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AUGUST 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

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What a good time for a Kent.



PLAYBILL WHEN SHAKESPEARE WROTE "All that glitters is not gold" in *The Merchant of Venice*, he clearly couldn't have anticipated this issue of **PLAYBOY**. Starting with golden-haired cover girl Penny James, you'll find a lode of literary and pictorial riches; appropriately, both gold and Venice figure prominently herein. That venerable city is the setting for *Grand Guignol on the Grand Canal*, novelist and **PLAYBOY** contributor Irwin Shaw's sardonic look at the ill-starred international film festival staged by the movie merchants of Venice. And behind-the-scenes, fast-moving bullion manipulation is the vein explored by Franz Pick in *Gold*. A world-wide monetary expert, Pick is the author of such authoritative works as *Pick's World Currency Report*, *The Numbered Account* and *Gold, How and Where to Buy and Hold It*. The 1848 discovery of gold in California started a surge of Westward-bound wagon trains that, in turn, precipitated three decades of bloody Indian wars. In *Custer Died for Your Sins*, a title that recalls one of the most publicized episodes from that conflict, American Indian Vine Del'oria, Jr., ambushes the hordes of anthropologists who have turned the first Americans into impersonal statistics instead of helping them become productive members of the national community. Del'oria's article forms the theme of his book, *Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto*, to be published by Macmillan next month.

America's often misguided sense of do-goodism isn't confined to anthropologists. In *The Global Crunch*, U. S. Senator Frank Church calls for a reappraisal of America's self-image as a world policeman and urges that we return to an enlightened form of nonintervention. "We have been preaching it for years," Church says. "What I suggest as an innovation is that we now undertake to *practice* it—not only when we find it perfectly consistent with what we judge to be our interests but even when it does not suit our own national preferences." The national interest in law, order and justice at home is cogently probed by former U. S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, interviewed for **PLAYBOY** by Tom Wicker, trenchant political analyst and associate editor of *The New York Times*. One problem that developed after the daylong taping session was that Texas-born Clark's Southern accent sounded almost indistinguishable from North Carolina-born Wicker's, thereby complicating transcription for the typist. "But when the two voices were sorted out," Wicker told us, "there was no doubt which was Clark's. It was quietly, even doggedly asserting, in L. B. J.'s phrase, 'reason in a time of high emotion.'"

Feelings ran high in the world of entertainment earlier this year when CBS canceled *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. In *St. Thomas and the Dragon*, **PLAYBOY**'s regular contributor

Richard Warren Lewis divests Tommy of his tube boob image to discover the levelheaded thinker within—and chronicles the smothered brothers' lonely crusade to smite the censors and to save their careers. Another creative team that's paid its dues in harassment is Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina. The long-sought-for success of their anti-establishment repertory company is evocatively described by John Kobler in *Living Theater: The Becks and Their Shock Troupe*. Free-lancer Kobler (whose most recent book was a biography of Henry Luce) wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post* until its demise and had, he says, "the melancholy distinction of authoring the last word in the last issue." (That word, incidentally, was Synanon.)

Our fictional treasury this month also manifests the Midas touch. Brock Brower makes his **PLAYBOY** debut with *Quick Hop*, the high-flying yarn of a crop duster who hires out his plane to a hooker advertising her wares. From his post as lecturer in creative writing at Princeton University, Brower told us: "I learned about crop-dusting a long time ago, when I went up with an ex-duster who simulated a few runs for me in a Piper. The stomach sensation is unstimulated. I prefer train travel." A train called the Osaka Express plays a significant role in *The Five Fighters*—a dramatic story of love and hate by Ernest Taves, a psychoanalyst currently phasing out his practice in order to devote full time to writing. *The Five Fighters*, his first published work of fiction, was illustrated for us by Byron Burford, professor of art at the University of Iowa. Burford, whose work appears in 33 museums, was a U. S. exhibitor at the 1968 Venice Biennale. Science-fictioneer Robert Shekley contributes *Can You Feel Anything when I Do This?*—a funny, futuristic romance about a girl and a robot vacuum cleaner. Rounding out our fiction is the conclusion of Donald E. Westlake's fast-paced suspense novel, *Somebody Owes Me Money*.

There are even more nuggets in our August bag: **PLAYBOY** cartoonist Phil Interlandi is at his satirical best in *The Company Picnic*; artist LeRoy Neiman paints the sun-bathed beaches—and bathers—of Yugoslavia in *Man at His Leisure*; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario serves up tall summer refreshers—in ascending order of proof—in *Cooling It by the Numbers*; and Fashion Director Robert L. Green presents two bonanzas—*Avant-Garb*, a collection of forward-looking designs for with-it men's *boutiques*, and *Timely Wardrobe*, an up-to-the-minute array of watches. A king's ransom of beauty also awaits within: *The Bunnies of Detroit*, a photo essay on our Motor City lovelies; *Sweet Paula*, a revealing pictorial visit with Paula Kelly, *Sweet Charity*'s sensational newcomer; and Playmate Debbie Hooper, a sun-grooving flower child from the Golden State. So open to any page—and strike it rich.



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Avant-Garb P. 88



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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LIFE AFTER LIFE

Alan Harrington's *The Immortalist* (PLAYBOY, May) was a refreshing prediction, for once, on the future of the human race. Only by living forever will we have enough time to begin correcting some of the mistakes we have made.

Terry D. Kearney, Chairman
Lower School English
San Miguel School
San Diego, California

Thank you for Alan Harrington's timely article *The Immortalist*. It was a pleasure to read that a few key people who control science and society have dared to face their fears rather than to refuse to acknowledge them. One important development has occurred since Harrington wrote his article. This development, which he predicted "will unexpectedly be revealed at some forthcoming medical conference," is an apparent reversal of the aging process in mice, dogs and human beings, as described by Dr. Benjamin Frank at the Second Annual National Cryonics Conference. Thus, Harrington's pessimism for those of us now living may well have been unnecessary. As one immortalist to another, I salute him and hope to meet him someday as a fellow deity.

Gregory M. Fahy
Costa Mesa, California

The transplantation of organs has stimulated considerable research into cryobiology, the study of the effects of ultralow temperatures on organ systems. We are trying to learn how to freeze organs from accident victims, thaw them when they are needed and have them retain full function. The techniques will be developed in the not-too-distant future and will be directly adaptable to whole individuals. Thus, it is certain that at least a part of Harrington's prophecies will be realized as an accidental fallout from organ-transplantation research.

