: "Even James Bond knows when to quit."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Sunday night, and the girls make ready to leave Las Vegas. Above left, they stop for a last look at the lavish fountains in front of Caesar's Palace. A half hour later, gear in hand, Gwen and Marilyn race to board a Western Airlines jet back to Los Angeles—and Bunnydom. As the plane taxis to the take-off strip, Gwen says, "Las Vegas was a new experience for me—it's a twenty-four-hour town. And even though I did a lot of driving and staying up late, I'm not the least bit tired." So saying, our exotic April Playmate promptly falls asleep.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A philosophical friend of ours points out that at cocktail parties the men usually stand around getting stiff, and the women are usually tight, but when they get home they frequently find that neither is either.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *yes man* as one who stoops to concur.



The strapping Australian farm boy on his first visit to Melbourne explained to a streetwalker he'd just met, "Ma run off when I was just a little critter, so there weren't no one to raise me 'ceptin' Pa. He taught me most of what I need to know, but he said I'd have to come to the city to learn about women, so I'd be obliged if you'd teach me that."

The sympathetic prostitute took the farm boy to her apartment. She told him to get undressed and then she went into an adjoining room and changed from her street clothes into a filmy black negligee. When she returned, she found all of her furniture stacked against the walls, the carpet rolled back and the young man stripped and squatting in the middle of the bare floor.

"What's going on here?" she demanded.

The young man explained, "I don't know how it is with a woman, but I figured if it's anything like kangaroos, we'd be needing plenty of room."

It's been said that the trouble in the Garden of Eden wasn't caused by an apple—but by a green pair.

One day, after a phone call from his wife, the braggart office manager strutted into the steno pool, chest puffed out with self-satisfaction, and proclaimed loudly, "Well, girls, my wife is pregnant!"

After a moment's silence, a small voice in the back of the room replied, "Whom do you suspect?"

A monster we know usually eats *things* for lunch, and washes them down with a Coca-Cola. For, as he explains, "Things go better with Coke."

The inexperienced young man had heard that a good way to arouse sexual desire in a girl who proved impervious to the more usual forms of wooing was to forthrightly place her hand on his organ. Having parked with a date for more than an hour in the local lover's lane, with nothing to show for it but some sisterly kisses, he decided to try this new technique. The response was instantaneous: The girl berated him with the longest stream of invectives he'd ever heard. Stunned, he tried to reply, but she refused to listen, insisting, instead, that he take her home at once.

As he pulled up in front of her house, she again started shouting imprecations. Finally, out of breath, she demanded: "Well, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes, I have," was his pained reply. "Please let go."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *peyote* as a trance plant.

A middle-aged executive was becoming increasingly irritated by the constant ribbing he received at the hands of junior employees who couldn't resist making fun of his baldness. One morning, a particularly brash trainee had the gall to run his hand across the older man's pate while loudly exclaiming, "Feels just like my wife's ass!"

With a look of genuine curiosity, the aging exec also felt his gleaming pate. "You're right," he said, "so it does, so it does."



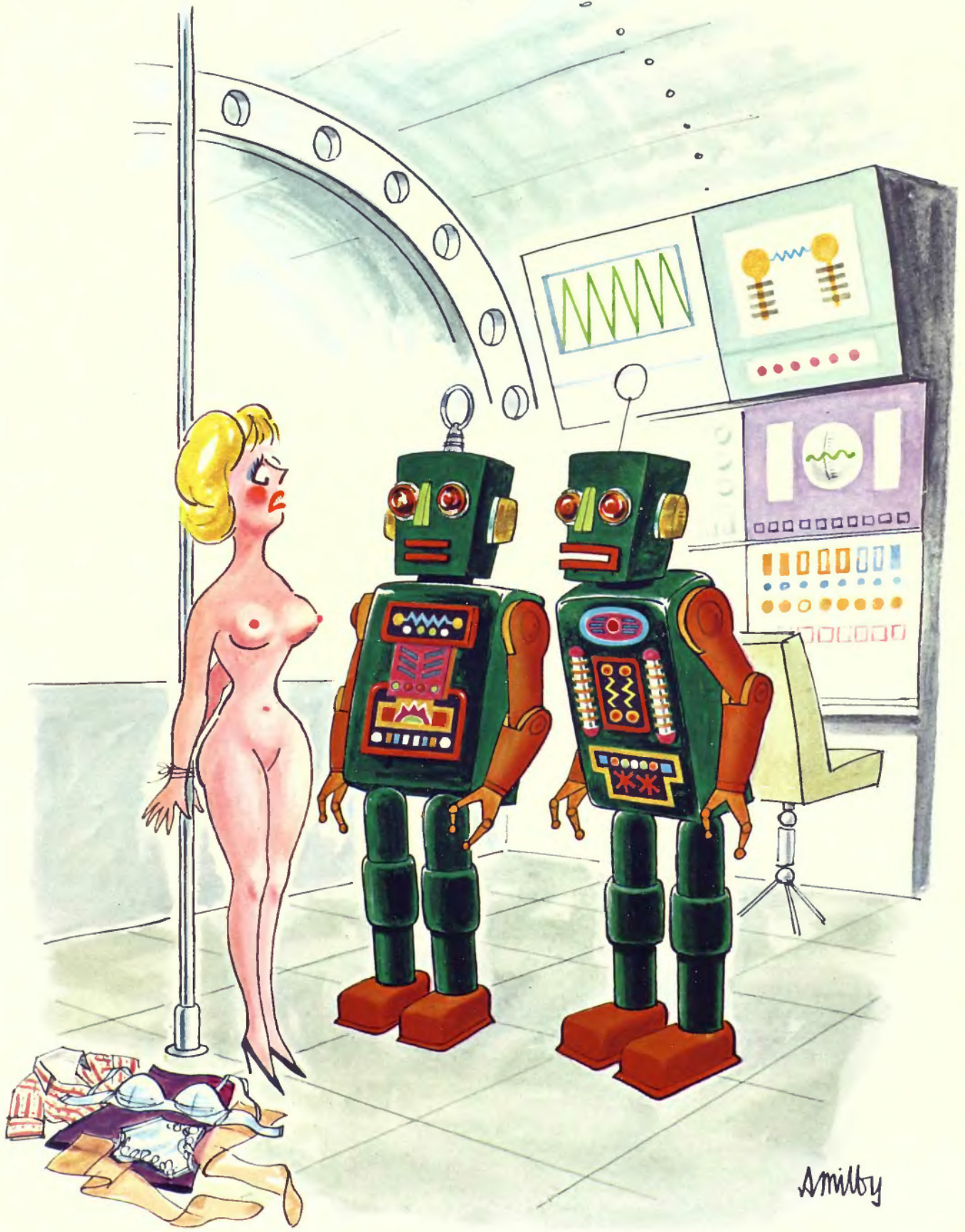
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stagnation* as a country of fun-loving males.

The new bride complained to her doctor about the birth-control pills he had given her.

"What seems to be the problem?" he asked.

"They must not be the right size, doctor," she said. "They keep falling out."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Press the other button and see what it does."

TAX THE OIL COMPANIES

(continued from page 93)

never heard of the Schmidhausers. Public interest in the great tax tangle is so low that a legislator simply cannot count on the voters to re-elect him for championing their cause. Result: Most legislators support the oil and gas interests, which not only pay close attention to what goes on in Congress but find means to reward those who vote for oil and gas benefits.

Of the staggering two billion dollars that the oilmen save each year through the depletion allowance alone, they allocate an estimated \$50,000,000 to defend their privileged position. The money is spent to publicize the imaginary distress of the oil industry, to bribe a few Congressmen and Senators, to contribute to the campaigns of many others and to support a staff of lobbyists on Capitol Hill. The industry also exerts extraordinary pressure to influence foreign policy (American oil interests are world-wide with approximately one third of their net income based on production outside the United States).

The depletion allowance compensates the oilman for the depletion of his capital—the oil under his feet. He pays no tax on the first 27½ percent of the gross income from his oil fields (the allowance must not exceed 50 percent of net income). The argument is that every gallon he takes out of the ground is one gallon less of his property. For that matter, every year a wage earner lives is one year less of his capital, too. But wage earners don't seem to have the same influence on legislation.

Note that the 27½-percent allowance has nothing to do with costs and bears absolutely no relation to the amount of oil depleted. The producer can go on taking the tax write-off eternally—or at least until the well runs dry. Often he ends up deducting 10 or 20 times his original costs.

There is also nothing sacred or scientific about the 27½-percent figure. It was a compromise between the 25 percent recommended by the House and the 30 percent favored by the Senate when the depletion allowance was first established in 1926.

The appearance of this enticing advantage brought other lobbyists swarming over Capitol Hill like high school students at cherry-blossom time. Rather than plug the dike then and there, Congress obligingly drilled dozens of new holes. Now almost 100 minerals have their own special depletion allowances (sulphur gets 23 percent; clamshells used for cement, 5 percent; common gravel, 5 percent), but none has reached the 27½-percent figure. Indeed, the dollar value of all other depletion allowances lumped together accounts for only a

fraction of the great oil leakage.

This isn't the only form of tax privilege offered to oilmen. Almost as wondrous are the drilling and development allowances—"golden gimmicks," one investor happily called them—which permit oilmen to deduct many of their "intangible" costs. The deductions can be taken in advance, often as high as 80 percent of the costs, which makes oil speculation a singularly attractive investment. Taken together, these tax benefits have made the rest of us taxpayers 90-percent partners in dry oil wells, but almost forgotten partners when the wells start gushing.

Despite incomes ranging in the millions, oilmen now pay a smaller percentage than even the lowest-bracket taxpayers. Many will pay no taxes at all. More incredible still, a few will even wind up with Uncle Sam owing them money!

Take the case of one oilman whose reported income for 1960 was \$26,400,000 after he had already deducted \$2,700,000 for "exploration, development and non-allocated expenses." The biggest income item was the sale, for \$26,200,000, of oil property. By the time he had finished juggling the figures, balancing off gushers against dry holes, he emerged with a net tax liability of *minus* \$846,330. And this was before personal exemptions. The oilman's hard luck on paper not only wiped out his tax liability but earned him a downy tax cushion for the future.

This plutocrat of petroleum is by no means alone. One man with a reported income of \$2,300,000 got a tax credit of \$700,000. Another with an income of \$1,200,000 wound up with a \$185,000 credit. Other tax returns show payments of 5.9, 7.9 and 8.4 percent on incomes of \$1,000,000, \$2,100,000 and \$700,000.

Yet these personal pickings are tiny compared with those of the great oil corporations. If Standard Oil of New Jersey, for one, could be admitted to the United Nations, it would be one of the richest members, with an income exceeding that of most countries. Yet this company paid only \$82,000,000 in Federal taxes in 1965—less than eight percent of its net income.

Taxes paid over the past four years by the seven top oil companies (Standard of New Jersey, Texaco, Gulf, Socony Mobil, Standard of California, Standard of Indiana and Shell) averaged four percent of net profits. In 1964, Pure Oil paid \$600,000 on earnings of \$32,300,000, which amounts to a tax rate of less than two percent. Four large oil companies (Atlantic, Richfield, Sinclair and Sunray) paid no Federal taxes at all. In contrast, the average American corporation pays a 48-percent tax on net profits.

In a typical year (1962), oil and gas producers and refiners took in 11.1 percent of the nation's 405.7 billion dollars in corporate receipts; they paid only 1.8 percent of the Federal tax liability. By contrast, the auto industry, with 7.1 percent of the business receipts, paid 17.6 percent of the corporate tax liability.

Specifically, in 1964 the oil industry escaped paying 1.23 billion dollars (about 45 percent of the total percentage depletion allowance of 2.733 billion dollars for the industry that year; the other 55 percent is considered equitable by the Treasury Department). In addition, the industry copped an estimated one billion dollars through the intangible drilling allowance (the nonphysical costs of drilling, amounting to as much as 80 percent of the total investment). And the oil companies are particularly adept at "adjusting" their operating costs through a never-ending labyrinth of interlocking corporations (the industry claims on its tax forms that expenses are 75 cents of every dollar, a figure a tax expert would find unacceptable in other industries). If all the holes were plugged, the Government would stand to gain at least six billion and perhaps as much as ten billion dollars per year.

With so much at stake, it is not surprising that oilmen are very concerned about keeping their tax advantages. Of course, the oil lobbyists prefer the more subtle inducements—lavish hospitality, stock tips, campaign contributions and private planes put at the lawmakers' disposal. But they have also gone so far as to deliver paper sacks full of cash to Congressmen.

This tactic was used with the late Senator Francis Case, who in 1956 was offered \$2500 in hundred-dollar bills. He could have kept the money. Instead, he strode onto the Senate floor and denounced the incident shrilly. This forced an investigation, which Lyndon Johnson, then Senate Majority Leader, expertly kept out of hostile hands. The hearings were put under the capable chairmanship of Senator John McClellan, whose Little Rock law firm at the time represented at least four major oil companies.

To a politician who would bristle over a raw bribe, a campaign contribution may be nearly irresistible. It is usually channeled through a campaign committee, which enables the recipient to camouflage the source. He reports that the money came from a committee, thus complying with the letter of the law, without mentioning that it was earmarked for his campaign by the oil interests.

When Bobby Baker was operating in the back rooms of the Senate, he once summoned Senator Thomas McIntyre aside and hinted that a vote for the oil-depletion allowance might magically rid

(continued on page 150)

LOVE continues to enjoy excellent public relations. What other word so grossly stage-managed for private gain could remain so uncontestedly a star? FREEDOM, perhaps, but no other. LOVE is the most sought-after emotion of all. When we are in it, we feel uniquely at one with the world. And we say, "LOVE is wonderful!" When we are out of it, we feel coldly isolated from the world. And we say, "That wasn't LOVE. That was a sick relationship."

If we wind up winners, we call it LOVE. If we wind up losers, we know it couldn't have been LOVE. In that way, though we may lose at love, LOVE never loses. In this country it is the one extreme that we are all encouraged to be in favor of.

We love LOVE. And with reason. To cease valuing it is to cease valuing ourselves—because true LOVE, as we learned to dream of it at an early age, is to meet, at a memorable moment in time, someone who is (depending on choice): delicate, strong, beautiful, handsome, charming, debonair, submissive, protective, supportive, commanding, easy to listen to, easy to talk to, who does as we wish without a word being spoken, and to whom we are so attuned that if one begins a sentence the other can very often finish it. At which point our eyes meet to exchange promises of perpetual union. Not too difficult, because what we are staring into, really, is a mirror. For true LOVE is the dream of finding the mirror image of one's self writ large. Usually of the opposite sex, although these days that decision is optional.

There is little problem today in finding one's mirror image. Anonymity is not that hard to duplicate. The problem is to keep the mirror from developing flaws. Once married, mirror images have a disquieting tendency to change. They age, put on weight, become critical, begin to sag, stop having anything to say and—most unnerving—start making demands!

The fallacy in true LOVE is that it ceases to be true once you've got to share it with somebody else. LOVE, in the preferred reading of the word, means he or she who seeks you out, places a cool hand to your forehead, whispers, "There, there, it's going to be all right," and proceeds to arrange your life so that it is no longer necessary to be a grownup. There is no more profound disillusion than that of an outmaneuvered mirror image who finds itself forced to place the first cool hand.

There are, of course, other interpretations of the word. There are children, for example, who are known to define LOVE as that which brings pain, because every time the word is used on them they get pinched. There are other children who understand LOVE to be an item of barter—loaned out to them when they behave, called in when they misbehave.

Definitions pile on definitions. LOVE is

LOATHE THY NEIGHBOR



the creator of "hostileman" enters a reasoned plea for the positive powers of hate

opinion By **JULES FEIFFER**

the word people use when they want to manipulate you ("If you really loved me, you wouldn't do this to me"), possess you ("I love you so much I could eat you alive"), evade you ("OK, OK, I love you"), betray you ("I'm doing this only because I love you"), integrate you ("We march on you with love") and kill you ("On behalf of the freedom-loving peoples of the world, we have today bombed—").

LOVE has swept all other emotions before it. Every act that we commit, we commit in its name. Except the sex act. It is only in recent years that we have stopped denying that LOVE and sex have any connection at all. In the past, one sowed one's wild oats and then settled down in marriage to the girl one loved but did not touch for she was clean. On occasion, between procreational stopovers, one would sneak off to women whom one thought of as not clean, returning home drenched in guilt and satisfaction. If exposure followed, after a decent period of mourning, one would be accepted back into the fold on a probationary basis lasting a lifetime, and as a leprous example to the children, who were taught: "That's the way men are." The untold story of Dagwood's submissiveness is that Blondie knows where the body's buried.

However, woman's awakened interest in equal rights aroused her slumbering interest in equal fun. To many women, the insights of psychoanalysis were just

what they needed to uplift sex, take it out of the darkness and subject it to the healthful glow of the American home. Today LOVE and sex are increasingly interconnected, thus establishing for LOVE a foothold into an enclave where it never dared trespass before: the marriage bed. LOVE, the imperialist, crushing all peripheral drives in its path, swallowed sex and made it clean. It is now an appealing athletic exercise, not in the least suggestive. One no longer sneaks off to sow wild oats. A surfeit of oats is provided at home, with husband and wife studying their his-and-her marriage manuals, checking to be sure that every step is shared together, so that in the end it will all come out even. Officially satisfied beyond their wildest acceptable dreams, husband and wife lie coolly embraced, inexplicably thinking about whips and chains.

There can be only one reason why LOVE, in whatever incarnation, does not work. It is because we are in terror of it, fearful of its power, ever mindful that it knows no bounds. LOVE stands alone, a colossus in the emotional spectrum, escalating wherever it pleases because there is no other emotion that can keep it in check. (Little wonder we try our mightiest to not get involved!) What is called for is a redress of the balance, and that can only be done by recognizing that, like it or not, we must bring back HATE. Only the increased support of HATE as a viable alternative can force LOVE back into a more reasonable posture.

HATE has always been in close competition with LOVE, and it is only in recent years that we have chosen to build up one at the expense of the other.

According to Greek myth, LOVE and HATE were at one time brothers. LOVE thought HATE was paranoid, but treated him with understanding. HATE thought LOVE was effeminate, but let him live—though always keeping a careful watch on him, because HATE was convinced LOVE was out to get him. LOVE laughed at what he insisted was HATE's projection onto LOVE of his own subconscious desires. "It is you who are out to get me!" LOVE beamed, "but I love you nonetheless!" And he tried to embrace HATE, who pulled away from him furiously, crying, "Get away from me, you fairy!"

LOVE liked to build things. HATE was only interested in tearing down. "All you are is against!" LOVE accused HATE one day. "Aren't you for anything?" "I'm for lots of things," grumbled HATE. "Name one," challenged LOVE. "I'm for private property," said HATE. "So am I," said LOVE, "so long as we share it with our neighbors." "I'm for freedom of the individual," said HATE. "So am I," said LOVE, "so long as we don't trespass on the rights of others." "I'm for minding my own business," said HATE. "So am I," said LOVE, "so long as we don't use it as an excuse to ignore (concluded on page 175)

SCOT FARKAS AND THE MURDEROUS



MARIAH

By JEAN SHEPHERD



wherein the freckled upstart of cleveland street faces an epic showdown with the fastest top in the midwest

"I'M GOING TO THROW this wagon out, George. You don't play with it anymore; you're a general now. It's just gathering dust in the cellar. And if you don't want that little hatchet you got for your birthday, I'll get rid of that, too. I don't want it just banging around the house. It's liable to cause more trouble."

I am hearing George Washington's mother speaking in a quavery, old-tiny voice, filtering through the hazy mists of past ages. There in the case right in front of my eyes was a stylish, archaic, hunched-up kind of cart with big spoked wheels. You could even see vestigial flecks of ancient red paint. The card read:

TOY WAGON GENERALLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A CHILD. THIS PRICELESS RELIC HAS BEEN ALMOST CONCLUSIVELY AUTHENTICATED.

George Washington's little red wagon! My mind boggled at the thought of the Father of Our Country tugging his high-spoked wooden toy through the boondocks, his 18th Century overalls faintly damp, his 18th Century kidshoes trailing laces in the sand, on his way to becoming the most successful revolutionist in all history.

I moved among the museum exhibits, now deep in a maelstrom of contemplation, mining a new vein of thought that had never occurred to me. In the next case, resting on a chaste velvet-covered podium, lay a chewed and worn wooden top of the type commonly known among the wooden-top set of my day as a spikesie. For the unfortunates unfamiliar with this maddening device, which over the centuries has separated the men from the boys among kids, a spikesie is a highly functional top-shaped wooden toy, beautifully, malevolently tapered down to a glittering steel spikelike spinning surface.

I stopped dead in my tracks, unable to believe my eyes. I looked long and hard, peering intently into the shiny glass case at the squat toy that was displayed there. There was no doubt about it. This was no ordinary spikesie, but identical with a sinister breed of top that I myself had once encountered. Bending low over the exhibit, I examined the inscription:

UNUSUAL HANDMADE TOP. ORIGIN UNKNOWN. SAID TO HAVE BEEN OWNED BY THE YOUNG THOMAS JEFFERSON.

My God! Thomas Jefferson! The elegant, consummate product of the age of reason: architect, statesman, utopian, man of letters. I wondered modestly whether I could have shown Tom a thing or two about top spinning. After all, a Declaration of Independence is one thing; a split top is another. The top rested quietly on its podium, mute and mysterious. It was a dark, rich, worn russet color. I wondered what its name was and what battles it had fought for the framer of the American way of life, what battles it had fought in the distant past and perhaps would fight again.

As I gazed at the top, old spike wounds itched vaguely beneath my tapered Italian slacks—old wounds I had sustained in hand-to-hand spikesie combat with antagonists of my dim past. Well did I remember Junior Kissel's economical, slicing sidearm movement, his green top string snapping curtly as he laid his yellow spikesie down right on a dime with a hissing whir. Flick, on the other hand—more erratic, more flamboyant—had a tendency to loft his spikesie, releasing it after a showy, looping overhand motion a good two feet above the surface of the playing field. His top spun with an exhibitionistic, wobbling playfulness and usually bounced hesitantly two or three times before settling into the

groove. I myself preferred a sneaky, snake-like, underhand movement, beginning at the hip, swinging down to around the knees, upward slightly, and then the quick release after a fast, whiplike follow-through. Flick was great to watch; Kissel, methodical and clean. I was deadly.

In my day, there were two types of top spinners: those who merely *played* with a top—dilettantes, haphazard, sloppy, beneath notice; and those to whom a top was a weapon in the purest sense, an extension of the will, an instrument of talent and aggression. Anything *but* a toy. I was one of that lonely breed. In combat, the top was used for only one thing: destruction. A top in the sweaty, tense hand of a real artist was capable of splitting his rival's top down the middle in the flickering of an eyelash.

I remember all too well the sinking sensation of total defeat when my first top skittered into the gutter, wobbling crazily like a drunken thing, in two distinct and irrevocable halves; and Scut Farkas, pocketing his sleek, ugly, black spikesie, strode away without so much as a backward glance. Then and there, the course of the next few years of my festering life was uncompromisingly set. In the secrecy of the basement, hour after hour, I clandestinely practiced every known motion, ranging from the rarely seen, difficult-to-master whiplash to the effete, delicate sidearm slice. Slowly my own true personal form began to emerge—until one spring day, in five minutes, I had halved the prized possessions of three of my closest friends. I knew then that I was ready for the big time.

Not quite. True, as a performer I felt fairly confident. It was the top itself that I lacked. To the untutored eye, I suppose, a top is a top—some red, some green, some blue. I find this hard to believe, but no doubt this is so to some. Ignorance may be bliss, but it is also pitiable. To the uninformed, all bats used by ballplayers look alike. This could not be further from the truth. Major-leaguers make annual treks to Louisville, Kentucky, for the sole and express purpose of selecting the seasoned lumber, the delicate taper, the precise finish and exquisitely calculated weight of the one thing that stands between them and anonymity. They guard their personal weapons with a fierce and unremitting jealousy. Long winter evenings are spent by internationally known sluggers resting before the fireside, carefully, endlessly rubbing next season's lumber with oily pork-chop bones, until finally, by opening day, the clean-up man steps to the plate, whipping through the ambient air a personal and completely assimilated fusion of man and device. Mickey Mantle's bat is as different from, say, Tony Conigliaro's as twilight is from dawn. They may look a

little alike, but they don't feel the same.

Scut Farkas' top, known throughout the neighborhood as *Mariah*, had at least 50 or more confirmed kills to its credit, as well as half a dozen probables and God knows how many disabling gashes and wounds. Rumor held that this top had been owned by Farkas' father before him, a silent, steely-eyed, blue-jawed man who spoke with a thick, guttural accent. He ran a junk yard piled high with rotting hulks of deceased automobiles and rusting railroad-train wheels. Some said that it was not a top at all, but some kind of foreign knife, and that only Farkas himself knew how to control it. It was not large, as tops go, being of a peculiar squat shape, a kind of small, stunted, pitch-black mushroom, wider above than most and sloping off quickly to a dark-blue, casehardened, glittering saber tip. Not only was the top strange in appearance; it spun with a mean, low humming—a truly distinctive, ominous note, a note that rose and fell, deep and rumbling, like the sound of an approaching squadron of distant Fokkers bent on death and destruction. Farkas, like all true professionals, rarely showed his top unless in anger. Skulking about the playground, his back pocket bulging meaningfully, just the trace of top string showing, Farkas was a continual, walking, living, surly challenge.

As a marble player, he had long since been barred from civilized games. His persistent use of blue-steel ball bearings, lightly polished with 3-In-One Oil, had reduced our heisty and spitsie games to a shambles, leaving the playground strewn with the wreckage of shattered comsies, precious aggies—and blasted hopes. Farkas played for keeps, in the truest sense of the word. An aggie belted by one of Farkas' cannonballs ceased to exist, dissolving in a quick puff of pulverized ash.

Farkas' secret was not in his choice of weapons alone. He had the evil eye. We all have seen this eye at one time or another in our lives, glimpsed fleetingly, perhaps, for a terrifying, paralyzing moment on the subway, among a jostling throng on the sidewalk in the midst of a riotous Saturday night, peering from the gloom through the bars of a death-house cell in a B movie at the Orpheum, or through the steamy, aromatic air of the reptile house. It is not easy to describe the effect that Farkas' eye had on the playground of the Warren G. Harding School. I know that such a thing is anatomically not possible, but Farkas' eye seemed to be of the purest silver-gray, totally unblinking and glowing from within with a kind of gemlike hardness. These eyes, set in his narrow, high-cheekboned weasel face above a sharp, runny nose, have scarred forever the tender psyches of countless pre-adolescents. Many's the kid who awakened

screaming, drenched with cold sweat in the dead of night, dreaming wild nightmares of being chased over fences, under porches, through garages by that remorseless weasel face. The closest thing I have ever seen to the general quality, both physical and spiritual, of Scut Farkas was when, on a sunny afternoon on a Florida dock, I came face to face with a not-quite-deceased, eight-foot mako shark. Scut Farkas, at ten, was a man not to be trifled with.

He was the only kid I had ever heard of who rarely smoked cigars, cigarettes or corn silk. Farkas chewed apple-cured Red Mule Cut Plug. In class and out. As a spitter, Farkas unquestionably stands among the all-time greats. During class he generally used his inkwell as a target, while on the playground he usually preferred someone else's hair. Few dared to protest, and those who did lived to regret it. Farkas' glance boring gun-hard across the classroom carried a message to every male in the class, save one, at one time or another. It read: "I'll get you after school." The kid, knowing he was doomed, often wet his pants right there and then.

He had never been known to refer to *any* of his classmates by other than their last name only. The use of the first name somehow would have been a sign of camaraderie or weakness, and would have undermined his position as an unbending belligerent. The victim's last name was always followed by the same phrase: "Ya chicken bastard!"

His only known rival in pure thug-gishness was the equally infamous Grover Dill. The two had formed an unspoken alliance, each recognizing the other as extremely dangerous—an alliance that held the rest of the kids in total subjugation.

As a competitive top spinner, Farkas was universally recognized as unbeatable. The combination of *Mariah* and Farkas' short, whistling three-quarter-lash movement was devastating. He sacrificed accuracy for sheer power, like a fast-ball pitcher with a streak of wildness. When *Mariah* hit, there was no return.

Occasionally a challenger, getting wind of Farkas' overpowering reputation at Warren G. Harding, would show up at recess from some foreign school. A ripple of excitement would move quickly through the motley throng as the two battlers squared off. There was a strong streak of chauvinism among the Warren G. Harding students. It could be said that we felt, "Warren G. Harding, right or wrong"—except when Scut Farkas was facing down a challenger from, say, St. Peter's parochial school, or George Rogers Clark. Farkas did not carry the colors of Warren G. Harding on his back. Like all true outlaws, the only color he recognized was blood-red.

(continued on page 124)

PLAYMATE PLAY-OFF

playboy invites you to vote for one of these three fair finalists as playmate of the year



Lisa Baker
Susan Denberg
Tish Howard

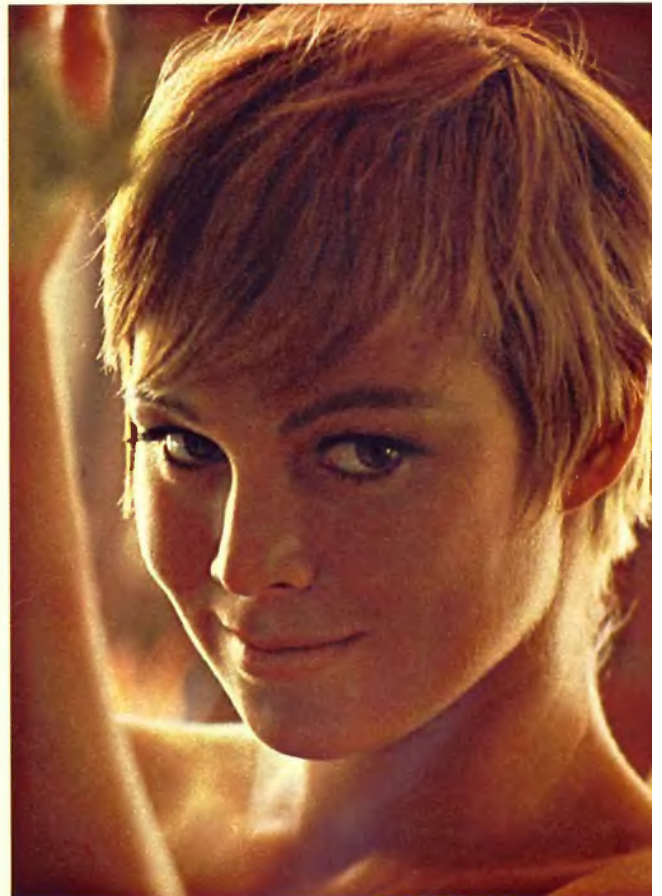
A CLAIRVOYANT PLAYBOY READER recently sent us his reaction to January's *Playmate Review*: "I don't see how, with such an array, you can settle on one girl as Playmate of the Year." Indeed, for the third time in gatefold annals, the editors have been unable to single out a winner. Obligated, therefore, to solicit votes from our readers, and eager to help penetrate to the heart of the problem, we have trained our cameras on our three finalists' most pertinent points for comparison and examined them from a healthy variety of angles. Top left: Local tradition to the contrary, Harvard students were hardly indifferent to Lisa Baker when she visited Boston for a PLAYBOY promotion. Invited to class, Miss November found herself guest-lecturing on a subject not in the Crimson curriculum—the firsthand experiences of a Playmate of the Month. Though she's had calls from Hollywood producers, Lisa currently has her sights on a career as an advertising model. Top right: World traveler Susan Denberg, who follows her own star, danced from Klagenfurt, Austria, to the United States, where she enjoyed a notable double exposure, thanks to her August Playmate appearance and her convincing seductibility as a towel-clad maid in Warner Bros.' *An American Dream*. Since completing a film for Hammer Productions Ltd., Susan has been savoring London's capital fare. Right: Centerfolddom's socialite, Tish Howard, has resumed her studies in the fine arts since she celebrated her 20th birthday as our Playmate for July. Nonetheless, Tish has found time to participate in PLAYBOY promotions, including an interview taped for a nationwide TV special on "Sex in the Sixties," and to read the fan mail she's been getting from connoisseurs of photographic art. These, then, are the contenders; the vote of the majority will be final.





Susan Denberg

“Naturally, any up-to-date actress who was genuinely concerned with her career would like to be Playmate of the Year every year, and I’m not about to be counted as an exception. I feel that I’d be perfectly qualified, with my international background, to serve as PLAYBOY’s emissary to the world. If I were elected, I would feel just as honored as if I had won an Oscar or been invited to give a command performance.”









Tish Howard

"I'd jump sky-high at the news that I was chosen to be Playmate of the Year. At this point in my life, my family and schooling come first; but my relationship with PLAYBOY has been nothing but the greatest from the first click of the shutter, and I'd really be disappointed if I couldn't keep the ball rolling."

Playmate of the Year is a pretty impressive title, but I'm confident I could live up to it. Anyway, that's campaign talk and beside the point—I'd just be completely thrilled to win!"





Lisa Baker

“There couldn’t be a better way for a girl to spend twelve months of her life than as Playmate of the Year. I’m all for traveling on the PLAYBOY plan, and wherever the Playmate of the Year may be needed, I’d be ready to go. My modeling career wouldn’t suffer any setbacks. But basically, I’d like to win for the sake of holding the title—a girl can have almost any job nowadays, but most of them mean competing with men, while being a Playmate is a natural thing for any girl to do.”



SCUT FARKAS (continued from page 116)

The other guy's, of course.

Week after week, month after month, we stood by helplessly as Scut Farkas and Mariah made wreckage of the best tops in Hammond, Indiana. Not only that; we were forced by a single scythe-like sweep of his evil eye to applaud his victories. This was the unkindest cut of all. I remember the hated words rattling in my throat as I banged Flick on the back: "Old Farkas sure did it." Flick hollowly answering: ". . . Yeah."

Pocketing Mariah and hawking fiercely, Farkas would swagger sideways into the gloom of the boys' bathroom to look for somebody to hit. Another notch was added to his already well-notched belt.

This was the nature of my enemy as I practiced day after day in the basement next to the furnace, perfecting, honing, polishing my burgeoning technique. Why I did it, I cannot tell. Some men are driven to climb Everest, others to go over Niagara Falls in barrels or beach balls. Some are driven to wrestle crocodiles barehanded. I only knew that in the end there would be just Farkas and me, and our tops.

One thing was sure: To get hold of a top that could even stay in the same ring with Mariah, I would have to do better than the measly assortment that Old Man Pulaski kept in the candy case among the jawbreakers, the JuJu Babies and the wax teeth. Pulaski's tops were not fighting tops. They were little-kid playing-around tops; weak, defenseless, wobbly, minnowlike, they were even used by girls.

"Do you have any other tops but them little ones?"

"D'ya wanna top or don'tcha?" Old Man Pulaski glared down at me from behind his bloody butcher's apron while the jostling knot of Lithuanian and Polish housewives clamored for soup bones.

"Yeah, but I got that kind."

"Here, how 'bout a nice red one?" He reached into the case, trying to hurry the sale.

"Ya got any black ones?"

"Aw, for Chrissake, black tops! Come on, kid, I ain't got no time to fool around!"

"Scut Farkas got one."

"I told Scut Farkas if he ever came in again I'd kick his behind. He didn't get no black top here."

"Well, he's got one."

"Ask *him* where he got it." He roared off back to the meat counter.

Obviously, that was out of the question. Asking Farkas where he got Mariah was about like asking King Kong where he got his fangs. So I began methodically to visit every candy store, dime store, toy store—any kind of store where they might conceivably have tops. Every day on my paper route I sniffed and hunted. From time to time I

even bought what looked like a promising challenger, but I knew deep down in my heart that none of them came close to Mariah. Some were better than Pulaski's, some worse. I even discovered all sorts of tricky, effete, frilly tops I had never before seen or heard of. This went on well through spring. Then, late one balmy day, slowly pedaling home on my Elgin bicycle—the pride of my life—its foxtails hanging limply in the soft air, my mind a good five light-years away, I came unexpectedly to the end of my search.

I was at least four miles beyond my usual range, in a run-down, rickety tenement section of town, near the roundhouse. The steady crash and roar of switch engines, the shrieking and booming of Monon freight cars went on 24 hours a day, seven days a week in this country. Even when the sun was out brightly, the skies here were gray. I rarely got over this far. It was foreign territory. I pedaled aimlessly along the dingy, dark street, the curbs lined with elderly, disreputable automobiles, reading signs as I went. For the first few years after you really learn to read, you read everything in sight carefully.

BEECH-NUT TOBACCO . . . BULL
DURHAM . . . FISK TIRES . . . ROOM
FOR RENT—RAILROADERS WELCOME
. . . COMMIT NO NUISANCE . . . CHILI
PARLOR, HOT TAMALES . . . SHOESHINE
. . . BARBERSHOP . . . SNOOKER TABLES
. . . TOTAL VICTORY NEWSSTAND AND
NOTIONS . . . LUMP COAL . . .

Wait a minute. TOTAL VICTORY NEWSSTAND AND NOTIONS. It was a tiny, dark sliver of a shop, wedged in between two gloomy red-brick buildings, about the size of those places where a man sells celluloid combs and hunches over a lathe making keys. I swung over to the curb, squeaked on the brakes and dropped the bike in back of a derelict Hudson Terraplane. In front of the Total Victory, a faded-red-metal slotted newspaper display case leaned against a locked Coca-Cola icebox. The window of the store was impenetrable by human gaze, covered with a rich, dank patina of locomotive smoke, blast-furnace dust and the fine essence of Sinclair Oil from the nearby refineries. Faded posters hawking Copenhagen Snuff, Sweet Orr work gloves and Lava Soap, the mechanic's friend, completed the job. For a second or two, once inside, I couldn't see a thing, it was so dark and dingy.

"What d'ya want, sonny?" I peered around the high glass case containing stacks of snuffboxes and tablets, looking for the speaker.

"What d'ya want?" An ancient lady wearing a black shawl over her head, the way most Polish ladies did in our neighborhood, stared piercingly at me.

"Uh . . ."

"D'ya want some orange pop, sonny?" She spoke with the slightest trace of a European accent.

"You got any tops?"

"Why, yes, sonny."

She disappeared behind the counter for a long moment. The shop's air was heavy with the scent of cabbage, garlic, tobacco juice and old clothes. Outside, a diesel engine blatted its horn thunderingly, rumbling off into the middle distance.

"How about these, sonny?"

She hoisted a cardboard box of tops onto the counter. I might have known it. She must have got these tops from the same place Pulaski got his—weak-kneed trifles that you saw everywhere.

"Uh . . . is that all you got?"

"How 'bout a red one, sonny?"

"Uh . . . you got any other kind?"

"Other kind? These are good tops, sonny."

"Naw, I got one a them. 'Bye."

I started to leave, as I had done so many times in the past, from every dinky candy store in town. Just as I got to the door:

"Hey, sonny, come back here."

Vaguely uneasy, I turned, one foot out on the sidewalk, the other on the greasy floor, my Keds ready to spring for the Elgin. She had disappeared into the back of the store behind a beaded curtain. She re-emerged into the murky gloom, carrying a cardboard Quaker Oats box. She set it down on the counter and began fishing in it with a withered claw. I waited, figuring she was going to spring a yo-yo on me, a toy for boobs and idiots, a sop for the untalented.

She pulled out a tangled mass of rubber bands, string, a couple of old clothespins and what looked like a dead mouse. A switch engine breathed asthmatically in the ambient air outside—followed by muffled curses from the brakemen.

"Aha! Here she is!" She fished scratchingly, unable to grab whatever it was.

"I wouldn't sell this top to everybody, sonny."

"Yeah?" I was ready to jump.

"But I can tell you need a top, sonny." She cackled, her faint white beard glinting dully. Her hand snaked out of the can, clutching something round.

Great Scott! Cradled in her talons lay a malevolent duplicate of Scut Farkas' evil Mariah. A duplicate in everything—spirit, conformation, size, everything—except color. It was a dull, burnished, scuffed silvery-pewter, a color I had never seen on a top before. But then, except for Mariah, I had never seen a black one, either.

"It's been used, so it won't cost you much, sonny."

(continued on page 191)

had his appearance on the tv panel been brilliant, witty, provocative—or a personal disaster, with all of Britain watching?

DYSON ON THE BOX

fiction **By MICHAEL FRAYN**

IT WAS AN AWFULLY GOOD DAY for Dyson. He put the phone down and began to walk up and down the office, frowning furiously with pleasure.

"They want me to appear on television, Bob!" he cried.

"Oh," said Bob, looking up from a book review he was writing, and shifting the toffee from one side of his mouth to the other. "Good."

"They've just phoned. It's one of these BBC discussion programs."

Galley proofs of religious articles and crossword puzzles due to appear in future issues of the paper stirred on their hooks in the wind of Dyson's passage. Pieces of typescript about changing seasons in the countryside and memoranda saying, "Check w Straker on immac concep VM," "Ring Morley find out whre t hell copy for Fri is," detached themselves from the drifts of paper on his desk and floated down to the floor. Bob watched Dyson's progress with polite interest. The only other person in the paper's crossword/countryside/religious department was poor old Eddy Moulton. But he was long past retiring age, and not expected to pay attention to anything Dyson said or did. In any case, he was asleep.

"Bob!" said Dyson. "This is exactly what I've always wanted! Do you realize that? This is exactly what I've been waiting for!"

"I know," said Bob. "Congratulations, John."

"This has always been my idea, to break into television!"

"I know."

"A journalist's finished at forty, Bob. Of course, this probably won't lead to anything. One mustn't set too much store by it. I shall probably make a terrible cock of it."

"I'm sure you won't, John."

"Well, I have had a certain amount of experience in radio, doing talks for the West African service, and so on. That must count for something."

He gazed out of the window, his hands behind his back, clapping the palms together.

"What's the program about?" asked Bob.

"Oh, something about race. You know, the usual thing. Apparently they want someone with actual



experience of living in a multiracial community."

Bob stared at him.

"I didn't know you'd lived in a multiracial community, John."

"Bob, you know we have West Indians living next door to us! We have four West Indian households in the road. You know that, Bob."

"Oh, I see. How did the television people find out?"

"Well, the program's being produced by a man called Jack de Sousa. Our wives were at Newnham together—we had the De Sousas out to tea one Sunday. Anyway, Jack wants me to take part in a discussion about the problems involved. Apparently the chairman's going to be Norman Ward Westernman. Have you seen him on television, Bob?"

"No."

"He's *marvelous*, Bob. He's someone I really do feel the most tremendous respect for. Oh, God, Bob! This is an awfully good day for me!"

Dyson's awfully good day got better and better. Just before lunch, one of De Sousa's assistants at the television company rang to say that Lord Boddy had agreed to take part in the program.

"Who's Lord Boddy, John?" asked Bob, when Dyson reported this to him, walking up and down the office once again.

"Oh, God, Bob, you're impossible! You must know who Lord Boddy is!"

"I'm sorry, John."

Dyson picked up the *Who's Who* and studied it in silence for some moments. (continued on page 130)

*a lusty reunion of cavorting bacchanalians
from the world of myth created by
our own puckish master of the revels*

SATYRS & NYMPHS

By *Dedini*



*"First of all, you must learn to be
preoccupied with sex!"*



"Of course there's someone else!"



*"Is it just me, or have you sensed a pagan
revival in this country recently?"*



"G'wan, scram!"



*"I'd love to join you, Claude,
but I'm busy baby-sitting."*



"Wow! A perfect 36-24-185!"



*"I'd like you to meet my father, but I don't
dare. You know how even old satyrs are!"*



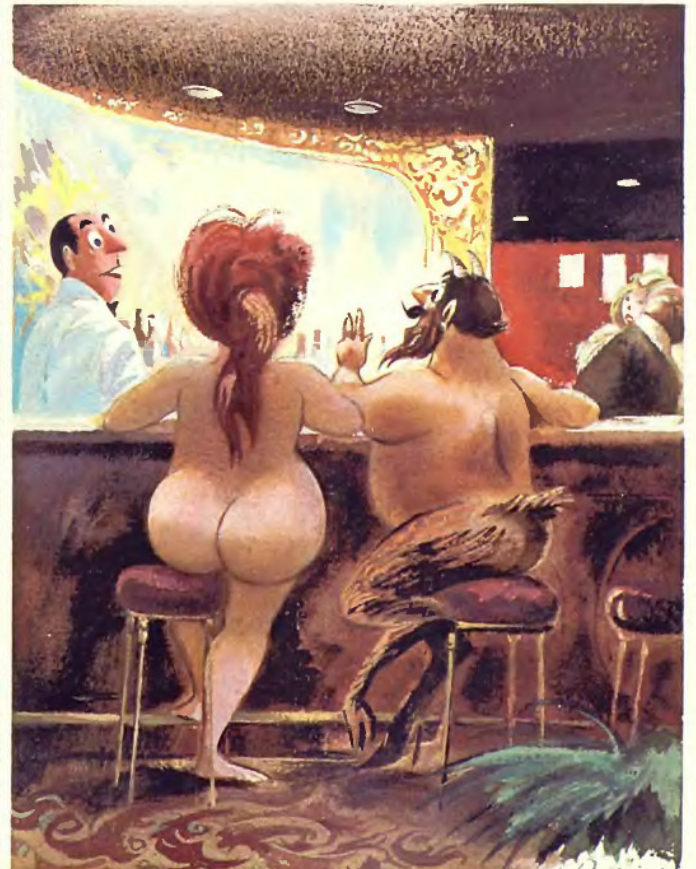
*"That's what I like about women.
They're never satisfied!"*



*"'The Three Musketeers' is sort of old hat.
Let's call ourselves 'The Rat Pack'!"*



"Well, let's make up our minds!"



"Two aphrodisiacs, please."



"... He's from the Internal Revenue Service... something about an amusement tax..."



"Thank you, but I'm afraid I don't gambol."



"Shouldn't we be putting nuts away for the winter or something?"



"You've had enough."

DYSON ON THE BOX

(continued from page 125)

"His father was Edward Boddy, before he got the title," he announced. "The present Lord Boddy's Christian names are Frank Walter. Married, with two sons. Publications: *The Case for Disarmament* (1939); *Let Victory Be Ours* (1942); *The Russians—Our Comrades!* (1945); *World Communism: a Study in Tyranny* (1949); *Race: the Challenge Within* (1963) . . . oh, and (edited) *The Man in the Tweed Plus-Fours* (The Diaries and Letters of the First Lord Boddy)."

"I see," said Bob. "Why don't we go out and have some lunch before the phone rings again?"

"All right. But listen—this is interesting. His clubs are the National Liberal and the RAC."

"What's interesting about that, John?"

Dyson snapped *Who's Who* shut and tossed it on his desk. "You're a shit, Bob," he said, grinning. "Eddy, we'll be in the Gates."

. . .

That evening Bob had dinner with the Dysons, as he often did, and he and Jannie Dyson enjoyed irritating John.

"It's not just the money," Dyson said, stabbing at his *gigot aux haricots* and sending a scatter of beans across the table. "Though I may say that I shall be getting twenty-five guineas next Thursday for doing nothing but sit around in a television studio for half an hour, instead of beating my brains out all weekend to write a script for the BBC Overseas Service and getting ten guineas for it. That's of some passing interest to me, I must admit, even if it isn't to Jannie—though I dare say she'll help me spend the money."

"I thought you told me you'd be getting a hundred guineas a time if you were a television personality?" said Bob.

"So I shall," said Dyson irritably, "if I make a success of this and begin to make a name for myself. And that's the real point. It's not just the money . . ."

He stopped suddenly and took another mouthful of lamb.

"What is it, then?" said Jannie.

"Well," said Dyson, chewing hard, "I must admit that I should like to make a name for myself, just for its own sake."

"Oh, John!" said Jannie, laughing. Bob grinned silently.

"All right," said Dyson. "You may laugh if you like. But I'm thinking purely of the practical advantages."

Bob and Jannie laughed again.

"Look, Jannie," said Dyson seriously. "Do you remember when we wanted to get Gawain into Almeira Road school, and we couldn't, because all the middle-class parents in S.W. 23 were trying to get their kids into Almeira Road, and we lived just over the zoning boundary? Well, do you honestly think the answer would have been the same if I'd been

Norman Ward Westerman or Lord Boddy?"

"You mean you'd have been able to pull strings?" said Bob.

"I shouldn't have pulled strings—other people would have pulled them for me! 'If we had Lord Boddy in the parent-teacher association,' they'd think, 'we might have a little influence at County Hall.' Or they'd realize that it might be rather agreeable to say to visiting parents, 'That's Noel Westerman—you know, Norman Ward Westerman's son. He's a scamp—aren't you, Noel?' Pat-pat on Noel's well-connected head."

Bob and Jannie gazed at him.

"Listen, if I wasn't just John Dyson, but The John Dyson, people wouldn't waste their time asking me to do ten-guinea talks for the Overseas Service. They'd know I'd be fully occupied doing pieces for *Life* or *Esquire* at a thousand dollars a time—or going on television for a hundred guineas."

"You sound very impassioned, John," said Bob.

"Well, I *am*, Bob. I *am* very impassioned. Look, I don't want to be so famous that I have to write autographs all over the place and can't travel by bus for fear of being mobbed. But do you think that, if I was The John Dyson, crowded restaurants wouldn't be able to find a place for me? Don't you think The John Dyson would have a better chance of getting theater seats?"

"Eat up your meat, John," said Jannie. "You haven't put a mouthful in for the last ten minutes."

"I have a serious point," said Dyson. "Nowadays it's not excellence that leads to celebrity, but celebrity that leads to excellence. One makes one's reputation, and that reputation enables one to achieve the conditions in which one can do good work."

"You do talk a lot of shit sometimes, John," said Bob mildly.

"It's not shit, Bob! Look, take me. Let's be honest with ourselves. I'm a small but vital link in the business of producing one of the most important daily newspapers in the world. But shouldn't I do better if I weren't driven from pillar to post to supplement my salary? Well, shouldn't I?"

"You'd bring the crossword stock up to strength?"

"Among other things."

"Aren't you going to have any more?" asked Jannie.

Dyson pushed his plate away. "It's too rich for me—it always gives me indigestion. I don't know why you keep serving it." He sat pouting and rubbing his hands together, looking at various parts of the table.

"Then shall we take our puddings into the next room and watch tele-

vision?" she suggested.

"Load of shit," said Dyson.

"There might be a discussion of the color problem," said Bob.

"Oh, very sarcastic."

That night it was an old movie, and they all went in to watch.

. . .

Dyson made thorough preparations for his television appearance. All weekend he drove about the outer suburbs with Jannie and the boys, calling on relatives and letting fall the news in the course of conversation.

"The poor old souls like to know what one's doing," he explained to Jannie as they jerked along in the traffic stream between aunt and aunt.

At the office during the week he found that circumstances made it necessary for him to ring most of his influential friends and acquaintances—Sims, the paper's tame Q. C.; Sir William Paice; Brent-Williamson, the literary editor; Huysmanns at the French embassy. "I hope you'll be watching the box on Thursday night," he said to each of them in a humorous voice. "What? Well, I'm going to be on . . . Yes! Isn't it preposterous? Ten-forty-five on the commercial—some ghastly program called *The Human Scene*."

Bob's gaze disconcerted him. He would turn his back on him while he was talking, or look down smiling into the mouthpiece.

"It's naughty of me, I know," he would say as he put the phone down. Or: "I'm sorry, Bob. I'm behaving outrageously."

And he would dial another number.

He also gave some serious thought to how he should look. Should he lean forward passionately and denounce things? Or should he sit back in his chair and smile calmly at the idiocies of mankind? He rehearsed a calm smile in front of the mirror at home; it looked like an apologetic grin. He tried an expression of passionate commitment; it came out indistinguishable from defensive surliness. Either way, his finger tips became moist with sweat at the thought of producing the expression in front of the television cameras.

There was also the question of what he was going to say. He began to note down suitable thoughts and epigrams on pieces of office copy paper, not really with the intention of learning them off by heart, but with the idea that he might put them in his jacket pocket and touch them from time to time during the program to give himself reassurance, knowing that if the worst really came to the worst, he could take them out and refresh his memory.

"T prob of t multiracial soc," he wrote, "is in ess merely t mod versn of t time-hon prob of unigt tribes in nationhd."

(continued overleaf)



WATCH IT!

*up-to-the-minute timepieces
for dress and sport*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

A host of watchwords to the wise. For occasions sportive or dressy, consider this timely show of hands—and legs. Out on the lower limb, left to right: Alarm watch is 14-kt. gold, has 17-jewel movement, by Girard Perregaux, \$145. Doctor's watch is 14-kt. solid gold, features a pulsometer scale, by Longines, \$175. Stainless-steel Chronomaster is ideal for yachtsmen, aviators and sports-car rallyists, by Croton, \$100. Stainless-steel chronograph can measure time to 1/5 second, also doubles as a regular wrist watch, by Movado, \$150. Nautilus 403 vest and pocket watch is 10-kt. yellow-gold filled, operates electrically on energy cell, by Hamilton, \$125. On the other leg, left to right: Ermetophon desk-table-pocket alarm watch in leather case automatically winds when case is opened, by Movado, \$175. Gold-filled dress watch with leather strap, by Tissot, \$49.95. Electric watch is dustproof, waterproof and shock resistant, by Timex, \$39.95. Thin, 18-kt.-gold dress watch with 18-jewel movement is exceptionally accurate, by Patek Philippe, \$750. Silhouette F calendar watch is 14-kt. yellow-gold filled, by Wittnauer, \$79.50. Unusually thin pocket watch is mounted in authentic \$20 gold piece, by Vacheron & Constantin, \$1150. Elegant 14-kt.-gold Golden Knight key watch has 17-jewel movement, by LeCoultre, \$135.

The real problem was to avoid the obvious. He was not being paid 25 guineas to tell people what they could manage to think out themselves for nothing.

"T'roub is," he tried, "tt we aren't prej *enough!* Shd educ ourselves to be dply & btirly prej—agnst prej!"

He tried it over uneasily in front of the mirror. If one of his deans or canons had written it in a meditation, he would have read it out to Bob in a mock-clerical voice, and deleted it, snarling. However, this was a television program, not a newspaper article. Different criteria applied.

The trouble was that they would all agree with one another. They would all sit round deploring racial prejudice and suggesting how to avoid it. Perhaps he should try to play the devil's advocate? He noted down one or two cautiously controversial points. "Mst try to undrstdnd att of man whse hse val falls.—Ind ckng delightfl but hly fragrnt.—Mst admit tt I pers h diff in undrstdng next-dr neighbor's Eng."

He would keep the liberal thoughts in his left-hand pocket, he decided, and the provocative ones in his right-hand pocket. Then he would be able to put his hand immediately on whatever he required. And jokes, of course—he'd need jokes. He could keep a list of jokes in his inside breast pocket. The idea of race opened up a few humorous possibilities. Something about the three-legged race, perhaps, or the egg-and-spoon race? Bn estab by scientists tt all races are of eql intell, except prhps egg-&-spn race. Something along those lines. Professionalism, that was what counted—thorough, serious preparation for even the most informal and evanescent of undertakings.

Whenever Dyson's phone rang that week, it was the television company. Could he give them a few facts about himself for the company's press release? They hoped that he would be able to join the other participants for dinner at the studios beforehand. A car would be sent for him at 7:30. The final members of the team had now been settled—Miss Ruth Drax, a social worker, and Mr. Lewis Williamson, a barrister from Trinidad. The car would be coming at eight. A list of likely topics of discussion was on its way to him by post.

"Would you like to go round and hold Jannie's hand on Thursday night, Bob?" said Dyson at the office one morning. "I'd be awfully obliged if you would. She's in a terrible state about the whole thing, poor poppet."

"I'm in rather a state about it myself, John," said Bob.

"You can hold each other's hand, then. I'm in a frightful state about it, too, and there's no one to hold my hand. It's funny—I never get in a state about doing radio programs. Do you, Bob?"

"I don't do radio programs, John."

"Of course you don't. I get a few qualms just before the green light comes on. Nothing to worry about, though. But I must admit, when I think about Thursday night I feel absolutely sick with nerves. Do you do any television, Bob? I can't remember."

"You know I don't, John."

"You're very sensible, Bob. Take my advice—stick to good old steam radio."

. . .

Dyson had expected to find the television studios a blaze of activity in the middle of the evening viewing hours, and humbly anticipated that he would himself be treated as a completely unimportant part of the machine—jostled indifferently in the corridors by actors, musicians and cameramen, sighed at offensively in the studio by the technicians and professionals. But when he stepped out of the Humber Snipe that had been sent to pick him up, he found that the building was in darkness and apparently deserted. The only light he could see was in the lobby, and the only person in the lobby was an anxious girl with a clipboard who was waiting to greet him personally, and who seemed personally grateful for his skill in getting himself found and driven there by the company's chauffeur. She led him along deserted, echoing corridors; nothing was happening in the whole enormous building, he realized, but the tiny preparations for this one tiny program. All the rest of the evening's television was prefilmed, pretaped or provided by other companies.

The preparations for *The Human Scene*, Dyson discovered, were going forward in a room on the first floor furnished with a sea-blue fitted carpet, a number of discreetly abstract paintings and a walnut sideboard. A dozen or so well-bred men in dark suits—some of them, noted Dyson with interest, wearing brigade ties—were standing about drinking gin and smiling agreeably at one another's jokes. A selection of them pressed forward upon Dyson deferentially, introducing themselves, fetching him drinks and salted peanuts. Like the girl with the clipboard, they seemed consumed with gratitude and admiration for his skill in getting there. "You got here all right, then?" they asked anxiously. "The driver found you all right? You found your way upstairs without any difficulty?"

The only person in the room Dyson recognized was De Sousa, the producer, and he seemed to be the least important of them all. There was a woman—presumably Miss Drax, the social worker, and a man with rather dark skin—clearly Williamson, the Trinidadian barrister. Dyson never caught the names of any of the others, or found out what they did, apart from drinking the com-

pany's gin with a reassuring deftness. Dyson assumed they were the company's directors, bankers and financial advisers; they all had an air of unassuming integrity and human dignity that, in Dyson's experience, was acquired only by daily contact with very large sums of other people's money. He liked them, he discovered. He liked their deference and he liked their gin, and within ten minutes he was explaining to them exactly how the daily supply of cross-words in a newspaper was maintained. They were fascinated. "*Really?*" they said. "How extraordinarily interesting!" Dyson began to feel that everything was going to be all right. His pockets were full of remarks to make, and a bottle of bismuth in case he got nervous indigestion. He began to feel that he would not need either.

Lord Boddy arrived. He was a large, slow-moving man with bushy gray eyebrows and dandruff on his shoulders.

"I must tell you, Lord Boddy," said Dyson deferentially, "how very much I enjoyed that collection you did of your father's papers. Of course, I'm a great admirer of all your books."

"*Really?*" said Lord Boddy, pushing up his eyebrows with no less deference in return. "It's very good of you to say so. Most kind, most kind."

Deference bred deference. Lord Boddy, grasping his gin and tonic in his right hand and talking about the greatness of Asquith, put his left hand in his trouser pocket. A moment later Dyson realized that all the men listening to Lord Boddy had their left hands in their trouser pockets, too. His own left hand, he discovered, was in his trouser pocket. He took it out hastily, lest Lord Boddy notice it and jump to the conclusion that Dyson was mimicking him, and transferred it to his jacket pocket. At once Lord Boddy did the same, and one by one, as they listened and nodded, everyone else followed suit. Embarrassed, now that he had noticed what was happening, Dyson removed his hand from his jacket pocket and slipped it inconspicuously behind his back. Boddy, describing very slowly and emphatically how Asquith had died just before he could meet him, put his own hand through the same maneuver, and one by one all the other spare left hands disappeared behind their owners' backs, too. Mutual deference could scarcely be carried further.

And yet, when Norman Ward Westerman arrived, it was. Dyson could imagine Lord Boddy and the executives gathered around him putting deference aside from time to time in order to get on with the gardening, or to discipline some delinquent guardsman. But Norman Ward Westerman was deference made flesh. When he bent that famous

(continued on page 178)

THE PARTY

fiction By WILLIAM F. NOLAN *he couldn't remember who invited him*

or how he got there; all he knew was that he was in the midst of one hell of a wingding

WARREN LINN



ASHLAND FROWNED, trying to concentrate in the warm emptiness of the thick-carpeted lobby. Obviously he had pressed the elevator button, because he was alone here and the elevator was blinking its way down to him, summoned from an upper floor. It arrived with an efficient hiss, the bronze doors clicked open, and he stepped in, thinking *blackout. I had a mental blackout.*

First the double vision. Now this. It was getting worse. He had blanked out completely. Just where the hell was he? Must be a party, he told himself. Sure. Someone he'd met, whose name *(continued on page 156)*



"After the show, let's get together for a few laughs . . . !"



Ribald Classic
**measure for
 pleasure**

from an ancient
 Magyar folk tale

IN ANCIENT BUDA TOWN there lived a lady named the Countess Hunyadi. She was one of those tall beauties with amber hair, gray eyes and magnificent promises under all those stiff silks and brocades she wore. She was as vain as she was lovely, and as arrogant as she was vain. Men lost their voices when they met her and, before they had regained themselves enough to offer a compliment, she had smiled coldly and swept by.

Ehasz Feri did manage to speak to her one day at a friend's house. He was a young painter who was just beginning to be fashionable among the aristocracy of Buda, and he said, "Gracious lady, I know it is a bold thing to ask, but would her Ladyship consent to sitting for a portrait by me? It would make my reputation and ensure my future in my chosen art."

The countess gave him the look she gave all beggars. "Little painter," she said, "the finest masters of Italy and Flanders have pleaded to do my portrait and I have not consented. If ever I am ready to sit for a picture, it will be with a great artist, not with a simple dauber like you." She turned magnificently away.

Feri walked back to his humble studio in great humiliation. But he did not give up—during the next few weeks, he tried again several times to gain an answer from the lady. All the letters he sent were returned with the seals unbroken.

Then one night he saw the lady in a dream and he had an inspiration. In the morning he set to work on his canvas and, after two weeks of unremitting work, he had finished. He arranged to have his picture shown in one of Buda's most popular cafés.

When the picture was unveiled, the on-lookers at the tables gasped and swallowed their drinks the wrong way. It was a life-size, full-figure portrait of the countess with an astonishing likeness of her beautiful face. But it was scarcely the face the drinkers were staring at, though they tried hard enough to pretend. "Such expression in the eyes!" they said as they gaped at the rich curve of her bared breasts. "Feri has caught her proud smile," they said, looking farther down at the flow of her body, at the rounded hips and the splendid thighs. "What insight into her character," they remarked as they gawked at her lovely legs. Seven times that day, the café owner had to replenish his stock of wine; he had never seen such business.

Within a few hours, the lady learned what all Buda knew. Two of her burly footmen escorted Feri to her house. She confronted him in a fury. "I have seen your wretched libel," she said. "Explain!"

"A higher power commanded me," Feri replied. "A vision of your Ladyship came to me in a dream and I painted you exactly as you appeared."

"Fool," she said, "bungler—you have distorted everything by drawing my thighs a full six centimeters heavier than they are!"

Feri was astonished. He had not realized how much the lady was ruled by vanity. A plan came to him, however, and he pretended to be stubborn. "The vision couldn't be wrong," he said. "They are exactly as I painted them. Will you make a wager on it? All I own against a single kiss."

"Look, then, you fool," she said and thrust a tape measure into his hands. Furiously, she began to undress. Off came the stiff bodice, off came the ornate skirt, off came the numerous petticoats. When Feri saw his vision become real in all her nudity, his hands began to tremble. "Go on!" she said and offered her satiny thighs. Feri fumbled and nearly dropped the tape.

His attempts were so awkward that, at last, the lady impatiently took his hands and guided them aright. But somehow, in the confusion of thighs and thumbs, the intertwining of fingers and tape, unusual things began to arise. A warm pink appeared on the countess' once-haughty face; her lips parted and she smiled as she had never done before; now it was she who was trembling. "Haven't you something besides this tape?" she sighed. "A measuring stick?" Feri discovered one close by.

Those measurements were taken with the utmost care and thoroughness—but not without considerable enthusiasm on both sides. When they were finally completed, the lady whispered into his ear, "Now admit, my dear Feri, that I am six centimeters slimmer than you imagined. Your portrait is a fraud."

"It is, indeed," he said and kissed her bare shoulder. "I must begin all over again. But how? I can no longer depend on my dreams."

"Art must copy nature," she said. "You must work from the real form. Shall we begin tomorrow? But, since you must be absolutely accurate in every place, you can start by measuring me again."

—Retold by William Danch





THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

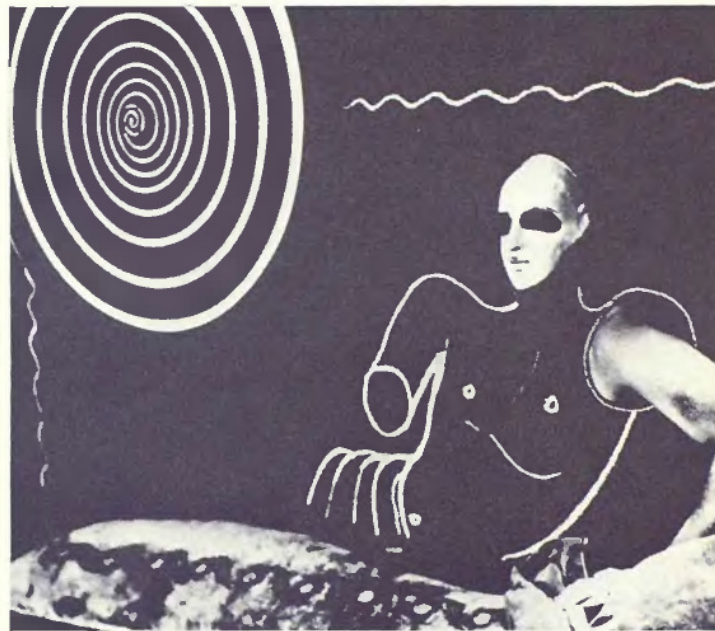


Part XV: Experimental Films
By Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert

**a cinematic survey of the
underground avant-garde
—from dali to warhol**

IN THE BASEMENT of a dingy building a half block from Times Square, some 200 devotees of the far-out film huddle together nightly in a shabbily rococo auditorium, The Film-Makers' Cinémathèque, to witness the collected works of Kenneth Anger, Stan Brakhage, Andy Warhol, the Kuchar brothers and other gods and gurus of the cinematic underground. In a somewhat gaudier basement on Hollywood's Sunset Strip, the all-night Cinémathèque 16 grinds away at similar fare for West Coast fans of the experimental film; while Chicagoans who like their kicks cinematic support the screenings of the Aardvark Cinémathèque, an organization of underground enthusiasts that has successfully invaded the premises of Second City, a satiric cabaret theater, on Monday nights. Coast to coast, comparable establishments have been springing up in the major cities, with more undoubtedly to come. It's what's happening, baby. The underground is rising to the surface and an impressively large audience is beginning to catch up with the avant-garde. Significantly, not long after Warhol's four-hour, dual-screen psychodrama, *The Chelsea Girls* (see our review on page 40 of this issue), had opened at the New York Cinémathèque, it was moved uptown to a West Side art house—"by popular demand." This new audience may include all too many culture vultures from a new generation that will accept any insult to its intelligence or eyeballs provided that it carries the tag "experimental"; but for the first time in movie history, an avant-garde has reached through to a public large enough to support it and vocal enough to make an impression upon the citizenry at large. The films themselves may not be great; often they are downright dreadful. Their subject matter is a compound of exotica, erotica, neurotica and lurid samplings of psychopathia sexualis. But today, for anyone with intellectual pretensions who wants to be "with it," who feels he has to "make the scene," some acquaintance with the work of the New American Cinema is an absolute must.

Since 1960, the field of American experimental films has been dominated largely by New York's self-styled "underground" film makers, abetted by the vigorous propaganda of their self-appointed leader, critic and occasional director, the messianic Jonas Mekas. With such publications as the freewheeling *Village Voice* and his own esoteric *Film Culture* as his pulpits, Mekas flails at Hollywood with one hand and scratches the backs of his cohorts with the other. By forcing a screening of Jack Smith's flaringly erotic



SYMBOLIC SEX: Among the few contemporary underground American film makers to master a polished professional cinema technique is photographer Ed Emswiler, whose 1966 short, "Relativity" (opposite), includes these symbolic—and erotic—shots of a woman at the moment of orgasm. One critic has called the sequence "among the most beautiful in the literature of film."

SURREALISTIC SEX: In the late Twenties, Europe's avant-gardists discovered Freud and film simultaneously—and with equal ardor. In Luis Buñuel's "L'Age d'Or" (top), a slashing attack on puritanical Church morality, lovers Gaston Modot and Lya Lys vent their sexual frustrations by chewing each other's fingers. Earlier, Buñuel teamed with Surrealist Salvador Dali on the nightmarish "Un Chien Andalou" (above left), in which a man is yoked to macabre symbols of civilization in his search for love. In the same period, French Jack-of-all-arts Jean Cocteau used trick photography and sex-charged symbolism in "The Blood of a Poet" (above right) to portray the plight of the martyred artist. "The Seashell and the Clergyman" (below), by Germaine Dulac, depicts the release of a priest's repressions and the split morality of an authoritarian antagonist who is both a bishop and a general.





INNOVATIONS: Immediately after World War Two, pioneer experimentalist Hans Richter revived and refined the techniques of the Twenties' avant-garde in his New York-produced "Dreams That Money Can Buy," based on ideas supplied by six modern artists. Among them were Fernand Léger (upper left), who used department-store mannequins—and himself—to populate a provocative segment called "The Girl with the Prefabricated Heart"; and Marcel Duchamp, whose 1912 Cubist masterpiece, "Nude Descending a Staircase," Richter re-created—this time using real nudes. Since "Dreams," the American avant-garde has spawned a host of inventive, if immature talents. George Kuchar's "Hold Me While I'm Naked" (below), for example, boldly celebrates exuberant boy-girl bawdiness. And in his "Tragicomedy of Marriage," L. A. film maker Robert Pike spoofs the underground's predilection for sexual symbols. In the scene at bottom, Adam has chased Eve through a field of phallic-shaped pylons and is about to insert a broom handle into her mouth. After suitable labor pains, she gives birth to a cake.



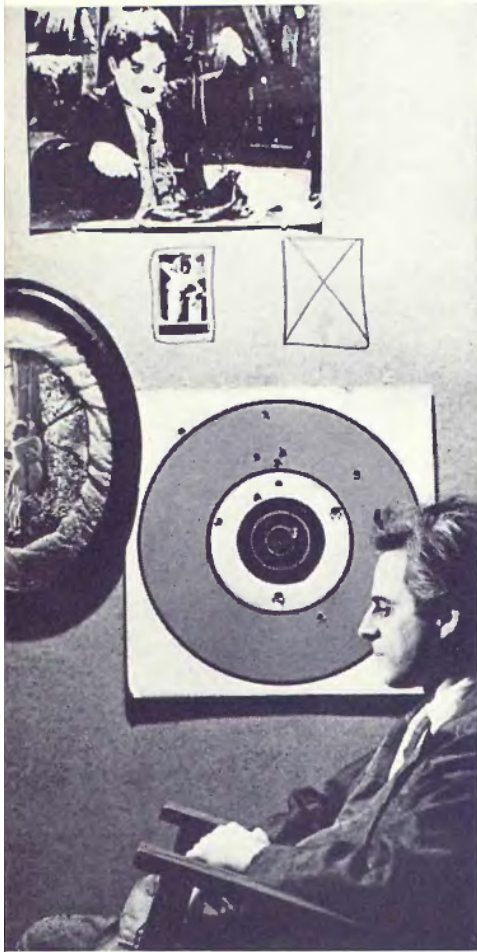


ABERRATIONS: Among the gurus of New York's underground is Jack Smith, whose far-out "Flaming Creatures" (above) features transvestite orgies and a gang rape—all shot as amateurishly as a stag movie. In contrast, Kenneth Anger's "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome," "Fireworks" and widely censored "Scorpio Rising" (clockwise, top and center), while no less sensational in subject, display an imaginative and disciplined grasp of the medium's possibilities. Sexual inversion, an increasingly popular subject in America's experimental films, figures prominently in Curtis Harrington's Venice-set "Assignment" (right), in which a masked female, the homosexual's nemesis, symbolizes death.

Flaming Creatures in Belgium after it had been barred by Catholic authorities from that country's Third International Experimental Film Competition in 1964, and by risking a jail sentence to exhibit *Creatures* and Jean Genet's explicitly homosexual *Chant d'Amour* in New York soon after, Mekas won for the movement not merely publicity, but the kind of notoriety that rouses public interest.

Audiences that support the various underground screenings around the country are almost defiant in their determination to adore the fare provided for them. It isn't always easy. Technically, the films often seem shockingly crude—grainy, under- or overexposed, with faulty sound tracks and sloppy editing (or, in the case of Pop artist-movie-maker Andy Warhol and his "camp" followers, no editing at all). As critic Susan Sontag has put it, "The newer films—both the good ones and the poor, uninspired work—





ASSAULTING SOCIETY: *Avant-gardists often attack sexual and racial taboos. In Robert Nelson's "Oiley Peloso, the Pumph Man" (above left), the girls in the picture frame indulge in a swinging embrace; and the nude in Ben Van Meter's "Poon Tang Trilogy" (above right) is botanically deflowered. Nelson's "Oh Dem Watermelons" (below) uses a crushed melon to symbolically depict interracial sex.*



show a maddening indifference to every element of technique, a studied primitiveness." For some, such as Warhol, Jack Smith and the late Ron Rice, this indifference has been elevated to a jarring but distinctive style. For others, however, it is merely the by-product of incompetence—or worse, a *hubris* based on the assumption that the eye of the would-be artist is all that is necessary to produce a work of art, thus echoing the old Eastman Kodak advertising slogan, "You push the button, we do the rest." Recently, enormously impressed by Warhol's *Empire* (in which New York's Empire State Building is observed from a single camera position for eight interminable hours), one of these "instant artists" returned to Los Angeles to make a movie of his own, using a similar technique. For his subject, he chose an out-sized statue of a cowgirl that revolves on Sunset Strip and urges passers-by to visit the Sahara hotel in Las Vegas. When his footage came back from the laboratory, however, the young man complained bitterly that the lab had failed to maintain consistent light values as the cowgirl's twirlings progressed from slow motion to rapid motion, then back again. This aspiring underground genius didn't even know that he must adjust the lens of his camera to compensate for the differences in film speed.

But quite apart from any question of technical competence, many of the new film makers consciously—and consciencelessly—conceive of their works as an all-out assault on the senses and sensibilities of their patrons. Typically, San Francisco director Carl Linder, introducing a group of his own works, wrote, "I try to debase my art, to violate it, to impregnate it. Often you will note an image which deflates—or a gesture that castrates. The importance of image in my art is in its special nature . . . It is almost supernatural—it is a totemic, occult and devilish thing. It overpowers with ugliness." As if calculatedly repellent imagery were not sufficient, some of the film makers throw in double or triple exposures that keep the screen awash with never-quite-definable layers of picture, or edit down to a flashing hail of all but unrecognizable and unrelated images—or leave a single shot on the screen for so long that it becomes quite literally an excruciating experience simply to watch it. The first shot of Andy Warhol's *Sleep*, showing only a man's abdomen almost imperceptibly rising and falling as he sleeps, lasts a full 45 minutes. When the picture was run in Los Angeles, a near riot almost tore the theater apart before the first hour had passed. The luckless manager had advertised it as "The Most Unusual Film Ever Made; So Daring It May Never Be Shown Again"—and his infuriated (text continued on page 196)



TWISTING REALITY: Abstraction and distortion are common features of the new experimental films. Using modeling clay, Art Clokey's "Gumbasia" (top left) stylistically simulates vaginal penetration. In Peter Weiss' "Hallucinations" (above left), figures are erotically—and lyrically—superimposed. Barbara Rubin's "Christmas on Earth" (above right) consists of two reels—head shots of "beautiful people" and a bisexual orgy—filmed for simultaneous projection on one screen. A feet-filled close-up highlights Agnes Varda's "L'Opéra Mousse" (below), an autobiographical psychoanalysis of a woman who loves sex but fears pregnancy.





POKING FUN: Many current avant-garde film makers have abandoned the seriousness of the Surrealists' attacks on anti-eroticism in favor of the proposition that sex is funny. Among the most clever—and caustic—of the new experimenters is San Francisco's Bruce Conner, whose "Cosmic Ray" (above, left and center) is a kaleidoscopic collage of naked girls, phallic symbols and death's-head intimations of mortality. In "Help, My Snowman's Burning Down" (above right), Carson Davidson uses a dingy pier as a set for a lampoon of America's "obsession with sanitation." Mike Kuchar—a consummate underground clown—burlesques Hollywood in "Sins of the Fleshapoids" (below left), which he calls "a \$1000 joke." Ron Nameth's recently completed "The Coming of the Lord" (below right) portrays an erotic apocalypse in which the military schemes for world control on the bodies of women. **PITCHING CAMP:** Pop hero Andy Warhol turned his first camera on in 1963, and in such soporific epics as "Sleep" and "Empire," seldom turned it off. "The Chelsea Girls" (top, opposite page), his split-screen scrutiny of Village homosexual happenings, is the underground's first hit in commercial theaters. Poet Gevard Malanga digs one of its orgies, left, while a transvestite at right sings "They Say It's Wonderful." Right, Baby Jane Holzer, in gold lamé, slums in Warhol's phantasmagorical "Dracula."





TAX ORGANIZED RELIGION

(continued from page 100)

We really do not know how much of the total of church property is income producing; but we know that it is considerable. Remember that the rate of capital interest is such that any large accumulation of wealth conservatively invested (i.e., in banks or mutual funds) will double in one generation, quadruple in two generations and reach an eight-fold increase in three generations. Tax-free church capital can pyramid much faster than that, of course, for the managers of this enormous wealth are at liberty to invest parts of it in high-risk, high-return businesses. As *Christianity Today* pointed out:

Suppose a church buys a million-dollar business that in view of tax exemptions shows an annual profit of \$120,000. It can borrow \$800,000 to purchase the business at the preferred loan rate of four percent [now six percent], or \$32,000. Hence, on an investment of \$200,000, the church will net \$88,000 or 44 percent.

Suppose, however, that the net were only 25 percent. An investment at 25 percent compounded doubles in less than three years, quadruples in six, in thirty years will multiply itself one thousand times. Starting with \$1,000,000 and encouraged by the present tax exemptions for religious bodies engaging in unrelated business activities, any church by using this procedure could own America in 60 years.

Thus we see that, well within the 100 years mentioned earlier, the churches will have economic power beside which all other corporations and even the Government itself will be comparatively impotent. It will be necessary to remind this group, again and again, that Jesus was not speaking idly when he said that "A man cannot serve both God and Mammon," and that all history bears out Jesus' point by showing that every church which attempted to serve both ended up serving only Mammon—to the neglect of man. If the churches do not learn this lesson voluntarily, they will have to learn it, eventually, in the most painful manner possible.

I have spoken throughout this article of taxing the churches *fairly*. This is an important point; it may well be that the Supreme Court refused to hear Madalyn Murray O'Hair's case because she based it on the proposition that churches should be taxed *exactly* as business corporations are. Actually, church-owned property is used for three distinct purposes: straight profit-making business; a "club," which meets various needs, including the religious, for its members; and community service.

In the first category, of profit-making,

we should recognize the dangers of our pyramiding church capital and emphasize the unfair extra burden that such tax exemption, both Federal and local, of church business places on other taxpayers. This tax exemption is unfair in a second way not emphasized by Mrs. O'Hair, in that it gives the large churches a totally undemocratic advantage in competing in business with secular corporations and especially in competing with the little businessman and raising his taxes. (How many small shopkeepers go under every year, one wonders, due entirely to competition from churches—in some cases, due to competition from churches to which the shopkeeper himself is giving donations?) Church business should be taxed like any other business—by Federal and state income taxes and local property taxes.

In the second category—that of the church as a club for its members—the church should be taxed like any other club. Since it is nonprofit, there would be no income tax, but a property tax.