One may therefore look forward to the prospect of being frozen and of waking up in, say, 600 years, when a remedy for one's physical failure has been found. Of course, at any particular wake-up time, some of the sleepers will have been down for the full 600 years, others for 400, 200 or fewer. Persons from different centuries

and with enormously different cultural backgrounds will be aroused into the same ultimate social environment. It will be sociological anarchy. Think how interesting it would be, for example, suddenly to have George Washington and Thomas Jefferson around to say what they really thought of the Eisenhower/Johnson/Nixon portfolios—not to mention the possible revival of that dangerous anarchistic radical Tom Paine, who would undoubtedly be a colossal embarrassment to the regime. It is something I look forward to. The prospect for a sexual utopia similar to Harrington's speculations is also of the highest interest; so much so that, when the techniques are perfected, I intend to freeze my martini along with myself.

Roy L. Walford, M. D.
Professor of Pathology
University of California
Los Angeles, California

In an entirely friendly spirit, I would like to take issue with Alan Harrington's fascinating article on the desirability of abolishing death and the possibility of doing so through medical techniques. The immortalization of any biological individual runs into the same logistic problems as building indefinitely high skyscrapers: The lower floors are increasingly taken up with channels for elevators. A brain that continues intact for 100, 500 or 1000 years is increasingly clogged with memories and becomes like a sheet of paper so covered with writing that no space is left for any visible or intelligible form. Thus, a human being 500 years old would be as inert as a turtle of the same age.

Consider the following points: (A) Death is not a sickness or disease; it is an event as natural and as healthy as childbirth or as the falling of leaves in autumn. (B) As the natural-childbirth obstetricians are training women to experience the pains of labor as erotic tensions, there is no reason the pangs of death should not be reinterpreted as the ecstasies of liberation from anxiety and from overloads of memory and responsibility. (C) Suppose that medical science achieves a method of getting rid of the overload of memories and anxieties: Isn't this what death already accomplishes?

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(D) The funk about death is the illusion that you are going to experience everlasting darkness and nothingness, as if being buried alive. (E) The nothingness after death is the same as the nothingness before you were born; and because anything that has happened once can happen again, you will happen again as you did before, mercifully freed from the boredom of an overloaded memory. After all, every "I" is a "you." Along with most of us, Alan Harrington doesn't see that this nothingness before birth and after death is simply the temporal equivalent of, say, the space between stars. Where would stars be without spatial intervals between them? The problem is simply that civilized and brainwashed human beings lack the perception that we are all one self, marvelously varied and indefinitely extended through time and space with restful intervals. As Saint Thomas Aquinas said, "It is the silent pause which gives sweetness to the chant."

Instead of trying to turn us into living mummies, the medical profession would be better advised to reform the present morbid rituals of dying in hospitals and turn them into celebrations in which the patient is encouraged to let go of himself by cooperating with death. You die only once, and why not make the best of it?

Alan Watts
Sausalito, California

The Immortalist is a strange and frightening thing; it appears to be the manifesto of a man petrified at the possibility of his own death. While some of Harrington's observations about cultural problems and social dilemmas concerning the inevitability of death are interesting and helpful, the article as a whole demands instant dismissal—it is one of the cleverest *non sequiturs* I have yet read.

"Convert from the sham of former gods; for just a small fee you can purchase this bottle of medical technology that promises you the powers of the divine, the control of life and death, the death-free life man must have." So screams the technological revivalist. A more blatant claim will not be found in all the pages of sacred history.

We are faced today with the challenge to make life meaningful and, within that, to make death meaningful; we are challenged to formulate new hopes and dreams and goals that are worth living *and dying* for. Amid the gravity of this challenge stands a clown on an orange crate selling immortality; but I fear that the price is too high. If life is hopelessly meaningless, it will not be improved by overcoming death—only lengthened. The hope of our society lies in embracing life and, with it, the end of life—and denying or fleeing from neither. I refuse your new god, Mr. Harrington. It is neither new nor a god: it is the oldest and greatest hoax ever perpetrated by man. If one of us must be divine, may it

be you and not I. The control over life and death is something I neither desire nor would accept; it empties both of any meaning. How little we have progressed beyond poor Adam. Because he could not accept what he was, and wanted to be God, was Adam as mankind condemned to die—or so reads the myth.

David W. Hoag
Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Alan Harrington has stopped short. Why not pronounce the limited immortality of indefinite physical life to be a first step toward acquiring total immortality: omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence? But perhaps indefinite living is not the next step to total immortality: Perhaps physical death is. When we die, the mind, soul, spirit, or whatever, may escape its prison of the physical body to continue on to, or find, true immortality.

Carl B. Zimmerman
Riverside, California

I was dumfounded to learn that Alan Harrington himself is not an immortalist: despite many interesting insights, he finally sinks in a morass of self-contradiction, displaying the same martyr syndrome that he says we have outgrown. Not only man but individual men must find sanity in the fight for immortality. To seek solace for our "transitional generations" in the thought that we have secured immortality for our grandchildren is nothing more than humanism—another form of self-delusion, another cop-out, another kind of mental masturbation. The only realistic hope now available to individuals is in the freezers of the Cryonics Societies, which preserve the "dead" until they can be rescued. Harrington says this chance is faint, but he is wrong: It is only unknown, which is entirely different, as the distinguished members of our Scientific Advisory Council agree.

If Harrington makes his freezing arrangements, we'll drink a toast together at the 1000th Cryonics Conference. (Planet of meeting? Not yet determined. The toast? *L'chayim*, naturally—"To life.")

R. C. W. Ettinger
Cryonics Societies of America
Oak Park, Michigan

Harrington is somewhat naïve in his optimism concerning the value of indefinitely extending the human life span. He fails to take into account the fact that perhaps the people who fear death most are those who do not make much of their lives, who react to life passively, rather than vigorously. Those who develop their fullest potential are not concerned with extra years, since their lives have already been fulfilled. In fact, psychoanalysis has shown that even a mild death fear tends to restrict the ability to assert oneself powerfully and positively. Immortality would simultaneously: (1)

decrease the stimulus of death to lead a full, vigorous life, and (2) create a powerful identity crisis as man attempted to find structure and meaning to life once his primary and secondary psychosexual goals had been played out.