But the same properties often fulfill another function, and serve the community beyond the church's membership. A sane and fair position would take this into account: Church charities deserve the same exemptions as nonchurch charities: church properties used by nonprofit groups aiding the community merit an exemption to the extent of such use.

Therefore, a *fair* tax-the-churches program would not be the across-the-board taxation urged by Mrs. O'Hair, but would be limited to two categories: taxation on property and income of those enterprises that are purely secular and money motivated; and taxation on property used for religious activities, to the extent of such use.

In short, all income received by church-owned businesses should be taxed exactly as the income of any secular business. Church property, on the other hand, should be taxed proportionally to the extent for which its use is ecclesiastical as contrasted to charitable. The amount of tax would vary all the way from an amount based on 100 percent of assessed valuation of the property to zero.

Complicated as this approach to church taxation is, it is one called for not only by ethics, but by a proper application of the Federal Constitution. It is well established that the Fourteenth Amendment (referring to the states) makes applicable to states and municipalities the First Amendment (literally applicable only to Congress). Regarding religion there are two separate phases, each of which sets a margin: the bar to legislative provisions that effect "establishment of religion"; and the bar to those "prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The application of the latter is much more immediately obvious. Were the

churches to be taxed more extensively than other nonprofit groups, this would represent a discrimination contrary to the protection of the free-exercise clause. So, a church-run hospital would have the *same* tax exemptions as a secular hospital, but a church-run banana plantation would have *no* tax exemption—like any other banana plantation.

By far more common throughout the nation are church properties that serve a dual function: religious and charitable. For this property a formula can be worked out for local property taxation:

1. The property would be assessed the same as any secular property.

2. This figure would be multiplied by the going tax rate, giving the unreduced tax.

3. A percentage figure would be derived that would represent the square footage of the actual space in which community service activities take place. It would generally be appropriate rough justice to apply the same percentage to the surrounding land, since it is, in a general sort of way, part of the context for the particular activities.

4. This figure should then be divided by the percentage that represents the proportion (based on some span representing an average utilization of any establishment, e.g., 40 hours a week) of time used, from full time down to an hour a week, by the community-service program operated on the premises.

5. The unreduced tax (see number two above) should then be multiplied by the reduced percentage figure (representing the space and time of community-service use). The resulting figure would then be the tax actually assessed.

Perhaps an example would be helpful. The property tax rate in mythical Channel City is .086 per dollar of assessed valuation, and property is generally evaluated at one third of actual market value. The estimated market value of the land and buildings of the Church of St. Vitus-in-the-Vale is \$600,000. Were there no provisions for tax exemption, figured on a tax basis of \$200,000, the annual property tax would be \$17,200. However, in addition to ecclesiastical uses, the property is also regularly used in other ways. Mainly, the parish hall auditorium, four classrooms and a playground are used every weekday from 8:30 to 12 as a nursery school. This represents half-time use of what is about one third of the property. This yields a figure, according to number four above, of 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ percent. In addition, two A.A. groups, a community forum, a tutoring program for underprivileged children from "across the tracks," a stamp-collecting club and an amateur artists' workshop meet at various times of the week. Taking into account both the space use and the time elapsed, we come up with a percentage of 13 $\frac{1}{3}$. Adding the two percentages together, we get 30



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percent. Multiplying this by \$17,200, we arrive at \$5,160 as a proper deduction under our formula, leaving the church to pay a property tax of \$12,040. The same proportionate formula could be used with regard to tax deductions allowable to donors for gifts to churches.

Even this formula will, I fear, spread panic in most ecclesiastical circles. Churches with large endowments—and these are, despite the wealth we have described earlier, a numerical minority—would probably not like the readjustment of budget, but could doubtless achieve it. Thousands of clergy and church boards would envision cutbacks in customary expenditures. Other thousands (with small or nonexistent endowments—mortgaged up to the hilt, often due to extensive building programs and already on a high budget) might well picture the closing of their doors and the end of their existence.

It must be conceded that there is some reality behind these various images. Accordingly, though the likelihood of disturbance to given individuals and institutions has never in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence been recognized as a barrier in itself to the application of justice (witness the Supreme Court's landmark decision on public school desegregation), it would be hoped that such a change-over would incorporate a reasonable transitional period. The school case just referred to embodies the principle: "with all deliberate speed." And, if fair church taxation were instigated by legislative bodies rather than the courts, an escalation clause could easily be included in the statute, allowing the taxation to begin at a minimum and reach a fair level in, say, ten years.

The church would directly benefit in three ways:

1. There would be more carefully disciplined thought as to what is really needed by a religious body.

2. Plans would doubtless be drawn with an eye to community usefulness instead of pride or comfort.

3. There would be a strong stimulus toward local implementation of the ecumenical movements. It is already evident that one of the most wasteful results of church disunity has been the elaboration of buildings that duplicate facilities far beyond actual foreseeable need. There has been competition to have the biggest, grandest, richest-looking church in town—a kind of "edifice complex." Taxation would encourage successful ecumenical approaches to church building. There would be many more actual mergers of congregations; more often two or more churches of different denominations may combine in erecting one plant to serve the congregations jointly.

An impressive plan along this line was inaugurated last fall in Kansas City. A

new St. Mark's Church is to be built in the inner city jointly by the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Diocese and the Presbyterian, Methodist and United Church of Christ regional groups. A Presbyterian minister will head a staff including clergy from these respective denominations. While Sunday services will be held under various auspices, the major part of the program, which will be strongly community oriented, will be done in common.

Even beyond this, the recognition of tax liability could give a tremendous stimulus to an approach that is now just on the horizon of church thinking: the radical notion that the existence and effective functioning of a community of faith does not really depend upon properties or buildings at all. Here "radical" is used in both senses of the word. It is a disturbing departure from what has been almost universally taken for granted since the Fourth Century; but at the same time it goes back to the roots, in that it reflects the situation in the early church as described in the Acts of the Apostles and the writings of the early church fathers.

Already some examples are emerging. The last mission founded in the Episcopal Diocese of California while I was still its diocesan was established in a new tract house development by simply renting space in a new shopping center. No property is owned and there is no fixed furniture—community use having been kept in mind from the inception of the idea. By rearranging the interior the space is equally suitable for a teenagers' dance, an adult forum, an arts-and-crafts workshop, or Holy Communion (for which a table is moved to the center and the chairs gathered around it). In this new sprawled-out "bedroom" community, a kind of focus has now been provided—certainly something fundamentally relevant to the mission of the church—much more so than would be represented by an ivy-covered carpenter's Gothic edifice on a hillside.

More recently, in Oklahoma City, the Roman Catholic Diocese has inaugurated a refreshing concept. Under the aegis of the Bishop, the Community of John XXIII has been started, without reference to parish boundaries, by a group of 75 laymen, with a worker priest (earning his living in secular life). The members are committed to gathering together for three hours on Sunday morning in a rented hall. After the Eucharist there is a program of study followed by a discussion as to how they, as a group and as individuals, may best serve the needs of the city.

Some wit once contended that the most sensitive portion of anyone's anatomy is his wallet. Though the wallet is not actually a part of the physical anatomy, it certainly pervades the province of

human emotion, as indicated by the parables attributed to Jesus—most of which touch directly or indirectly on (to quote an episcopal predecessor of mine) "that magical substance which men pursue relentlessly for six days of the week and refuse to discuss on the seventh." The custodians of church property are human. Insecurity will grip those who believe that the continued existence of their church depends on the public subsidy of tax exemption. They can be expected to set up an unprecedented howl of outrage and to unleash an ocean of propaganda if there appears any sign on the horizon that the campaign to tax the churches did not die with the Supreme Court's rejection of Mrs. O'Hair's suit.

But as the property and income of the churches increase, the number of those available to give political support to the continuation of full tax exemption has begun to decrease. Church attendance in this country, which rose steeply after the Second World War, to a peak of 98,000,000 in 1958, has now dropped sharply to 88,000,000 in eight years during which the population increased 13 percent. Similarly, Sunday-school attendance has been dropping. There has also been a sharp decrease in applicants for the ministry (over-all statistics are not available, but among the scattered indications is the reported 35-percent decline last year in Midwest Roman Catholic seminarians and the smallest number of ordinands in the Episcopalian Church since the post-War recovery). Simultaneously, we see a rapid increase in ordained men opting out of parish ministry (in our church, a rise in two years from 25 percent to 40 percent of the ordained clergy), and rapid alienation of university and college students from the church, especially on the graduate level.

As the dreary story of the Church of England in the last 18 months shows, when decline becomes obvious enough for the bulk of the church to recognize it, the descent of lines down the various graphs of church population is swift; the *London Times* summed it up some months ago: on "the slippery slope." (At the same time, church investment funds increased notably.) A careful reading of recent ecclesiastical history of various countries leads to the seemingly cynical but actually realistic conclusion that the institutional church will not renew itself in time, that is, while there are still enough people around who are interested. But *if*, while there are still people around—and in the American churches there are still great numbers—a radical outside change of circumstances should occur, there is a chance that there would be a radical refocusing, that first things would be put first, that many more alive and intelligent people might come into the church or give it a serious look, or that those remaining in it—under the



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changed circumstances—would be more vividly representative in society of what the church's best message is. Church tax reform could be this very outside factor.

One of the chief reasons why so many today, especially among the young, are turning from the churches is that the congregations are too much under the influence of members with reactionary political and social attitudes, and all too often, clergy and lay leaders have become so business-oriented that they have acquired the mercantile mentality. What is wanted by the young, by the Negroes, by the intellectuals, by increasing numbers of common people, even by enlightened businessmen, is really very simple: a world without war; without the horror of a nuclear holocaust hanging over us when we open our eyes in the morning to face another day of anxiety. A world of simple economic justice, in which hundreds of millions are not hungry every day of their lives. A world in which each man is, in Donne's phrase, "involved in mankind."

What blocks the churches from "getting with it" as far as these basic concerns go?

As things are now, many a church is so heavily mortgaged that the loss of three or four families as pledgers can put the church in the red. This fact alone—whether or not a majority of the congregation is open-minded—is enough to make many a minister cautious about preaching the social gospel in anything but the most vague generalities or in making constructive changes in the organization or program that could bring the parish into the 20th Century. With the vast lag that there is in relevance, the church today needs to travel light. Only when free of the church's edifice complex can alert and bold churchmen speak and act in a way that will count today, saying in effect, "We have tables, bread and wine, voices and pens; what can they take away from us?"

We have heard so often that "the power to tax is the power to destroy" that we have forgotten the obvious and equally true obverse: The power to exempt is also the power to destroy. Every exemption, or special privilege, for A represents an equal and opposite burden for B. Today it is the average citizen and the small businessman who bear the burden caused by the church's exemptions, Federal and local. With the rapid growth rate of tax-free capital, tomorrow this burden can fall on even the largest corporations and on the Government itself. And on the day after tomorrow—if history teaches us any lesson at all—the final sufferers from this special privilege will be the privileged group itself, who could become the target of revolutionary expropriation. Let the churches render unto Caesar what is Caesar's—before he comes to take it with a sword.



IS SEX UN-AMERICAN?

(continued from page 101)

lacking," says the Fair Play for Sex Committee in a pamphlet entitled "Stand Up for Sex!" "it is generally held among scholars that sex was widely practiced in private by our very founding fathers themselves, as witness the well-known relationship between our second and sixth Presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

"True, our founding fathers did not spell out sexual rights in the Constitution, and therefore some purists have argued that under the Tenth Amendment, sexual control must be left to the various states. The Preamble, however, states flatly that one purpose of the Constitution is to 'secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity,' while the Declaration of Independence bluntly urges 'the pursuit of happiness.' There can be little doubt what our vigorous, virile founding fathers had in mind.

"We say, then, that sex is one of our cherished American heritages, handed down like a precious flame from generation to generation for, lo, these 190 years. Will we now snuff it out? Will we now betray our forefathers, who devoted so much of their lives to the unending struggle for sexual freedom? What made this country great? What populated the plains? What pushed Westward the course of empire? Where would our nation be today, the Fair Play for Sex Committee demands to know, without sex?"

So much for the emotional appeals of the right and left wings. It is the responsibility of us levelheaded middle-of-the-roaders to take a hard, logical look at the issue. Let us think not of the past but of the future. Let us reflect on the welfare of children yet unborn. And above all, let us ask ourselves what effect declaring sex un-American will have on our American youth. I, for one, shudder to envision the impact on our high-spirited, impressionable, red-blooded boys and girls of such a decree.

"Hi, there, honey," says Jack Armstrong, sidling up to Priscilla Primm at the next regular meeting of the Never Trust Anybody Over Thirty Club. "How's about a little un-American activities tonight?"

"Another one of your cheap dates," she says with a sniff. "like a march to legalize pot? A sit-in to overthrow the Government? A lie-in to—"

"You're getting warm, baby."

"You don't mean—"

"I'm talking about real up-to-the-minute subversion," says he, glancing nervously over his shoulder for the fuzz.

"Oh, Jack!" she cries, half swooning into his arms. "What defiance of authority! What symbolic rebellion against the



energating forces of hypocritical establishmentarianism! Oh, I've never even kissed a boy before, Jack, but you make it sound so thrilling."

So anyone who knows the hearts and the minds of our young hopes-for-the-future can see at once the insidious threat inherent in declaring sex subversive: a population explosion, or further enrichment of those predatory drug monopolists, the makers of The Pill—or both!

Thus, let us moderates take a cautious stand, as usual, on the middle ground. Let us once again ignore the thunder from the left and the right and take the

compromising position that sex is neither American nor un-American, but rather belongs in that gray category that includes dandruff shampooing, lawn bowling, aphid spraying and changing flat tires—its prime distinction being that it's more fun.

And with this in mind, let us urge the Committee in this hour of peril to turn its attention to those activities that are less controversial, more universally decried, more clearly un-American and more in keeping with the spirit of its investigations. Like throwing up.



TAX THE OIL COMPANIES

(continued from page 112)

McIntyre of a \$10,000 campaign debt. Senator Frank Moss had a similar proposition put to him by a Washington fund raiser who offered to guide a \$5000 oil donation through the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee into his campaign. Both Senators turned down the oil money, which is why we know it was offered.

For years, oil privileges were protected on Capitol Hill by that powerful pair from Texas, Lyndon B. Johnson and the late Sam Rayburn. As early as 1938, when L. B. J. was a mere Congressman, he hired a room in the rear of Washington's Munsey Building and passed out \$100,000 in oil contributions to Democratic candidates.

The venerable Rayburn, as Speaker of the House, controlled appointments to the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee. No one was admitted to this select circle who couldn't give him the right answer to the question: "Do you favor the oil-depletion allowance?"

After the Rayburn-Johnson era, the late Senator Robert Kerr, oil millionaire and uncrowned king of the Senate, took over as petroleum's protector. "I represent the oil business, and I am in the oil business," he once told an interviewer. "I represent the financial institutions in Oklahoma, and I am interested in them, and they know that, and that is the reason they elect me."

When the late President Kennedy made noises in 1962 about modifying the oil industry's tax privileges, Kerr got on the phone from his 50,000-acre ranch in Oklahoma and roared like one of his prize bulls: "I've been double-crossed!" Kennedy sent Douglas Dillon, then Secretary of the Treasury, and Congressman Wilbur Mills, the House Ways and Means Chairman, winging down to Oklahoma to assure Kerr that oil privileges were in no real danger.

After Kerr's death, the oil boys turned to Senator Russell Long as their chief Congressional counselor and com-

forter. They provided the financial backing in 1965 to make him the Senate Democratic Whip. He was able to offer his colleagues oil campaign funds in return for the votes he needed to cinch the job. Like Kerr, Long doesn't let his personal oil holdings inhibit him from a heroic defense in the Senate of the oil-depletion allowance.

Oil has also managed to place its men in key appointive positions in the Administration. The list is impressive: Oil lobbyist Lawrence J. O'Connor, Jr., was appointed in 1961 to the Federal Power Commission, which regulates gas rates. John M. Kelly, a veteran oilman with heavy oil holdings, was named Assistant Interior Secretary in 1961 in charge of the Oil Import Administration, the Office of Mineral Exploration and the Oil and Gas Office. More recently, Jerome O'Brien, a vice-president of Humble Oil, was chosen to head the Oil and Gas Office, which sets domestic oil policy for the Government.

In 1964, Joe Dickerson, the oil industry's number-one lobbyist, was proposed as O'Brien's successor. He was drawing a \$20,000-a-year lifetime pension from Shell Oil, payable on the stipulation that he would do nothing to hurt Shell's interests. This was such a brazen appointment, however, that Senator William Proxmire was able to block it in the Senate.

Even the White House, the pinnacle of the American Government, has been infiltrated. President Johnson's oil credentials have already been given. It is sufficient to add that, during the 1960 campaign, he declared again and again: "There are no loopholes in oil." Once he moved into the White House, he became more circumspect about his oil associations. The oilmen who called upon him did so with unusual discretion and restraint.

If Washington needed any reminding of the oil in Johnson's past, it became a matter of sworn testimony during the Bobby Baker hearings. The irrepressible Bobby, while he was Johnson's protégé, hobnobbed with oil millionaires constantly. One who was called to testify, Clint Murchison, Jr.—whose family made millions from oil benefits created by a benevolent Congress—turned in a voucher to Congress for \$420.26 to pay his travel expenses.

For a refreshing moment, the late John F. Kennedy spoke out against oil-tax privileges and called for a reduction in the depletion allowance. But not even President Kennedy could stand against the great oil tide. Saddled with a staggering campaign deficit, he looked around for contributions to pay it off.

Murchison's oil associate, Bedford Wynne, offered to stage a \$1000-a-plate Democratic dinner in January 1963. The dinner raised \$500,000, largely from



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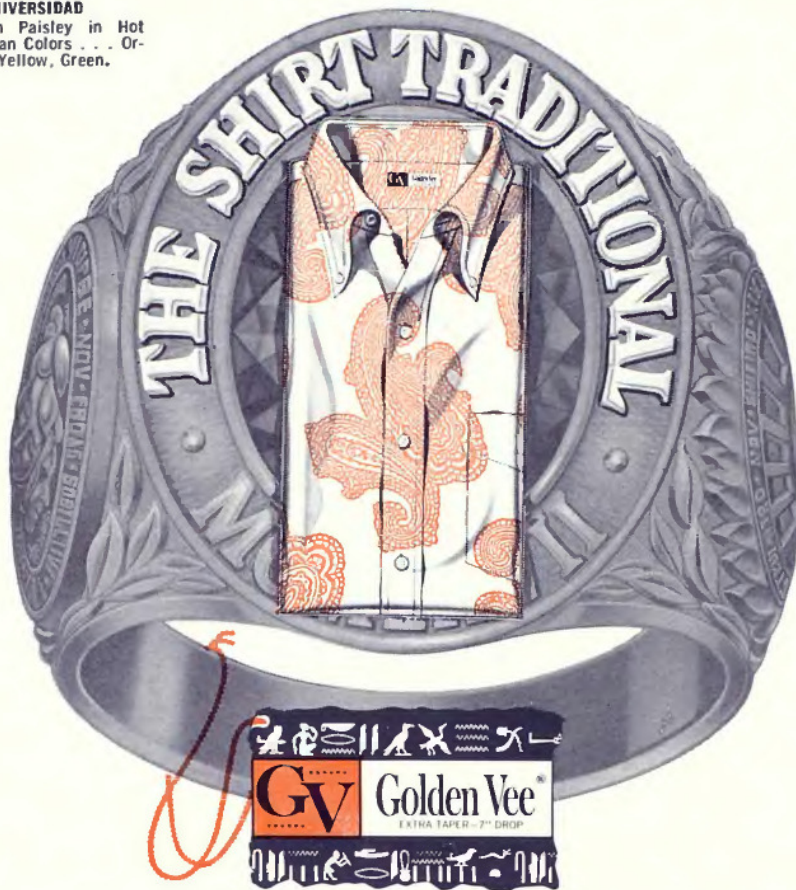
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oilmen. Shortly after the dinner, John Murchison paid a private 90-minute call on the President. His arrival was never announced to the press, and no one overheard their conversation. But Murchison returned to Texas all smiles, and assured fellow oilmen they had nothing to worry about.

Oilmen came closest to capturing the White House when it was occupied by that crusader against corruption, Dwight Eisenhower. Three oil millionaires contributed more than \$500,000 to the upkeep of Ike's Gettysburg farm. A harried Internal Revenue Service, pressed to categorize the money, finally settled officially on the term "gift."

The three men in this agricultural alliance were George Allen, who had possessed a special passport to the White House under three Presidents and who also was a close associate of the late Texas oil millionaire Sidney Richardson; Texas oil millionaire Billie Byars; and the late W. Alton Jones of Cities Service. Allen explained the arrangement this way: "When Ike became President, he decided it would not be proper to be in partnership with anybody. He is supersensitive about doing the proper thing, so I bought him out—wrote him a check for his share of the farming operation and now I lease the entire estate."

Omitting mention of his two oil partners, Allen then opened an account at the Gettysburg National Bank and began paying the farm bills. Jones was so silent a partner that he signed no checks but was dunned privately for his share. Internal Revenue found the farm had lost money each year and the deficit had been made up by the three oilmen. Yet by Allen's own admission, Ike got a check for his "share" of the farming operation.

During this period, Ike signed over tidelands to the oil companies and issued 60 oil leases on Government land. Only 16 leases had been granted during the prior 55 years of the National Wildlife Refuge program. Ike also brought oil-company executives into the White House to draft legislation that would have permitted the industry to charge higher rates on natural gas. He submitted their draft to Congress without change; only Senator Case's dramatic disclosure of a bribery attempt prevented it from becoming law.

Three days before leaving the White House, Ike signed an Executive order that changed the rules for the importation of residual fuel oil (usable residue after refining). Cities Service, which formerly had no quota, was given 3000 barrels a day. This should have pleased one of Ike's benefactors, W. Alton Jones, who died in a plane crash while California-bound to fish with him. On

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Jones' body was found \$61,000, mostly in cash.

The influence of the oil industry is nowhere more pervasive than in the State Department, which sometimes seems to put the oil interests ahead of the national interest. Arthur Goldberg, as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, fully supported a UN resolution recognizing the rights of underdeveloped nations to control their own resources. But he reckoned without a lobbyist for Standard Oil of New Jersey, who quietly urged a "no" vote. Goldberg warned that this would play into Communist hands by making the United States look like an imperialist power more interested in exploiting than in advancing new nations. But it was the lobbyist, not Goldberg, who got his way.

The Congolese cabinet asked an Italian company to build a refinery, then suddenly withdrew the offer in favor of Standard Oil of New Jersey. The switch followed a flurry of confidential cables from George Ball, then Undersecretary of State, to the U.S. Embassy in Leopoldville. Ball, whose former law firm had oil connections, instructed the embassy to bring pressure upon the Congolese government in Standard Oil's behalf.

In Ceylon, Texaco and Standard of New Jersey delayed for 12 years on the government's request for a refinery. As a reprisal, their gas stations were nationalized. The two oil giants decided that the presumptuous little nation should be taught a lesson. They invoked a foreign-aid clause that authorizes cancellation of all aid to countries that fail to compensate American companies for seized property within six months. Texaco and Standard held back financial data, thus preventing Ceylon from meeting the six-month deadline. While the oilmen and the State Department were putting the squeeze on Ceylon, the government turned to Russia for petroleum products and invited the Soviets to build the refinery for them.

Some old-fashioned competition crept into the post-War oil operations in Libya, which has become the world's sixth-largest oil producer within a decade. Standard of New Jersey was busily tapping the oil from under the desert sands when in came a handful of independents led by Continental Oil. They began selling Libyan oil on the world market at less than Standard's prices. The giant roared with rage and, with State Department backing, arranged to pay Libya retroactive taxes. This was a bigger cut than the Continental group could afford to pay, so they retired to lick their wounds.

Before Congress adjourned last year, the House tried to ban all trade with Communist countries. Yet Congress expressed no indignation upon learning



that oil companies, in order to protect their property in Vietnam, made direct cash payments to the Viet Cong. Secretary of State Dean Rusk admitted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that American oil companies in Vietnam were paying "tolls" for passage through Communist-controlled territory.

The Viet Cong did destroy \$140,000 worth of oil in Esso tanks near Danang on August 5, 1965. But the chances are that the guerrillas didn't see the Esso signs. Saigon itself has been shelled in broad daylight, but the Viet Cong have never troubled the oil depot at Nhabe, 20 miles from the city. Oil officials claimed that 40 percent of their Vietnam shipments were being destroyed by the Communists. But when Senator George Aiken pressed the question at a closed session, General Earl Wheeler, the Joint Chiefs' chairman, testified that oil losses had amounted to "only a fraction of one percent."

Meanwhile, at home, the oilmen maintain the vigil to preserve their unique tax status. And the average taxpayer goes on subsidizing the oil industry by paying its share of the tax bill.

Since the retirement of Senator Douglas from public life, however, there are still a few men who are unafraid to speak out against oil privilege. "The oil giants," warned Congressman Tom Steed, "have no real interest in the economy or security of the United States, but, like the huge munitions manufacturers, are in fact internationalists, concerned only with making billions of dollars, however and wherever they can."

As Senator Wayne Morse angrily added on the Senate floor: "Great courage is required to stand against the powerful oil and gas combine of this country, which exercises such a powerful influence in the halls of Congress that it is able to steal from the American people."





ON THE SCENE

REVEREND MALCOLM BOYD *pop goes the pulpit*

"GOD IS DEAD. At least a god is dead. The white god, the nationalistic American god, he's dead, dead, dead. Goddamn it! *Dead!*" So speaks the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, a balding, battling, 43-year-old Episcopal priest who, in 1951, left his lucrative partnership in a Hollywood TV-radio company for seminary school and who now is the outspoken apostle of a new approach to divine communication—pop prayer. Father Boyd's pulpit is often the night-club-espresso-house stage (last fall, at San Francisco's hungry i, he co-billed with comedian Dick Gregory). The prayers Boyd offers up are nonsectarian and unconventional. Instead of the standard style of supplication, they take the form of a slang-packed monolog to the Almighty—one in which Boyd touches on topics that he feels both God and the audience at hand should be concerned about. "It's a jazz spot, Jesus," Boyd begins. "The musician is wondering if they're hearing him at all through all their death and life, sex and hunger, knowing yourself and being known, the dream, the vision. He's looking at the people, right into their dead and alive eyes, and he wants them to hear him." Following his prayer meeting, Boyd often answers questions from the audience, occasionally rubbing salt into the cuts he's inflicted ("The only isms I believe in are humanism and ballsism") or chewing on another bone of contention—civil rights ("Black Power means that a little five-year-old colored boy won't be looking up to a white liberal to help him . . . he'll be looking up to a black man that he respects"). The appeal of Boyd's contemporary approach to religion, although denounced by conservative Episcopalians, became apparent in 1965 when a hardcover collection of his most popular prayers, *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*, hit the best-seller lists, earning him the chance to cut an LP (under the same title) on which he recites some of the prayers, accompanied by jazz guitarist Charlie Byrd. His latest book, *Free to Live, Free to Die*, was published last month. What's Father Boyd trying to prove with his gutsy new approach to religion? The Reverend's answer is sharply to the point: "The Church should get off its ass."

THOMAS HOVING *metropolitan happening*

LAST SUMMER, at least in its parks, New York City was what it has been calling itself for years—a "Summer Festival." Central Park alone was the scene of bicycles-only Sundays, a mass folk-painting festival and a teenage fashion show backed up by a Yale rock-'n'-roll band. These and a series of unlikely like events calculated to lure the public into active enjoyment of its parks were entirely attributable to Mayor John Lindsay's administrator of recreation and cultural affairs, Thomas P. F. Hoving, then 35—notwithstanding his protestation to us that he acted usually as a broker for other people's ideas. Hoving's emergence as an innovator of urban public recreation and as an aristocratic Populist (his commissioner-ship was marked by the creation of more than a dozen neighborhood "vest-pocket parks" as well as by games and Happenings) followed an adolescence more conducive to comparisons with Scott Fitzgerald and J. D. Salinger heroes than with Jefferson; but as a sophomore at Princeton, Hoving discovered art history and became, if not less interested in parties, extraordinarily proficient in his chosen field. In 1965, after a remarkable half decade of discovery and identification of objects for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he was named director of its far-uptown medieval branch, The Cloisters, from which post Lindsay commissioned him for the parks. Asked by *PLAYBOY* to list the principal accomplishments of his last 15 months, Hoving started with "a revolution in park-design standards," revealing the bias of his first interest. "Municipal government should lead the private sector in design and other fields," Hoving says. "I think we helped demonstrate that it can do so." Unfortunately, his combination of taste and a sure sense of public relations and needs are all too rare: In the middle of this month, Hoving returns to the Metropolitan—where observers will be looking for the "touch of mayhem" he admits some of his most successful parks projects showed—as the youngest director in its history. The art world's gain is the parks system's loss, of course, but on both sides of the ledger, New York comes up a winner.

BRYAN FORBES *the right bag*

IT WAS WITH "negative conceit" that Britisher Bryan Forbes, after a 16-year internship as an actor and writer, decided to produce his own scripts and formed his own company, Beaver Films Ltd., in 1958: "I had written screenplays but they'd all been bowdlerized. I felt I couldn't do any worse—and I had a hankering to control my own destiny." The gamble was felicitous. Today the straight-talking 40-year-old London native—himself as industrious as any beaver—rides about in a Mercedes 600. The first film to be written and produced by Forbes, *The Angry Silence*, won him a British Oscar, and he followed up his breakthrough with such well-applauded ventures as *Only Two Can Play*, *The L-Shaped Room*, *Séance on a Wet Afternoon*, *King Rat* (a collaboration with Hollywood) and an adaptation of R. L. Stevenson's classic farce, *The Wrong Box*, which he turned into just the right vehicle for an all-star cast including Nanette Newman, who doubles as Mrs. Forbes. When not crafting a movie, Forbes busies himself at the typewriter, turning out a short story a month; he's also an expert still photographer ("It helps a director develop a pictorial eye"); the proud owner of a bookshop near his suburban London home; an occasional TV-talk-show host; and a "frustrated landscape gardener." Such activities, though, are subordinate to directing. Not one to rest on his reels, Forbes recently completed a low-budget but high-purpose film, *The Whisperers*; forthcoming, among others, are *Deadfall* (a suspense drama for which John Barry will compose a guitar-trumpet concerto) and—in a coup of the first order—*The Tenant*, with an original screenplay by Edward Albee. A cynic who has pungently decried what he considers a breakdown of moral and aesthetic standards in the arts (in an age when dramatists "cannot outinvent the absurdities of our third-rate political starlets" and when entertainment is doled out by "culture assassins" working for "No-Cause"), Forbes himself is proof that an artist today can survive on his own terms. "In the last ten years," he admits, "I've never made a film I didn't want to, and I have no regrets. The public is the judge."



THE PARTY *(continued from page 133)*

was missing along with the rest of it, had invited him to a party. He had an apartment number in his head: 9 E. That much he retained. A number. Nothing else.

On the way up, in the soundless cage of the elevator, David Ashland reviewed the day: the usual morning routine. Work. Then lunch with his new secretary. A swinger—but she liked her booze. Put away three martinis to his two. Back to the office. More work. A drink in the afternoon with a writer. ("Beefeater. No rocks. Very dry.") Dinner at the new Italian joint on West 48th with Linda. Lovely Linda. Expensive girl. Lovely as hell, but expensive. More drinks. Then—nothing. Blackout.

The doc had warned him about the hard stuff, but what else can you do in New York? The pressures get to you. So you drink. Everybody drinks. And

every night, somewhere in town, there's a party, with contacts (and girls) to be made . . .

The elevator stopped, opened its doors. Ashland stepped out, uncertainly, into the hall. The softly lit passageway was long, empty, silent. No, not silent. Ashland heard the familiar voice of a party: the shifting hive hum of cocktail conversation, dim, high laughter, the sharp chatter of ice against glass, a background wash of modern jazz . . . All quite familiar. And always the same.

He walked to 9 E. Featureless apartment door. White. Brass button housing. Gold numbers. No clues here. Sighing, he thumbed the buzzer. Waited nervously.

A smiling fat man with bad teeth opened the door. He was holding a half-filled drink in one hand. Ashland didn't know him.

"C'mon in, fella," he said. "Join the party."



"There are times when I almost begrudge Coca-Cola their world-wide sales."

Ashland squinted into blue-swirled tobacco smoke, adjusting his eyes to the dim interior. The rising-falling sea tide of voices seemed to envelop him.

"Grab a drink, fella," said the fat man. "You look zonked!"

Ashland aimed for the bar in one corner of the crowded apartment. He *did* need a drink. Maybe a drink would clear his head, let him get this all straight. Thus far he had not recognized any of the faces in the smoke-hazed room.

At the self-service bar a thin, turkey-necked woman wearing paste jewels was intently mixing a black Russian. "Got to be exceedingly careful with these," she said to Ashland, eyes still on the mixture. "Too much vodka craps them up."

Ashland nodded. "The host arrived?"

"I'll know him, I'm sure."
"Due later—or sooner. Sooner—or later. You know. I once spilled three black Russians on the same man over a thirty-day period. First on the man's sleeve, then on his back, then on his lap. Each time his suit was a sticky, gummy mess. My psychiatrist told me that I did it unconsciously, because of a neurotic hatred of this particular man. He looked like my father."

"The psychiatrist?"

"No, the man I spilled the black Russians on." She held up the tall drink, sipped at it. "Ahhh . . . still too weak."

Ashland probed the room for a face he knew, but these people were all strangers.

He turned to find the turkey-necked woman staring at him. "Nice apartment," he said mechanically.

"Stinks. I detest pseudo-Chinese decor in Manhattan brownstones." She moved off, not looking back at Ashland.

He mixed himself a straight Scotch, running his gaze around the apartment. The place *was* pretty wild. Ivory tables with serpent legs; tall, figured screens with chain-mail warriors cavorting across them; heavy brocade drapes in stitched silver; lamps with jewel-eyed dragons looped at the base. And, at the far end of the room, an immense bronze gong suspended between a pair of demon-faced swordsmen. Ashland studied the gong. A thing to wake the dead, he thought. Great for hangovers in the morning.

"Just get here?" a girl asked him. She was red-haired, full-breasted, in her late 20s. Attractive. Damned attractive. Ashland smiled warmly at her.

"That's right," he said. "I just arrived." He tasted the Scotch: it was flat, watery. "Whose place is this?"

The girl peered at him above her cocktail glass. "Don't you know who invited you?"

Ashland was embarrassed. "Frankly, no. That's why I—"

"My name's Viv. For Vivian. I drink. What do you do? Besides drink?"

"I produce. I'm in television."
"Well, I'm in a dancing mood. Shall we?"

"Nobody's dancing," protested Ashland. "We'd look—foolish."

The jazz suddenly seemed louder. Overhead speakers were sending out a thudding drum solo behind muted strings. The girl's body rippled to the sounds.

"Never be afraid to do anything foolish," she told him. "That's the secret of survival." Her fingers beckoned him. "C'mon . . ."

"No, really—not right now. Maybe later."

"Then I'll dance alone."

She spun into the crowd, her long red dress whirling. The other partygoers ignored her. Ashland emptied the watery Scotch, fixed himself another. He loosened his tie, popping the collar button. *Damn!*

"I train worms."

Ashland turned to a florid-faced little man with bulging, feverish eyes. "I heard you say you were in TV," the little man said. "Ever use any trained worms on your show?"

"No . . . no, we don't."

"I breed 'em, train 'em. I teach a worm to run a maze. Then I grind him up and feed him to a dumb, untrained worm. Know what happens? The dumb worm can run the maze! But only for twenty-four hours. Then he forgets—unless I keep him on a trained-worm diet. I defy you to tell me that isn't fascinating!"

"It is, indeed," Ashland nodded and moved away from the bar. The feverish little man smiled after him, toasting his departure with a raised glass. Ashland found himself sweating.

Who was his host? Who had invited him? He knew most of the Village crowd, but had spotted none of them here . . .

A dark, doll-like girl asked him for a light. He fumbled out some matches.

"Thanks," she said, exhaling blue smoke into blue smoke. "Saw that worm guy talking to you. What a lousy bore he is! My ex-husband had a pet snake named Baby and he fed it worms. That's all they're good for, unless you fish. Do you fish?"

"I've done some fishing up in Canada."

"My ex-husband hated all sports. Except the indoor variety." She giggled. "Did you ever hear the one about the indoor hen and the outdoor rooster?"

"Look, Miss—"

"Talia. But you can call me Jenny. Get it?" She doubled over, laughing hysterically, then swayed, dropping her cigarette. "Oops! I'm sick. I better go lie down. My tum-tum feels awful."

She staggered from the party as Ashland crushed her smoldering cigarette with the heel of his shoe. *Stupid bitch!*

A sharp handclap startled him. In the



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"Are you the guy who hit my kid brother?"

middle of the room a tall man in a green-satin dinner jacket was demanding his attention. He clapped again. "You," he shouted to Ashland. "Come here."

Ashland walked forward. The tall man asked him to remove his wrist watch. "I'll read your past from it," the man said. "I'm psychic. I'll tell you all about yourself."

Reluctantly, Ashland removed his watch, handed it over. He didn't find any of this amusing. The party was annoying him, irritating him.

"I thank you most kindly, sir!" said the tall man with elaborate stage courtesy. He placed the gold watch against his forehead, closed his eyes, breathing deeply. The crowd noise did not slacken; no one seemed to be paying any attention to the psychic.

"Ah. Your name is David. David Ashland. You are successful, a man of big business . . . a producer . . . and a bachelor. You are twenty eight . . . very young for a successful producer. One has to be something of a bastard to climb that fast. What about that, Mr. Ashland, are you something of a bastard?"

Ashland flushed angrily.

"You like women," continued the tall man. "A lot. And you like to drink. A lot. Your doctor told you—"

"I don't have to listen to this," Ashland said tightly, reaching for his watch. The man in green satin handed it over, grinned amiably and melted back into the shifting crowd.

I ought to get the hell out of here,

Ashland told himself. Yet curiosity held him. When the host arrived, Ashland would piece this evening together; he'd know why he was here, at this particular party. He moved to a couch near the closed patio doors and sat down. He'd wait.

A soft-faced man sat down next to him. The man looked pained. "I shouldn't smoke these," he said, holding up a long cigar. "Do you smoke cigars?"

"No."

"I'm a salesman. Dover Insurance. Like the White Cliffs of, ya know. I've studied the problems involved in smoking. Can't quit, though. When I do, the nerves shrivel up, stomach goes sour. I worry a lot—but we *all* worry, don't we? I mean, my mother used to worry about the earth slowing down. She read somewhere that between 1680 and 1690 the earth lost twenty-seven hundredths of a second. She said that meant something."

Ashland sighed inwardly. What is it about cocktail parties that causes people you've never met to instantly unleash their troubles?

"You meet a lotta fruitcakes in my dodge," said the pained-looking insurance salesman. "I sold a policy once to a guy who lived in the woodwork. Had a little ratty walk-up in the Bronx with a foldaway bed. Kind you push into the wall. He'd *stay* there—I mean, inside the wall—most of the time. His roommate would invite some friends in and if they made too much noise the guy inside the wall would pop out with his Thompson. *Bam!* The bed would come

down and there he was with a Thompson submachine gun aimed at everybody. Real fruitcake."

"I knew a fellow who was *twice* that crazy."

Ashland looked up into a long, cadaverous face. The nose had been broken and improperly reset; it canted noticeably to the left. He folded his long, sharp-boned frame onto the couch next to Ashland. "This fellow believed in falling grandmothers," he declared. "Lived in Upper Michigan. 'Watch out for falling grandmothers,' he used to warn me. 'They come down pretty heavy in this area. Most of 'em carry umbrellas and big packages and they come flapping down out of the sky by the thousands!' This Michigan fellow swore he saw one hit a postman. 'An awful thing to watch,' he told me. 'Knocked the poor soul flat. Crushed his skull like a egg.' I recall he shuddered just telling me about it."

"Fruitcake," said the salesman. "Like the guy I once knew who wrote on all his walls and ceilings. A creative writer, he called himself, but said he couldn't write on paper. Had to use a wall. Paper was too flimsy for him. He'd scrawl these long novels of his, a chapter in every room, with a big black crayon. Words all over the place. He'd fill up a house, then rent another one for his next book. I never read any of his houses, so I don't know if he was any good."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Ashland. "I need a fresh drink."