Ira Meltzer
Brooklyn, New York

The prospect of living forever is certainly a cheery one. Just think: an eternity of such pleasures as air pollution, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, cocktail parties and the Ku Klux Klan. Pardon me if I don't sign up.

Norman Grand
New Orleans, Louisiana

BINDING ARBITRATION

Since I'm black, Thomas Livingston's story *The Arbitrator* was among the first things I read in your May issue. When I reached the scene in which the Negro militant encounters his old girlfriend and ends up sacrificing himself—and, in a sense, the girl—for his revolutionary cause, I realized that it was far more than a mere suspense yarn. My compliments to all of you for having the guts and the sensitivity to publish such a hard-hitting, deeply probing piece of fiction.

Harold J. Baker
New York, New York

CUP RUNNETH OVER

I usually don't enjoy stories written in the form of letters, but *The Thousand-Dollar Cup of Crazy German Coffee* by Warner Law (PLAYBOY, May) was definitely an exception. As tales of intrigue go, this ranked among the best—and the form actually increased the suspense.

Allen Wallace
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

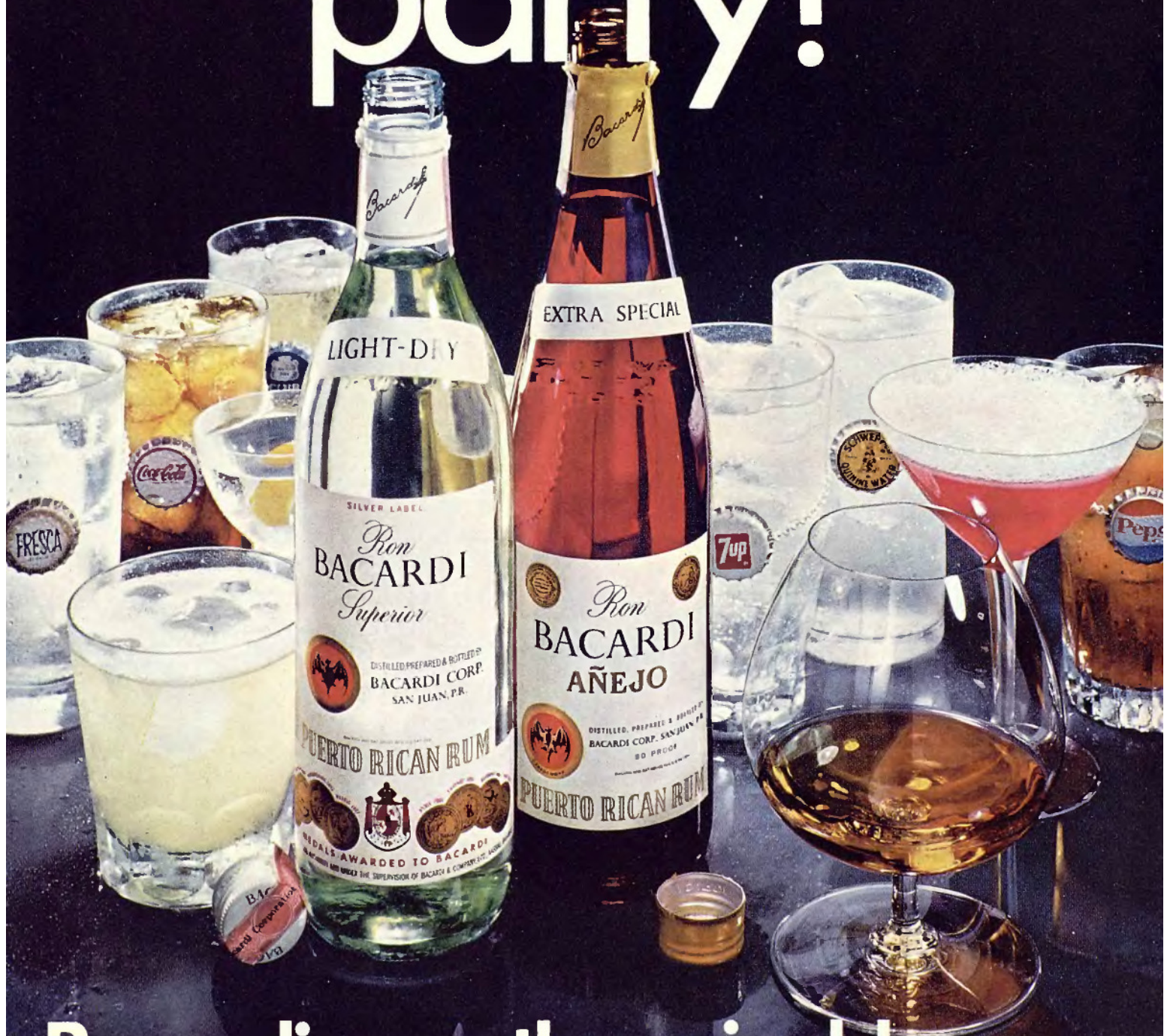
Thank you, PLAYBOY, for bringing Warner Law to the pages of the most respected contemporary magazine in America.

Larry Luttrupp
Los Angeles, California

THE COS CAUSE

Your May interview with Bill Cosby proved that he combines many laudable characteristics: warmth, charity, honesty, frankness, humor and sensibility. The fact that he is black is not played up nor hidden: it is simply there. Unlike black militants, Cosby doesn't scream curses of insane hatred at all whites; nor does he fall prey to the WASP tendency toward prejudice and bigotry. Instead, he comes on strong—and yet gently—as a guy who is able to see injustices as they really are. He offers more than the Carmichaels and the Browns and the Abernathys to his people, to *our* people, the people of the world. He offers the hope that soon there will be an overwhelming

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majority of black and white and yellow and red Bill Cosbys. When there are, all men will stop running scared. There will still be the white and the black, but neither *color* will be beautiful. Only the *man* will be beautiful, as is Cos.

George Dwelley, Jr.
Birmingham, Michigan

I very much enjoyed reading your interview with Bill Cosby. He articulates the feelings of many black people who have never had this kind of opportunity to express themselves.