He hurriedly mixed another Scotch at the bar. Around him, the party rolled on inexorably, without any visible core. What time was it, anyway? His watch had stopped.

"Do you happen to know what time it is?" he asked a long-haired Oriental girl who was standing near the bar.

"I've no idea," she said. "None at all." The girl fixed him with her eyes. "I've been watching you, and you seem horribly *alone*. Aren't you?"

"Aren't I what?"

"Horribly alone."

"I'm not with anyone, if that's what you mean."

The girl withdrew a jeweled holder from her bag and fitted a cigarette in place. Ashland lit it for her.

"I haven't been really alone since I was in Milwaukee," she told him. "I was about—God!—fifteen or something, and this creep wanted me to move in with him. My parents were both dead by then, so I was all alone."

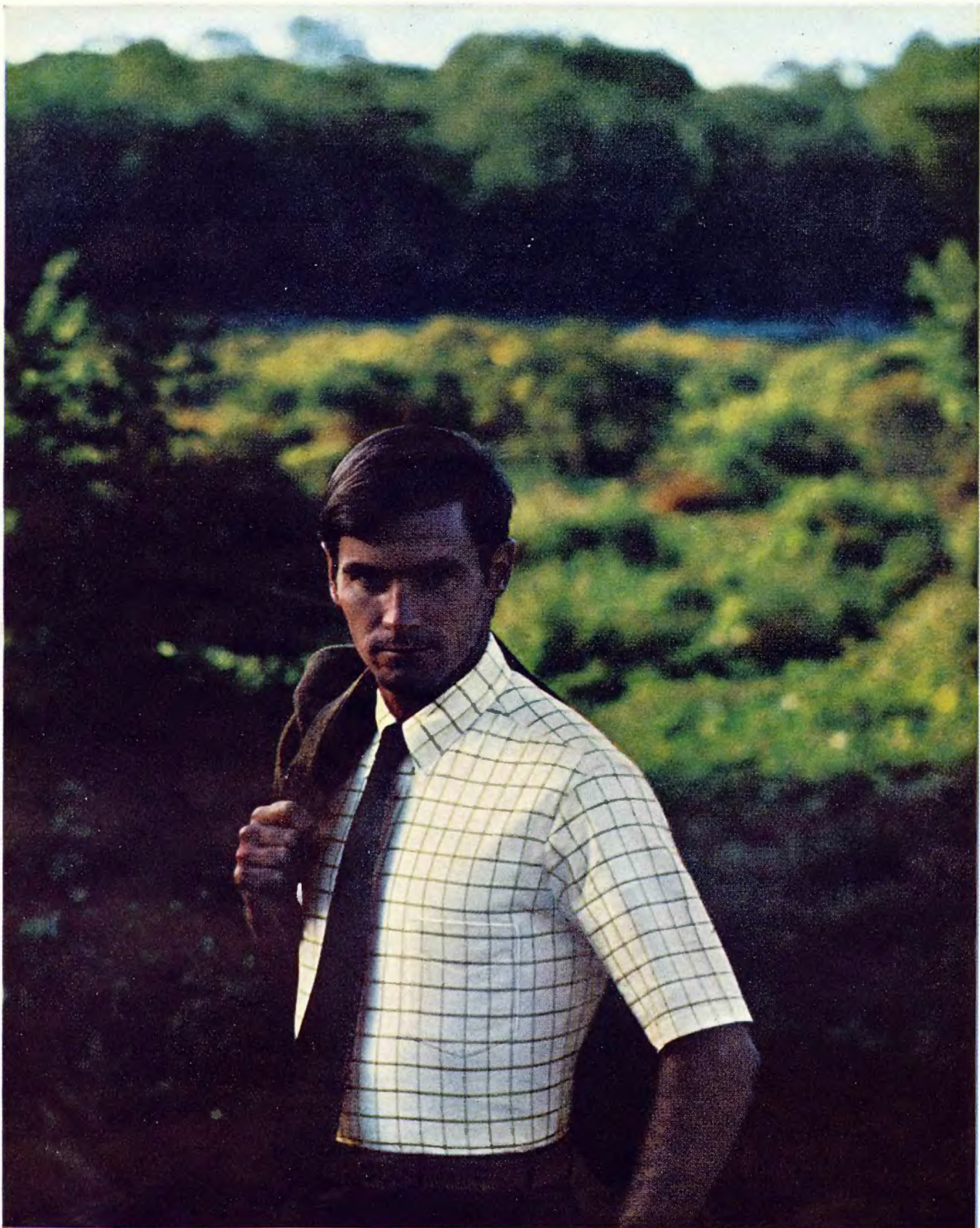
"What did you do?"

"Moved in with the creep. What else? I couldn't make the being-alone scene. Later on, I killed him."

"You *what*?"

"Cut his throat." She smiled delicately. "In self-defense, of course. He got mean on the bottle one Friday night and

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C.E.M.

"I'm terribly sorry about breaking the date, Mother, but you know how changeable Ronnie can be . . . !"

tried to knife me. I had witnesses."

Ashland took a long draw on his Scotch. A scowling fellow in shirt sleeves grabbed the girl's elbow and steered her roughly away.

"I used to know a girl who looked like that," said a voice to Ashland's right. The speaker was curly-haired, clean-featured, in his late 30s. "Greek belly dancer with a Jersey accent. Dark, like her, and kind of mysterious. She used to quote that line of Hemingway's to Scott Fitzgerald. You know the one."

"Afraid not."

"One that goes, 'We're all bitched from the start.' Bitter. A bitter line."

He put out his hand. Ashland shook it.

"I'm Travers. I used to save America's ass every week on CBS."

"Beg pardon?"

"Terry Travers. The old *Triple Trouble for Terry* series on channel nine. Back in the late Fifties. Had to step on a lotta toes to get that series."

"I think I recall the show. It was——"

"—Dung. That's what it was. Cow dung. Horse dung. The *worst*. Terry Travers is not my real name, natch. Real one's Abe Hockstatter. Can you imagine a guy named Abe Hockstatter saving America's ass every week on CBS?"

"You've got me there."

Hockstatter pulled a brown wallet from his coat, flipped it open. "There I am with one of my other rugs on," he said, jabbing at a photo. "Been stone bald since high school. Baldies don't make it in showbiz, so I have my rugs. Go ahead, tug at me."

Ashland blinked. The man inclined his head. "Pull at it. Go on—as a favor to me!"

Ashland tugged at the fringe of Abe Hockstatter's curly hairpiece.

"Tight, eh? Really *smug*. Stays on the old dome."

"Indeed it does."

"They cost a fortune. I've got a wind-blown one for outdoor scenes. A stiff wind'll lift a cheap rug right off your scalp. Then I got a crewcut and a Western job with long sideburns. All kinds. Ten, twelve—all first-class."

"I'm certain I've seen you," said Ashland. "I just don't——"

"S awright. Believe me. Lotta people don't know me since I quit the *Terry* thing. I booze like crazy now. You an' me, we're among the nation's six million alcoholics!"

Ashland glared at the actor. "Where do you get off linking me with——"

"Cool it. Cool it. So I spoke a little out of turn. Don't be so touchy, chum."

"To hell with you!" snapped Ashland.

The bald man with curly hair shrugged and drifted into the crowd.

Ashland took another long pull at his Scotch. All these neurotic conversations . . . He felt exhausted, wrung dry, and

the Scotch was lousy. No kick to it. The skin along the back of his neck felt tight, hot. A headache was coming on; he could always tell.

A slim-figured frosted blonde in black sequins sidled up to him. She exuded an aura of matrimonial wars fought and lost. Her orange lipstick was smeared, her cheeks alcohol-flushed behind flaking pancake make-up. "I have a theory about sleep," she said. "Would you like to hear it?"

Ashland did not reply.

"My theory is that the world goes insane every night. When we sleep, our subconscious takes charge and we become victims to whatever it conjures up. Our conscious, reasoning mind is totally blanked out. We lie there, helpless, while our subconscious flings us about. We fall off high buildings, or have to fight a giant ape, or we get buried in quicksand . . . We have absolutely no control. The mind whirls madly in the skull. Isn't that an unsettling thing to consider?"

"Listen," said Ashland. "Where's the host?"

"He'll get here."

Ashland put down his glass and turned away from her. A mounting wave of depression swept him toward the door. The room seemed to be solid with bodies, all talking, drinking, gesturing in the milk-thick smoke haze.

"Potatoes have eyes," said a voice to his left. "I really *believe* that." The remark was punctuated by an ugly, frog-croaking laugh.

"Today is tomorrow's yesterday," someone else said.

A hot swarm of sound:

"You can't get prints off human skin."

"In China, the laborers make sixty-five dollars a year. How the hell can you live on sixty-five dollars a year?"

"So he took out this Luger and blew her head off."

"I knew a policewoman who loved to scrub down whores."

"Did you ever try to live with eight kids, two dogs, a three-legged cat and twelve goldfish?"

"Like I told him, those X rays destroyed his white cells."

"They found her in the tub. Strangled with a coat hanger."

"What I had, exactly, was a grade-two epidermoid carcinoma at the base of a seborrhic keratosis."

Ashland experienced a sudden, raw compulsion: Somehow he had to stop these voices!

The Chinese gong flared gold at the corner of his eye. He pushed his way over to it, shouldering the partygoers aside. He would strike it—and the booming noise would stun the crowd; they'd have to stop their incessant, maddening chatter.

Ashland drew back his right fist, then drove it into the circle of bronze. He felt the impact, and the gong shuddered under his blow. But . . .

There was no sound from it!

The conversation went on.

"You can't stop the party," said the affable fat man at the door.

Ashland smashed his way back across the apartment.

"I'm leaving!"

"So go ahead," grinned the fat man. "Leave."

Ashland clawed open the door and plunged into the hall, stumbling, almost falling. He reached the elevator, jabbed at the down button.

Waiting, he found it impossible to swallow; his throat was dry. He could feel his heart hammering against the walls of his chest. His head ached.

The elevator arrived, opened. He stepped inside. The doors closed smoothly and the cage began its slow, automatic descent.

Abruptly it stopped.

The doors parted to admit a solemn-looking man in a dark-blue suit.

Ashland gasped. "Freddie!"

The solemn face broke into a wide smile. "Dave! It's great to see you! Been—a long time."

"But—you can't be Fred Baker!"

"Why? Have I changed so much?"

"No, no, you look—exactly the same. But that car crash in 'Sixty. I thought you were . . ." Ashland hesitated, left the word unspoken. He was pale, frightened. Very frightened. "Look, I'm—I'm late. Got somebody waiting for me at my place. Have to rush . . ." He reached forward to push the LOBBY button.

There was none.

The lowest button read FLOOR 2.

"We use this elevator to get from one party to another," said Freddie Baker quietly as the cage surged into motion. "That's all it's good for. You get so you need a change. They're all alike, though—the parties. But you learn to adjust. In time. We all have."

Ashland stared at his departed friend. The elevator stopped.

"Step out," said Freddie. "I'll introduce you around. You'll catch on, get used to things. No sex here. And the booze is watered. Can't get stoned. That's the dirty end of the stick."

Baker took Ashland's arm, propelled him gently forward.

Around him, pressing in, David Ashland could hear familiar sounds: nervous laughter, ice against glass, muted jazz—and the ceaseless hum of cocktail voices . . .

Freddie thumbed a buzzer. A door opened.

The smiling fat man said, "C'mon in, fellas. Join the party."



TAX ORGANIZED CRIME (continued from page 96)

The odds against you are, therefore, 1000 to 1. But the pay-off is only a standard 600-1, except on certain numbers that are paid off at lesser odds because they are bet so frequently that if they were hit, the numbers bank would take a bath (711, for example, or Willie Mays' batting average on any given day).

You can start betting at a quarter in New York and for as little as ten cents in places such as Houston, which is why numbers is the poor man's favorite form of gambling. The winning number is decided from a previously designated and easily available figure, usually the last three digits of the mutuel handle at a race track. For example, if the total betting handle at Hialeah were \$2,465,263, the number would be 263. It is conjectured that the New York *Daily News*, a politically conservative mass-circulation tabloid which suspects that public welfare was started by Lenin and that the civil rights movement is a Kremlin conspiracy, is the largest-selling newspaper in Harlem, because it is the first paper on the stands in the evening with the winning number.

What is really immoral about this situation is that the enormous winnings are taken out of Harlem every day to fill the pockets of organized criminals. If numbers were legalized, and the estimated 10,000 runners now in the numbers business were made Federal civil servants at \$100 a week, more would be accomplished

than by any antipoverty program yet designed by the Great Society. Some \$50,000,000 a year in salaries alone would be pumped into Harlem: large numbers of people who are now technically out-laws, and unable to obtain credit, would suddenly become job-holding solid citizens, with stakes in their own community and eligible finally to pay income taxes, something they now do not do. Expand this to the ghettos of Los Angeles, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia and our other great cities and you just might make a small beginning toward reversing the decay of the American city.

"Most New Yorkers approve of off-track betting and many churches conduct bingo games to raise money," says Harlem state assemblyman Charles Rangel, a former U.S. Attorney who wants numbers legalized. "But neither of these would have very much importance to Harlem. Walk along Lenox Avenue and, if you look like you belong, somebody will ask, 'What's the figure?' And I know grocery stores that haven't sold a bottle of milk in years."

If those phony grocery and candy stores were turned into legal betting shops, under the supervision of the Federal Government, we would accomplish several things. In a place like Harlem, for example, everyone knows that numbers could not flourish without Mob-purchased protection from the police

department. The occasional raids are usually tipped off in advance (a cop with the hood up on his car, pretending to tinker with his motor, is one signal to the runners to stay off the street). Legalize it, put it out in the open, and we would, first of all, cut down on hypocrisy about our laws and, secondly, create a new respect for the police.

There are some fears abroad about what legal gambling will do to all citizens, never mind the poor. The fears come down to these major myths: that women would flock to betting parlors to spend the milk money; that the poor would spend what little money they have in the hope of a big score; that relief rolls would consequently soar, thus wiping out whatever revenues the state had garnered from the gambling handle.

Nevada, for example, has the most suicides of any state in the Union. The counterargument is that Nevada is a totally abnormal situation, a state in which gambling is the only real industry, and has attracted a major portion of the itinerant compulsive gamblers in the United States. The argument continues that Nevada would not have these negative statistics if gambling were part of the normal way of life in every state. An American investigating Britain's legalized gambling in 1963 "was astonished," according to British writer Anthony Sampson, to find that "many punters [gamblers] in Brixton were regularly betting two or three pounds a week from weekly earnings of 12 to 15 pounds." The American observer did not reflect that bets of \$5-\$9 a week were recreation, in the same category as drinking in a pub or taking a train to London for the day, and the free choice of those gamblers. Gambling in Great Britain has, in fact, expanded almost 1000 percent since most forms were legalized in 1960, and many British politicians and clergymen are now shouting from the rooftops about decadence and decline. Reading them, you must assume that the great majority of British children eat sawdust and door-knobs for breakfast. The 1000-percent increase loses significance when you reflect that Britons were only gambling an average of ten pence per capita each week before gambling was legal.

There still is no evidence that if our poor were allowed to place their bets with a Government-operated betting shop, instead of with the man on the corner, they would suddenly descend into a life of Dickensian degradation. There are, indeed, studies that show the opposite effect. The Greenleigh study of relief families in Chicago, for example, showed that gambling had nothing at all to do with their problems; lack of education, yes; illness, yes; lack of jobs and decent housing, yes. A quarter on 327 had nothing to do with it.



"Roland! I thought you were going to be under LSD today!"

There was great argument, too, in New Hampshire when that state set up its own lottery in 1963. But a study made by the University of New Hampshire of 1000 purchasers of lottery tickets showed that the average income of each purchaser was \$7000, still miles above the poverty line. In fact, the effect in New Hampshire on the poor has been positive. Revenue from the lottery (\$2,700,000 in 1964) has been used exclusively for elementary education.

And a 1963 survey by International Research Associates of New York City betting habits and attitudes showed that it was "the poor" who worried most about "the poor" betting the Ovaltime money on bad horseflesh. Apparently the poor are not the mindless rabble the anti-gambling forces (on both sides of the political fence) think they are. They don't need to be patronized by their self-appointed superiors.

As for the murky charge that gambling is somehow against everything that made America great, I offer these reminders from our short history—which, at the least, suggest that gambling is not inimical to greatness: George Washington was a steward at the Alexandria Jockey Club, bet on horse races, balloon races and foot races, and set up a lottery to build the Cumberland Road. He also drew the first ticket from the lottery that was held to finance the building of the capital city that bears his name, and did not object when the Continental Congress set up a \$1,000,000 lottery to finance the American Revolution. Kings College (now Columbia) was originally financed through a lottery, as were parts of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Rutgers and Princeton. Andrew Jackson was a gifted craps shooter, Henry Clay was the best poker player in Kentucky, and Benjamin Franklin was a prolific manufacturer of playing cards. The real un-Americans were those hordes of narrow-minded Protestants who took over the country in the last quarter of the 19th Century and created an iron puritanism that we still have not shaken.

That is why we are now laboring under some rather preposterous moral situations. It is apparently a sane proposition for J. Edgar Hoover to bet nine races on an afternoon at Arlington Park, while the cops can arrest any citizen for doing the same thing on the other side of the fence. It is apparently a state of moral grace if you are one of the 17,000 people who can afford to take the day off, pay the carfare, provide for lunch and get out to the race track, but immoral if you slip two bucks to a bookmaker. If gambling is legalized, at least that sort of sullied logic will be cleared from the air.

It seems to me that the desire for a Federally controlled gambling system is

not utopian nonsense. There would be great difficulties at first, but the benefits would make all the trouble worth while: The personal income tax would be reduced, respect for the police, and law, would increase, and organized crime would lose its operating capital and die.

So much for theory and *argumentum*: how might legalized gambling work out, what would the mechanics of it be?

For openers, the first thing that should be done is for the Government to set up a series of centralized betting offices in every city of over 50,000 population in the country. The employees would all be Federal civil servants, chosen after careful examination of their backgrounds. Even if a man has convictions for bookmaking or running policy, he should have a chance to prove his worth either on the job or before a board of inquiry, to determine his basic honesty.

These betting offices would be located at least 500 feet from any church, liquor store, welfare center, school or other establishment whose business might be affected. Citizens under 21 would be barred from the premises, except for men in the Armed Forces (under the theory that if a man is old enough to die for his country, he should be allowed to bet on a horse).

Drunks and other disorderly types would also be barred, and some sort of house limit would be established, to alert those in charge to the possibilities of betting coups. All the action would be handled electronically, and all pay-offs to winners would be made the following day, to prevent crowd scenes in the betting offices.

The main action handled in these offices would be off-track betting on horse races, the purchase of football and baseball pools, and purchase of tickets for the national lottery.

Since 90,000,000 people might be betting on any given day, and a long-shot winner could possibly break Fort Knox, I suggest that the country be divided into betting regions, corresponding loosely to the breakdown of the Federal Reserve system. A man could bet a horse at any track within the region, and all of his bets would be automatically fed into the totalizer at the track, so that all pay-offs would correspond to track odds. All money bet on horses should be roughly broken down this way: 30 percent to the Government, 15 percent for administrative costs, 5 percent to the owners or tracks and stud farms to ensure a continuing supply of good horses, despite a probable decline in attendance at the tracks. The rest would go back to the players in winnings.

Many horseplayers operate on credit. In New Zealand, for example, you can deposit £100 with your off-track bookmaker and do most of your betting by

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phone until that £100 is exhausted. In England, where a man's word is apparently better than the word of a tap-out in San Diego, you simply place your bets by phone with your own personal bookmaker and pay the bill each week.

We could probably devise a combination of both. We should have the option of depositing cash in an account and betting against it or of simply charging our bets on an American Express, Diners' Club, Carte Blanche or any other credit card. Since one of the great advantages the illegal bookmaker has is the extension of credit, a system of credit is a must.

There seems no reason why a system of football and baseball pools could not be set up here, since such pools now exist in every European country, including Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia. In England, most of this business is handled by mail through reputable licensed bookmakers, such as Ladbroke's, and the amount of money bet is enormous (\$280,000,000 in 1965). One could bet as little as a penny a team, so that on a given week, betting every possible baseball game, one's investment would not be more than a few dollars. There are 1620 major-league baseball games played every year, and the money on football pools alone could be in the billions. The prizes would be enormous, too, so the bettors would get a good percentage of money back. There could be various types of pools: straight wins, number of runs scored, team batting averages, etc. Football would be more on the European model. You would have to pick the highest possible number of wins and ties in one variation; you could bet home teams in another, visiting teams in a third.

On special bets, such as on elections, World Series, championship fights and the Indianapolis 500, special departments would be set up and professional odds setters employed. This is done every day in England, without a taint of scandal; and in Italy, they even make book on the candidates for Pope.

Basketball does not get much action these days, in the wake of the point-shaving scandals, so the Government could make the odds so tiny and the profits so minimal that no action would be handled. The same applies to the ordinary boxing match and other sports.

The lottery should really provide little trouble. There could be a monthly lottery in every region, weekly lotteries in each city where tickets are sold, and one monster lottery each year, perhaps on the Fourth of July. There is no earthly reason why Americans have to buy two thirds of all tickets for the Irish Sweepstakes, thus contributing to the balance-of-payments problem, when they could have a lottery of their own. Prices could be as low as 25 cents for fractions of shares to four dollars, and the New

Hampshire system could prevent fraud, counterfeiting and other problems. (In New Hampshire, the customer pays three dollars for a ticket, pushes a button on a machine and writes his name and address on a portion of the ticket that appears in a window of the machine. He gets an acknowledgment but no receipt, because receipts could be counterfeited. The acknowledgment can be lost or thrown away and if he has written his correct name and address, he still gets paid.) If each of the 90,000,000 gamblers in the country bought one four-dollar ticket on each of the weekly, monthly and annual lotteries, the gross at the end of each year would be 23.4 billion dollars, of which the Government's minimum share should be 30 percent, or seven billion dollars. Plow that money into decaying cities and the slums might be gone in ten years.

If every one of those 90,000,000 (which is a conservative figure, according to Scarne) bet four dollars a week on the pools (either baseball or football), the gross would be 18.7 billion dollars, of which the Government's share would be 5.6 billion dollars. And if each made two two-dollar bets a week on a horse, you would add another 5.6 billion dollars, for a total from lotteries, pools and off-track betting of 18.2 billion dollars.

And so far we are just beginning to get going. There seems no reason at all why Las Vegas should have a monopoly on casino business and why Americans must travel to London to gamble in a private club. Clearly, Government-operated casinos could, and should, spring up all over the country. Some sites are ready-made: Miami, the Catskill Mountains in New York, the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania and the ski country in New England, and other resorts and resort areas nationwide. This is where a card-player with illusions of being James Bond could pass a weekend, where people from local communities could save the fare to Vegas or London and spend it closer to home in casinos with all the blandishments of Las Vegas. The tax, or the Government's share, would come from gross receipts, and the percentage would necessarily be higher than that from pools, lotteries and off-track betting, because of higher costs. In 1965, Las Vegas reported gross play of 3 billion dollars. Multiply this nationally by a very conservative 10, and you have 30 billion dollars. If the Government's take is a third, you have another 10 billion dollars.

The casinos, of course, would be the most difficult to police; but there are ways to do it. For one thing, simply assign enough men to the counting rooms every night to prevent "skimming," which drains several untaxable millions out of Vegas every year. Pay these men enough, rotate them, and there would be a minimum problem of control.

The best advertising should be the facts that the pay-offs are made promptly, that the money is for real and, best of all, that all winnings are tax-free.

If the Government takes its 30 percent off the top, from the gross, the winners should not be expected to pay an additional tax. That is the system in use in England, and it works.

It seems clear that a system of legalized gambling, under strict Government control, would be not only possible but desirable. To sum up, the benefits would be major:

1. The big-time underworld would be wiped out almost overnight. Deprived of their only financing, the mobsters would have to go legitimate (although probably not straight). Other rackets, such as narcotics and organized prostitution, would quickly fade away.

2. Respect for law and order, especially in the nation's big-city ghettos, would soar. At present, illegal gambling can only exist on a large scale with the cooperation of police departments. The man on the street in Harlem or on Chicago's South Side knows this better than anyone else in America. We cannot lecture anyone on his methods of protest when the only agent of organized society he encounters is the corrupt cop.

3. A large number of Americans who are now technically outlaws would be brought into the main stream of the society. Some 1,000,000 people, now employed in the business of gambling, do not pay taxes. But if a numbers runner could be made a Federal civil servant, his life would be stable and more productive. And society would be healthier.

4. Our hypocrisy content would be slashed drastically. This, of course, is no benefit that can be measured on a chart. A great nation cannot afford to present one face to the world when its true posture is radically different. Americans like to gamble. To believe that laws can regulate their choice of personal pleasure is hypocrisy. Almost every other civilized country has legalized gambling.

5. Most important of all, legalizing gambling alone would reduce our present heavy personal income taxes by more than half. We could in one stroke restore a great deal of personal incentive to striving Americans, and a healthy attitude toward government, in the place of cynicism.

6. Finally, even if the revenues obtained from legalizing gambling were not applied toward a total abolition of the personal income tax, although that is the best use, we cannot afford to give away tens of billions of dollars a year to organized crime. Any other positive use for that money is better than the present situation.





"She's doing all right for a high school dropout."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 76)

impose themselves, their rule, their religion, language and culture on a non-Arab African people that wants to be itself and does not want to be dominated. Now, when I find Sudanese Arabs doing that, or when I find Iraqi Arabs trying to sit on the heads of the Kurds in Iraq, I am just as much against that as I am against the white racialists in Rhodesia or the Zionists in Palestine. I think I am consistent in this.

PLAYBOY: Your views on Zionism are not the only ones that have stirred controversy in the course of your career. The Dutch historian Pieter Geyl, for example, has attacked you for "fallacious arguments and spurious demonstrations." He has also said that your books contain a "maddening profusion of vastly learned examples, stated in an attractive or impressive but frequently slipshod fashion and proving exactly nothing." What is your reaction to this criticism?

TOYNBEE: We all suffer from built-in limitations of the working of the human

mind. We have to work by setting up hypotheses and looking for illustrations that may or may not prove our point. Human minds cannot work in any other way. Yet even the scientist cannot guarantee that his test cases are fair samples. The important point, I think, is to make sure of being scrupulously honest, always ready to discard a hypothesis if it is disproved by a test case. I hope I am ready to do that, but you know that everyone falls in love with his own hypotheses and finds it hard to discard them. I may well be a sinner and not up to the scientific standard. But I think in a sense Geyl is unfair. He implies that he himself is not subject to these common human limitations. I should like to ask him how he sets about doing his thinking work himself.

PLAYBOY: Have you enjoyed your many disagreements with other historians?

TOYNBEE: It depends with whom. I have thoroughly enjoyed Geyl's criticism, because he is a jolly man, though a very

pugnacious man. But I think it depends on the critic's motive. If somebody is out to argue with you because he wants to get nearer to the truth, then it is an exhilarating experience, however severe. It starts your mind ticking again. But if somebody is just out to kill you personally, then it's rather unfruitful, melancholy, really, not much use to you or to anyone else.

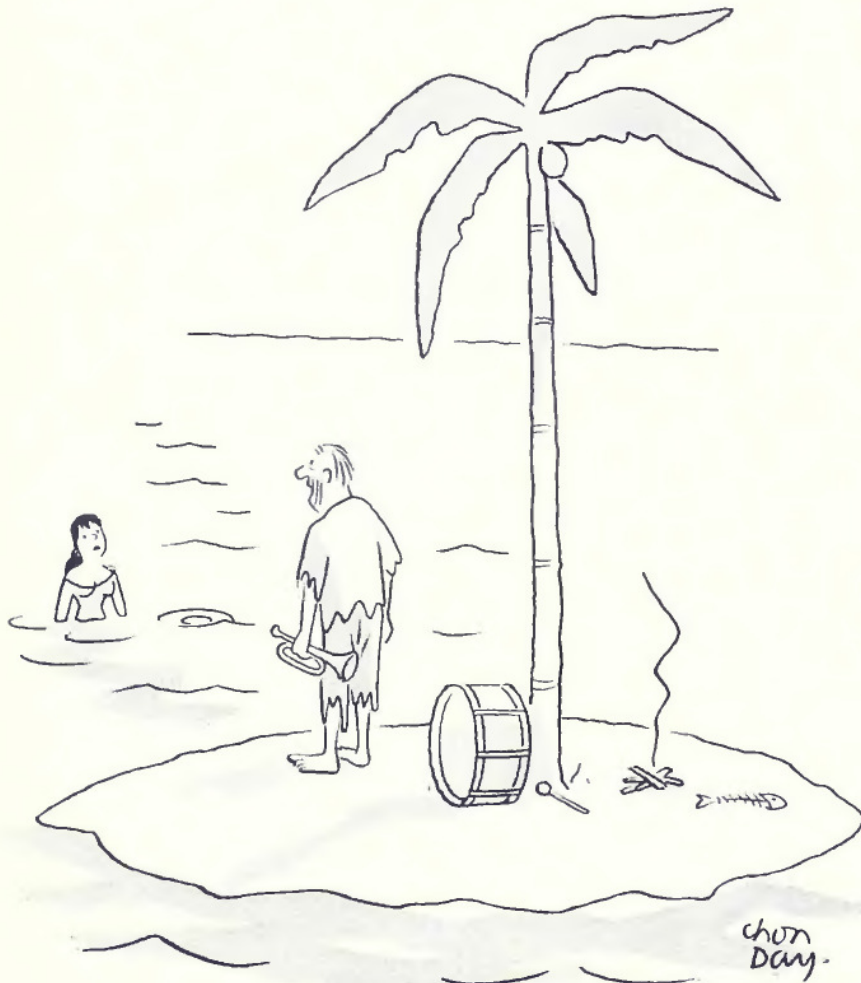
PLAYBOY: How do you feel about British historian A. J. P. Taylor's characterization of you as "an expatriate, a rootless man . . . at home only among the ruins"?

TOYNBEE: It is a historian's business to make himself at home in other times and places besides his own, in order to bring those other times and places to life again for his contemporaries.

PLAYBOY: For much of your life you have been simultaneously involved in studying current affairs and the great events of history. How have these two careers fitted into each other?

TOYNBEE: I don't think I could have thought of following either of the two careers without following the other one at the same time. I came, I suppose, to take a comprehensive view of history because I had one foot in current history and the other in the past. It was an accident, really. I was educated in Greek and Roman history, and from that I came to be interested in the present-day Near East. I had gone there on a visit to look at things I had learned about in studying ancient Greek history. That was in 1911. If you are studying recent history, the great difficulty is to see it in perspective; you can get that perspective only from the study of less recent history. A sense of the past gives you a kind of time perspective for studying current history. Conversely, the only way you can get into the lives and feelings and thoughts of dead people is by an analogy with living people whom you know. The only time in which you can catch people alive is the present time, when you are alive yourself. The English historian Gibbon said that a captaincy in the Hampshire Militia was not without its lessons for the historian of the Roman Empire. Take another example—Plato's complaint about Homer, which is really a testimonial: Homer, Plato complains, had just a taste of a carpenter's job or an armorer's job or a peasant's job, but he wrote as if he had spent a lifetime being a carpenter, an armorer or a peasant, or whatever it might be. Just that little taste of practical life illuminates a tremendous amount of history.

PLAYBOY: Which do you think has had the greater impact on your thinking—classical education on your view of the modern world, or your firsthand knowledge about the modern world in studying the patterns of past civilizations?



"I hope you're musically inclined."

TOYNBEE: That is a very difficult question, because the interaction has been so great. Many people would say that I have falsified my view of the ancient world by importing modern analogies into it, and vice versa—that I have seen the modern world too much in Greek or Roman terms. The Russian historian Rostovtzeff was much criticized for his book on the social and economic history of the Roman Empire. He was accused of importing the Russian Revolution of 1917 into the history of Rome in the Third Century A.D. Maybe he did import it, but it is also possible that he wouldn't have been able to see into the inwardness of the Roman revolution except by analogy with the experiences that he himself had gone through.

PLAYBOY: You once described a moment early in your life when you were walking along a street in London and suddenly found yourself "in communion not just with this or that episode in history but with all that had been and was to come . . . aware of the passage of history flowing through me in a mighty current, and of my own life welling like a wave on the flow of this vast tide." Would you tell us more about this experience?

TOYNBEE: What I experienced at that moment was something that I don't think I have experienced before or since. At that moment it felt—how shall I put

it?—as if the walls of my ego were breaking down, as if I was *solidaire*, identical, at one, with the universe as a whole. I think this is a very difficult thing for anyone who has been brought up in our modern Western culture to understand, because our culture emphasizes the individual, the individual consciousness, individual freedom and liberty, individual responsibility, individual economic interest. In the West, one is conditioned to be separate from one's environment, to be up against it, in opposition to and in tension with it. But there are many cultures—the Hindu culture is one of these—in which this experience is such a common one that nobody would notice it.

PLAYBOY: Those who take hallucinogenic drugs have reported transcendental epiphanies of oneness and eternity. Was your own experience anything like that?

TOYNBEE: Yes, I think it was. This is part of the make-up of religious experience. I think that part of the essence of religious experience is to feel the unity of the universe. A further element of religious experience is that you feel the universe to be centered on some—what shall we call it? I mustn't use the word God, because it won't do for Hinduism or Buddhism, so I will say—centered on some spiritual presence or power. But you can't feel that unless you feel the

unity of the universe first, unless you sense the interrelation of human events in all times and places.

PLAYBOY: You had this experience shortly before you began to write your *Study of History*. Did it have anything to do with your decision to undertake this monumental work?

TOYNBEE: Yes. The thing was turning in my head at that time and I was casting about to find my way into the subject. In August 1914, I was teaching Greek and Roman history as a don at Oxford, and I was very much interested in Thucydides—in his account of the great war in which he fought and about which he wrote his famous history. As I read his work, it seemed to me that this was, as Thucydides believed, a turning point in Greek history, quite unlike anything that had happened before, and that it would be well worth my while to spend my life studying what happened then. But I still thought that it was an old story, something that could happen to the Greeks, perhaps, but not to our modern world. Suddenly, in 1914, my point of view was altered; a great war had now broken out in my world, too, and the things that Thucydides had described were happening to me and my contemporaries. Over 2000 years had passed since Thucydides had lived through those events, yet somehow he had had much the same experiences as those that Westerners were

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about to face in 1914. It was a strange feeling. Measured by the calendar, Thucydides' experience was all old stuff; but I began to see that a simple chronological standpoint was not the only way of looking at history—that, in a psychological sense, past and present events might be regarded as being contemporary with each other. That gave me the idea of setting Greek and Roman history side by side with Western history, and seeing them not just as ancient and modern history but as two instances of the same historical experience, instances that could be compared with each other. Then, of course, having found one such parallel, I wanted to go on to find as many other parallels of this kind as I could. The result has been my *Study of History*.

PLAYBOY: In the memoir you published at the age of 75, you described yourself as Janus, the mythological figure who faces both backward and forward. As you stand now, facing the past and the future, as you have done all your life, do you feel detached from the current of history or do you feel some sense of involvement in the present?

TOYNBEE: I have always felt a sense of involvement. My wife and I worked together for 34 years on writing an annual survey of international affairs, and the assignment was to write a cold-blooded, objective, impersonal narrative of what was happening. But I found that, for myself—and I think for anybody, really—this is quite impossible. All I can do is to put my cards on the table and say: "I am a certain kind of person with a certain background, certain feelings—right or wrong—certain prejudices. So you must bear this in mind and discount it in reading what I write about controversial questions. I can't pretend that I am wholly detached." I couldn't be detached about, say, the Italian attack on Abyssinia or about the things that Hitler did. My commitment is pretty concrete; I have grandchildren and I want my grandchildren to have grandchildren who will have grandchildren. I want that very much. I want the human race to survive, and I very much admire what I have been told that Bertrand Russell said on his 90th birthday—that one ought to care very much about what is going to happen after one is dead.

PLAYBOY: If your unflagging work schedule is any evidence, that's not an imminent prospect.

TOYNBEE: Well, I've been blessed with both a long life and a robust constitution. But those are gifts of the gods, and the gods are unfair and capricious in the way they distribute these gifts—and withdraw them. I am very conscious of this, because about half of my generation were killed in the First World War. I escaped being killed because I got dys-

entry from walking about in Greece in 1911 and 1912, so I wasn't in the army in 1914 to 1918. The older I grow, and the more time I have to produce, the more I am conscious of the unproduced works of those dead contemporaries of mine, and the more painfully I feel the irrationality and senselessness of this aspect of human life—especially when people are arbitrarily killed in wars. Disease used to kill ever so many; but in that respect the expectation of life is much better than it used to be. The expectation of dying from war, however, may well be greater now than ever before. Anyway, I am conscious of this unearned gift—the length of time that I have been given to follow my calling as a historian. Time is enormously important for anyone studying human affairs. It's also a help if one's mind stays sharp. Some people begin to lose their wits, to lose the cutting edge of their mind, in their 60s; other people, like Bertrand Russell, seem to be as lively at 90 as when they were undergraduates. This is very unfair, but there it is.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as lively at 77 as you were in your youth?

TOYNBEE: As you get older, you find that you have to limit your marginal activities. Though you can still do the same things, it takes more out of you, and you take longer to recuperate. So it is wise to concentrate on what you want to do most.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to do most?

TOYNBEE: Well, I very much enjoy reading; but I regard reading as an indulgence, and my work is writing; so my reading must take care of itself and find its own time. If I know I am going to try to write about something, I think a year or two ahead, and I ask myself what I shall need to have read in order to be prepared by that time to write on the subject. Then, at such times as I find for reading, I will concentrate on that future point. But I give every morning, and usually after teatime, too, to writing. I don't wait for the mood; I write every morning, doggedly, whether I feel in the mood or not. What you write in your off mood will not be as good as what you write when you are in the right mood—but you can improve it afterward; you can bring it more or less up to standard. If you wait for the mood, you may wait forever—and then you won't accomplish much.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel you have accomplished?

TOYNBEE: Well, I have tried to present mankind's history as the unity that I believe it really is. This is the traditional Jewish, Christian and Moslem view of history. The current tendency in history, in the West generally and particularly in Britain, is to make mincemeat of history.

This, in my opinion, makes nonsense of it.

PLAYBOY: In looking back over your career, do you feel you've completed the task you embarked upon so many years ago?

TOYNBEE: It's funny that you should ask that question, for I have always had a sort of agenda for my life. My first agenda, when I was a young don at Oxford, was to write a small history of Greece and then a rather large book on the social and economic consequences of the Hannibalic wars. I produced the first one some years ago, and then the other day I finished that agenda by publishing in two volumes the book on the second of the two subjects that I had set for myself so long ago. Meanwhile, I have written unforeseen things like the *Survey of International Affairs* and my *Study of History*. It is a rather queer feeling to find, after 50 years or more, that I have completed my agenda. It is the same sort of disconcerting sensation as when you

find that your children have finished their education and grown up. When you have children growing up, it feels as if their childhood were stretching away into eternity; the various stages of their education seem interminable. Then, one day, with a bang, it is all finished. Now, with a bang, my agenda of intellectual work has been finished. I have discovered, though, that when one agenda is finished, another starts.

PLAYBOY: Can you say what your next agenda will be?

TOYNBEE: I have two permanent concerns. The first is to work for the unification of the world on all levels of life and activity. The second is to work for the recovery of the traditional unitary view of history. I have no doubt that these two concerns, which are obviously facets of the same single concern, can be counted on to produce new agendas for me as long as I live and also keep my wits.



"All right, Mr. Brown, but how do I know this is Mrs. Brown?"

To quote from my review of his show: "Capuletti's central concern is the sensuous beauty of every aspect of existence, from a woman's body to the texture of an old wall. . . . His work is that of a man who is in love with life, with this earth and 'everything that's in it.' . . . Capuletti's nudes are so innocent a glorification of the body that they make sensuality spiritual. . . . The pliant firmness of the flesh, the inner glow of the skin, the sculptured structure of the body, the posture that seems both relaxed and tensely expectant, the stillness of latent motion combine to convey an innocent sexuality that appears natural by being self-assertive, and almost too natural by being unself-conscious." (*The Objectivist*, December 1966.)