Emlen Tunnell, Assistant Coach
New York Football Giants
New York, New York

PLAYBOY and interviewer Lawrence Lunderman are to be highly commended for presenting a most revealing conversation with Bill Cosby, a man previously known only for his talents in the field of entertainment. Never have I, a WASH (White Amalgamated Semi-Heathen), read such a concise and accurate synopsis of what effect 300 years of hatred, bigotry and stupidity have had on America's black citizen. Through this interview, I find it much easier to understand—and for the most part accept—the philosophies of Cleaver, Brown, Carmichael, et al. If I could find any fault with the interview, it would be that it was too short. Cosby's erudite views concerning the improvement of race relations could well be expanded to book length.

Capt. M. Y. Brill, U. S. A. F.
Cheyenne, Wyoming

I've always considered myself one of those groovy radical students who will stand up for all the oppressed in the world. But Bill Cosby has hit me in the face with the fact that many of my cool ideas are as hypocritical and disgusting as those of the bigots I have so loudly put down. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for the interview; but most of all, thank you, Bill Cosby.

Becky Montgomery
Charlotte, North Carolina

I thoroughly enjoyed your interview with Bill Cosby. On behalf of Dunhill—which he was good enough to mention—I can only add: What company could ask for more than to occupy a room in Bill Cosby's house!

Walter E. Harris, Jr., President
Alfred Dunhill of London
London, England

Bill Cosby doesn't tell it like it is—he tells the truth, and there's quite a difference. Telling it like it is is fact filtered through hatred: Cosby's facts are filtered through the sensibility of his love. I met him while I was playing football at Temple, and I'm proud to know him, because he represents a new breed. He is not in any sense a comic—

comics are people filled with hate, even though they are not necessarily hateful. Cosby is a storyteller, a troubadour, if you will. His stories are filled with affection for people. How he managed to emerge from the black experience with affection and love is a mystery and a miracle—but it is the miracle that may save us all.

Mike Stromberg, Linebacker
New York Jets
New York, New York

Your interview with Bill Cosby makes it clear that Malcolm, Stokely and Rap have accurately expressed the black man's frustration with America's habit of playing false with her own ideals. The dispute the majority of blacks have with the militants is one merely of tactics, not of substance. The militants have concisely defined the race problem and placed the blame in proper perspective. Not only did white America create the "Negro problem," it continuously exacerbates it on both the personal and the institutional level. Blacks have the responsibility of getting education and displaying good citizenship, but only a change of attitude and policy by white Americans will solve our racial problems. Take it or leave it, this is gospel. Congratulations to Bill for his perception and fortitude: congratulations to PLAYBOY for the guts to print it like it is.

Solomon M. Landers
Oxon Hill, Maryland

I find it questionable that Cosby—a man who has acquired wealth and fame by hard work—should be so sympathetic to the black militants. Being black myself and living in the ghetto, the only thing I see being accomplished by the militants is violence. They have failed to inspire the really constructive initiative and participation that are essential to building up the black community.

Gwen Boyd
Chicago, Illinois

Cosby really impressed me with his forthright reasoning that more of the job programs should be directed at the parent in the family, rather than at the children. As he said: "No parent can command a kid's respect if the parent doesn't have a strong game going for himself. . . . If the kid's working and the old man isn't, he's not the father, man; he's just an older guy who can beat you up." There must be unity *within* the races before there can be any *between* them, and family unity is basic in this matter. What the Government doesn't seem to realize is that by prolonging the program of youth-oriented job assistance for the minorities, it is risking the possibility of breaking up any family ties that existed before such economic assistance came along. The young will find that they are earning more money than

their parents and thus will strike out on their own, creating discord within the basic family unit. I only hope that someone in the marble halls of the Federal Government heeds what Bill Cosby has to say.

Inants Slegelis
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Being white and in complete agreement both with Cosby's views regarding the racial problem and with his solutions to the issue, I am taking a tip from him: I am going to start stressing my views to my white friends.

Bill Rosen
University of Missouri
Columbia, Missouri

There is a lot of racial prejudice in this country, but if a Negro has the ability to do something—and is intelligent enough to try—he is usually revered quite highly and is accepted by all with whom he comes in contact. I have yet to see anyone knock another person, black or white, for doing something to try to better himself. I disagree with the ideology that the Negro should be given preferential treatment in respect to housing or employment merely on the basis of being black in a supposedly all-white society. I also disagree with Cosby's views on a balance of black and white performers on television and in the movies. This, too, should be based on one's ability, rather than on skin color. Almost anyone, whether black or white, can make a success of his life if only he will strive to accomplish this goal.

Joseph Jackson
Dover AFB, Delaware

Cosby, like many other black Americans, sees the racial situation as a battle: all blacks in one corner, all whites in another; when the bell rings, come out fighting. This same attitude has produced most of our world's problems. Cosby was asked if he felt that the white youth in this country harbored racist attitudes. He replied that most college students grow up calling black kids niggers. I have very few friends who refer to black people as niggers. The majority of college students respect the Negro and are concerned about his problems. Black people have a hell of a lot more white friends than they think. To declare war on whites would be about as meaningful as war against Sweden or garbage men or mannequins.

R. T. Hay
Lakeland, Florida

Some people think that race war is inevitable; but as long as there are people such as Bill Cosby to forge the way, it need not happen and it will not happen. Through diligence and hard work, Cosby, with ultimate faith in himself and his ability, overcame a great

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many obstacles. His usefulness to the cause of equal rights for Negroes depends on whether or not he is going to let all the inequities goad him into a militant attitude. If this were to happen, my 14-year-old son and many other youngsters his age would be very disappointed in one of their idols.

Harold Frese
Irvington, New Jersey

FIRST RESORT

The May feature on your Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel was a knockout. The complex seems to have just about everything—including beautifully designed interiors. But I couldn't find a reference to the man in charge of coordinating them. Can you help?

Jack Williams
Dallas, Texas

Certainly. It was Art Miner, the head of our own Interior Design Department. Incidentally, the over-all design of the Club-Hotel has received a top award from hotel-industry magazine Institutions.