This is an artist whom the readers of *PLAYBOY* should discover. If the vindication of sensuality is one of their cardinal values, they should observe its treatment at the hands of a master.

Ayn Rand
New York, New York

PRAISE FROM MEXICO

I am a faithful fan of *PLAYBOY*, so I read with great interest what Luis Spota—one of Mexico's foremost political columnists and a world-renowned writer—published on your behalf in the newspaper *El Heraldo de México*. I enclose the clipping:

Two functionaries of our Attorney General's office . . . have decided that *PLAYBOY* magazine is immoral and condemned it to the bonfire, metaphorically speaking. They were shocked—and thereby established themselves as jealous guardians of the morality of the Mexican people—because *PLAYBOY* prints beautiful nude females. Nevertheless, I believe that the true reason for their condemnation was something else: For many years *PLAYBOY* has waged a tenacious, brilliant and effective battle against hypocrites, Pharisees and "moralists" like these two Mexican bureaucrats who have banned the magazine. When, in order to justify themselves,

they proclaim that *PLAYBOY* attacks morality, one should ask himself, "Whose morality?" Can the puritan censors of the Attorney General's office define morality—can they tell us exactly what the term "morality" means? *PLAYBOY* is not a "girlie" magazine, although it is adorned with girls. It is the magazine which exerts the greatest influence on the North American public . . .

Great writers of all schools and all creeds appear in *PLAYBOY*; the most important social, political, aesthetic, religious and moral problems are discussed in its pages each month. More than politicians, more than reformers, more than clergymen, *PLAYBOY* has unquestionably contributed to greater awareness in the nation where it is published and circulated freely . . .

Today they condemn a magazine. Tomorrow they will condemn books. After tomorrow they will condemn those who write and read them.

Edgar M. Choperena
Mexico D.F., Mexico

THE PERILS OF POT

I am writing to you from a Central American jail, where I am confined for possession of marijuana. But I am not about to complain about conditions here. I am an American citizen, and I would like to call your readers' attention to the situation in our own country. Back in the good old U.S., I also served a short marijuana term—for growing my own pot in my yard. After I got out, the narcotics fuzz hounded me day and night. On one occasion, they busted into the house while I was away at work—without a warrant—and terrorized my wife by saying that our children would be taken away if she didn't cooperate by showing them where "the stuff" was hidden. (We were "clean" at the time, so they never found anything.) The harassment was as continuous, as devious and as terrifying as anything Orwell dreamed up in his novel *1984*. Here's the worst example of the lot:

An attractive woman came into the night club where I worked and struck up a conversation. At quitting time she offered me a ride home, which I accepted. Once in her car, she offered me sex in exchange for a "joint" (marijuana cigarette) and asked, "Why don't we light up right now?" I was suspicious and started to "cool" her—and just then I heard a familiar voice over the concealed police radio in her car—which she had forgotten to turn off. It was the local narcotics officer telling two other cars to be on the lookout for us, that we had just left the night club and were traveling north on Main Street. I jumped out of the car, ran for the nearest phone, called my probation officer and told him what the fuzz



was trying to do. He was sympathetic with me and furious with them. The woman turned out to be a secondary narcotics agent (a former user turned informer—usually on threat of prison or the loss of children—for ten dollars a day plus expenses).

Jeffery C. Haste
Puerto Limón, Costa Rica

THE CANNABIS CADILLAC CAPER

Did you know that the Government could seize your car if you made the mistake of lending it to the wrong person? Read the following news story from the *Honolulu Advertiser*:

A Pearl City woman yesterday in Federal Court was ordered to forfeit a \$7500 Cadillac convertible because \$2 worth of marijuana was found in the car while it was being driven by someone else.

In making the ruling, visiting Federal Judge William C. Mathes commented that "the law is tough, but Congress intended it to be tough when it was drafted . . ."

Under Federal law, if an automobile is used in the transportation of narcotics, the car is automatically forfeited to the Government and sold at public auction . . .

I'm beginning to wonder: Has the Government not ceased to regard itself as the servant of the people? Does it not now have all the pugnacity and arrogance of a group considering itself the master of the people?

Frank Johnson
Honolulu, Hawaii

PSYCHEDELIC PITFALLS

The questions raised by your interview with Timothy Leary would take a book to answer. Many of these have been raised in other letters, so I would like to make just two points.

First, it is very misleading to think of psychedelic drugs as aphrodisiacs. In reading Leary's comments word for word, I find I can seldom disagree with any *specific* thing he says. Yet the overall impression he creates is that psychedelics are primarily aphrodisiacs. They *may* enhance sexual experience in a stable and experienced user, but the person who tries them solely to enhance his sex life may be setting himself up for a horrible experience. Taking a psychedelic starts one on a radical shift of perception, values and behavior in *all* areas of life. Emphasizing the sexual area is very misleading, especially in a publication whose readers are primarily interested in sex. I am not putting down sex, but indicating how this specialized interest of your readers may distort the picture they get of psychedelics in Leary's interview.

Second, I would like to point out a



"Peace Corps. Job Corps. Youth Mobilization—whatever happened to looking for a job?"

possible danger of the use of psychedelics that is not well recognized. We have many indications that occasional use of psychedelics by mature, well-prepared individuals is beneficial: beneficial in that others can observe increased maturity and richness of personality in the user. These people also work very hard on bringing their experience back home, i.e., integrating the experience into their everyday lives. However, we now have large numbers of people who take massive doses of psychedelics several times per month, year after year. My observations of several people in this category and the informal observations of colleagues suggest that many of these users have gone past the point of positive benefit. They are now "worse" persons than they were before they started using psychedelics, because they are *caught* in an alluring world of fantasy. They are no longer people who could be described as more mature, loving or insightful. They are now vague in thought and conversation, and their life style can only be described as aimless drifting. They *say* that they have seen through all the games we play in society and have "transcended" them; but have they really transcended them, or are they simply too caught in fantasy to be *able* to play them? We have an old saying, "If you're so smart,

why aren't you rich?" Here it can be asked, "If you have so much insight into the world, why can't you play the game well for a short while each week to pay the rent?"

This danger cannot be substantiated by objective data at present, nor is it an inevitable result of frequent use of psychedelics, but I believe it is real. Without attempting to "one-up" anyone, I suggest that the reader who is considering frequent use of psychedelics ask himself whether he is mature enough to bring it all back home.

Charles T. Tart, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor
University of California
Davis, California

SEX AS COMMUNICATION

I thought you might be interested in this clipping from the *Newport News Daily Press* as an example of the sexual revolution:

A brunette University of Minnesota coed was stirring up a campus furor Thursday over her stand in favor of free love before marriage.

Jan Lienke said she was receiving a lot of favorable "open-minded" support as a result of her letter that appeared in the student newspaper, *The Minnesota Daily*.

Miss Lienke, a 19-year-old senior in the School of Nursing . . . wrote in part:

"Sexual intercourse is a form of communication between two people, which, because of available contraceptive pills, should be no more regulated than any other form of communication, such as conversing, dancing and holding hands.

"As long as the feelings of other people are taken into consideration as much as possible, then sexual intercourse should be spontaneous, guilt-free and a warm human experience.

". . . The philosophy of freedom to communicate sexually does not mean that all girls automatically become promiscuous and nonselective.

"Ask any girl if she would care to make love to a guy who didn't appeal to her. She wouldn't have anything to 'say' to him—let's face it."

Miss Lienke said many persons have told her they thought the letter was well written, with "a lot of good points". . .

"I was surprised how many people are open-minded," she said.

S. P. Hoyle, Jr.
Charlottesville, Virginia

ENLIGHTENED PARENTS

Not everyone suffers from "Puritanical Parents," as described by an anonymous reader in the November *Forum*.

Like the young lady whose letter you published, I had sexual relations with my husband before our marriage, which resulted in my pregnancy. But when I told my parents about it, although they obviously felt bad, the first question my father asked was whether I *really* wanted to get married. After I assured him that I did, he smiled and said he would enjoy becoming a grandfather.

The next day, he told my husband not to feel compelled to marry me: I could have the child and raise it, or give it up for adoption, and my parents would help me either way, without pushing him into a situation that could ultimately make us both unhappy.

We were married six weeks later, with the blessing of all four parents involved. There was quite a bit of chatter in our Peyton Place-sized town for a while, but it only entertained us, because our families were behind us. Of course, if they hadn't been, it could have been disastrous for our marriage.

If other parents could learn to accept an unwed pregnant daughter, as mine did, there would be fewer divorces and many happier marriages.

Mrs. Judi Houghton
Windsor, Quebec

BISHOP'S DEFENSE OF ABORTION

The Playboy Philosophy is being echoed just about every place these days. Behold the following story from the *London Observer*:

Abortion should be regarded like suicide, as something each individual must decide for himself, the Bishop of Woolwich, Dr. John Robinson, said yesterday. It should not be treated as a crime.

The Bishop was speaking at the annual meeting of the Abortion Law Reform Association in London.

The present law was "manifestly unenforceable, and there was a great deal of evidence of police toleration," he said.

Ideally, what the law should do was to "enhance and protect the freedom to decide, which must lie ultimately, if it is to be a moral decision, with the mother herself . . ."

Adrian Widener
London, England

ABORTION COMMITTEE

As Patricia Maginnis pointed out in her letter on abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, January), we, the public, have in our hands the power to eliminate the butchery and heartbreak that are endemic to the present system.

The Los Angeles Chapter of the California Committee to Legalize Abortion (which, incidentally, was formed in response to an appeal published in your *Forum*) is composed solely of concerned citizens, who voluntarily give their time and effort to bring the injustice of illegal abortion to the attention of the public. If any of your readers who live in California are interested in this problem, we urge them to contact us for the address of our nearest chapter. We urge those who live outside California to consider forming similar groups to work within their own states.

Abortion laws will not be changed until citizens use their privileges and resources to secure that change.

Pamela Wright, Chairman
California Committee to
Legalize Abortion
Pasadena, California

SLAVES TO PREGNANCY

A woman becomes a slave of the state as soon as she is pregnant. Lawmakers tell her what she can and cannot do with her own body. The fact that there are over 1,000,000 illegal abortions in this country every year shows that women do not, and will not, submit to this slavery. But between 5000 and 10,000 of these women, it has been estimated, die each year, as a result of resorting to untrained quacks or attempting self-abortion. Thus, the lawmaker triumphs: Those who will not accept his slavery must die or at least must risk death.

In August 1966, the Wisconsin Committee to Legalize Abortion was formed in order to repeal the abortion laws in this state. We are part of a general movement started in New York, pushing hard in California and beginning in several other states. We invite questions, comments and inquiries from anyone interested in the subject of abortion.

Remember: 38 percent of the people in the world have already freed their women from slavery by making abortion legal. How long must the United States remain in the rear guard, trailing behind the progressive movement of the rest of the world?

Edith Rein, Chairman
Wisconsin Committee to
Legalize Abortion
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

RHYTHM AND BLUES

In the December *Forum*, Dr. John R. Cavanagh is quoted as wondering whether "God intended Catholics to suffer so" as a result of using the rhythm method of birth control. I'm a normal housewife with normal sexual desires, but I'm also a mother who has had two children in three years of marriage. My husband and I are in complete agreement on the use of the rhythm method. Any husband who believes it's not fair to him when his wife has to say "no" is selfish and immature. My husband realizes why I refuse him and understands I am motivated by our mutual wish to space our children, for their well-being as much as for ours. It's not always easy to say no when every fiber of your body is saying yes, but a little self-control never hurt anyone. You don't get anything for nothing in this world, so why should you expect to get something for nothing in the next?

(Name withheld by request)
Larson AFB, Washington

If you and your husband are willing to endure extended periods of sexual abstinence while practicing this risky birth-control technique, we offer you our blessings, for what they are worth, and we wish you luck, which you will certainly need. However, we think you have failed to understand that what you are fortunate enough to regard as a matter requiring only a "little self-control" is a source of genuine suffering for many Catholics.

A writer in the December *Playboy Forum* quoted a certain Dr. John Cavanagh, who he alleged was a Catholic psychiatrist, to the effect that the rhythm method of birth control causes "serious psychological harm" to Catholic women. I doubt very much that any Catholic psychiatrist would issue such an absurd statement; and I doubt even more that he would say, as Dr. Cavanagh is supposed to have said, "I wonder if God intended Catholics to suffer so."

If Dr. Cavanagh is really a Catholic,



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and not one of the Communist "wolves in sheep's clothing" against whom Christ warned us, he would know that happiness on this earth is not the aim of the Roman Catholic religion. This earth is merely a place of trial, where we are judged by our ability to deny ourselves and resist temptation. Those who live virtuously are rewarded by happiness in heaven, which is the real aim of the Catholic religion.

Furthermore, self-control does not harm the psychological health, as Dr. Cavanagh says. This is the standard Communist line—"Don't deny yourself anything; it will make you neurotic"—intended to soften up America and make us easy prey for conquest. My five sisters are all good Catholic wives, and not neurotic. I have been a bachelor for 39 years, living in purity, and I am not neurotic. I doubt that Hefner, who probably takes his orders from Moscow, will dare to print this letter.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

Dr. Cavanagh is, indeed, a Roman Catholic psychiatrist, who teaches in the School of Sacred Theology at Catholic University of America. He did not offer his comment on the psychological damage caused by the rhythm method as a personal opinion; it was his summary, as a scientist, of a survey of 2225 couples who employed the rhythm method regularly. It was the testimony of these couples that led him to conclude that the rhythm method "creates severe frustration to many couples and the disagreements over its use and the quarrels over its failures cause marital discord." The disharmony arises partly because the sexual desire that is suppressed as a result of practicing this method will frequently be redirected into hostility and anger. Perhaps an even greater cause of marital discord, as Dr. Cavanagh intimates, is the persistent failure of the rhythm method to effectively do its job—that is, to space children.

A survey by the Planned Parenthood Federation indicates that the effectiveness of the rhythm method ranks sixth in a field of eight birth-control techniques. Its percentage of effectiveness is 65 to 80 percent, as opposed to the pill (99.7 percent), the coil (95-98 percent), the diaphragm, cervical cap and condom (88-92 percent). Alan Guttmacher, in his book "Planning Your Family," cautions further that "Approximately 15 percent of women menstruate with such irregularity that they cannot use the rhythm method at all."

Your interpretation of the "real aim" of the Catholic religion is, happily, not shared by the Church's leaders (see, for example, Pope John XXIII's humanistic encyclical "Pacem in Terris"), and certainly not by a large proportion of the churchgoing laity. That many devout

Catholic couples not only do seek happiness "on this earth" but find the rhythm method incompatible with that goal is evidenced by a recent sociological survey reported in The New York Times. Conducted by Professors Charles W. Westoff of Princeton University and Norman Ryder of the University of Wisconsin, the survey established the following facts and conclusions:

A nationwide study based on interviews with 5600 married women of all faiths indicated that a majority of Roman Catholic wives between the ages of 19 and 39 no longer conform to Church doctrine on birth control . . .

The two sociologists reported that the proportion of Catholic wives complying with the Church's ban on contraceptives had declined from 70 percent in 1955 to 62 percent in 1960 and 47 percent last year . . .

Dr. Westoff, Chairman of Princeton's department of sociology [said] that the proportion of married couples using contraceptives was up substantially since 1960 among Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

He said that the advent of the birth-control pill in 1960 had contributed significantly to this rise, with proportionately greater use by non-Catholics than Catholics. He said the study showed that the pill had replaced the rhythm method for avoiding conception for many Catholics . . .

Dr. Westoff said that defiance of Church doctrine by Catholic wives included a large proportion of women who report regular church attendance.

We are glad to hear that your 39 years of celibacy haven't hurt you psychologically. Though there are those who might find something a trifle paranoid about your suspicion that Dr. Cavanagh, Hugh Hefner and others who do not share your personal sexual views are all Communists, we certainly wouldn't suggest that this is related to your avoidance of sex. If anyone else should suggest such a thing, well, they're probably Communists, too.

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



LOATHE THY NEIGHBOR

(continued from page 113)

the anguish of the downtrodden." "I'm for destroying my enemies!" said HATE. "I'm for winning them over," said LOVE. "You can't change human nature," said HATE. "Man was put on earth to perfect his species," said LOVE. "Man was made to conquer," said HATE. "Man *can* improve! Man *can* better himself!" insisted LOVE. "I hate to hear that humanistic hog-wash!" cried HATE. "I don't know why I haven't done away with you before now, but that's an easily corrected oversight!" But before HATE could deliver the fierce blow intended, LOVE took him in his arms: "I know this isn't the real you!" And he hugged HATE to him tightly, trying to squeeze him into gentleness. And the more HATE struggled, that much more did LOVE tighten his embrace, smiling euphorically and saying, "You know you're just trying to make an impression." After a while, HATE fell silent in LOVE's arms. "Now, tell me you don't feel better!" LOVE laughed—and released HATE, who crumpled to the ground, dead.

"He is not dead," smiled LOVE. "He is only asleep. In any event, I will always keep his name alive in my heart." And from that day to this, LOVE, in memory of departed HATE, has pillaged, ravaged, destroyed and conquered; and having conquered, has tried, in the name of LOVE, to better man's lot and to encourage him to perfect himself.

Is it not extraordinary how this myth, more than two centuries old, has still so much to say to us today? HATE, as in the myth, has been smothered as a public emotion. Though we may use HATE every day in our lives, we never give it the credit that's due; so that in those situations where HATE has triumphed, we always confuse it for something else. We think, instead, that courage has triumphed, or that justice has triumphed, or that moderation has triumphed—when all along, without a single soul knowing, it's been HATE. When HATE is allowed to drop its cover, we will, at last, be able to evaluate it for what it is, unlike today, when we can only evaluate it for what it says it is.

Husbands who say to wives, "What are these bills for: \$24.95, \$12.95, \$10.95, \$6.95 and \$2.95?" will simply be able to say, "I hate you!"

Wives who say to husbands, "Are you ever going to get the nerve to ask them for a raise, or do you want me to do it for you?" will finally be able to say, "I hate you!"

Children who say to parents, "Next door they have a swimming pool, a color TV and a new car, and we don't," will, wondrously, be able to say, "I hate you!"

Parents who say to children, "Do you know what the cost of food is today? If you don't eat it for lunch, you'll have it



for dinner!" will, ecstatically, be able to say, "I hate you!"

A gradual opening toward HATE in our society is certain to signal the decline of alienation. Alienation is the weapon we use to defend ourselves against the suffocation of LOVE and the re-emergence of HATE. Being afraid of one and ashamed of the other, we withdraw into a feelingless shell. A revitalized middle-class acceptance of HATE will shatter the shell forever. How good it will be to *feel* again!

When blacks can stop the pretense of LOVE and nonviolence and say, "I hate you and if you strike me you're dead and all I want is everything you've got!"

When whites can stop the pretense about property values, neighborhood schools and upholding the morale of the police and say, "I hate you and you are not going to move another inch forward and I dare you to knock this cattle prod off my shoulder"—then and only then will the balance of LOVE and HATE be back in proper relationship—and we can take steps to create a dialog.

But what if the unfortunate occurs—and history teaches us that the unfortunate invariably occurs—and sex war, generational war and racial war develops? What are we to say of HATE then? Well, we can say: "None of us wanted this, but we've got to stop them somewhere." In any event, nothing brings enemies closer together than the exhaustion of their mutual hate. One of the unexplained attributes of violence is that it transmits feelings of closeness (one reason, perhaps, for its growing popularity). We feel closer to no people than those we've crushed in war: We feed them, clothe them, educate them and marry them. HATE, remarkably enough, may be the only realistic path to a truly integrated America.

Only when HATE regains its legitimacy in the emotional spectrum will the aggressive nature of LOVE be properly contained. With HATE restored to its rightful place, and LOVE restricted to *its* rightful place, who knows but that we will, once again, have a way of telling them apart.



CASSEROLES

(continued from page 98)

than written instructions." We now offer both. Each of the following recipes serves six.

RICE CASSEROLE MARINARA

- 2 10½-oz. cans minced clams
- 2 cups converted rice
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- ¼ teaspoon oregano
- Salt, pepper, cayenne
- ½ cup roasted red peppers, small dice
- 1½ lbs. cooked, peeled, deveined shrimps
- 2 13-oz. cans vichyssoise
- 8-oz. can water chestnuts, drained, finely minced
- Juice of ½ lemon

This is a top-flame casserole, not to be baked in the oven. Drain clams, reserving liquid. Add to clam liquid enough water to make 1 quart. Bring to a boil. Add rice, olive oil, oregano and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir well. Reduce flame as low as possible and cook rice, covered, without further stirring until tender—about 18 to 20 minutes. In mixing bowl, combine rice, clams, red peppers, shrimps, vichyssoise, water chestnuts and lemon juice. Stir well. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash or two of cayenne. Turn

into casserole. Heat over low flame to serving temperature. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching. Casserole may be heated without any stirring by placing it in baking pan with 1 in. hot water. Place the baking pan over top flame, thus creating a home-style steam table.

MACARONI-CHEESE FONDUE WITH HAM

- 8 ozs. macaroni, elbow or *ditali*
- 4 slices bacon, very small dice
- 2 14-oz. pkgs. Swiss-cheese fondue
- ½ lb. sliced boiled ham, ½-in. squares
- ½ cup heavy cream
- 1 medium-size onion
- Salt, pepper, nutmeg
- Grated parmesan cheese

Pan fry bacon until crisp. Drain and set aside. Boil macaroni in salted water until tender. Heat cheese fondue, following directions on package. Drain macaroni well. In mixing bowl, combine macaroni, bacon, ham, fondue and cream. Grate onion into bowl. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a few light sprays of nutmeg. Turn into casserole and sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Bake in oven preheated at 370° 20 minutes or until cheese is brown.

CHICKEN TERRAPIN

- 3 whole breasts of chicken (6 halves)
 - 1 large onion
 - 1 piece celery
 - 4 sprigs parsley
 - Salt, pepper
 - Instant chicken bouillon
 - 2 doz. large-size oysters
 - 2 4-oz. cans button mushrooms
 - 1 cup light cream
 - ⅓ cup instant blending flour
 - ⅓ cup butter
 - 3 hard-boiled eggs, ½-in. cubes
 - 3 tablespoons oloroso sherry
 - 2 tablespoons finely minced fresh dill
- Boil chicken, onion, celery and parsley in lightly salted water until chicken is tender—30 to 40 minutes. Remove onion, celery and parsley from broth. Season broth to taste with salt and pepper, using instant bouillon if necessary. Cool broth and chicken. Remove bone and skin from chicken and cut chicken into large dice. Drain oysters, discarding liquid. Remove eyes (small round, hard part) from oysters. Place eyes in blender. Cut oysters in half. Drain mushrooms, reserving liquid. To mushroom liquid, add enough chicken broth to make 2 cups. Add to blender along with cream and flour. Spin blender about 15 seconds. Pour into flameproof casserole and heat, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Add butter, chicken, oysters and mushrooms. Simmer, stirring frequently, 5 to 10 minutes. Add eggs, sherry and dill. Season to taste.

FLAGEOLET, PORK AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. dried flageolets or other dried beans
- 1 Spanish onion, minced fine
- 1 small bay leaf
- ¼ teaspoon dried basil
- ¼ teaspoon ground fennel seed
- 4 packets instant chicken bouillon
- 1 smoked pork butt, 1½ lbs.
- 1 lb. *kielbasa* (Polish smoked garlic sausage)
- ½ cup butter at room temperature
- ¼ cup flour
- Salt, pepper
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
- 2 teaspoons finely minced parsley

Wash and drain flageolets. Cover with cold water in Dutch oven or flameproof casserole. Soak overnight. Beans will absorb considerable water. Add water to cover beans 1 in. beyond top. Add onion, bay leaf, basil, fennel, chicken bouillon and pork butt. Bring to boil; skim; reduce flame and simmer 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Add *kielbasa*. Continue to cook until beans, pork butt and *kielbasa* are tender—about 30 to 40 minutes. Remove and discard bay leaf. Remove pork butt and *kielbasa*. Cut *kielbasa* into ¼-in. slices, pork butt into ½-in. slices. Return meat to casserole.



If necessary, add water to just cover beans. Bring to a boil. Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and flour to smooth paste. Add to casserole and stir well. Simmer 5 minutes over low flame. Stir frequently to avoid scorching. Remove from fire and season with salt and pepper. Cool, if casserole is to be served at a later time. Before serving, combine remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, bread crumbs, parmesan cheese and parsley, blending well. Spread on top of beans. Bake in oven preheated at 370° until crumbs are brown—about 20 minutes.

LAMB GOULASH WITH NOODLES

3 lbs. boned shoulder of lamb, cut for stew
 3 tablespoons salad oil
 1 large onion, minced
 1 medium-size green pepper, minced
 2 medium-size cloves garlic, minced extremely fine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
 1 tablespoon paprika
 5 cups water
 4 packets instant bouillon powder
 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
 Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
 4 ozs. wide egg noodles
 14-oz. tin imported tiny carrots
 10-oz. pkg. frozen small peas
 In large flameproof casserole, sauté lamb in oil until it loses red color. Add onion, green pepper and garlic and

mix well. Cover with tight lid and simmer 5 minutes. Stir in flour and paprika and mix well. Add water, bouillon powder, tomato sauce and vinegar, mixing well. Continue cooking over lowest possible flame until lamb is tender—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours longer. Season to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Break noodles by hand into pieces about 1 in. long. In another pot, cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain noodles well and mix with lamb. Drain carrots, add to casserole and heat to serving temperature. In another pot, cook peas just before serving, following directions on package. Sprinkle over goulash. (Goulash may be cooked in regular stewpot and transferred to casserole for serving, if desired.)

CRAB MEAT POLENTA

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups yellow corn meal
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
 2 medium-size onions
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fresh mushrooms
 2 pieces celery
 1 medium-size green pepper
 2 tablespoons olive oil
 2 tablespoons butter
 1-lb. can tomatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. fresh crab lump or equivalent in cans
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bread crumbs

Salt, pepper, celery salt

3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese

Mix corn meal with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and salt. In heavy saucepan, bring $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups water to rapid boil. Add corn-meal mixture and cook, stirring frequently, over very low flame, 15 minutes. Turn into greased 3-quart casserole. Chill 6 to 8 hours or overnight. Cut onions, mushrooms, celery and green pepper into thinnest possible strips, about 1 in. long. Sauté in olive oil and butter, without browning, until vegetables are tender. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Cut tomatoes julienne and add, with tomato juice, oregano and crab lump, to vegetables. Simmer 5 minutes. Add bread crumbs, using more if necessary to absorb excess tomato liquid. Crab-meal mixture should be of thick sauce consistency. Season with salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Turn out corn-meal mixture or polenta from casserole. Cut in half horizontally. Place one layer of polenta, spread with $\frac{1}{2}$ crab-meal mixture, in casserole. Add second layer of polenta. Top with remaining crab-meal mixture. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350° , 25 to 30 minutes or until heated through.

Whether served up piping hot or stashed away for future reference, the six preceding casserole dishes await the pleasure of your company.



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CENTENNIAL FASHIONS



DYSON ON THE BOX

(continued from page 132)

craggy face and strong jaw down from its natural elevation to the level of ordinary human beings, it was not to advance any opinions or tell any anecdotes of his own. It was purely to bring his ear reverentially into line with the mouth of whoever was speaking. "Exactly," he murmured. "Exactly." And Dyson knew from the depth of humility and reverence in his inflection that he was getting a larger fee than even Lord Boddy. Dyson felt awed by him. He felt awed by Lord Boddy, for that matter, and by the company in general. He felt awed by himself. They were all gods, gathered in godly discourse.

They moved into the next room and sat down to dinner. White-jacketed waiters tiptoed reverently around them, pouring hock with the frozen *scampi*, a claret with a fruity, full-bodied label to go with the reheated roast lamb. "Thank you," murmured Dyson with heartfelt respect to a waiter at his elbow. "Thank you, sir," said the waiter.

"Thank you," said Dyson.

"Or take Baldwin." Norman Ward Westerman was saying to Lord Boddy. "I find him . . . an enigmatic figure. Would you think that was a fair assessment, Frank?"

"Oh, indeed. Indeed, indeed, indeed. I think that's a very fair assessment of him. It's rather interesting you should mention Baldwin, as a matter of fact, because I never met him."

"Didn't you? That's extraordinarily interesting."

"No, I never met Baldwin."

"You interest me, Frank, because I didn't know that at all."

Dyson felt he had grasped enough of the general principles of the conversation between Boddy and Westerman to risk joining in himself.

"I find *Halifax* a curiously intriguing figure," he said when there was a pause. "I don't know whether you'd agree?"

Westerman swung round in his chair to give Dyson his full attention.

"I think that is an awfully good

point," he said. "Halifax is a figure who intrigues me, too. Do you find Halifax at all intriguing, Frank? Or do you feel that there's nothing really interesting about him?"

"No, I think, as Mr. Dyson says, Halifax is an extraordinarily intriguing figure. Most *extraordinarily* intriguing. But do you know, Norman, in all the years that Halifax held office, I never met him once."

"Really?" said Westerman. "That is absolutely fascinating."

"Not once."

"That is most incredibly interesting," said Dyson.

The meal went by like a dream. Dyson felt as though that small room, surrounded by the dark emptiness of the studios, was the one speck of warmth and life in an unpeopled universe. Of course, there were other subsidiary settlements, if one stopped to think. Somewhere in the building was a room where a hired chef was unfreezing the *scampi*, reheating the meat and opening the giant-economy can of fruit salad. Somewhere there was a studio with five black-leather armchairs waiting. But the real richness of life was concentrated here—brilliant conversation, warm mutual esteem, a man who had not known Baldwin or Halifax, and good claret warmed by discreet waiters on some radiator well out of sight. This, realized Dyson with a sense of homecoming, was where he belonged; this was the way of life for which his character and education had fitted him.

"Norman," said De Sousa as the coffee and brandy were being poured. "I wonder if we ought perhaps to have just a tiny natter about the program."

"I think that would be an awfully good idea, Jack," said Westerman. He took some cyclostyled papers out of his pocket and looked at them. "Well, as I understand it, Jack—tell me if I'm wrong—we open with the credits. Right?"

"Right," said De Sousa, lighting a small cigar.

"Then we come up on me in the studio. I say, 'Good evening. The film you're about to see is the record of a remarkable experiment in blah blah blah . . .'"

"All on Autocue."

"All on Autocue. Then we have the film. Then we come back to me in the studio and I say, 'The film you have just seen was an attempt to blah blah blah. Now we have here in the studio tonight four people who are vitally and personally concerned with the problems of living in a multiracial community. On my right is Lord Boddy, who was a member of the Royal Commission on blah blah blah . . .'"

"And you go right round the table."

"And I go right round the table. Then I'll turn to you, Frank, and say, 'Lord



"Why did you ask me to bring a friend?
Couldn't you both paint one model?"



Playboy Club News



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SPECIAL EDITION

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APRIL 1967

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Boddy, what do you think of the experiment we have just seen? Do you think it holds out a ray of hope among the problems that perplex us all so sorely today?"

"I say blah blah blah," said Lord Boddy.

"You say blah blah blah. Then we all join in blah blah blah. Then when I get the sign from the studio manager, I wind up and say, 'Well, then, the conclusions we seem to have reached tonight are blah blah blah.'"

"All on Autocue," said De Sousa. "All on Autocue. I think that's all fairly well tied up, isn't it, Jack?"

"I think so. Is everybody happy?" "Indeed, indeed, indeed," said Dyson. "I don't think I've ever enjoyed myself so much in my life."

They trooped down to the studio for the line-up, taking their glasses of brandy with them. A little of the festive warmth seemed to die out of the air as they took their places around the low coffee table in the corner of the great hangar. Williamson kept clearing his throat. Miss Drax smiled unhappily about her. Even Boddy, who had been telling Westerman as they came down the stairs how he had been at Bad Godesberg in 1938 just two days after Hitler and Chamberlain had left, trailed away into silence. Only Dyson lost none of his elation. When the studio manager asked him to say something to check the microphone levels, he recited the first few lines of *The Wreck of the Deutschland* with appropriate gestures. It seemed to amuse the studio crew. Really, he thought, this was his evening.

By the time they had been to make-up and tramped back up the stairs to have another drink, a definite uneasiness was beginning to settle over the whole company. The men with the brigade ties and their friends were running out of potential mutual acquaintances to describe. Miss Drax seemed to have caught the frog Williamson had had in his throat. Williamson, coming back from his second trip to the lavatory, passed Boddy on the way out for his third. Westerman, shuffling the cyclo-styled papers about in his hands, dropped his glass and filled his shoes with brandy. Dyson watched them all with amazement. He himself was greatly excited, but not nervous in the least.

"The public just don't realize," said Williamson to him gloomily, "the terrific amount of work that goes into making one short half hour of television."

"Work?" said Dyson. "It's pure pleasure. I've never enjoyed anything so much in all my life. I'm absolutely bubbling over. I simply can't wait to get on."

"Good God," said Williamson.

One of the financial figures, still smiling deferentially, poured them both more brandy.

"I wonder if you could try and keep

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the bottle away from Lord Boddy," he said quietly. "I think perhaps he's had almost enough."

How interesting it was, thought Dyson, how extraordinarily intriguing, to find that out of the whole team the only one who was actually turning up trumps was himself.

"I think perhaps we might go down now," said De Sousa.

"I shan't be able to watch," said Jannie, as the film sequence in the first half of John's program unreeled meaninglessly in front of her. "Honestly, Bob, I shan't be able to watch. I know something awful will happen. Oh, Bob, supposing he's had too much to drink?"

"He'll be fine, Jannie," said Bob. "Stop fussing."

Jannie gripped the arms of her chair, trying to stop herself jumping out of it.

"What on earth's this stuff they're showing us now?" she demanded irritably.

"It's the film they're going to discuss."

"Oh, God, I know he's going to make a fool of himself. I know it, I know it, I know it!"

When the film ended and the face of the chairman appeared again, she put her hand over her eyes, unable to watch the screen. The chairman was introducing Lord Boddy. She had a vision of John sitting hunched up in his chair, as he did at home sometimes when things were going wrong, all dark and gaunt and unhappy. Oh, poor John! Poor John! But where was he? The chairman had been introducing people for an eternity, and still no sign of him. Perhaps he was ill. She imagined him standing in some white-tiled institutional lavatory, suffering from nervous nausea. Had he taken the bismuth with him? But better for him to be in a lavatory somewhere than for him to be sick on the program! Please God he wouldn't be sick on the program! Of course, they would turn the cameras . . .

"And on her left," said the chairman, "is Mr. John Dyson, a journalist and broadcaster who lives . . ."

And there he was! Involuntarily, she reached out and gripped Bob's hand. And what in the name of God was John up to? He was smiling and waving!

"What's he doing?" she cried, agonized, as the picture cut back to the chairman. "It's not that sort of program!"

"I don't know whether you noticed," said Bob, "but he was smoking."

"Smoking?"

"Didn't you see? He had a cigarette between his fingers."

"Don't be crazy, Bob. John hasn't smoked since he was an undergraduate."

"Well, he's smoking now, Jannie."

"Oh, God!" said Jannie, holding Bob's hand very tight. "I shan't be able to watch, Bob!"

"You're all right now, Jan. Lord Boddy's set for the night."

But someone was saying something at the same time as Lord Boddy, making him falter and finally stop in mid-stride. The cameras hunted round the team, trying to locate the intruder. They were all smoking, observed Jannie; but John, as she saw when the camera finally settled on him, was smoking more than most. He was smoking and talking simultaneously, taking little melodramatic puffs between phrases.

"If I might butt in here," he was saying (puff). "If I might possibly butt in a moment . . . (Puff, puff) I should just like to say that I find what Lord Boddy is saying extraordinarily interesting. *Extraordinarily interesting.*"

He took another energetic puff and blew out a dense cloud of smoke at the camera as Lord Boddy resumed his discourse.

"Oh, God," said Jannie.

"Sh!" said Bob. Dyson was back in the conversation again.

"That is fascinating," he was saying. "Most fascinating. I find that absolutely fascinating."

Jannie squeezed Bob's hand so hard that he flinched.

"Poor John!" she said.

When Miss Drax' turn to speak came, Dyson was fascinated by her thesis, too.

"Indeed!" he kept murmuring. "Indeed, indeed!"

"Why is he behaving like this!" cried Jannie. "Why is he smoking and waving his arms about in that awful way?"

"He waves his arms about at the office sometimes," said Bob. "I don't object to that."

"But why does he keep saying things like 'Extraordinarily interesting' and 'Indeed, indeed'? I've never heard him say anything like that before."

"I've never heard him say 'Indeed, indeed,' I must admit."

Williamson was talking. Dyson turned out to be extraordinarily interested in his views, as well.

"Indeed," he murmured. "Indeed . . . indeed . . . Oh, God, indeed!"

Jannie sank down into her chair, trying to work out who would be watching the program. All John's family, of course. All *her* family. Her parents had invited the neighbors in to see it, too. Her friend Belinda Charles—she'd rung up to say she'd seen John's name in an article about the program in the paper.

"John Dyson," the chairman was saying, "as a journalist, do you agree with the suggestion that the press ought to take a firm moral lead and play down all news having to do with race relations?"

Dyson did not answer at once. He frowned, then leaned forward and stubbed out his cigarette thoughtfully in the ashtray.

"He's got a sense of timing, anyway," said Bob.

"I can't bear it," said Jannie.

Dyson sat back and put his finger tips together, as if about to deliver his verdict. But at the last moment he changed his mind and, instead, leaned forward



Fintland

"Have we ever lied to you, son?"

again and took another cigarette out of the box on the table.

"Oh, God, Bob!" said Jannie.

Dyson picked up the table lighter, and with an absolutely steady hand, lit the cigarette. Then he snapped the top of the lighter down, drew in a mouthful of smoke and let it out again slowly and meditatively.

"I think it's an extraordinarily interesting idea," he said.

Jannie put her spare hand over her eyes, as if shielding them from the sun, and closed out the sight of her husband.

"You're exaggerating, Jannie," said Bob.

Later he said: "People who don't know him wouldn't get the same impression at all."

Later still he said: "Honestly, Jannie, nobody watches this sort of program apart from the relatives of the performers."

It seemed to Jannie that the noise of John blowing cigarette smoke out almost drowned the conversation. She kept her hand over her eyes until at last Westerman halted the discussion and summed up. He paused before saying good night, and a voice from off screen cut in at once.

"That is absolutely fascinating, Norman," it said.

Jannie put her head on Bob's shoulder and wept.

. . .

Dyson walked up and down the bedroom in his overcoat, making large gestures and trailing in his wake the cozy smell of alcohol. Jannie lay in bed, looking at him over the edge of the covers. It was after midnight.

"Honestly, Jannie," said Dyson excitedly, "I astonished myself! I simply didn't know I had it in me! How did it look?"

"Very good, John."

"Really? You're not just saying that?"

"No, John."

"I actually *enjoyed* it, Jannie, that was the thing. I was amazed! The others were all shaking with nerves! Even hardened television performers like Norman and Frank. But, honestly, I could have gone on all night. I didn't use my notes at all."

"I thought you didn't."

"Didn't touch them—didn't even think about them. I was absolutely in my element! How did I come over, Jannie?"

"I told you—very well."

"I didn't cut in and argue too much?"

"I don't think so."

"I thought perhaps I was overdoing the controversy a bit?"

"No, no."

Dyson stopped and gazed at Jannie seriously.

"I feel I've at last found what I really want to do in life, Jannie," he said.

"It's so much more alive and vital than

journalism. Honestly, Jannie, I'm so exhilarated . . . !"

He began to stride up and down the room again, smiling at himself. He glanced in the mirror as he passed it and straightened his glasses.

"What did Bob think?" he asked. "Did he think I was all right?"

"He thought you were fine."

Dyson stopped again, smiling reflectively.

"Frank Boddy is an absolute poppet," he said warmly. "He really is. Oh, Jannie, I adore television! I can't tell you . . . ! You really think I looked all right?"

Later, as he was crawling about the floor in his underclothes, looking under the bed for his slippers, Jannie asked:

"Why were you smoking, John?"

He straightened up and gazed anxiously over the end of the bed at her.