THE COLLECTORS

Ken Purdy's fine article on *Classic-Car Collecting* (PLAYBOY, May) was most interesting. He selected some cars that are out of the ordinary. Granted, not one reader in 1000 will ever see a Frazer Nash, let alone own one. Even so, it is worth while to recall that English (and even American) cars were once individualistic, both in appearance and in design. These are the vehicles that the new collector should try to acquire, while they still can be bought for relatively reasonable prices.

I appreciate the mention of my own collection, and only wish I had been asked to contribute one or more of my color photographs of my favorite vehicles.

Today's prices for choice vehicles constantly amaze me and make me grateful for having had the good fortune to start collecting 32 years ago, when \$100 was a big price for an antique car, and when you could buy a classic car brand new from your Packard or Pierce-Arrow dealer.

Henry Austin Clark, Jr.
Southampton, New York

With the publication of Ken Purdy's outstanding, understanding and beautifully illustrated article on antique cars, classic-car collecting has now come of age. My own love affair with vintage automobiles began, like love affairs often do, quite innocently, with the purchase of a single car only three years ago. This has blossomed into a collection of well over 100 cars. Unlike stamp collections, automobiles cannot be kept in a desk drawer, and my private collection has now become a museum that includes not only the T-head Mercer mentioned by Purdy but, in addition, the entire collection of miniature racing cars that I obtained from Francis Mortarini at just

about the same time that Purdy was researching his article. My collection also includes the \$65,000 1905 Rolls-Royce that Purdy accurately describes as "the highest known price for a Rolls-Royce," although my personal favorite at the moment is the 1907 Silver Ghost standing alongside it in the museum. It's been quite a three years!

Harry Resnick
The Harry Resnick Motor Museum
Ellenville, New York

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

Romain Gary's gutsy May article, *The Baiting Society*, really laid it on the line. His explanations of the internal frustrations that plague today's youth made it simple to understand our current social and economic upheaval. If only the solutions to these problems were as simple.

Noble Beck
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

I read with great interest *The Baiting Society*. Gary's explanations for the looting and robbing in recent times are very perceptive and seem to be a fresh, new look at the problem. I have never heard this argument before, but I find myself completely agreeing with it. Being young (18) myself and having little income to speak of, I am constantly tempted by the products of a rich society. This feeling in someone from a ghetto area must be ten times as strong and could easily lead him to violence.

Martin L. Sonntag
Culver Military Academy
Culver, Indiana

Romain Gary's article reminded me of the following true story. A few years ago, the late President Eisenhower visited his boyhood home, a bleak Kansas farm. In a photograph taken at the time, he was standing on the featureless plain, looking at the few old wooden buildings, and he said: "You know, when I was a kid, I didn't know we were poor."

The trouble is, today's kid knows he's poor. He is surrounded by conspicuous wealth. More than most people will admit, advertising has actually created today's standards. And lest any man lapse into a thrifty but comfortable life, advertising continuously bombards him, creating a sense of frustration, making a low-income (or, rather, low-expenditure) life unbearable. Commercials actually generate tremendous psychological pressure. And they perpetuate the explosive lie that the goodies they make us covet are available to all. Imagine how painful life is for a man who is educated just enough to know that he will never have most of these things.

John Boylston
Columbia, South Carolina

Gary's interpretation of the sometimes negative social role played by the mass media was most interesting, considering how TV-glutted the public is today. However, I am wondering if there was not a *lapsus calami* in his reference to the Calcutta earthquake. Was it not the 1755 Lisbon earthquake that made such a strong impression on mid-18th Century European philosophy?

Jean Gaul
San Diego, California

Striking closer to home and killing 60,000 people, the Lisbon earthquake did make a strong impression. But the Calcutta quake of 1737 caused 300,000 fatalities.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

The Chimeras (PLAYBOY, May), Arthur Koestler's story of a man alone in a world where everyone else is becoming a lion-headed monster, was most provocative. It was not only entertaining reading, it made a relevant observation about the nature of sanity in an insane world.

S. Adler
Boston, Massachusetts

You are to be commended for the high quality of the fiction in your May issue. I particularly enjoyed *The Chimeras*, which was an excellent example of Arthur Koestler's rarefied political philosophy.

Edward R. Towns
New York, New York

RIGHT-HAND MAN

George F. Gilder's personality piece, *God's Right Hand* (PLAYBOY, May), really captured William F. Buckley, Jr.—right down to the tip of his darting tongue. Apart from his charming idiosyncrasies and stunning verbal gymnastics, however, Buckley is an important figure: He is seemingly the only intelligent, articulate and responsible spokesman for the right. My thanks to PLAYBOY and to Gilder for providing such a balanced profile of America's leading iconoclast in residence.

Jerry Sullivan
Chicago, Illinois

Even when I had reservations, I enjoyed George Gilder's profile on Bill. Did I exult over the "getting" of Adam Clayton Powell? I hope so: as I would exult over the "getting" of any irresponsible demagog, black or white, among the latter of whom such as Mr. George Wallace comes to mind. Our delight that people have wised up to Powell carries not the slightest racial overtone. It happens that *National Review*, with its happy penchant for being about a decade ahead of the times, put the finger on Powell several years before Congress acted. With the liberal media now racing to catch up with *National Review*, we feel confident that such other sanctimonious frauds as Rauh and Wechsler also stand to be exposed: years and years and years after Bill's magazine first inspissated their halos.

My mother is not a Bircher. For one

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thing, she is temperamentally incapable of even applying one, although her unruly brood often needed it.

The artwork was brilliant.

F. R. Buckley
Madrid, Spain

Like his brother Bill, correspondent Buckley is a professional writer. His most recent novel is "Eye of the Hurricane."

Gilder has performed a public service by cutting a path through the tropical rain forest of Buckley's vocabulary. After years of reading Buckley, I now know what he's been trying to tell me.

Sam Sawyer
St. Louis, Missouri

Thanks for the brilliant personality sketch of William Buckley. It offered a thorough picture of the man and of the conditions that produced him. I especially liked the final paragraph, which envisioned Buckley as a possible savior of the liberal establishment, saving it from itself.