"You thought it looked odd?" he said.

"No, no."

"You don't think it seemed rather mannered?"

"Of course not, John. I just wondered how you came to think of it."

Dyson smiled with pleasure as he remembered.

"It was sheer inspiration on the spur of the moment," he said. "I just saw the box of cigarettes lying there on the table, and everybody else smoking, and I just knew inside me with absolute certainty that I should smoke, too. I think it absolutely *made* my performance."

He fell asleep almost as soon as the light was out, and woke up again about an hour later, his mouth parching, his whole being troubled with a great sense of unease. What was occupying his mind, as vividly as if it were even now taking place, was the moment when he had said, "That is absolutely fascinating, Norman," and then realized it was supposed to be the end of the program. Had he *really* done that? How terrible. How absolutely terrible.

He sat up and drank some water. Still, one little slip in an otherwise faultless performance . . . Then with great clarity and anguish he remembered the moment when Westerman had put his question about the role of the press, and instead of answering at once, the idea had come to him of leaning forward and judiciously stubbing out his cigarette. It had been scarcely a quarter smoked! He lay down in bed again slowly and unhappily.

All the same, when he had finished stubbing the cigarette out, he had given a very shrewd and pertinent answer . . . No, he hadn't! He'd taken another cigarette! In absolute silence, in full view of the whole population of Britain, he had stubbed out a quarter-smoked cigarette and lit a fresh one!

He turned onto his right side, then he turned onto his left, wracked with the shamefulfulness of the memory. It was

strange: everything he had done on the program had seemed at the time to be imbued with an exact sense of logic and purposiveness; but now that he looked back on it, all the logical connections had disappeared, like secret writing when the special lamp is taken away.

And what about the time he had interrupted Lord Boddy and then realized that all he had wanted to say was that it was interesting? *Extraordinarily* interesting . . . Had he *really* said that? He himself? The occupant of the tense body now lying obscurely and privately in the dark bedroom of a crumbling Victorian house in Spadina Road, S.W. 23? Was that slightly pooped gentleman with the waving arms who had (oh God!) told Lord Boddy that his views were absolutely fascinating, and (oh God oh God!) lit another of the television company's cigarettes with their silver butane table lighter every time he had seen the red light come up on the camera pointing at him—was that exuberantly shameful figure really identical with the anguished mortal man who now lay here stretched as taut as a piano string in the dark?

"Jannie," he groaned. "Are you awake, Jannie?"

There was no reply. He turned onto his right side. He turned back onto his left. He hurled himself onto his face. Still, Westerman and Boddy and Williamson and Miss Drax sat around in conversation with him. He went through his whole performance second by second, from the moment Westerman had introduced him and he had *waved at the camera* to the moment Westerman had summed up, and he had told him it was *absolutely fascinating*. He went through it again and again, trying to improve it slightly in his memory, in the face of an increasingly hostile reception from the other four. By the time morning came, he was convinced he had been wide awake the whole night, though by that time he had remembered with the utmost clarity that the whole performance had taken place not in a television studio at all but in an enormous public lavatory, with all his influential friends and acquaintances among the large crowd around the coffee table, and that his final humiliation was to discover at the end of the program that he had been sitting on one of the lavatory seats throughout, with his trousers down around his ankles.

. . .

The morning rain had almost stopped, but various projections over the pavement in Fleet Street dripped on Dyson as he passed, wetting the lenses of his spectacles and making it difficult for him to see where he was going. He had decided to show himself to the crowd and take the plunge into the humiliation that was awaiting him.

He walked with self-conscious haste

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



VENUS AND ADONIS *By Jim Beaman*

up the south side of the street toward Temple Bar, staring into the face of everyone coming the opposite way, challenging them to give any sign of their pity and contempt. It was difficult to know whether they recognized him or not. Every time he removed his glasses to wipe the rain off them, he could see that everyone was taking advantage of his shortsightedness to stare at him and grin and point. But as soon as he got his glasses back on again, they had all smoothed the hazy, unfocused grins off their faces and seemed intent on their own affairs. Several times he swung round suddenly to see if people were turning to stare at him from behind. They seemed not to be, but it was difficult to be sure that they had not simply managed to turn away again in time. Outside the Lord's Day Observance Society, he caught the eye of a tall girl with a red face, who looked quickly away. He jerked his own head away almost as fast, galvanized by the shock of embarrassment. That had been recognition, all right! That had been a pointed enough comment, by God! Or had she thought *he* was staring at *her*? He stopped, confused, by the bus stop opposite the Protestant Truth Society, and gazed unseeingly at the list of routes. Suddenly he realized that everyone in the queue was staring at him with frank interest and uninhibited hostility. This was it, then! They hated him! He had tried to rise above them and had fallen back among them, there to be hated once for his attempt and twice for his failure! He hurried away, his heart beating fast, shocked but obscurely satisfied by this revelation. He was across the road and halfway back down Fleet Street before it occurred to him that they had been staring at him like that because they thought he was trying to push in at the head of the queue.

He went into an espresso bar and drank some coffee. No one turned round to look at him. He was a failure, certainly. Failure, it occurred to him, was the secular equivalent of sin. Modern secular man was born into a world whose moral framework was composed not of laws and duties but of tests and comparisons. There were no absolute outside standards, so standards had to generate themselves from within, relativistically. One's natural sense of inadequacy could be kept at bay only by pious acts of repeated successfulness. And failure was more terrifying than sin. Sin could be repented of by an act of volition; failure could not be disposed of so easily. Sin could be avoided by everyone, if they chose, but failure could not. For there to be any who succeeded, there had to be some who failed; there was no better without worse. The worse had their function,

Without himself, thought Dyson, or at any rate the possibility of himself. Norman Ward Westerman would be unadmired, unloved and unrewarded.

"Seen you somewhere before, haven't I, squire?" said a weary young man in a coffee-stained white jacket who was clearing the tables, without any great interest.

"Possibly," said Dyson, feeling himself flushing at once with apprehension and pleasure. The young man sank slowly into the seat opposite him and got out a cigarette.

"Yes, I seen you somewhere, all right," he said. "Not in here."

"No, I haven't been in here before."

"Where was it, then, captain? Up the Oasis, was it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Down the club, was it?"

Dyson discovered that he wanted the young man to know where it was more than he wanted him not to know.

"I do a certain amount of television," he said offhandedly, with a slight disclaiming smile. The young man went on staring at him; the idea that he had seen Dyson on television seemed to be too farfetched even to penetrate his consciousness.

"No, I seen you somewhere, captain," he said.

Dyson's slight disclaiming smile vanished.

"Yes," he said rather irritably, "on television."

The young man rose slowly to his feet and took Dyson's empty coffee cup back to the counter. He gazed mournfully out of the window into Fleet Street for some minutes.

"Up the Streatham ice rink, was it?" he suggested.

Not to have achieved recognition as a failure, felt Dyson, was almost worse than the failing itself. It made him feel that he had failed even at failing.

When Dyson got back to the office, he sat down and plunged himself into his work. The item uppermost on his desk was a note in his own handwriting that said: "Straker hol-ckck Daw 1st 2 pts Pelling's dchiness." What the hell was that supposed to mean? He looked up, frowning, and saw that Bob was gazing at him apprehensively.

"I've been walking up and down Fleet Street, if you want to know," he said, "to see whether I could still show my face in public."

"How about a bite of lunch, John?" Bob asked anxiously.

"I don't want any bloody lunch," said Dyson, thinking of the usual crowd standing round in the Gates. It didn't matter if you made a fool of yourself in front of strangers—he saw that now. It probably didn't matter much if you did

it in front of your friends. The shameful thing was doing it in front of strangers and being seen by your friends in the process.

He was ill with overwork. He really was. He was suffering from insomnia and hypertension. And now his thyns aprnce (his mind sheered off identifying it more fully even to himself) had finally set the seal on it all. His health was breaking down.

"I couldn't eat any lunch if you paid me," he said.

"We could go to the Mucky Duck for a change," said Bob.

"Perhaps I ought to try and eat something," he said, "to give the stomach acid something to work on."

He jumped up hypertensely.

"The Mucky Duck?" said Bob, getting to his feet, too.

Dyson shook his head impatiently.

"The Gates, the Gates, the Gates," he said. "Let's get it over with."

"Aren't you on television tonight, John?" asked Gareth Holmroyd as they all stood around gazing into their beer, trying to think of something to say.

"It was last night," said Dyson.

"Last night? I wish you'd told us beforehand. I'd have stayed in and watched. Did you see John on the box last night, Andy?"

"I didn't know you were on, John," said Andy Royle.

"I knew he was going to be on," Gareth said, "but it was supposed to be tonight."

Everyone looked into his beer. "Anyway," Ralph Absalom said finally, "how did it go, John?"

"Terrible," said Dyson.

"He was very good," said Bill Waddy, arriving with more drinks for people. "He was very good, indeed."

"You saw him, did you, Bill?" said Andy Royle.

"No, I missed him, unfortunately," said Bill Waddy. "Old Harry Stearns told me."

"John was very good," said Bob, who had told old Harry Stearns in the first place.

"You saw him, did you, Bob?" said Ted Hurwitz.

"Yes, He was very good."

"Yes," said Bill Waddy, "old Harry Stearns said he was very good."

"Yes, he was," said Bob. "Very good."

"I was terrible," said Dyson.

"You were very good, John," said Bill Waddy. "Old Harry Stearns told me."

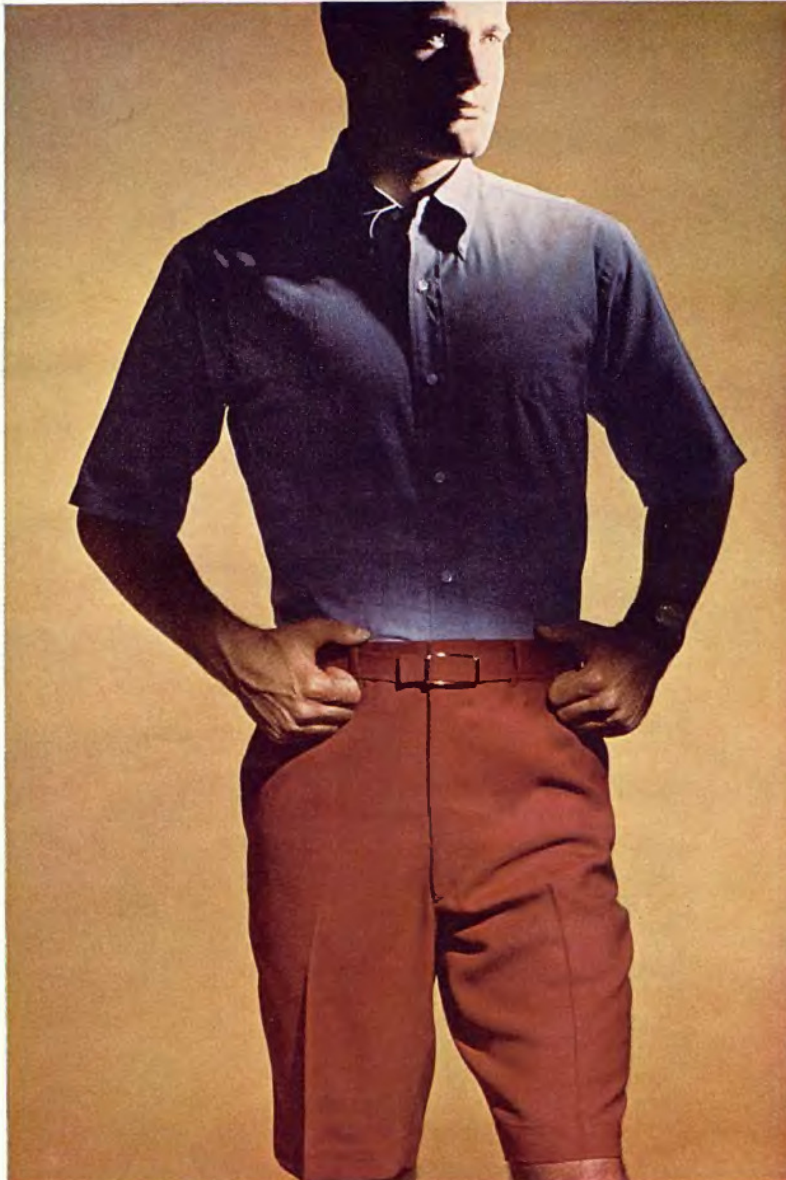
"Good for you, John," said Pat Selig.

"What was the program about?" asked Gareth Holmroyd.

"The color problem," said Dyson.

"Well, anyway," said Gareth Holmroyd, "I'm glad you made a good job of it."

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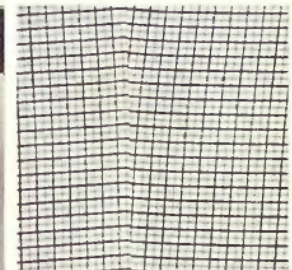
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GUESS WHO DIED?

(continued from page 97)

drifting over one head and then another, lingering over each for a moment like some awful helicopter. It might land anywhere. Who? Jack Smollen? His cousin Ralph from Virginia? His ex-partner Bernie? Kenny Kirsh? Saul Terpin? Moe Loesser?

"Danny Ackerman," she said.

"Danny Ackerman," he said. "I don't believe it."

"Danny Ackerman," she said, closing the refrigerator door on his life forever and releasing his immortal soul.

"Danny Ackerman. I don't believe it."

"I told you."

"Wow. I don't believe it."

"We just saw him."

"At the beach."

"Swimming."

"Running, jumping, swimming."

"A young man. He couldn't have been more than what?"

"Sixty-four."

"Wow. A young man."

"Sixty-five, tops."

"We just—"

"Saw him. Sure."

Michael knew that the game had ended with the revelation of the name and that now his parents were playing on the same team together against the common challengers: death, time, age, heart specialists, cholesterol, unfinished business and the terrible, terrible mystery of life. A game he had watched them play dozens of times in the last few years at this kitchen table, in which "We just saw him" meant any time in the last five years and "a young man" was any man who had just died. Were they aware, Michael thought, that the techniques that they used against each other were now used together against their mutual foe? She did his A, B, C and D shrugs, he did the whole range of her "tisk-tisks" and head nods, each using freely now all the gestures, habits, noises, phrases particular to each, detested by each, that they had taught to each other.

Michael's mother put his scrambled eggs in front of him. He noted that she had mixed Swiss cheese and onions into his eggs and toasted garlic butter into his English muffins. It was just what he liked and he knew that he was being treated like a guest this morning. He had been away for one day less than two weeks in his own apartment, which was a few miles north of Hong Kong, in a place his mother and father referred to bitterly as "downtown." He was there this morning at the kitchen table for two reasons. It was one year before he would receive his degree in optometry and he had decided four days ago that he hated it. They had chosen optometry for him.

It was not his choice at all, he knew very suddenly in the embrace of Nadine Goodhall on his new studio bed with its new metal Harvard frame in his new apartment in the foreign land of downtown. Wow, in just one week away from *them*, how clear everything got; Nadine's head on his chest, both naked and trusting, both alert and awake with suspicion, pretending to sleep, cramped in the three-quarter bed, Michael and Nadine and their mothers and fathers all grabbing the covers for themselves. Of course they wanted him to be an optometrist. It combined the dignity of a profession with the solid practicality of a store. And they had shoved him into it against his will. Who did they think they were fooling? He would not play *this* game with them. He did not show up at CCNY the next day, and for three days after that.

"Neither has my period," Nadine said the night before in a small, flat voice.

"What, Nadine?"

"I said, you haven't showed up for school for three days and neither has my period."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I thought I better tell you."

"Don't worry about a thing, baby."

"What does that mean?"

He had no idea what it meant. It wasn't fair: he had just gotten his studio bed and he hated her awful nasal voice and he had received three pieces of mail that morning addressed "Occupant" and he was lonely and frightened by his efficiency kitchen—a two-burner stove on top of half a refrigerator, which mechanical irony kept the refrigerator hot and the stove cold and suddenly he was in the kitchen of his parents' home amidst the overwhelming stove that was never turned off long enough to be cold and the towering refrigerator and the incredible freezer and the miracle and wonder of an infinity of lamb chops.

All right, he told them now silently, I am frightened, but I've got your god-damned number, both of you. I know your game. Forget optometry. The world is new and alive and pregnant, not to mention Nadine Goodhall. I met her north of Hong Kong, where the Catholics live. I've been away for one day less than two weeks and I have adventures to tell you, oh, I could give you news, I could rock this kitchen.

"You'd take an airplane to school in the morning if you could, wouldn't you?" his mother said, sitting between them with her freshly squeezed orange juice, joining them at their table like the owner of a famous restaurant showing affection for special customers. "A Piper Club."

"Piper Cub, Ma."

"Never mind, you'd fly to school. Risk your life every day if you could. Maybe

you could arrange for them to shoot you out of a cannon to college every day. Daredevil. Astronaut."

"What happened?" his father said to her. "No previous heart history?"

"Nothing. No warning. Massive coronary."

"Wow. That's how it happens. I tell you, a life is here, a life is over. Poof," his father said.

"Bing-bing," his mother said.

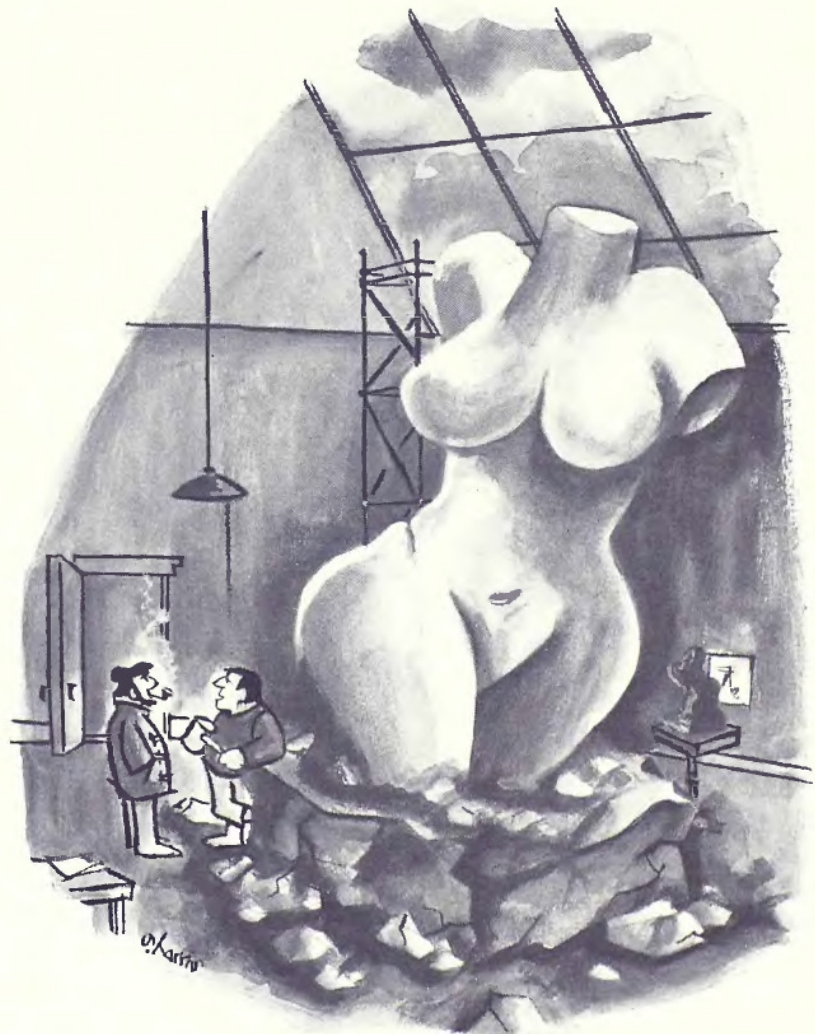
OK, folks, hold onto the table, I am about to bring life even closer to you than Danny Ackerman. Here at this kitchen table where all decisions have been made since the beginning of my life, since the beginning of time, at this kitchen table where the center is, where the food is, where it is not insane to believe that, over a generous helping of ancient pot roast, the Magna Charta was signed. Life is full of possibilities, he was about to tell his innocent parents, things not dreamed of in your philosophy, out

there are fallen optometrists, Catholics, Greek restaurants, mystery. Oh, how delicious it is to feel that I can be, *am*, free of this table, *out* of this courtroom, out of this jurisdiction, not to be judged before this bench ever again. I will never play these games again. The season is closed on Guess Who Died, on Death by Airplane, on Why Don't You Call Your Sisters, They Love You; today, this morning, *now*, the Olympiad is ended.

"Pop . . . Ma . . . I'll tell you why I came home this morning . . ."

"To eat," his father said.

In his father's code, "eat" spelled backward was "live." His father owned and operated the Burger Circus restaurant, where occupancy by more than 74 people was dangerous and unlawful and highly unlikely. In some mood of wild abandon 30 years before, his father had hired his artistic cousin Albert to paint a clown over the stove, and this justified the sign over the entrance. The word



"I was commissioned to show 'The Spirit of Progress Led by Abstract Science,' but I figured what the hell . . ."

"Burger" had been dropped by the family in conversation through the years. "Is Pop home yet?" one of his two older sisters would ask. "No, he's at the Circus."

The food was good at the Circus, because Pop knew good food, and of course the food was good at home, and food was the center of the cycle of life for them all. You know what you got at the homes of the married sisters? Good food. In the morning Margot fed Sidney, and for the rest of the day Sidney fed the world. When dining at restaurants other than his own, his father always did his inevitable thing. The waiter would take their order and leave, his father would look around the crowded restaurant, nod once, tap the table twice, pause and say, "Can you imagine. Can you imagine what they must take in here, one night, place like this. They got a good thing here."

Just two months before, his mother had given a huge dinner for his sister Gloria's birthday; the whole family was there, a full battalion of uncles, troops of aunts, squads of grandchildren and sons-in-law, everybody crowded into three tables in the dining room. At one point during dessert (choice of noodle charlotte, Jell-o mold with fresh fruit, cheese schnecken, fresh-baked butter cookies, four kinds of ice cream), he saw his father standing in the living-room entranceway, watching; and for a moment he was certain he saw his father give that unmistakable look. His father stood surveying the crowded dining room, smiling, nodding. "Can you imagine," Michael could almost see his father's lips forming the words, "Can you imagine what they must take in here, one night, a place like this." His father caught Michael's eyes watching him, and Michael, suddenly full of illogical, surprised love, wanted to leap to his feet and shout, "Pop, you got a good thing here."

"Admit it, Mike, you came here this morning because where else can you get eggs the quality your mother makes."

"There's actually something I wanted to discuss with you both, frankly."

A rare and remarkable thing happened: They both gave him their complete attention. He looked at their faces. He was aware, as he had always been, how little he looked like either of them. It was a family joke, this lack of resemblance. "In a basket, on the doorstep, that's how Michael showed up." He loved them, he was sure, but he hoped they would never discover the secret delight he took in looking nothing like either of them; and this particular morning, knowing certainly that their ideas, their ways of living were at last, inevitably, irretrievably different, too.

"First, about school——"

The phone rang. His mother left im-

mediately for the hallway to answer it.

It's Nadine, he thought wildly. Oh, God, they never met her even. She couldn't get me at my place, so she looked up the number here in Brooklyn. She's calling my mother. Oh, God, she will say, "Hello, Mrs. Needleman," then she will sing a chorus of *Ireland Must Be Heaven*, then she will say your son made me pregnant on his new downtown studio bed and then she will say six Hail Marys. Oh, my God.

"Hello, Gertie."

My Aunt Gertie. I'm saved.

"Gertie; guess who died?"

"Mike, what about school?" his father said.

"Oh, yes. Well, I wanted to tell you both together."

"Tell me. I got to go to the Circus."

"Gertie, you won't believe it. In a taxi on the way to the airport."

"Bing-bing," Michael said softly.

"You need some money?"

"No. No money, Pop."

"His heart, Gertie, on the way to Cleveland, Ohio."

"Well, what is it, Mike?"

"Some things, some things."

"Well, what is it, you got somebody pregnant, you quit school, what?"

"Yes."

"Yes what? What yes?"

"Both."

"Both what?"

"Both of what you just said."

"What did I just say, what? . . . Oh, Oh, boy. You quit school *and* somebody's pregnant?"

"Right."

"Oh, boy."

"Well, I——"

"Don't tell your mother. She won't understand."

"So, I——"

"Somebody you want to get married to?"

"Well——"

"You don't. Then don't. I know a doctor. New Jersey. I'll fix it."

"Really?"

"Both waitresses at the Circus. Regular customers. They run a shuttle, practically, to New Jersey. Come to the Circus tonight. After the dinner rush. We'll work it out."

"Thank you."

"You tell your mother. I'll kill you. She won't understand. She lives with her sisters on Mars. Your sister Gloria had an abortion her last year at Hunter College."

"I didn't know that. *Gloria?*"

"Yup. You tell your mother, I'll kill you."

"*Gloria?*"

"What about school? You don't want to be an optometrist?"

"I don't know."

"If you don't know, I don't know. What would you like better?"

"I don't know."

"If you don't know, I don't know. We're all having dinner at Gloria's Friday night. You look funny at your sister, I'll kill you."

"I won't."

"Here comes your mother."

"Sidney, Gertrude wants to talk to you."

His father left the kitchen for the phone in the hallway as his mother sat down next to him.

"Michael, while your father's on the phone. I told Gertie to keep him on the phone. You got a girl pregnant, right?"

"Well——"

"A daredevil, an astronaut. Oh, boy."

"I——"

"Well, I know a doctor in New Jersey. Don't worry."

"Really?"

"He was good enough for Gloria. Don't worry."

"Gloria?"

"You tell your father, I'll break your neck. He wouldn't understand. He doesn't know what goes on outside the Circus."

"OK."

"When he leaves for work, we'll talk. Arrangements."

"OK."

"Daredevil. Astronaut. Here he comes. Shush."

"Well, Gertrude was certainly shocked," his father said, sitting down again and lifting his coffee cup. "Danny Ackerman. Who wouldn't be shocked?"

"She just saw him, you know," his mother said, "at that affair at the Center. She was shocked."

"Look, Margot, it was the same with her husband."

"Well, Harry's heart, we all knew. There was a history."

"That's right."

"With Harry, you could guess. There was preparation."

Michael was thinking about Monday, when he would be back at school. Optometry is a good thing, he thought, it combines the dignity of a profession and the solid practicality of a store.

"Harry and Danny, they were both active men," his mother said. "Tennis, golf."


"But with Harry, you could know," his father said. "His coloring told you."

"Who knows anyway?" Michael said. "A thing like that."

"Poof," his father said.

"Michael, Your sister Ruthie. You haven't called her in a month. She loves you."

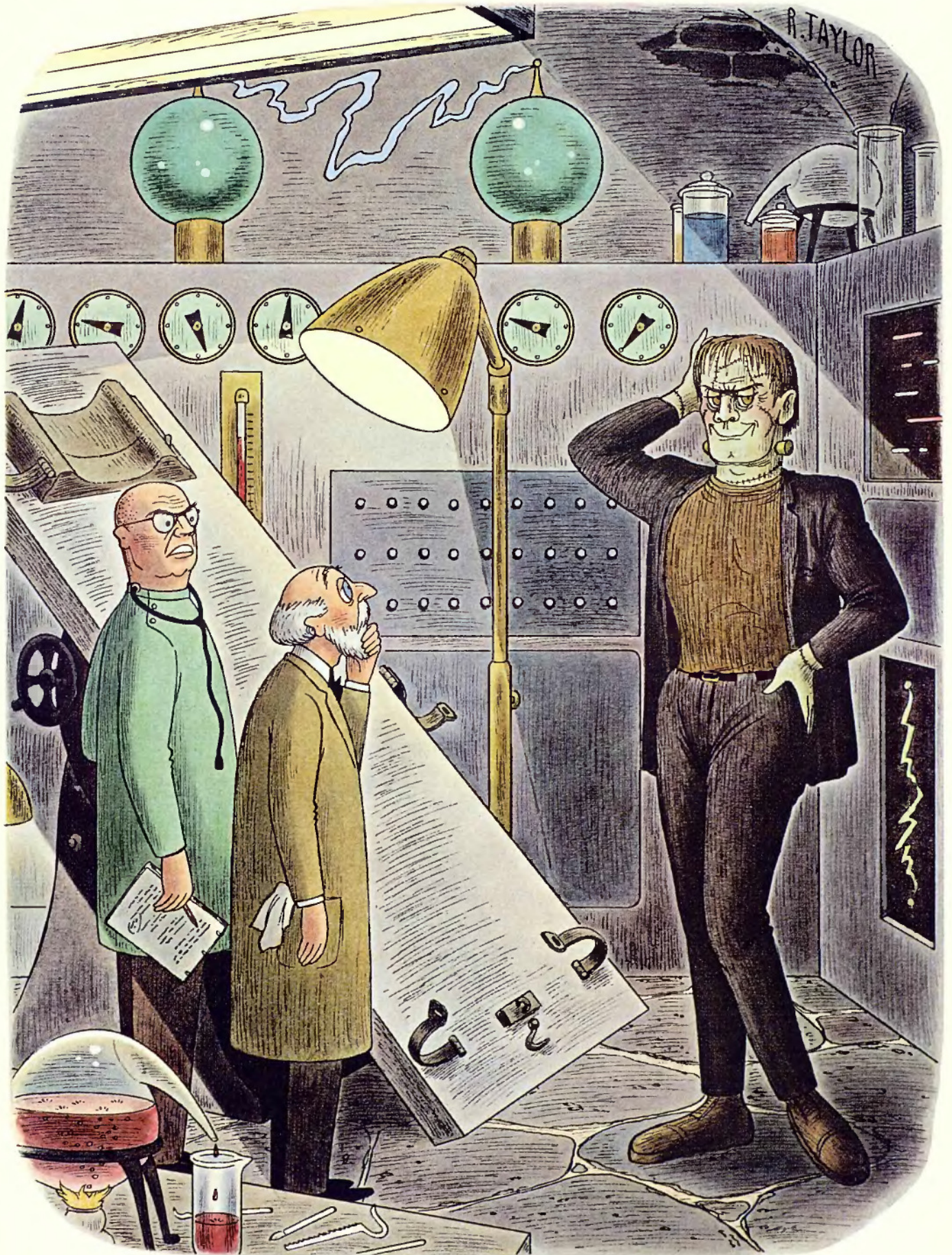
Michael did a class-C shrug. A class C involves one shoulder, a slow lowering of the eyelids and a subtle, whistling sigh.



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Taller than king size.



"Where did you say you stole that brain . . . ?"

SCUT FARKAS (continued from page 121)

"How much?" I was almost afraid to ask.

"I'd say ten cents, sonny. It's imported. She's a Gypsy top."

I was In. It was one of those few moments when I was well-heeled, carrying a full 12 cents in my jeans. I forked over my two nickels as calmly as I could and took possession of what was to prove to be a historic find. I had at last come together with the greatest fighting top I had ever seen. It had an oily, heavy, solid feel, a nice comfortable heft like, say, a Colt snub .38 Special feels to the hand. I had already decided to call it Wolf.

"Good luck, sonny. Careful, she's a mean one."

Outside, the switchyard mumbled and muttered as a long, clanking string of flat beds rumbled toward the steel mill. With Wolf safely in my hip pocket, I pedaled furiously through the twilight toward Cleveland Street. The show-down had begun. I knew it. And somewhere in his lair, Scut Farkas must have known it, too.

That night after supper, under a dim yellow light bulb in the basement, next to the looming furnace that dominated the underworld below our house, I carefully wound my best top string around Wolf for the first time, pulling each loop hard and tight so that it lay flat against the preceding one, until finally Wolf was cocked and ready for action.

The string itself is highly important to a genuine expert. I preferred the hard, green, twisted cord that knotted solidly and got a good bite on the side of the top. This type of string was not easy to use, but once the technique was mastered, nothing could come near it. I had long since outgrown the standard wooden button for the end of the string, using instead a thin, one-inch mother-of-pearl button stolen from my mother's sewing basket. There were three extras stashed away in my dresser drawer for emergencies.

As the dim bulb illuminated a faint circle on the gray concrete floor, I scratched out a mark in the exact center of the pool of light for a target and stepped back into almost full darkness. I could smell the moldering old tires that my father kept hanging on the walls just in case someday he might pick up another Hupmobile, and the mildewed Sunday papers of years back that lay piled against the concrete-block walls, and the scent of countless generations of field mice who had lived out their lives in this basement, and the dusty Mason jars filled with grape jelly and strawberry preserves that lined the plank shelves under the steps, and the sharp rubber smell—bitter and strong—of the coiled garden hose under the workbench, and the more subtle but pervasive aroma of a

half ton of damp soft coal in the pitch-black bin, all held together with the soapy dankness of the drains, covered with perforated iron lids, that every week carried the family's used wash water back into Lake Michigan.

Deliberately and meticulously, I set Wolf down on the concrete floor for the first time. We were made for each other, just the way Mariah was made for Scut. The personality of tops is an odd thing. Mariah spun with an angry ferocity, a carnivorous drive that was despised and feared by everyone who had the bad luck to see it in action. Wolf, on the other hand, was steadier, giving off a note higher in pitch than Mariah but in some ways even more deadly. Mariah was a hot-blooded animal; Wolf, cold-blooded, snakelike. It would be an interesting meeting.

Again I laid the top precisely on the mark I had made, getting the feel of it, gradually letting myself out, feeling the full flush of rising excitement and mounting confidence as I gradually mastered the sinister Wolf. Even from the start, however, I had the sneaky, uneasy feeling that somehow I didn't really *own* this top. At first I felt that it was just because I was not used to it, little suspecting how right I was.

For two weeks, every night, Wolf and I practiced together in the basement. I had decided not to show him to anyone until we could take on Farkas. No telling what might have happened if Farkas had heard of the existence of Wolf, and my plans, before I was ready to really give him a battle. Even at that, I knew very well that my chances of breaking even with Farkas, let alone defeating him, were as slim as the chances of that proverbial snowball in hell.

In public I began throwing my weight around with second-string tops, until the word slowly began to spread throughout the gym, the auditorium, the home-rooms; till at recess time I could always draw a small clique of fans goading me on to belt some poor kid's top into the boondocks.

Since the day Farkas had publicly humiliated me, he no longer even deigned to note my topwork. Once, however, he paused briefly, while twisting Jack Robertson's arm behind him and belting him in the ribs with his free hand, to spit a thin spray of tobacco juice over my orange top, which had just landed neatly beside Delbert Bumpus' yellow ball-bearing spinner. He might have taken me on right then and there, but he was busy giving Robertson his refresher course. Periodically, Farkas treated every kid in the class to a good, brisk, tendon-snapping arm twist. He shoved the victim's wrist up between his shoulder blades, pushing up and twisting out, until the supplicant's face turned ashen,

his eyes bugged out and his tongue lolled in agony, Farkas yelling: "C'mon, you son of a bitch. Say it!"

". . . Graaahhhkkk!"

"C'mon, say it! You son of a bitch."

Farkas gives him two more degrees of twist and brings his knee smartly into contact with the tailbone of the sufferer.

"I said SAY it!"

The victim, looking piteously at the ring of silent, scornful watchers, including, no doubt, his ex-girlfriend, finally squeaked out: "I'm a chicken bastard."

"Say it again, louder."

"I'M A CHICKEN BASTARD!" With that, Farkas hurled the pain-wracked body violently into the stickers.

"Gimme a cigarette, Dill."

And the two of them would go skulking off toward the poolroom. He gave this refresher course about every six months, to all of us. We figure he kept a list and checked us off when our time came.

It was Friday. I knew that today would be the day. Somehow you know those things. It had rained all night, a hard, driving, Midwestern drenching downpour. Now, as I toyed with my Wheaties, I could feel the edge of danger mounting within me.

"Will you listen to me? I'm talking to you."

"Ah . . . what?"

"When I'm talking to you, I want you to listen. You sit there like you've got potatoes in your ears!"

My mother always had a thing about my not listening; also dragging my feet. That drove her crazy. She always yelled that I didn't walk straight, either.

"How many times have I told you not to slump like that while you're eating? It isn't good for your stomach."

I crunched around in my chair, pretending I was listening to her.

"You'd better be home early this afternoon, because you've got to go to the store. I don't want to have to tell you again."

"Yeah, yeah."

"How many times have I told you not to say 'Yeah'?"

". . . Yeah."

This went on for about three hours or so, until I finally got out of the house, with Wolf stuck down deep in my hip pocket, with two other, lesser, tops in my front right-side pocket. I was loaded for bear.

It looked like rain as I walked through the alleys, over the fences, through the vacant lots on my way to the playground, kicking sheets of water up from muddy puddles, skipping bottle caps into new lakes as I moved toward the battlefield. A few other kids drifted in the same direction from the next block. The trees dripped warm water under the low, gray, ragged clouds. Off to the north, toward Lake Michigan, even

though it was full daytime, the steel mills glowed dark red against the low-hanging overcast.

At last on the playground, I began my carefully thought-out scheme. "Hey, Kissel, how 'bout a little action?"

My top, the second-string orange one, whistled out and landed with a click on the asphalt.

"How 'bout it, Kissel?"

I scooped up the top, this time laying her down on one of the school steps, making it walk downstairs a step at a time, a neat trick from my basic repertoire. Finally goaded, Kissel pulled out of his pocket his lumpy little green top.

"I won't split it. Just nick it a little, Kissel. Don't worry."

A few onlookers had drifted into range, sensing something important afoot. I was deliberately overplaying my hand.

"I'll even let you go first, Kissel. Come on—chicken?" I spun my top temptingly in front of Kissel's Indian Tread tennis shoes. He couldn't resist any longer. He bit hard.

"All right, smart guy," he said. "take that!" His green top narrowly missed mine, bouncing on the asphalt and then settling down into its pedestrian buzz. Quickly I scooped up my top, wound it up and let him have it. His green toy careened drunkenly into the gutter.

"Sorry, Kissel. I just can't control it." I put my top back into my pocket, saying loudly:

"There's no good top men around here, anyway. Let's get up a game of softball."

I had made sure that before any of this happened, Grover Dill was in the throng. I knew only one thing could happen after such an outrageous remark. Even now his sloping shoulders, his thick neck, his ragged crewcut were disappearing in the direction of the alley behind the school where he and Farkas smoked cigars, chewed tobacco, hatched plots and went over their refresher-course check lists. I must admit that I felt no little nervousness at this point, but it was too late to turn back. The die was cast.

Nervously I fished a Tootsie Roll out of my pocket, and chewed furiously to cover up. Sure enough, not five minutes had passed—in fact, we were in the middle of choosing up sides for the softball game—when a tremendous wallop from behind sent me sprawling into a puddle. Instantly the mob surged forward. Looking up from the mud, I saw Farkas holding Mariah casually in his left hand, while spinning his greasy black top string like a lariat in his right. It whistled faintly.

"Get up, ya chicken bastard."

He quickly wound the string around Mariah and flicked it high into the air, catching it on his palm as it came down. She spun efficiently on his hand for a

moment before he closed his talons over her.

"Come on, get up."

Slowly I arose, pretending to be contrite.

"What's the matter, Farkas? What did I do? Gee whiz!" A low snicker went through the multitude. They recognized the signs, the old familiar signs. To a man, they had uttered those words themselves from time to time. They enjoyed seeing others in the trap.

"Get out ya top."

"My top?"

"GET IT OUT!"

A few drops of rain had begun to fall, and it seemed to grow darker by the second. By now the crowd had grown, until we were ringed by a motley circle of noncommittal faces. Every kid on the playground was in the crowd. The word was out. Farkas was getting someone, and Farkas demanded an audience. Nervously, I pulled out my poor doomed orange top. There was no hope for it once Farkas zeroed in his sights. I had carefully planned this sacrifice.

"We'll flip for firsties," Farkas barked, his eyes cold, Mariah resting at the ready.

"Flip, Dill. Heads."

His crony spun his famous two-headed nickel into the gray air.

"Heads. You win, Scut," Dill snarled in my direction.

The crowd murmured ominously, but stilled instantly when Farkas glanced quickly around to spot who the wise guys were.

"Spin, jerk."

I wound my orange top tightly, dug my feet as hard as I could down on the asphalt. Using my underhand sweep, fast and low, I laid her down a good 15 feet away.

Farkas half crouched, Mariah digging into his grimy thumb, the rusty metal washer he used for a button jabbing out between his fingers. His arm jerked down and out, the string snapped, black Mariah struck. That is, she missed, by less than an inch. The two tops spun side by side for a moment until I darted forward, scooped mine up and backed off. Before me, black Mariah sat toadlike, growling moodily, while Farkas watched with ill-concealed contempt.

I decided to go in for the kill. Again my arm dropped, the orange top streaked out, heading straight for black Mariah's vitals. It was a good shot. Farkas knew it. He snarled low in his throat. The crowd murmured excitedly as my orange top cracked smartly against Mariah—but wobbled off weakly among the feet of the onlookers. Mariah did not budge.

"Spin it again, ya chicken bastard."

Farkas picked up Mariah and waited for my next move. I knew this was it. I had missed my chance. But then, I wasn't counting on this poor top. My big

move was on the way.

I spun. Then, with his accustomed sardonic ease, the showboat attitude he always displayed when picking up a scalp, Farkas neatly cracked my top into kingdom come, the two splintered halves clattering crazily as black Mariah licked her chops, her deadly spike sending up a thin spray from the wet pavement.

By habit or tradition, the multitude indicated its approval of Scut's victory:

"Wow!"

"Holy smokes!"

"Gee whiz!"

"Whooooiee!"

And other sickening sounds.

Farkas casually picked up Mariah, turned his back on me and, followed by Dill, started to walk away, the crowd parting before them. It was *now*!

My hand whipped down into my back pocket, quickly snaked Wolf out into the open, and in the twinkling of a moment, I had him wound and instantly laid Wolf down hard and solid. Its high, thin note, steady as a dentist's drill and twice as nasty, cut through the falling rain and stopped Farkas in his tracks. He turned and stared for a long instant. His eyes seemed to widen and he actually, for a moment at least, appeared to grow pale—but even more baleful—as he recognized Wolf for what it was. Between us, the silver-gray top sang tauntingly. I didn't say a word. Wolf said it all.

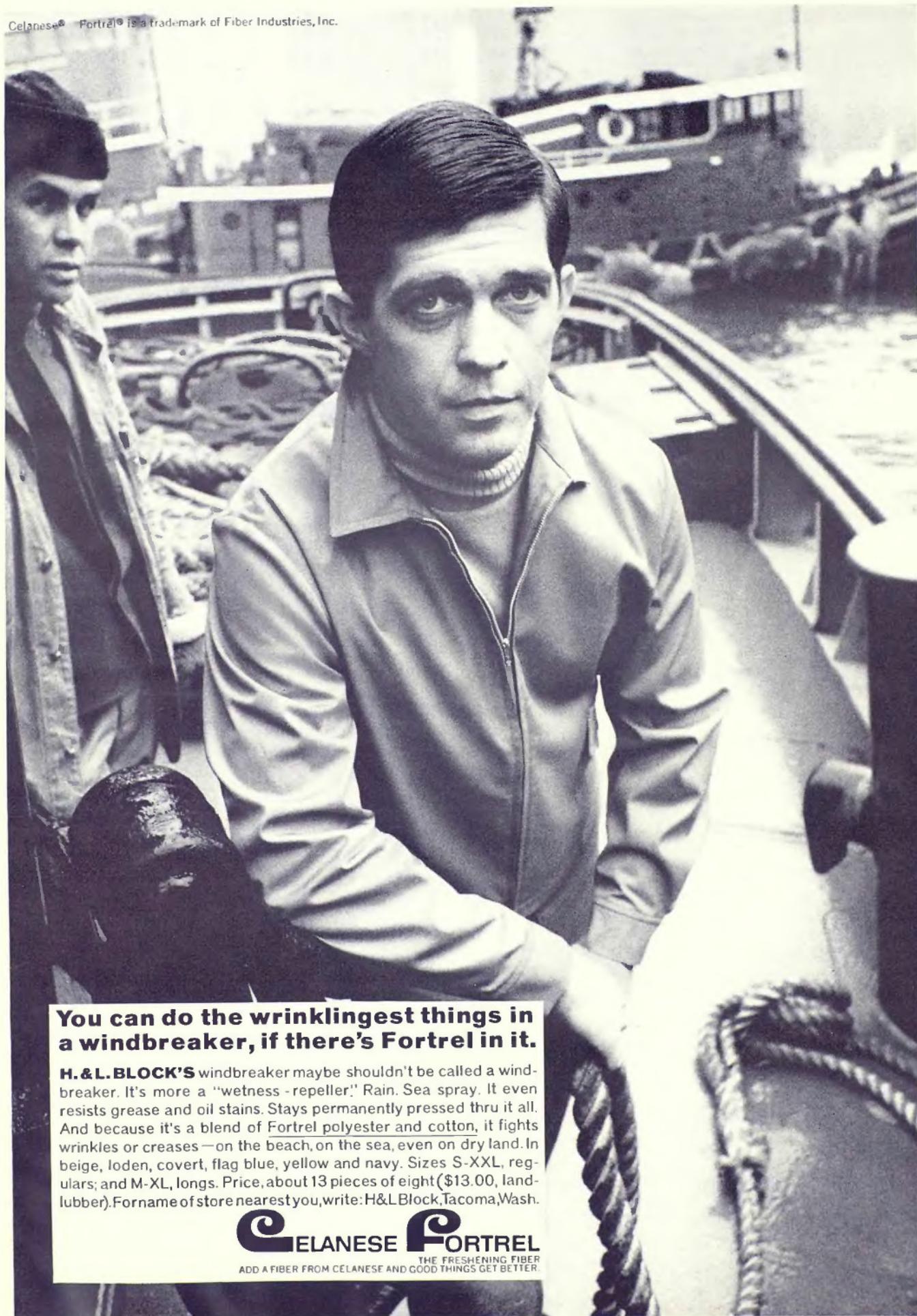
The crowd, sensing that something had happened, became hushed and tense. Somewhere off in the south a mutter of thunder rumbled and stilled. Casually, Farkas wound his top string about Mariah and, without a word, laid it down with a hard, vicious, overhand, cracking shot that missed Wolf by the thickness of a coat of paint. The two tops spun together with no daylight between, Mariah's bass rumble blending with the shuddering whine of Wolf in an eerie, angry duet.

Quickly I picked up Wolf, and this time, with all the force I had, I went in for the big one. A silver-gray streak, Wolf blurred out before me. The crowd gasped audibly. Scut peered sharply down at Mariah as Wolf screamed toward the *coup de grâce*.

I couldn't believe it! Moving like a shadow over Mariah, Wolf missed by the thickness of a hair. Instantly, with a cackle, Farkas gathered in Mariah and, with a guttural laugh, sent her down the rails to finish off Wolf. I had seen him really angry at an opponent before, but nothing like this. I was afraid to look, half turning away—but the roar of the crowd told me that, incredibly, Mariah had missed!

It was my turn now. For once in my life, my nerves were like steel. This time, with infinite deliberation, I aimed and carefully let fly, a little higher, with more lift, a more deadly trajectory. Wolf rose and came down like a fiend of hell,

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ADD A FIBER FROM CELANESE AND GOOD THINGS GET BETTER.



"Fool that I was, I simply assumed you can't take it with you."

swooping out of the sky like some gray eagle. But at the last impossible instant, it actually seemed to change course in mid-air, grazing Mariah slightly and skittering off into a puddle.

Again and again we attacked each other, first Wolf, then Mariah. Over and over we drove at each other's vitals. Something was happening that slowly began to dawn first on Farkas and me and then on the crowd. Incredibly, these two tops seemed to be *afraid* of each other. Either that, or they were somehow, in some way, mysteriously jinxed.

My arm ached. Farkas paused only to blow his nose on his sleeve before going back to the attack. It was growing darker; and it became obvious to us that at this rate, neither of us was going to scalp the other. The two insane tops, grimy, covered with mud, leaped like live things—ricocheting, leapfrogging, hovering over each other, behaving in a way that no top before or since has ever acted. They hated each other; yet they seemed to be in league.

Dill, like all good toadies, tried everything he could to snaffle Wolf, kicking up mud when I spun, going even to the extent of nudging me violently on two occasions, hoping to tip the balance. Farkas was game but growing angrier and fiercer by the second, until finally he grabbed Mariah up from the scratched and scarred battlefield, looked at me with a long, searing gaze of hate and finally said, in a low voice:

"OK, ya chicken bastard. Let's play keepers."

Keepers meant that one kid would own *both* these tops, if his top could drive the other out of a circle made on the concrete with chalk. It was the final test of topping. Farkas was gambling Mariah against Wolf. Dill quickly drew a lopsided circle on the concrete sidewalk that paralleled the asphalt. The hard surface was perfect for keepers.

"You go first," Farkas commanded.

Under the rules of the game, you were not allowed to strike your opponent's top

directly, so it really didn't matter who went first. The tops themselves fought it out, walking each other around the circle until one or the other was pushed out.

I spun Wolf—little realizing for the last time. It whistled out in a low arc, landing fair in the center of the circle. I put as much power on the spin itself as I could, cracking the string with a hard, flat snap. Wolf spun, waiting for Mariah, its spike ringing sharp and hard. Farkas spun Mariah, and the two tops hummed within an inch of each other. Slowly they walked, closer and closer, as the crowd closed in. Closer and even closer, then finally—tick . . . tick . . . tick—they touched. Locked in mortal combat, first Wolf and then Mariah, then Mariah and then Wolf, ticking, humming in rising and falling cadence as they edged toward the dreaded line. Which would go out first?

For a few moments it seemed as though Wolf was doomed, but then, righting itself, it shouldered Mariah closer. Impossibly, the two seemed to pick up speed as they spun. Angrier and angrier they grew, until suddenly, with a lunge, the two tops smashed together, both reeling in tandem in a mad, locked, spinning embrace *together* over the line and out of the circle. The rain, falling steadily, pattered down on the two hazy forms in the misty air.

Farkas, sensing victory, shouted: "YOURS IS OUT!"

He darted forward. The two tops continued to struggle and together they toppled over the curb, into the gutter, clicking, snarling crazily in the fast-running water, sending up sharp rooster tails of muddy foam. I moved as fast as I could to defend Wolf.

Suddenly, it was all over. The two tops, locked in mortal combat, disappeared down a sewer from which rose a deep roar of rushing water. They were gone. Never before had any of us seen tops behave like this!

Farkas, his face white, his eyes glazed, stared down into the raging flood through the grille of the drain. Then, without a word, he arose and, followed by Dill, walked off down the street in the rain. I knew I would never see Wolf again. But somehow I knew that neither Wolf nor Mariah were finished. They would go on. I don't know why I knew this, but I did, and I still do.

The crowd broke up into small knots. The great top days were over at Warren G. Harding School. A few weeks later, I rode over to the other side of town, looking for the Total Victory. One time, months later, I thought I saw it, but it turned out to be a place where they sold stuffed animals and rocking chairs. Off and on, for a while, I continued my search; but I never found it again.

THE SUN SHINES (continued from page 82)

straight away. Daniel must have seen the world turn over and the green slope come rushing up at him. Then the sickening weight of the tractor rolling on him and the *drum, drum, drum* in his ears. Forty-five minutes before they could drag it off him. Where did they find a fool to try to work over that same stretch again? A fool like me?

But it was too late to turn back now, really too late. For £15 worth of hay, I was going to invite a big yellow tractor to roll on me. And not even my own £15. I let in the clutch, moved as far as I could over to the right, and we went forward.

Almost at once the right-hand wheel started shifting up and down, as if it had too little weight to hold it steady. I pressed down on the mudguard with my whole strength, and at the same time moved the lever to bring the cutter down to mowing level. *Let's cut some grass before we go over*, I thought. Then I swiveled my head to look where I was going. The small wheels in front were running softly through the long stalks. They were trying to turn to the left, of course, and run down the slope. Trying to save my life. I held them straight.

I was doing four things at once now. Holding firmly onto the steering wheel to keep the whole outfit on course. Working the lever that raised and lowered the cutter. Looking ahead and looking back, twisting my head and shoulders back and forth without stopping. And keeping the weight of my body clenched against that right-hand mudguard. Oh, yes, and there was one more thing I was doing, a fifth thing. I was giving out the cold sweat of fear through every pore in my skin. "Jesus." I heard my voice saying quietly, "Jesus. This is it. Jesus. This is it. Jesus. This is it." I wasn't swearing. I was *praying*.

I smelled the sweet grass. Behind me it would be bleeding as the blades cut it. But the scent of its green blood would be drowned in diesel smoke, like the scent of my fear. On we went. Here came the hump: I drove straight onto it at the steepest point. Suddenly, I couldn't bear the thought of working up to the worst point, sweating with fear all the time, and then getting it. If we were going over, I wanted to go over on the first run. The tractor shook heavily under me. I threw my weight hard to the right, stiffened my right arm on the steering wheel, and turned to look back at the cutter. It was working well, taking off the grass only an inch or two above ground level.

Up went the right-hand wheel. *Jump off*, something seemed to scream in my ear. But I couldn't. There was nowhere to jump to. I couldn't climb up over the huge bumping wheel on my right. So I just kept looking back at the cutter, and

steering absolutely steady.

The whole right-hand side came up. It came up farther than I had allowed for even in my worst thoughts. It came up, it came up. And suddenly it went down and we were still driving straight on and still cutting hay. I opened up and went fast. We bounced along to the end of the row with the cutter jumping up and down, clacking away like mad and missing several patches of that £15 grass. I didn't care. I had come through. I had won. I was the king of the world. If I felt like a burst of speed, I could have one, because I was the king and could have anything.

I swung the tractor round and drove down to the bottom of the field. Not to parade myself in front of Robert and Yvonne, because I had truly forgotten that they were on this earth. Simply because that was the way to position the outfit to cut another row. I drove fast,

singing, and the tractor rolled and bounced. The seat underneath me was jumping like a goat. Round with the wheel again and I was charging along beside the bottom hedge. And suddenly I was beside the parked Jaguar and Robert's face was staring, for an instant, right into mine. It looked sick. Sick with fear and sick with rage. I saw it all. He'd been as frightened as I was, watching me. But now that it was over, his spirits didn't lift up like mine. They sank right down, because I'd beat him all ends up.

There was nothing I could do to make him feel better. I couldn't get off the crest of my wave just then, not for anybody. I just kept my foot down and roared along to the end of the field, then up again to begin another row.

This time, it was easy. I kept my weight well over to the right, just in case, but my mind was careless. The worst part was done; we had it licked. I just held the tractor steady and this time the cutter was at just the right height. I



"Room service?—This is 1708 . . . cancel that chicken salad on white . . ."

could have won a mowing competition with that row.

Round again, singing "I'm the king, I'm the king," to no tune at all, and this time the Jaguar had gone. I fancied there was a scorched place on the road where it had been standing. I kept on with the mowing until the last blade of grass was cut. That was it. I'd have to come back, in a day or two, to turn it over, but that held no terrors now. I could stay on this farm for the rest of my life, if I wanted to, and work over that slope whenever it was needed. Plowing, mowing, harvesting, spraying, anything. Me and the tractor, we'd beaten it.

I drove back to the farm. There was no sign of the Jaguar. I got out a spanner and unfastened the cutter and cleaned it with an oily rag and put it away. The sun was still shining warmly, and it beat on my back and dried the sweat under my shirt, and there was plenty to dry.

I was just coming out of the shed after putting the cutter away when Yvonne came out of the house and stood looking at me.

"Finished for the day?" she asked me.

"I thought you'd gone out," I said.

"Bob had to go into Banbury," she said. "There's a man he's got to talk to about seeds or something."

"Oh," I said.

"He wanted me to go along. He was quite cross when I wouldn't. But I told him I had a headache. It's so *close* today." And she shook her head as if to clear it. Or to make the light quiver in her yellow hair. "I'm better now, though," she said.

"Well, I'm off," I said. But I still stood there.

"I should think you need a drink," she said. "What with everything."

"They're not open," I said.

"There's plenty in the house," she said. "Plenty of everything."

What could I do? Another time. I'd have gone straight back to Mary and the kids. But today I was the king. I'd won and it was a case of winner take all.

So she went into the house and I went in after her.



SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 110)

patrons did everything short of lynching him to see to it that he kept his word.

One suspects that what keeps the customers coming back, despite such deliberate barriers to enjoyment or comprehension, is neither fascination with film technique nor a deep devotion to the art of the cinema. Rather, it is a sense of being at the outer edge of all things filmic—the strong strain of eroticism that increasingly pervades these pictures, their concentration upon such "forbidden" topics as perversion, homosexuality, transvestism, sadism, drugs and psychedelic experiences. If the function of an avant-garde is to remain far out, the leaders of today's underground can at least claim the virtue of consistency. As the mainstream of film making grows increasingly bold in the handling of hitherto controversial material, these young men continue to provide themes and scenes that are still too hot or too raw for the major studios. They are, in the classical tradition of an avant-garde, thumbing their noses at conventions and the conventional. And their audiences, fired by the zeal of rebels with a cause, feel that they are thumbing right along with them simply by attending their screenings.

This same impulse, a violent reaction against the conventional, inspired the first filmic avant-garde in Europe during the Twenties. Artists such as Salvador Dali, Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Man Ray and Hans Richter, already established in other fields, suddenly discovered the motion picture and thought it the ideal medium through which to convey their dissatisfaction with bourgeois concepts of art and morality. The nihilism of Dada and, later, the irrationality of Surrealism found cinematic expression in films that were deliberately shocking. At first, the shocks were purely visual: eye-blinding patterns of abstract forms writhing and jiggling frenetically and meaninglessly, or odd juxtapositions of unrelated objects within the frame. Nevertheless, even in such a pure and essentially nonliteral work as Léger's classic *Ballet Mécanique*, it is difficult not to associate the recurrent close-ups of plunging pistons with the sex act, while the climactic intercutting of a man's straw hat with a woman's shoe is little more than an anagram for intercourse. A strange eroticism flows from shots of a lovely woman on a garden swing, gently smiling and turning her head like a placid pendulum, or from shots of a mannequin's legs twisting in a convulsive dance around a clock placed between them. Man Ray, in his Dadaistic *Le Retour à la Raison* (*The Return to Reason*),



"But I take the pill every time I become pregnant, and it doesn't help."

teasingly inserted the photograph of a nude girl over perhaps a dozen frames of his film; but since in projection it was glimpsed for only a fraction of a second, no one in the audience could actually perceive his little joke.

Once Surrealism took over as the major art movement of the late Twenties, however, the sexual content of avant-garde movies became far more overt and explicit. Almost from the outset, Surrealist writers, painters and film makers sensed the connection between their own work and the concurrent investigations of Sigmund Freud. Both were concerned with the subconscious—with, in Surrealist authority Julian Levy's phrase, "the more real world behind the real." Both found new significance in the supposedly irrational images induced by sleep or delirium, and in the emotional charge such images contained. Best of all, Freud supplied the Surrealists with a whole new language, the language of symbols. Freud's symbology attached specific meanings—generally sexual—to those objects and apparitions that turn up so disturbingly and persistently in dreams. With this language as their tool, substituting the symbol for the fact, artists could now work in areas that had in the past been considered too inappropriate or too clinical for art. And the motion picture, with its inherent tendency to translate everything and everybody it looks at into a symbol, was suddenly elevated by the Surrealists into a major art form. They loved the movies, wrote glowingly about them, composed poems in their praise—and not a few of them went so far as to actually make pictures of their own.

One of the first of the true Surrealist films to appear was *L'Etoile de Mer* (*The Starfish*), 1928, by Man Ray, an American photographer then living in Paris. Based on a poem by Robert Desnos, a leading Surrealist poet, it depicts a series of encounters between a man and a woman as seen by each of the participants and as remembered in the distorted glass of a dream. The images, some harshly distinct, some murkily distorted, are all intercut with lines from the original poem. The girl is a news vendor, and flying newspapers symbolize her presence—as does the starfish itself, with its greedy tentacles feeding into a gaping maw. More symbols—the smokestacks of an ocean liner, the widening space between the ship and its dock, the ship's discharge of water into the harbor—represent their coming together. Her fears are suggested by the juxtaposition of a knife and the starfish on the pages of an open book, upon which she sets her naked foot. At one point in the film, Ray even kidded, quite consciously, the double standard prevalent in Hollywood movies of that time: The girl brings the

young man to her apartment, obligingly strips for him, and stretches out on her bed—whereupon our hero politely tips his hat, says "Adieu" and backs out of the room.

At just about the same time, early in 1928, Germaine Dulac unveiled her best-known Surrealist work, *La Coquille et le Clergyman* (*The Seashell and the Clergyman*), developed from a scenario by one of the foremost Surrealist writers and critics, Antonin Artaud. Although Artaud later vociferously rejected her adaptation, claiming that it was far too literal and against the spirit of Surrealism, perhaps for that very reason one can perceive clearly what the Surrealists were trying to do in films. In no other picture have the symbols been so precisely marshaled, or a plot line so fully developed in symbolic terms. Its central character is a clergyman, ascetic in appearance, but whose repressed sexual life is suggested by his repeated filling of glass phials with liquid from a large

seashell, and then promptly smashing them on the ground. Opposing him is an excessively masculine figure of authority, dressed variously in the robes of a bishop and in the benedictine tunic of a general. Between the two is a beautiful blonde woman, the object of both men's passion. The clergyman, who grovels after her like a small animal, finds that he can reach her through the confession box. Roused by one of her confessions, he snatches off her bodice, exposing both of her breasts, and begins to chase her through the endless corridors of his cathedral, the material of her bodice turning to fire in his hands. Later, when he finds that his rival has usurped his place in the confessional, the young priest flings himself upon the floor and masturbates furiously under his long robes in an agony of frustration.

True to the spirit of Surrealism, the picture can be read in many ways. On the surface, at least, it has all the elements of the familiar triangle of



"Well, that certainly is a coincidence—I was on my way to borrow a towel from you!"

conventional films; but because it is told symbolically, with strange juxtapositions and elements of the irrational, it can also be interpreted as the dual nature of man in pursuit of an impossible ideal, as the aesthete frustrated by Philistine society (the authoritarian clergy, the authoritarian military) in his search for beauty; or as an allegorical exploration of the sexual drives and tensions that churn within all of us. In point of fact, such is the nature of this kind of film that no single explanation quite covers everything. Its whole purpose is to provide several layers of meaning simultaneously through emotion-charged and disturbing images.

Perhaps no movie has ever achieved this purpose more dramatically than that Surrealistic masterpiece, *Un Chien Andalou* (*An Andalusian Dog*), directed by Spain's Luis Buñuel in collaboration with his compatriot, Salvador Dalí. Drawing upon Paul Eluard's theory of the "dreamer awake" as the source for their Surrealist fantasies, and using Dalí's "paranoiac criticism" methodology—the rejection of all images for which there exists any logical or conscious explanation—the two concocted their scenario in a swift three days. The film, only 17 minutes long, opens with a sequence that immediately sets the tone for all that follows. A young man (Buñuel himself) strops a razor, then steps out upon a balcony where a girl is sitting. For a moment or two, they contemplate the night sky together. A thin sliver of cloud is cutting across the moon. Wordlessly, the man then steps behind the girl and, in an enormous and traumatic close-up, slashes her eyeball. Following this brief prolog is the title "Eight years later," and we see the hero of the film (dancer Pierre Batcheff) somnambulistically pedaling a bicycle through the streets of Paris dressed in a woman's apron and with a strange, striped box hanging from his neck. In a room, the girl we had seen previously on the balcony flings aside a book, which falls open to a Vermeer painting of a woman with a similar apron, and walks nervously to a window just in time to see the cyclist topple from his machine into the gutter.

He appears in her apartment, stretched out on a bed, and the box seems to hold a special attraction for her. As she takes it in her hands, along with his striped tie, the man becomes sexually aroused and a look of cunning crosses his face. A few moments later, again at the window, the two see a Lesbian in the street below poking a severed hand with her cane while a throng gathers about her. A gendarme politely picks the hand up and gives it to her, then breaks up the crowd. She slips it into what seems to be the same striped box, and a moment later is struck down by a passing car. This moment of violence moves the man to action: He pursues the girl about the

room, brutally mauling her breasts under her thin dress. As he backs her against a wall, blood and saliva dribbling from his mouth, the dress dissolves away to reveal her breasts, which quickly dissolve into her buttocks. His mouth tightens like a sphincter as the girl slips away and defends herself in a corner with a tennis racket. But now the man has a new plan to reach her. He seizes two ropes that are attached to two enormous grand pianos on which lie the bleeding carcasses of two freshly slain donkeys; to the ropes are tied several prone clergymen beating on their backs what seem to be the tablets of the Ten Commandments. The girl, suddenly aghast, flies the room, slamming the door upon the man's forearm as he reaches toward her. In close-up, we see his clenching, agonized hand, ants (a favorite Dalí symbol for masturbation) streaming from a hole in the palm.

From this point on, the film becomes far less intelligible—or at least, far less describable. Motifs mentioned earlier—the box, its strap, the tie, the apron—recur frequently and are shown at the finale as if washed up by the sea. The hero's gentler alter ego arrives at the apartment in the night and flings these accouterments out a window, then is gunned down when some books that the hero is holding turn suddenly into revolvers. Although he is shot indoors, as his body falls, the scene immediately transforms into a Corot-like forest, and his dying hand tremblingly caresses the back of a nude girl—who dissolves into thin air with his death. Other images are far less agreeable. A moth appears on a wall and in close-up we see it has a death's-head marking; the shot dissolves to a livid, burned-out image of Batcheff, the mouth missing from his face. Frantically, the girl applies lipstick to her own mouth. Hair sprouts on the man's face where the mouth should be. The girl, alarmed, clutches at her naked armpit and discovers it is her underarm hair that now decorates the hero.

It would be futile to attempt a rational explanation of all that happens in *Un Chien Andalou*—particularly since Buñuel has repeatedly made it clear that anything for which either he or Dalí could provide a rational explanation was promptly expunged from their script. Nevertheless, the whole hangs together with the logic and consistency of a nightmare, a terrible, vivid dream whose images continue to haunt long after the dream has passed. What makes the film particularly notable is that, with a minimum of specifically sexual imagery, it seems surcharged with eroticism throughout. The hero's naked hunger in the early sequences, the scene with the Lesbian and the hand (while several of the onlookers clutch nervously at their own hands), the funeral cortege through the woods (which is joined unconcerned-

ly by a dwarfish older man and his kept companion), the final sequence in which two lovers joyously embrace at the water's edge only to be discovered, desiccated and buried up to their armpits in the sand in the final shot—all these, and more, sustain a sense of sexuality that is at once profoundly disturbing and repellent yet altogether fascinating. Small wonder that it remains the classic *oeuvre* of the first avant-garde.

But even when it was made—in 1929—time was running out. The world was perilously close to the brink of a depression that was to last for ten long years. Art-for-art's-sake explorations of spatial relationships, or even of the ego and the id, had little relevance to people whose primary concern had suddenly become just staying alive. Furthermore, the arrival of sound films, which occurred almost simultaneously throughout the world that same year, drove the cost of picture production far beyond the reach of most individuals—though in 1930, with the patronage of a wealthy French nobleman, Buñuel produced the impassioned and often erotic *L'Age d'Or* (*The Age of Gold*). The theme of this feature-length sound film is organized society's conspiracy to thwart the natural consummation of love. Violently anticlerical and virulently anticapitalist, Buñuel not only arrayed all of these forces against his two lovers but then proceeded to take an almost sadomasochistic delight in detailing their frustrations. The woman, unable to have her man, sucks passionately at the toe of a marble statue in her garden. The man, unable to have his mistress, bites fiercely on her fingers and kicks ferociously at a little dog who barks at him as he is being led away from the woman he loves. It is, as one critic has said, "the representation of the total passion of a human event pushed beyond previously known limits." Unfortunately, the limits existed. Attacked by rightist elements in Paris at its premiere, the film was banned by the censors forthwith and its negative ordered destroyed. Somehow a print survived; but *L'Age d'Or* was not shown publicly in the United States until it was given a long-overdue revival at the New York Film Festival of 1964.

Also working with private funds supplied by the French nobleman, the protean Surrealist artist Jean Cocteau created his feature-length *Le Sang d'un Poète* (*The Blood of a Poet*), perhaps the first avant-garde film to enjoy an impact beyond the rarefied *ciné-club* circles of Europe. Undoubtedly, this was due more to Cocteau's superb sense of cinematic trickery than to any widespread comprehension of his highly personal symbolism. His hero, a poet, discovering in the palm of his hand a mouth that entreats him for "Air, air," sensually passes it over his body and down, out of the frame, in what critic Parker Tyler has termed "an



In the Land

*"Your father and I would like a word with you, dear.
The word is 'DON'T'!"*



"Damn it, man, can't you do anything right?!"

erotic abuse." Soon—or as Cocteau arbitrarily puts it, "the next morning"—the half-naked poet plunges through a mirror that leads into a long corridor of the "Hotel des Folies-Dramatiques." At each door, he peeps hungrily through the keyhole. In one room, a Mexican peasant is being shot down (repeatedly) by the rifles of a firing squad. In the next, a little girl dressed in brief circus tights and sleigh bells is being taught to fly by an old woman who lashes at her with a whip. Another room contains Chinese opium addicts, another a hermaphrodite who appears section by section—female torso, male leg, male arm and, under a bit of cloth that conceals the sex organs, a sign reading DANGER OF DEATH. A woman's arm emerges from the wall and hands the poet a revolver, while a voice instructs him in its use. Placing it to his temple, he commits symbolic suicide, then races back down the corridor, through the mirror and into his studio, where he violently smashes the statue of his muse. "By breaking statues," says the

voice of Cocteau, "one runs the risk of becoming one himself."

In the next sequence, the poet has indeed been transformed into a statue and sits brooding sadly in a wintry public square, where schoolboys smash at him with their snowballs. In a scuffle, one of the boys is killed. Near his dying body, close to the pedestal of the ruined statue, an elegant table suddenly appears. At it are seated a beautiful woman and the reincarnated poet, both in handsome evening clothes. Oblivious to their surroundings, they are playing cards. A crystal chandelier and two theater boxes crowded with fashionable men and women suddenly transform the snow-covered exterior into a kind of stage setting. From the body of the dead boy the poet snatches a card—the ace of hearts. Quietly, a Negro angel enters, spreads his cloak over the boy and bends over him in a gesture of tender embrace. When he rises, the form has vanished, leaving only a hollow in the snow. The black hand of the angel seizes the ace of hearts

from the poet's cards and disappears. Without it, the poet realizes he has lost the game. Once more, he holds a revolver to his temple and pulls the trigger—while the people applaud in the loges above. (It was typical of Cocteau that at first he had filled the boxes with his friends from the nobility, including his patrons, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Noailles—and no less typical that, when they discovered they were in fact applauding the suicide of an artist and objected to this bit of *lèse-majesté*, he substituted a group of actors led by the well-known female impersonator Barrette.)

Although *The Blood of a Poet* has continued to be seen with fair frequency ever since its stormy premiere at the Vieux Colombier in Paris in 1931, it proved no harbinger of things to come. Throughout the Thirties and well into the Forties, there were few attempts to continue the work of the avant-garde pioneers. Perhaps the most notable were *Lot in Sodom* (1934), by James Sibley Watson and Melville Webber, an impressionistic account of the frenzied orgies and ultimate destruction of that disreputable city; and Joseph Berne's *Dawn to Dawn* (1934), a drab tale of thwarted love on a remote, impoverished farm, with ethereal Julie Haydon sadly miscast as the work-worn farm girl. But by the time the second avant-garde appeared soon after World War Two, many had so completely forgotten these precursors that they hailed the new efforts as an exciting innovation that would blaze fresh trails of cinematic art. Like Alexander King's story of the man who, in lonely isolation, reinvented the typewriter, this post-War generation of experimenters spent considerable time rediscovering the themes and techniques that had been developed 20 years earlier. Maya Deren, until her untimely death in 1962, was both high priestess and prime mover of this renaissance; but even the quartet of films upon which much of her fame is based—*Meshes of the Afternoon*, *At Land*, *Choreography for Camera* and *Ritual in Transfigured Time*—is crowded with images, symbols and juxtapositions that are strikingly similar to the works of Cocteau and the other Surrealists. Knives, keys and flowers are introduced in their Freudian connotations. A black-draped figure, its face a mirror, walks slowly past the camera; but a girl pursuing it, running at full tilt, is unable to catch up with it. No less reminiscent of the first avant-garde is the sequence in which Miss Deren crawls the length of a banquet table while her dinner guests continue their meal and conversation without the slightest indication that their hostess is acting in a somewhat unconventional manner.

But whatever her talents as a film maker—which were considerable—Maya Deren was primarily a catalyst, a woman

who made things happen. Indefatigably, she wrote and lectured from coast to coast, showing her pictures and urging other young people to be creative. The times were ripe. The Army Signal Corps had trained thousands of men to run a camera during the War years. The film schools were training thousands more—and, through their constant showings of films from the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, suggesting that the medium ought to be considered as something more than merely an entertainment or propaganda device. No less important, the equipment manufacturers had drastically upgraded the standards for their relatively inexpensive cameras and projectors to make them more flexible and serviceable in combat areas; and laboratories had improved to the point where they could supply the opticals, dissolves and multilight prints that soon made 16mm stock technically almost interchangeable with its big 35mm theatrical brother. For a few hundred dollars, a young man could equip himself to turn out pictures that, physically at least, were virtually on a par with the professionals. And in the new era of post-War prosperity, people were once more disposed to devote themselves to art-for-art's-sake experimentation. All it took was the driving energy, conviction and devotion of a Maya Deren to get things moving.

The first stirrings came when, early in 1946, Miss Deren rented the tiny Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village for a single night's showing of what she called her "three abandoned films." The crowds so choked MacDougal Street that extra performances had to be scheduled until well into the early-morning hours, and the program was repeated on weekends for the next several months. As a direct result of her success, Amos Vogel was inspired to form his Cinema 16—also at the Provincetown Playhouse—for the presentation of "outstanding social documentaries, controversial adult screen fare, advanced experimental films, classics of the international cinema and medical-psychiatric studies"; within a few years, it had developed into the largest and most stimulating film society in the country. Meanwhile, the fiery Miss Deren had embarked with her films on a tour of the nation's universities and art centers, proselytizing as she went. Symptomatically, when she appeared at the San Francisco Museum of Art late in 1946, to participate in a ten-week series devoted to experimental films, the old-hat Surrealism of Hans Richter's feature-length *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (which included a sequence based on Marcel Duchamp's famous *Nude Descending a Staircase*) and her own four pictures were the only new items on the programs; everything else, of necessity, was drawn from the past. But two years later, when San Francisco offered a second

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This is the Slim Guy Racer.



ten-week experimental series, it was devoted entirely to contemporary works—with many of them contributed by people who had been converted to this aspect of the cinema by Maya Deren herself.

As in the Twenties, two dominant forces shaped the thinking of this new movement: a lively discontent with the conventional movies coming off the studios' assembly lines and the conviction that the medium could be, and *should* be, developed as a means of self-expression for the serious artist of the 20th Century. But where, in the first avant-garde, the participants had been established artists, often of the first rank, the unknown members of the new avant-garde soon discovered that their greatest difficulty lay in finding audiences who would take them seriously. Their abstract films, whether set to classical music or to progressive jazz, resembled nothing so much as animated doodles, polka dots gone mad, eye-blinding assaults of forms and colors that seemed, to put it most charitably, capricious. Images were scratched onto raw celluloid; modeling clay was tortured into new shapes and animated frame by frame; mosaics were photographed and spliced together into such quick, sharp bursts as to be almost unidentifiable. The point of these films, of course, was not the recognition of the image as such but the enjoyment of its synchronization to the accompanying score, the simultaneous gratification of both eye and ear. Len Lye in England and Norman McLaren in Canada had been experimenting in this area for a number of years; but to most film-society members in the late Forties and the Fifties, it was still a totally new experience—for some exhilarating, for others painfully tedious.

Far more disturbing, however, were the nonabstract films that began to appear—pictures that, whether consciously or unconsciously, had their roots in the Surrealism of the Twenties. For these were pictures *meant* to disturb. Rejecting both the themes and the styles of the commercial movie, the new *cinéastes* were determined that their pictures would be as various and unconventional as their own personalities. It was as if, having discovered the camera, they had decided to use it to discover themselves. "Agony and experience films," Maya Deren once called them. As a result, a strangely narcissistic atmosphere pervades them—in no small part because their directors were as often in front of the camera as behind it ("for budgetary reasons," they would modestly explain). And because sexuality—often homosexuality—figured largely in their youthful concerns, a strong element of eroticism was present as well.

The best-known film from the first years of this avant-garde resurgence—perhaps because it was the most shock-

ing—was young Kenneth Anger's *Fireworks*, dealing quite specifically and openly with the then-forbidden theme of homosexuality. His picture, as Lewis Jacobs has written, "has a rare individuality which no literal summary of its qualities can reproduce." Certainly, its maker *wanted* no literal summary: his intent, rather, was to have his audiences participate in the emotions of a homosexual, to empathize fully with both the dread and the exultation of his teenage hero. To this end, the story is fashioned in the form of a dream, its wishful nature established immediately by the shot of a gigantic erection beneath the sheets of the cot on which the boy lies sleeping. Later, at a bar, he encounters some sailors who boastfully display their muscles and excite the youth, then mercilessly turn on him and beat him with chains, bloody his nose, slash him with glass and finally pour a trickle of symbolic cream over his broken face. But Anger is entering no plea for sympathy toward his battered hero. The sadistic beating has an orgasmic quality that was clearly what the boy was seeking, as expressed at the film's climax—a screen-filling shot of the boy, now dressed as a sailor, with what seems to be a giant penis protruding from his tight white pants; he sets a match to it and it erupts in a shower of sparks, then turns into a Christmas tree, with which the boy dances about the room. But is it all fantasy? Back in his own room again, he methodically rips up photos of himself with the sailors who had earlier assaulted him and consigns them to the flames in his fireplace.

Similar, and made at the same time, was Curtis Harrington's *Fragment of Seeking*. Its hero, played by Harrington, is portrayed as a narcissistic young man disturbed by his ambivalent reactions to the many attractive girls who crowd around him. Returning through prison-like corridors to his own cell-like room, he flings himself down on his cot. One of the girls enters and offers herself to him, but he thrusts her aside. The girl leaves and, after a moment's hesitation, the young man runs after her, following her to her room, where she awaits him lying seductively on her couch. He leans forward to kiss her, then draws back in horror. Beneath the long blonde hair is a grinning skull on a decaying skeleton. The boy rushes from the room, past skeletal figures in a courtyard, and stares at himself in a mirror, aware at last of his own homosexual nature. In *Mother's Day*, made by San Francisco poet James Broughton, adults are seen playing children's games, punctuated by sharp outbursts of apparently unmotivated sadism—all supervised approvingly by a handsome, self-centered, emasculating mother. (The final shot shows the mother wearing her husband's bowler hat and holding his riding crop.) Kenneth Anger's *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* also

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belongs to this group of avant-garde experiments: it is a lushly beautiful homosexual fantasy in which gaudily, gauzily costumed mythological figures participate in vaguely obscene bacchic rites. In these "agony and experience films," one is almost painfully aware that they are the externalization of their makers' own neuroses, the cinematic equivalent of an analyst's couch.

Anger, Broughton and Harrington were all products of the West Coast school. Meanwhile, back in the East, Maya Deren was joined by a host of others attracted to the medium by its possibilities for self-expression, self-revelation—and, it must be admitted in a good many instances, for self-aggrandizement. By the end of the Fifties, what had begun as a number of earnest young film makers working feverishly in near isolation had escalated into something of a movement. Film cooperatives, such as poet Willard Maas' Gryphon in New York, were springing up. Maya Deren's Creative Film Foundation had brought together an impressive list of intellectuals to award prizes, organize symposia and push for financial aid to the more promising—and impoverished—talents in the group. And Jonas Mekas was beginning to form his New American Cinema group to promote the films of its members. By this time, too, air travel was swift enough—and cheap enough—to minimize the differences between the coasts. Anger went to Italy to film his *Eaux d'Artifice*, Broughton to England for *The Pleasure Garden*, Harrington to Italy for *Assignment*; others, such as Gregory Markopoulos and Stan Brakhage, were young Lochinvars who came out of the West to settle in New York and help make it, temporarily at least, the focal point for all experimental work in the United States. Significantly, when the Ford Foundation made its awards to creative film makers in 1964, only three of the twelve winners were based on the West Coast.