Ron Killen
Mooroe, Louisiana

As is true with the majority of articles on William F. Buckley that have appeared in liberal journals, George F. Gilder's effort lamentably falls far short of balanced reporting. For fairly obvious reasons, there is a driving compulsion among liberal writers to "explain" Buckley. They reason that he is plainly charming, sophisticated, witty, urbane and an intellectual of the first order, *therefore* he cannot be a true conservative. For we all know that conservatives are not really very bright, and this chap seems quite reasonable and intelligent. Having been increasingly unable to ignore him, liberal journalists have recently taken to claiming Buckley as one of their own—secretly, of course, and unbeknown to W. F. B. and his followers. Gilder reduces Buckley-for-mayor voters to slightly over 200,000 bigoted New York cabbies and cops. Those frontier Goldwaterites couldn't possibly understand him, but they were proud to have a "star" who "was brilliant and . . . said he was one of them." And as for those pimple-faced Brooklyn teenagers marching on Young Americans for Freedom picket lines, what could they possibly have in common with the sage from Yale, with the exception, perhaps, of darting tongues and chauvinistic anti-communism?

So Mr. Gilder assures us that for all Buckley's charming and sometimes annoying eccentricities, he may be tolerated by liberals as long as they don't take him too seriously. Besides, "Buckley has much to say that the liberals badly need to hear." This last-paragraph confession makes it all clear. If conservatives have anything at all to offer to our modern society, it is to temper excessive liberalism. Gilder does not recognize that conservatives of the Buckley school seek a

far more pervasive influence on America's culture than this rather patronizing article envisions. Buckley is only one of several hundred conservative intellectuals who are formulating a serious and informed body of opinion that is far stronger today than it has been at any time since World War Two. Their ideas deserve more serious treatment than the frivolous Mr. Gilder may be capable of.

Mark Quentin Rhoads
Washington, D.C.

Buckley's posture, like Gene McCarthy's, is dissent, not a free-standing philosophy; he couldn't survive without someone to disagree with. Buckley's *Weltanschauung* is deliberately archaic. The viewpoint he uses to interpret reality—in fact, the way he defines what reality is—belongs to another era, one in which prejudice and patriotism were still of some use to people. In that lies his compelling resemblance to most liberals.

Buckley's greatness, if he achieves it, will be to remind us that eventually the radicals, too, will construct an arbitrary system of values, which will eventually tend further and further from a useful means of dealing with the necessities of life, and which will become the conservatism of the 21st Century. Buckley's value is not to the liberal, Mr. Gilder; he's too rare and sweet for that.

Cecelia Holland
New York, New York

Excuse me if I shed some tears, but George Gilder's most aptly titled and delicately written portrait of William F. Buckley, Jr., sent me into hysterics. I love Buckley, but he could never be voted into public office, because most of his dedicated admirers are like myself: Upon hearing one of his speeches, we collapse into a formless, heaving mass of convulsive laughter. I wouldn't miss him for the world. He's the only man I know of who can run backward at top speed without falling down.

D. K. Rosebaugh
Woodinville, Washington

DIRTY WORDS

"Oh, thank you, Art Buchwald," she sighed afterward, her satisfied body aglow. "That's never happened to me before. It was good, Art, oh, so good. *Why I Can't Write a Dirty Book* (PLAYBOY, May) made me reach new summits of pleasure."

Ken Boyd
Portland, Oregon

Art Buchwald's piece on pornography was one of the most outrageous articles I've ever read. How can a magazine of your repute print anything so low? I'm canceling my husband's gift subscription.

Mrs. Art Buchwald
Washington, D.C.



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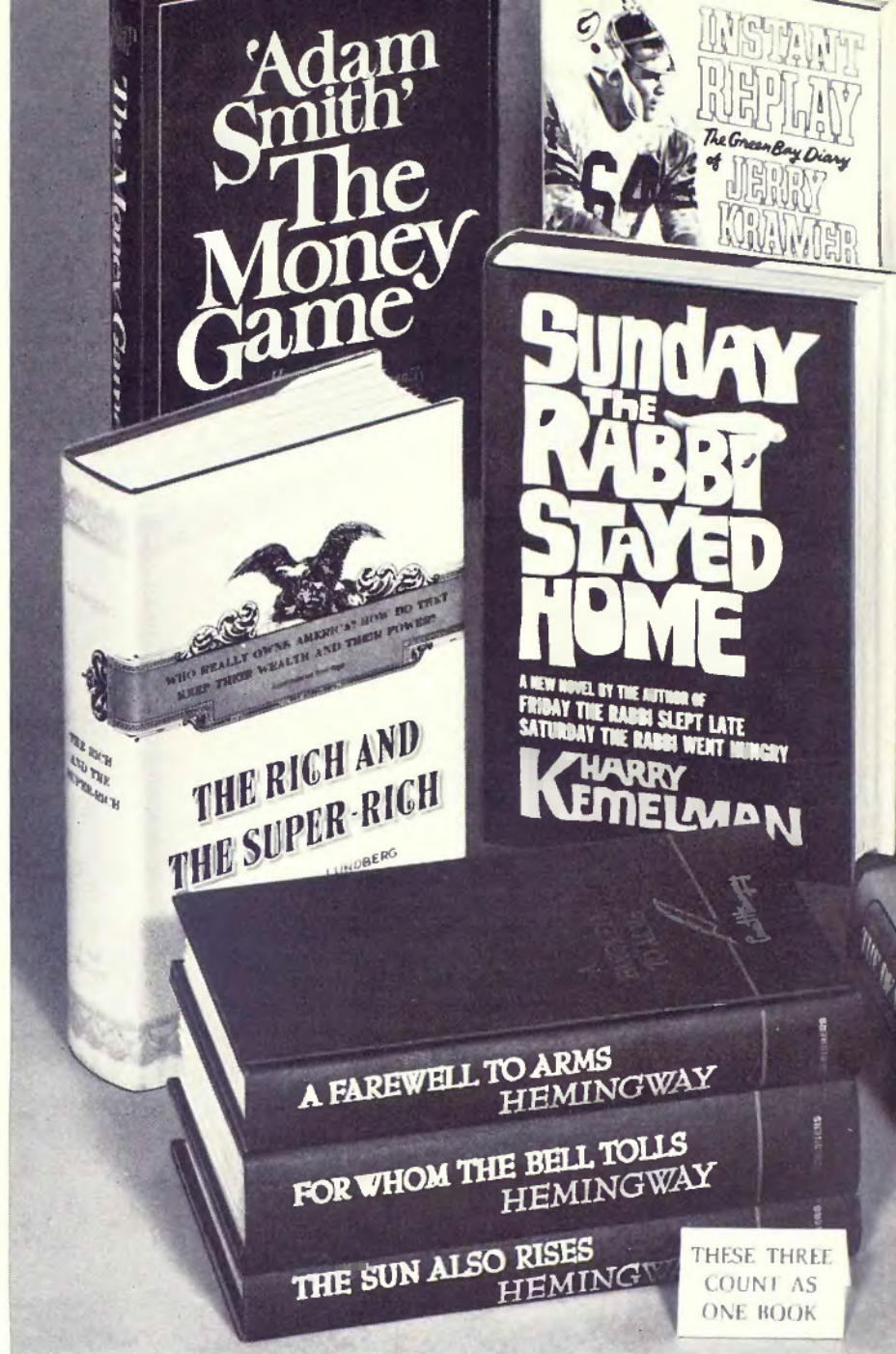
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