What distinguished the "far-out" films of the Fifties from the underground films of the Sixties, however, was neither their point of origin nor their choice of themes. It was their technical polish, their obvious concern for the physical appearance of the image, their feeling not only for the surface but for the form of the completed work. By contrast with what was to follow, Willard Maas' films of the early Fifties—*Geography of the Body*, with its Vesuvian nipples and craterlike navels, and *Mechanics of Love*, with its phallic knives and telephone poles, its vaginal letter boxes and furnaces—were meticulously photographed, scrupulously edited documentaries. During the Fifties, Gregory Markopoulos, who had studied film at the University of Southern California, created his *Psyche* trilogy (1947-1948), a poetic odyssey to the wilder shores of

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love: there was a lushness in his imagery, an absorption with the evocative power of raw color that made each episode a remarkable adventure. In his most recent film, *Galaxie* (1966), he offers little more than interminable, rather self-consciously arty close-ups of 30 of his Greenwich Village friends, punctuated by long stretches of blank film and the occasional ringing of Hindu bells. During the Fifties, the youthful Stan Brakhage explored the medium in a series of films notable for their vigor, terseness and technical daring. More recently, he has displayed a grim determination to retain every foot of film that comes from his camera, be it overexposed, underexposed or bearing reel-end punctures; and he incorporates this rattle-taggle footage into such nonstop epics as his five-part *Dog Star Man* (78 minutes) and *The Art of Vision* (four and a half hours). Though still talented, he has succumbed to the self-indulgence and self-absorption that have come to characterize most of the films that have been pouring out in the past few years.

In a pointed refutation of the Marxist theory of an evolution from quantity to quality, beginning in the early Sixties—beginning, in fact, with the Robert Frank-Alfred Leslie production of *Pull My Daisy* (based on an unpublished play by Jack Kerouac) and with Jonas Mekas' feature-length *Guns of the Trees*, an intellectualized essay on miscegenation—the field of the avant-garde has undergone a marked expansion and transformation. Whereas formerly each new film of Anger, Broughton or Harrington was an event, today the products of the underground are produced in such profusion that it is all but impossible to keep up with them. In less than five years, the Kuchar brothers—Bronx-born twins still in their early 20s—have alone been responsible for about two dozen titles. (And what titles! *Pussy on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Sins of the Fleshapoids*, *Hold Me While I'm Naked* . . . American-International might well consider hiring them solely on the basis of their title-writing abilities.) And Andy Warhol can turn out a new picture in little more time than it takes for the film to pass through his cameras (with such descriptive titles as *Sleep*, *Eat*, *Harlot* and *Blow Job*). Fortunately, this fair-haired boy of Pop art also has a few other things going for him, or Cinémathèque screens would be inundated by Warhol, instead of being merely awash with his works. These days, more experimental films are being produced in a single year than appeared in the entire decade of the Fifties; but they show every sign of their hasty origins, and they succeed largely on their calculated power to shock and disturb. They are pictures to talk about, pictures that it is "in" to see.

And what do they look like, these "in" pictures? Perhaps the best known—or

most notorious—is Jack Smith's scandal-rousing *Flaming Creatures* (1963), which has served as a kind of rallying point for all true underground enthusiasts ever since. Because it was banned by the New York police the year after it was made on the charge of obscenity, and has had such ardent—and vocal—champions as Jonas Mekas and Susan Sontag to speak in its behalf, this "pageant of Transylvania" has, almost too literally, been more honored in the breach than in the observance. For a full hour, *Flaming Creatures* celebrates the campy world of homosexuals, transvestites and their sexless ladyfriends. Without any formal plot, and set to a haphazard collection of phonograph records that range from *Siboney* to rock 'n' roll, from bullfight music to Chinese singsong, the picture wanders through beach frolicking, a parody of an old Valentino movie and gang rape in an Arabian seraglio. Part of the fun, apparently, is that only when the women in the film expose their ample bosoms is one certain that they are women and thus subject to all the indignities that their flesh is heir to. Much of the time the screen is crowded with painted and bewigged men wearing what Miss Sontag has aptly described as "flamboyant thrift-shop women's clothes," who dance together, tease each other and strut their pitiable finery for the delectation of their lacy pals. There is an abundance of nudity—penises are displayed as casually as breasts—and a final orgy that is virtually a homosexual's handbook; but the film's erotic charge derives less from overt overexposure than from the voluptuous, undulating movements of these pretty young men in their satins and silks as they fan the desires of their little friends. The charge, however, never crackles and rarely sizzles, because, despite its audacious subject matter, *Flaming Creatures* is persistently dampened by Smith's ineptitude with the camera. Shots jiggle on the screen, heads are cut off by the frame line, scenes are played far too long, and the photography has the gray graininess that betrays the amateur's unfamiliarity with film stocks and lenses. All in all, the picture resembles nothing so much as a stag film for fairies.

Quite different is Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*, although it, too, is tinged with homosexuality and has consequently had more than its share of run-ins with the police. But Anger is a film maker who is always in control of his material—precise when he needs to be, imprecise when he wants to be. As a result, his picture, which probes the psychological and sociological roots of today's motorcycle gangs, has a style and certitude about it, an awareness of what it wants to say and how best to say it, that is shared by precious few of its underground contemporaries. *Scorpio* opens as one of the cyclists prepares for his eve-

ning on the town. He is lying in bed reading a comic book, his walls bedecked with pictures and posters depicting violence and death. He rises and fondles the gleaming mechanism of his motorbike, then almost ritualistically dons his uniform—the tight jeans, the black-leather jacket, the heavy, chrome-studded belt. The camera is placed low, so that he appears to be what he thinks he is—a 20th Century knight preparing to sally forth from his castle on his trusty charger. Since there is no Grail for present-day knights, he must settle for kicks. The cyclists meet at their clubhouse, a room adorned with swastikas, Nazi flags and photographs of Hitler. To Anger, the motorcycle has become a cult symbol with strong nihilistic—neo-fascist connotations—a new paganism that mocks the Christian theology. (On a TV set, newsreels of Hitler alternate with scenes from some ancient and corny version of the Passion play.) That the cult is also tinged with homosexuality is evidenced by the initiation ceremony for a new member, during which one of the young men displays a gigantic dildo; and degrading rites are performed upon the neophyte. The film ends with a wild *Walpurgisnacht* of cyclists on the road intercut with the flashing, flaring red signal lights of police cars, that symbol of a hated authority. A wild rock-'n'-roll score, repeated cutaways (via the TV set) to Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* and inserts of such comic-book heroes as Superman contribute to the film's sense of youthful contemporaneity. Without undue moralizing, Anger seems to be saying, "This is how it is." Apparently, the censors who have cracked down on his picture would rather not find out.

The Andy Warhol films are something else again. Whereas Anger has repeatedly won prizes all over the world for his film-making abilities, and Jack Smith is merely slovenly, Warhol abjures technique altogether. The camera is simply loaded, set into position and turned on. Whatever happens to be in front of it—a man getting a haircut in a barbershop (33 minutes), a man eating a mushroom (45 minutes) or the Empire State Building (eight hours)—is photographed from the one setup, with breaks only when it becomes necessary to reload. One young and admiring critic, Thom Andersen, has pointed out that Warhol's function has been "restoring to film its original irrational function of presenting things to look at without comment or artifice"—a reference to the primitive one-shot-one-film movies of Edison and Lumière. But the Edison and Lumière pictures not only showed something with a certain amount of motion to it—a train pulling into a station, a dancer doing the shimmy—but managed to do it all in about 50 seconds. Actually, there is more unconscious irony than truth to Andersen's assertion that Warhol's first films "man-



aged to astonish people merely by their reductive simplicity, their overweening length and their insistent silence." They either bludgeoned their audiences into a bored submissiveness or sent them roaring for their money back.

It did not take Warhol long, however, to realize that this same technique, if applied to material with sexual connotations, could become not only more controversial but more commercial as well. Shortly, instead of a man eating a mushroom, he was showing a female impersonator eating—with obvious oral gratification—a banana. Instead of a middle-aged man getting a haircut, he showed a leather-jacketed youth getting—or at least responding to—a blow job. Instead of eight hours of the Empire State Building, there was eight hours of *The Chelsea Girls* (mercifully reduced to four by the simple expedient of running two 16mm films cheek by jowl on a single Cinemascope screen). Purportedly a cross section of the inhabitants of New York's venerable Chelsea Hotel, its "girls" include a bull dyke who gets her kicks from shoving needles (sometimes doped) into the posteriors of the tender young things who come her way, a whiskey-sodden mother who sporadically beats her

homosexual son with a whip while his Lesbian girlfriend looks on approvingly from the next bed, a wealthy pervert who tries (in vain) to keep his young man away from the two teenagers who drop in from across the hall and offer themselves to him, and a hyped-up fanatic who beats and screeches after a girl he imagines has insulted him. Typically of Warhol, these episodes are not always projected in the same sequence or combinations, nor are the same sound tracks heard at each performance. It is also typical that, in the sequence with the fanatic, the actor runs out of inspiration well before the camera has run out of film. "Keep it going," Warhol's voice commands audibly on the sound track. "We've got three more minutes."

In several of his more recent pictures, Warhol has attempted to tell stories—but still with the most primitive of movie techniques. *Tarzan and Jane Regained*—*Sort Of*, a parody with an embarrassingly homemade air about it, features the underground's only star, the wispy, kewpie-faced Taylor Mead as Tarzan, and fleshy underground film maker Naomi Levine as Jane. Jerky, hand-held camerawork, random editing, an irritatingly nonsynchronous sound track

haphazardly compiled from phonograph records and an improvised commentary by Mead complete the film. In *Vinyl*, a more recent effort, Warhol reverts to the single-take film, crowds his seven or eight performers into a corner of his aluminum-foil-lined studio and, against the pounding beat of disc-jockey music, plays out a long scene (70 minutes) that consists primarily of scratchily recorded dialog. (For some reason, the sound recording in Warhol's movies is always terrible.) Its youthful, long-haired hero, Victor (played by Village poet Gerard Malanga), fingers his tight pants and says, "OK, I'm a J. D. So what? I like to bust things up and carve people up and I dig the old up-yours with plenty of violence so it's real tasty. And then if I get busted by the cops, so what, so what the hell, I say. You can't have J. D.s like me running loose all over the city. Then it's me that loses if I get busted, so what the hell do you care? But, babies, while I am free, it's me that is having the fun, you dig, with breaking up china shops and carving up cuties and the old up-yours with lots of real smooth violence to give it some juice . . ." Victor and his pal Scum deliver the old up-yours to an older man, Pub, after ripping up the books he is carrying. But the two have a falling out, whereupon Scum rats on Victor to the fuzz. What follows is a homosexual's sadomasochistic fantasy as Victor is cured of his antisocial ways by a "doctor" who, with a caressing viciousness, tortures the youth until, in Pavlovian fashion, he begins to associate evil and violence with pain and nausea. When Victor is released, all his old cronies set upon him and beat him up.

Throughout *Vinyl*, for no discernible reason—except, perhaps, as critic Robert Hatch has suggested, to illustrate "the irrelevance of females in the emotional affairs of men"—New York society play-girl Edie Sedgwick sits impassively on a steamer trunk at the back of the stage, totally uninvolved in the action at any point. Miss Sedgwick, a slender, large-eyed blonde with a butch haircut and a well-developed instinct for self-display, moved to stage center for Warhol's *Poor Little Rich Girl*—70 momentarily uneventful consecutive minutes from her young life filmed in her luxurious Central Park West apartment. Between listening to records, munching on a sandwich and stripping down to bra and panties to try on some clothes, she listlessly answers questions that Warhol, off-camera, disinterestedly throws at her. For a climax, she slips into a pants suit for a party that night. Typically, the first half of the film is badly out of focus. Typically, Warhol uses it anyway.

Perhaps the most ambitious—and certainly the most popular—of Warhol's pictures to date has been *My Hustler*, which tells a story (of sorts) filmed entirely on location on Fire Island. Again,



"Well, at the time I told you I was a virgin, I was."

the subject is—you guessed it—homosexuality: Ed, a wealthy, aging queer, has hired Paul, a handsome, well-muscled young man, from something called Dial-a-Hustler and brought him to the island. Immediately, both Genvieve, Ed's attractive neighbor, and another hustler named Bob—described by Ed on the sound track as "the sugarplum fairy"—announce their designs on the boy. Ed bets with them that neither will make it. Genvieve tries to seduce him as they swim in the surf together; Bob makes his pitch as the two are showering and drying in a small bathroom, with the older man promising to use his business connections in return for Paul's favors. Ed appears in the doorway, holding out his wallet. "Have you ever seen so much money in one wallet in your life before, Paul? It could be yours. . . . I can take you places, Paul. Beautiful places. The important thing to remember is that we will go together." Paul remains impassive as Ed leaves and a woman, unidentified, takes his place at the doorway. "Get away from these old faggots," she tells him. As the film ends, Paul stands alone in the bathroom, still unable to reach a decision.

Astonishingly enough, all of this is narrated from only two camera setups. The first shot zooms in on the porch of a beach house where Ed is sitting, microphone visible beside him. (His is the only voice heard in the first shot, but it is heard incessantly.) Occasionally, the camera pans to Paul lying on the beach, and the reel ends with a zoom to Paul and Genvieve in the water. The second shot, completely static, has the camera just outside the bathroom door, its constricted view enlarged only when someone swings open a small mirrored cabinet. The result of this (for want of a better name) technique is to make an already longish film seem interminable. When Bob and Paul are in the bathroom drying themselves, shaving, endlessly applying deodorants and powders, their improvised dialog strays repeatedly from the central proposition; yet obviously Warhol would never dream of cutting a precious word or losing a still more precious frame. There is an oddly obsessive feeling about these films—their claustrophobic settings, their self-absorbed, perverse characters, their single-minded, simple-minded techniques. But as with all too many obsessive people, they quickly degenerate into bores.

No less obsessive is the thread of homosexuality that runs through so many of these underground pictures. It is not so much expository or explanatory, as in the earlier films of Anger and Harrington, but rather exultant—and not infrequently, exploitative. There is, for example, Andy Milligan's *Vapors*, which is "underground" merely because commercial films still do not permit such a forthright treatment of the problem.



"It's for you!"

Its hero is a thin, somewhat effeminate young man who is visiting a notorious homosexual pickup spot for the first time. The entire action, which strongly resembles a one-act play, centers on his encounters with the various queens who frequent the place. The secret of *The Secret of Wendell Samson*, by Mike Kuchar, is that Wendell, too, is a homosexual, and unhappy about it. Invited to accompany a rich boyfriend to Haiti, Wendell runs away; but soon after, he accepts another's invitation to have a cup of coffee. In the next shot, showing the young man and his new friend together in bed, Wendell says blankly, blandly, "That was a good cup of coffee." After rejecting the advances of the girl next door, he is kidnaped and taken to a small room filled with men and women dressed as gangsters. At pistol point, he is forced to make love to a gaudy blonde. Wendell makes a token effort (both he and the girl are fully dressed), but finally shouts, "I can't do it!"—whereupon the spectators line up like a firing squad, shooting at him and pelting him with various missiles, until his white shirt is splorched with red. In the final shot, the girl next door appears again, but she falls limply to the ground, leaving Wendell alone on a wintry plain.

Somewhat less lurid is Clifford Solway's *The Gay Life*, no doubt because it is actually a documentary originally produced for—but never shown by—Canadian television. A camera investigation of gay bars, it begins with shots of men dancing together in one such establishment while the owner of the place coldly

explains the house rules on the sound track: They can dance, but they may not touch each other; nor can they approach another customer to make a pickup. The scene shifts to a table, where four young homosexuals—three white, one Negro—discuss the gay life and agree among one another that faggots, like blondes, have more fun. The major portion of the film is devoted to female impersonators as they prepare for their performances, and then the shows themselves. One does a striptease down to bra and panties, ending with the removal of his wig; others, in floor-length ball gowns, sing such ballads as *Love for Sale* and *I Enjoy Being a Girl*. The film is not without its poignant moments, particularly when, at the finale, several male couples are seen dancing together to Barbra Streisand's recording of *People* (who need people). Gradually, their husky voices pick up the lyric—"They're the luckiest people in the world." Suddenly, homosexuality is revealed as neither mere camp nor perversion but as a pathetic form of escape from loneliness.

Masturbation, still a shocking subject to many, also turns up with increasing frequency in these films. Often it is purely incidental, as in Smith's *Flaming Creatures* and in William Vehr's *Brothel* (in which one of the young men lies naked on a pallet for much of the picture while his friends, garishly garbed in Arabian costumes, idly play with his penis from time to time). Nathaniel Dorsky's *Ingreen* and *Fall Trip Home* are clearly masturbation fantasies, but with emphasis more on the psychological than on the sexual disturbances of their youthful heroes. In *Plastic Haircut*, Robert Nelson

characteristically has fun with the entire notion as his astronomer hero struggles with a vast paper pyramid that protrudes from his cloak, massages rubber balls and copes with a sausage-shaped balloon that persistently inflates and deflates. More direct is Japanese film maker Takahiko Imura's *Onan*, a satire on onanistic sexual gratification. In it, a young man studies intently the pictures in a number of girlie magazines, plays with himself and, as a result of this ersatz stimulation, gives birth to a large, sterile, plastic egg. More direct still is Stan Brakhage's *Fein*, in which a young boy, his face a doll-like mask of innocence, masturbates in front of the camera. His face is seen only briefly; most of the film consists of close-ups of the penis being stroked and rubbed, intercut with shots of a starry sky.

At the other end of the scale, the amount of heterosexual activity depicted by underground directors is also sharply on the rise. The aforementioned Stan Brakhage, the father of five children, has recorded in almost clinical detail the birth of each of them, from conception to delivery. In *Blue-White*, for example, he zooms his camera from his wife's vagina to her pain-racked face, then back again, as his child makes its entry into the world. In still another of his pictures, he superimposes upon scenes of his children at play a shot of himself and his wife copulating (and calls the result *An Avant-Garde Home Movie*). The Kuchar brothers, Mike and George, separately or together, have turned out some of the wildest, wackiest pictures being made today. "Whoever has the money to pay for the film, he gets to direct," said George in a recent interview. Apart from their talent for thinking up far-out (and

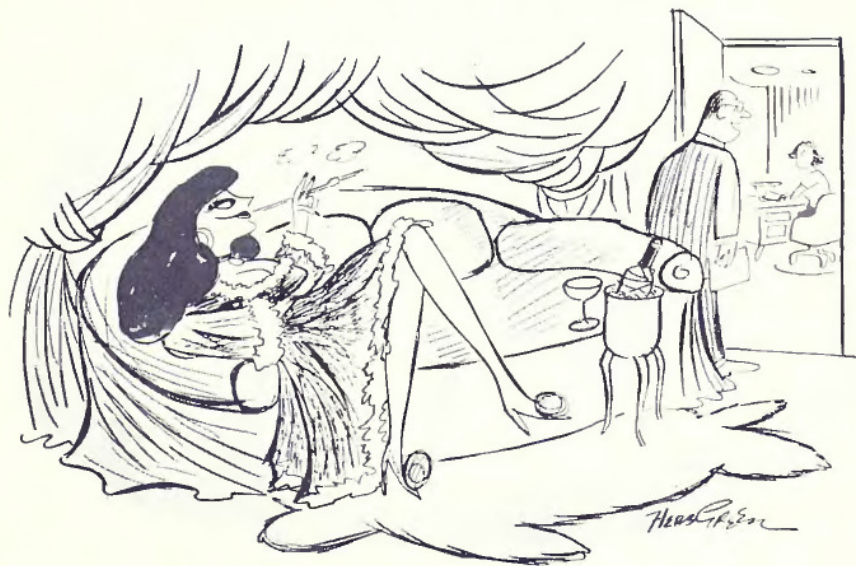
generally irrelevant) titles, they have also mastered the knack of luring stunning young nonactresses into their films and photographing them in the manner of PLAYBOY centerfolds. Should a young lady have second thoughts after shooting has begun—or catch pneumonia, as happened to one shapely miss after having spent hours in a drafty shower for *Hold Me While I'm Naked*—the Kuchars are not upset. They simply revise their plot and go on shooting. What makes their films unique, quite apart from the plump, bare-breasted Bronx sexpots (with their raspy Bronx accents) who populate them, is the fact that the Kuchars take neither themselves nor their movies too seriously. For the most part, the underground is a dreadfully intense bunch of people.

Nudity is merely incidental to Stan Brakhage, who treats it simply as one more facet of the cosmos that he explores in his ambitious and poetic films; similarly, it is merely coincidental to the Kuchar brothers, whose pictures have been in the main lighthearted parodies of gangster and science-fiction movies. Nudity, however, is central to such films as Naomi Levine's *Yes*, in which a number of her friends—men, women and children—romp through the countryside as naked and unconcerned as Adam and Eve before the serpent arrived. But *Yes*, unlike so many of the voyeuristic nudist films that it superficially resembles, retains a quality of innocence and wonder, a respect for nature's creation that is almost spiritual. Decidedly less innocent—yet not voyeuristic, either—is William Vehr's erotically sensual *Avocada*, in which dancer Carole Morell, after writhing amid yellow-and-orange flames, symbolically kills a male victim, covers her

nude body with his blood and continues her dance, languorously caressing her body and the blood-stained knife. In Ed Emshwiller's *Relativity*, a master photographer celebrates the female body—and the act of creation—as one of the few beauties in a world made hideous by death, deformity and decay. On the other hand, Bruce Conner, a West Coast painter and sculptor, has assembled some of the nudist nudes ever shown on a screen—beautiful, sexy girls who stroke their breasts and flaunt their pubic hair for the delectation of the audience—and quick-cuts these as collage elements in his three-minute *Cosmic Ray*. Set to the wailing of Ray Charles, and intercut with snippets of everything from the flag-raising at Iwo Jima to a Mickey Mouse cartoon, the film fashions a pop-art parable of love and death that is at once ebullient and sobering but never for a moment pornographic. In *To Parsifal*, as his color camera moves past a green, virgin wood, Bruce Baillie creates a moment of ineffable loveliness with the fleeting glimpse of a pink and pearly nude in a clearing. She is never seen again.

And yet it must be admitted that many of today's underground film makers use nudity solely for its exploitative shock value. Ben Van Meter, in his *Poon Tang Trilogy*, gathers together shots of wars, cataclysms and assorted disasters much in the manner of Bruce Conner, but he photographs them off the living screen of a naked girl who sits, legs apart, facing the camera. They are distorted and distended by the convexities of her breasts, belly and thighs, absorbed in the black of her pubic hair. Later, a busty nude dances in an empty room, a hand-drawn asterisk covering her pubic area. At times, the asterisk seems to be trying to keep up with her; at other times, she seems to be trying to escape from it. (Eventually, she does.) In *Busibag*, by Don Duga, blasts of paint—symbolic sperm—are superimposed over girlie-film footage, and the whole set to rock-'n'-roll music.

Robert Nelson, another West Coast artist, obviously revels in nudity. In *Oiley Peloso, the Pumph Man* (whatever that may mean), much of the footage is devoted to the antic cavorting of two totally naked girls swinging on a rope deep in a forest, and it includes a huge close-up of a gaping vagina on which is superimposed a man's hand, as if reaching out from it. ("Due to footage in which pubic hair is visible," cautions the distributor, the Creative Film Society, "this film should not be shown where objections may arise.") In *The Confessions of a Black Mother Succuba*, Nelson superimposes and intercuts elements of pop culture—glimpses of Ed Sullivan, old movies, comic strips—with fleshy striptease artists and even fleshier nudes wrestling, all played against a mélange



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of old-time records that includes Helen Kane singing *I Wanna Be Loved by You* and Betty Hutton's swinging rendition of *Murder, He Says*. In his satiric *Oh Dem Watermelons*, the melon is used as a symbol for the oppressed Negro. It is thrown off buses, flushed down toilets, eviscerated and, at one point, joyously embraced by a naked white girl who crushes it to her bosom and grows ecstatic as the pink fruit and juices flow over her body. Barbara Rubin's *Christmas on Earth*, whose two reels are generally projected superimposed one on the other, moved Jonas Mekas to rhapsodize: "A woman; a man; the black of the pubic hair; the cunt's moon mountains and canyons. As the film goes, image after image, the most private territories of the body are laid open for us. . . . From now on, the camera shall know no shame. Cinema has discovered all of man: as painting and sculpture did from the very beginning. But then: Cinema is in its very beginning."

If so, then it has precious little farther to go—at least along the tracks set down by Mekas and his friends. The late Ron Rice, one of the gods of the underground's private pantheon, wrote revealingly shortly before his death, "All film makers should forget that they're film makers. Everyone can reach the heights of creation if they understand that art

has no definition. It encompasses all. Art is everywhere in the sewers in the buildings in the air like a bird. Why bother to analyze anything. See where analysis has brought the human race, the world is on the brink of destruction . . . isn't it absurd?" The fact is that too many of the film makers in the New American Cinema movement not only fail to analyze anything, and have forgotten all too readily that they are film makers (if, indeed, they ever were), but most of them prefer to search for "art" in the sewers than in the air. They inspect their navels with ecstatic self-preoccupation; they discover sex with a great whoop and holler; yet when they turn their flickering attention to the world around them, it is with the enthusiastic destructiveness of small children. Unlike the Dadaists and Surrealists of 40 and 50 years ago, however, who destroyed in order to clear the way for new forms of beauty, most of them find their satisfaction—their "kicks"—in the act of destruction itself.

Oddly enough, in Europe, where it all began, the avant-garde movement has become on the whole far more sedate than in this country. In part, this is due to the fact that much of the experimental work is carried on in state-supported or semi-official film schools, and the young film makers gravitate toward less inflammatory, less personal material. In

addition, since most European nations encourage the production of short films "of artistic merit" by an elaborate system of rebates, underwriting or direct cash awards to officially approved pictures, experimentation tends to be concentrated on such irreproachable areas as fine art, the dance and new ways to look at the French or Italian countryside. Not coincidentally, each time Belgium has held its biannual International Experimental Film competition (began in 1958), more than half of the total entries have come from the United States—and invariably, more than half of the prizes go to American contestants.

Perhaps because so much of the European experimental activity is oriented toward ultimate theatrical exhibition, the route from avant-garde to feature production is considerably shorter and more direct over there than in this country. Roman Polanski, who scored internationally with his first feature, the tension-charged *Knife in the Water*, was a product of his native Poland's film schools and had directed half a dozen experimentals as a student before graduating to feature-length productions. In England, under the aegis of the British Film Institute's Experimental Production Committee (better known as "British Free Cinema"), such directors as Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson made their professional bows. Among the Italian directors who took the giant step are Michelangelo Antonioni, Luciano Emmer and Dino Risì. In France, virtually the entire New Wave—Georges Franju, Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais, François Truffaut, Agnes Varda—were originally either avant-garde film makers or critics, or both. Franju, a founder of the Cinéma-thèque Française, first won attention as a film maker with his 1949 documentary *Le Sang des Bêtes* (*The Blood of the Beasts*). A shocking, bloody, revoltingly intimate description of the slaughter and processing of animals in a Paris abattoir, it was a picture that required a strong stomach to sit through—and a broad streak of sadism to enjoy. Nevertheless, in the poetry of its approach and the sheer professionalism of its technique, it has come to epitomize the European version of the far-out film.

Closer to the American avant-garde is Agnes Varda's prize-winning, autobiographical *L'Opéra Mouffe* (1958). The petite Mlle. Varda, pregnant at the time she made the film, transformed an impressionistic study of a Paris *quartier* into a vivid, highly personal account of her own fears and erotic longings. As the camera scans the faces of the poor and the aged, of women made grotesque and awkward by the children they are carrying, of lovers meeting in streets and crowded parks, the sensitivities of the film maker are always uppermost. Arranged in the form of a suite, set to various popular

French street songs, the film gains its effect in part through the contrasts and contradictions discovered by the camera, in part through the unabashed intimacy of its photography—including, inevitably, the prostitutes of the district and a protracted, lyric sequence in which a pair of naked lovers explore with pure delight the secrets of each other's bodies. This same sense of intimacy and lyricism was to be found again in Varda's more recent features, such as *Cleo de Cinq à Sept* (*Cleo from Five to Seven*) and *Le Bonheur*.

As in the earlier avant-garde, the movement on the Continent since World War Two has drawn to itself on occasion (although invariably on a short-term basis) artists from other fields—perhaps most notably the controversial French poet and playwright Jean Genet (*The Blacks*, *The Balcony*) and the German-born playwright Peter Weiss (*The Investigation*, *Marat/Sade*). Genet's *Un Chant d'Amour*, which he wrote and directed in 1950, is a silent film—and all the more disturbing for its silence. Possibly drawn from his own prison experiences, it is an utterly candid description of homosexuality in a jail, featuring a brutal and depraved warder who alternately spies upon his prisoners as they commit various acts of sodomy and taunts them for their offenses. (Within the past year, the film has been banned both in New York and in California.) During the mid-Fifties, Peter Weiss produced half a dozen experimental films in Sweden (including the feature-length, Kafka-esque *The Mirage*) before turning to dramatic writing. Of the six, *Hallucinations* and *Interplay* are not only replete with nudity but are specifically erotic in content. *Hallucinations*, for example, consists of a dozen brief tableaux (set to *musique concrète*) in which abstract forms are set against fragmented, semi-abstract nude figures. (In one of the tableaux, a woman's legs spread invitingly from the bottom of the frame; beyond them, a naked man angrily gesticulates his rejection. In another, a lush female torso fills the right side of the screen; beyond it, a naked man lies with his head on a table, surrounded by clenched fists.) In *Interplay*, two lovers, both nude, are presented in combinations that *Film Culture* has described as "a tantalizing ambivalence of sexual attitudes."

Like the United States, France, too, has its "underground" film makers today. But in France, the connotation of the word is altogether literal. Men such as the American expatriate Noel Burch and the French writer-philosopher André LaBarthe have been making thoroughly professional films on somewhat esoteric themes; but there seems to be an unwritten agreement that these will be shown in private. (Perhaps the recent French ban on the release of Peter Goldman's

New York—made *Echoes of Silence* on the grounds that it dealt exclusively with young people's search for erotic adventure, and that it showed public hair, indicates that the agreement is not so much unwritten as understood.) In any case, Burch's *Noviciat*, which has now been seen in New York, suggests the nature of these films: It recounts the misadventures of a young man who is surprised while peeping on the karate lessons of a group of Lesbians, enslaved by their teacher (a formidable lady in black tights and high heels) and forced to undergo all sorts of humiliations while serving "in durance vile." It is, quite explicitly, a homosexual's nightmare of what women are really like.

But the wildest films being made today emanate from Japan's underground. Donald Richie, the American-born author of *The Japanese Film* now living in Japan, has noted that these are intended for no audience at all and hence, more than films made anywhere else in the world, conform without compromise to their makers' vision. Often—as in *The Holeless Vagina*—they are deliberately shocking. *Complexe*, by Nobuhiko Ohbayashi, is reminiscent of the French Surrealists. *Musashino*, by Yoichi Takabayashi, makes elaborate use of nudes and nature to create an atmosphere of pure eroticism. Uninhibited by either external censorship or self-restraint, these young film makers purposefully howl down the doors of traditional production not only in their own country but wherever films are made.

And yet, despite the willful yahoosism and youthful arrogance of this new generation the world over, it is still far too early to write off the entire movement as a total loss. There may be an unseemly eagerness on the part of many of its members to assume, or bestow, the mantle of the artist on the basis of a handful of half-baked shockers; but already, in the relatively few years of its existence, the New American Cinema has turned up at least half a dozen first-rate and authentic talents—which is not a bad average for any movement. Bruce Baillie, for example, has the poet's ability to communicate an emotion swiftly, clearly and with an intensity of image that makes each of his pictures a moving experience. The brief *Mr. Hayashi*, a tribute to a simple Japanese gardener, has the controlled perfection of a *haiku*; in his more extended *Mass*, the anonymous death of an Indian on the streets of San Francisco is translated into an indictment of the callousness of an entire civilization. As with any artist, sex is part of the life he celebrates—but without insistence. Bruce Conner's special gift lies in marshaling pop elements into collages of great ebullience and bite. Nudity abounds in his films—but never for its own sake. Shirley Clarke, trained as a dancer, in *A Moment in Love*, creates



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an almost-perfect, dance-styled, visual impression of the love act. More recently, in such uncompromising feature-length pictures as *The Connection* and *The Cool World*, she has been a good deal less poetic but no less candid. Ed Emshwiller, a painter, is certainly the ace cinematographer of the underground, combining the artist's eye for composition with a dancer's instinct for natural movement. He was the photographer of Adolfo Mekas' *Hallelujah the Hills!* (in which Mekas was assisted by his brother Jonas), and his ingenuity in emulating the camera styles of the great directors, from Griffith to François Truffaut, is perhaps the happiest aspect of this extended underground "in" joke. On his own, he has worked experimentally in both black and white and color—and photographs nudes with superb artistry in both. The precocious Kuchar twins display a marvelous improvisatory quality, a great sense of being with it, and an even greater sense of humor about the whole underground scene. And Stan Vanderbeek, who also likes to do collage films, combines wit, imagination and indignation in pictures that both entertain and shock. When, in *Breathdeath*, a naked girl writhes lasciviously on a couch, her head a TV set filled with disasters, Vanderbeek is trying to arouse us in only one way—socially.

Also, it should be noted, this new avant-garde, unlike its predecessors in Europe during the Twenties, is no hermetically sealed unit, making films that are intelligible solely to an esoteric coterie of the initiated. Last year, when Lincoln Center played host to the prize winners of a nationwide student film competition, precious few of the almost 150 entrants had tried to present Hollywood stories in Hollywood styles. There were attempts to imitate Antonioni, Godard and Resnais; but many more were obviously strongly influenced by the underground films—and not merely by their film-making techniques. Both sex and nudity were present in astonishing quantities. *Hey, Little One*, from New York University, used the hand-held camera and tape recorder for direct, revealing interviews detailing the nocturnal prowlings of Greenwich Village's teeny boppers. *Catullus Silent*, from UCLA, dealt in dramatic terms with a homosexual who fears that his boyfriend is about to walk out on him. In *Stillborn*, another NYU entry, a completely naked boy and girl play hide-and-seek in a forest, splash in sylvan streams and embrace each other in prolonged amorous clinches. All the nude scenes in this experimental picture, however, are shown only in negative—a rather lovely effect that makes it seem as if the light is emanating from their bodies. No such reticence surrounded the painfully autobiographical *Mitzvah*, by John Madrigal of the University of Southern California; in it a

young man, shattered by an event in his childhood, finally awakens to a realization of himself in the arms of a marvelously willing girl he had picked up on the Paris *Metro*. It won a special jury prize. Top honors went to Andrew Meyer's *Match Girl*, in which a sexy, suicidal high-fashion model spends much of the film in black bra and scanties, gazing at old Marilyn Monroe movies on TV. Significantly, although Meyer is a student at Boston University, part of the picture was shot in Andy Warhol's Manhattan studio, and two of his earlier efforts have been distributed by the Film-Makers' Cooperative for the past few years.

Nor can one overlook what this influx of technically trained young people from the nation's film schools can eventually mean for the New American Cinema, either as a movement or as a concept. Most of them realize that their chances of breaking into the big time of the major Hollywood studios are slender; in any event, many have no desire in that direction, as witnessed by the themes they choose to film—student antiwar strikes on campus, LSD parties, racial integration and cohabitation, a last grab at love before induction. These are themes that are vital to our times, as meaningful for all of us as they are for the students who make them. They represent a world that Hollywood either chooses to ignore or seizes upon primarily to exploit and denigrate. The audience that the New American Cinema is building today exists in the main outside normal commercial distribution channels. They are to be found on the late, late shows of permissive art houses in the larger cities, in the new 16mm Cinémathèques that keep springing up, but even more in the on-campus film societies of most American colleges and universities. This is an audience that cares passionately enough about the newness, the contemporaneity of the ideas expressed—in which it sees, often, a reflection of its own concerns—that it is willing to accept not only a crudeness of technique but a total lack of it. Clearly, this same audience will not object if, within the next few years, today's students edge into the field, bringing with them a new refinement of technical training—so long as they retain their present sharpness of vision.

Because the underground is beginning to spread, however, because its audiences are widening, it is also becoming subject to hitherto nonexistent censor pressures. The larger film societies, such as Cinema 16, have functioned under an educational charter, while those affiliated with universities have generally been considered part of the schools' extension programs. In both instances, the censors have adopted a hands-off policy: If it's educational, it has to be harmless. But this situation no longer obtains. *Scorpio Rising* was chased off the screens in both New York and Los

Angeles, as was Jean Genet's brutal, eloquent study of homosexuals in prison, *Un Chant d'Amour* (French-made, but distributed in this country by the Film-Makers' Cooperative). When a Los Angeles art house held an experimental-film competition a few years ago, Naomi Levine's *Yes* was prudently withdrawn from the screenings: The theater manager had been informed that cops were in the house. In Chicago, one of the few cities still to retain its antiquated censor setup, the film societies at the Illinois Institute of Technology, the University of Chicago and the Art Institute are all on notice that the police will act on any complaint from patrons. Recently, at the Second Chicago International Film Festival, a woman objected violently to a sequence in Gregory Markopoulos' *Galaxie* in which poet Allen Ginsberg laughingly kissed his friend Peter Orlovsky on the mouth. "It's disgusting and degrading and I can't see what's the least bit funny," she fumed as she made her way up the aisle. "It's just people, baby," came a voice from the darkness, "and what's funnier than people?" Apparently, the woman did not call the police; and soon after, Markopoulos began teaching film courses at Chicago's famed Art Institute. What she—and the police—will do when he screens his long-awaited, three-hour-long *Iliac Passion* is anybody's guess. In this retelling of the Greek myth, according to advance reports, everyone strolls about without a stitch of clothing—with the sole exception of Andy Warhol, who, as the messenger of the gods, rides a bicycle clad in a silver-lamé jump suit.

But the dangers of censorship still remain, and most members of the underground are well aware of them—particularly since their leader, Jonas Mekas, has (at the present writing) been under indictment for better than two years for his New York screenings of *Un Chant d'Amour* and *Flaming Creatures*. For some, a satisfactory solution lies in the sale of 8mm prints for home projection—"just like you would buy a book, a record or a reproduction of a work of art to hang on your walls," as one film maker put it. Although a good many titles are now available for purchase in this fashion, the major effort of the New American Cinema makers remains the extension and strengthening of existing audiences. If their present trend continues, lacing their experimentals with far-out experiments in sex and relevant insights on the contemporary scene, they can hardly fail. After all, that's where the action is.

In the next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert turn their attention from the overt avant-garde erotica of the experimental scene to the exploitative voyeurism of "The Nudies."



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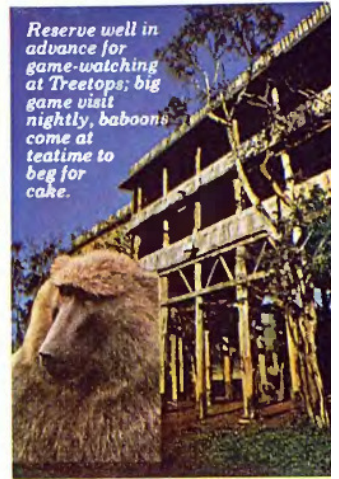
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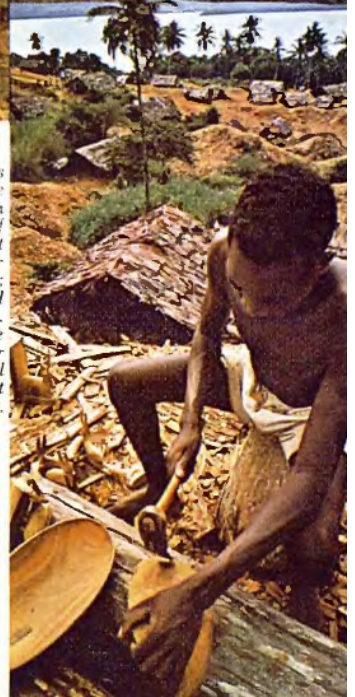
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