When Reginald Potterton wrote *I Cut Out Her Heart and Stomped on It!* for *PLAYBOY* (April), he defined tabloid journalism as "a lurid subspecies that specializes in disasters corporeal and sexual . . . and unabashed gossip about the rich and the famous." But central to his definition was the qualifying phrase "often more imaginary than authentic." Forsaking authenticity entirely for the outer limits of imagination, New Frontiers Publishing Company now offers *The National Puton Press*—a whimsical underground parody of the freakish *National Enquirer* genre. The front page of its second issue, dated May 1969, is emblazoned with the headline "CIRCUS BEAR RAPES THEN MARRIES GIRL," which is some indication of the puckish perversions contained within.

The furry rapist is later identified as Ivan, a Russian bear who was trained to ride a unicycle while juggling ballot boxes and, among other feats, to balance a naked pigeon on his nose. Attracted by the freedom of the United States, Ivan defected, but the State Department refused him asylum until he joined Dr. Chigger's Circus, Freakout and Traveling Dentistry, where he met Lucille Jusi, the 23-year-old, 260-pound peanut vendor whom he subsequently raped 134 times. Charged with "intent to do funny things to a human," the remorseful bruin reconciled with Luci and the two were married by a circus clown who happened to be a "licensed" rabbi.

As a continuing feature, the *Puton Press* presents "Everybody's Bag," a one-page chronicle of offbeat proclivities purportedly favored by the readership. D. W. of Butrammed, Missouri, likes to burn phallic symbols on the lawns of homosexuals in his home town. "After all," he writes, "if we're not careful, these snotty sweeties will take over everything." B. V. D. from N. Y. C. admits, "A person can get to hate. The best way to relieve the tension is to rip the wings off them doity pigeons" (obviously an editorial obsession). He was thinking of switching to cats, but complains, "You can't hardly find cats with wings."

For the star-crossed reader, "Dr. Pun-

chinello's Predictions" offers a zany zodiac of astrological pronouncements. "The entire month will be a good one," Geminis are told, "if you're a millionaire." But the good doctor has a special warning for Virgos: "Now is the time to take that trip you've been postponing—as long as you do it in the first half of the month. Otherwise, you'll be crippled for life in a car wreck, a plane crash, or a shark will bite off your leg." Scorpios under six feet will have their eyes plucked out by demented birds (pigeons?), while those over six feet can expect some nasty gnat bites on their ankles. "All in all," the unfortunate Scorpios are cautioned, "it would be best to stay under the bed for a while."

Also making headlines is a part-time inventor who, having already synthesized bird droppings (*more pigeons?*) and bat guano, has finally succeeded in a lifelong quest: converting gasoline into horse manure. According to this account, the inventor is planning to market his discovery under the brand name No Knock Horse Manure. Following this item is the tragedy of Rodney Suphman, a four-year-old prodigy who raped (another editorial obsession) his baby sitter, Mrs. Betty Gerkman, 76, six times while she watched television. "He raped me through half of *Petticoat Junction*," Mrs. Gerkman reports, "all through *Mannix* and halfway through the eleven-p.m. news." Aside from the obvious charge, the *P. P.* informs us, Rodney will also face prosecution for "violating an obscure FCC law which prohibits lovemaking with the TV on."

Rounding out the news are such titillating blockbusters as "WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO NORMAL BABY," "NURSERY SCHOOL RIOT KILLS 20 ADULTS" and "THE ODDBALLS WHO LIKE SEX WITH ALL THEIR CLOTHES ON." Topping even these exposés are the offerings in the next edition: "BEATS WIFE TO DEATH WITH WIENER," "AMAZING FIRST-PERSON STORY—I FELL 600 FEET AND DIED!," "GIRL IS BORN WITH SEVEN SEX ORGANS—BUT NONE OF THEM WORK" and the bizarre feature "INSANE PUPPETEER BUILDS RAPING PUPPETS." But to anyone who has plumbed the depths of the tab-

loid journals, the irony of *The National Puton Press* lies not in its satiric fantasies but in the realization that, if many of those who buy the *Enquirer* or the *National Informer* were handed this catalog of absurdities with the giveaway title removed, they might well take it as gospel.

At the Whitehall Street induction center in Lower Manhattan, draftees get an unsettling introduction to the military mentality. On the wall is this sign: PLEASE DISROBE TO THE WAIST FROM BOTH ENDS.

Economy-minded Maryland state senator Ed Conroy was fittingly honored on his 40th birthday with a congratulatory resolution passed by fellow legislators. "In view of his devoted interest in keeping down costs," it concluded, "be it further resolved that no copies of this resolution be sent to anyone."

"JOB TRAINING PROPOSED FOR PROSTITUTES," announced a headline in the *San Francisco Examiner*. Further perusal revealed that the story was about a comprehensive program designed to train hookers for other occupations.

Requiescat in pace: *The New York Times* has estimated that, between the ages of five and fifteen, the average child witnesses the violent demise of close to 13,500 persons on the boob tube.

Our Superfluous Parenthetical Remark of the Month Award goes to the following listing in a flyer titled *Help! Where to Get It*, from the Student Association at the State University of New York at Buffalo: "I Think I'm Pregnant" (Women Only). Office of Student Affairs—201 Harriman Library, Ext. 3271."

London was foggier than usual when a local market-research company conducted a poll late last year in which only three percent of the people interviewed knew that Harold Wilson was Prime Minister. Of those who had any opinion

at all, the majority thought the British government was headed by either U Thant or Lyndon Johnson.

A 57th Street music shop in New York has an inexcusable sign on the door reading GONE CHOPIN. BACH IN A MINUET.

While Nashville bank officials were watching a movie showing the suggested conduct of bank workers during a holdup, reports the Associated Press, two masked gunmen slipped into the bank's branch office and made off with \$12,979.

An item in *The West Australian* blames the discontinuance of cannibalism among the Maoris of New Zealand for the serious decline of their health in the 20th Century.

The North Dakota legislature introduced a bill to exempt movie projectionists from prosecution if they show films later judged to be obscene—provided "such action is within the scope of their employment." When the bill came back from the printers, the word "employment" read "enjoyment."

Slanderous graffiti, as noted in the *Chicago Daily News*: "THE HELL'S ANGELS USE TRAINING WHEELS."

The *London Evening Standard* printed a canine-club report on a dog show, mercifully omitting the judge's name: "The competition for the best bitch in the show was judged by Mrs. _____. Although she had recently whelped and her coat was in poor condition, she declared Jessica Joe the winner on points."

Pennsylvania's *Pottstown Mercury* offered to pick up the tab for Andorra's 1969 military budget if the small country (located between France and Spain) promised never to launch an offensive attack against the U.S. Andorra turned down the foreign aid, will have to come up with the five dollars—which is used only for ammunition fired to honor visiting heads of state—all by itself.

This month's Good Taste Award, Graveyard Humor Category, goes unhesitatingly to the Bell Telephone Company in Orlando, Florida, for the following ad, which appears in its classified directory on the same page as the listings for funeral directors: "Miss the folks you love? Call them Long Distance."

Big Mother is watching: The official Communist Party newspaper in Havana is named *Granma*.

They Said It, We Didn't: In an article announcing an upcoming TV forum on education, the Livermore, California,

Herald & News reported that "the program will focus on two major problems facing the San Francisco District: how to educate and motivate the disadvantaged and minority students, and the lack of fucks."

We toast a book called *Cups of Valor*, subtitled "A Chronicle of the Spiritous Ingenuity of America's Fighting Men . . . and an Adventurous Compendium of Their Bracing Concoctions." Its author? N. E. Beveridge.

According to an ad in *The Mail*—a Madras, India, newspaper—a low-budget film called *Hamraaz* features a woman "forced to be the wife of two men at a time." The ad goes on to inquire, "BUT HOW? That's the shocking secret of this dynamic drama. 37 CLIMAXES, count them if you can!"

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

We live in an Electric Circus world, Marshall McLuhan implied in a *Playboy Interview* last March, and, like the world, *The New Electric Circus* changes, too. The decor is different at 23 St. Marks Place in Manhattan's East Village, but those ever-lovin' multimedia stimuli are still there and hyped up for maximum effect on the acolytes. Liquor is still *verboten*, but who needs it, anyway? The Electric Circus remains the Creative Plaything of *disco-thèques*, but its new atmosphere is more controlled, more sure of itself and less maddening in its multiplicity than it was in the Circus' first incarnation. It is today more Aluminum Orgasm than the Gimnick Groove it was. The entrance hall has been chastened with aluminum wall sheeting, broken up only by the introduction of a brief tunnel in gaudy bright Art Deco stripes. The main dancing room has been stripped of its circus-tent roof, leaving the walls and ceiling bare for bigger, better and more overpowering projections. A battery of computers runs the sound and projection equipment for those who want to dance or for those who just want to stand around and stare—the walking stoned. At the far end of this room, on a raised piazza of baronial proportions, is a steel-bar ziggurat—a jungle gym of Expanding Consciousness size. Patrons in Unisex or Army-Navy Store drag may be seen hanging from these bars and blinking like Krishna at the writhing mass below. Upstairs, in a glass-enclosed room looking down on the dance floor, there is a raft of pigeonhole cylinders sunk into the wall. They are lined in Ozite carpet. You and your date are invited to make use of them in a manner of your own devising. Each hole holds at least two and possibly three persons, but only in the most elemental of *Kama Sutra* postures. The room is soundproofed for

ragas, as is a nearby room, similarly dark and serene from the flashing strobes and megatonnage of sound in the main dancing room. In this second room is a slowly moving carousel and a highly interesting pit. As you hoped, both of them are also lined in sexy Ozite. The pale-blue and purple Lucite bar downstairs offers coffee, frankfurters, Pepsi-Cola and animal crackers, all served up lovingly by the cool lily-whites of beautiful slum goddesses. Nearby is the E.C.'s new Balloon-O-Mat, a devilish machine that dispenses helium balloons that will take you up, up and away if you aren't there already. The Gucci Groovies and the Shaggy Craozes alike all love it; but, as Gertie Stein once said: "When you get there, you discover that there's no there there." Rock groups such as Meat, and Cat Mother and The All-Night Newsboys alternate with recorded sound. The digital computers never drop a stitch. The Electric Circus visitor is promised an environment that won't quit trying to disorient him until it sets him floating in a nonlinear nirvana. Most of the time, dancing seems beside the point when everything else is in motion. The admission price is \$3.50–\$5 per person; and, no, you can't get in free if you're wearing bare feet.

BOOKS

There have been 55 wars since the end of World War Two, and most of the killing, from the Congo to Sinai to Biafra, could not have taken place without a gigantic international arms trade—five billion dollars annually now and rising fast. The number-one governmental tycoon of this bloody trade is not Russia but the United States. In *The War Business* (Simon & Schuster), George Thayer traces the origins of legal gun-running and finds it takes two forms, both deadly. In one, an entrepreneur named Sam Cummings has become the modern Sir Basil Zaharoff, the shadowy "merchant of death" of the World War One era. Cummings, a clean-cut American boy who neither smokes nor swears and rarely drinks, got his start with the CIA 20 years ago. Today, as he wheels and deals from tax haven Monaco, he can take pride in the fact that his Interarms firm stocks more weapons than all the U.S. military forces combined have in active service. It has sold them to trigger-happy rulers through a global network of agents and has given Cummings some happy memories of customers—the late Dominican strong man Trujillo, for one. Dictators, Cummings finds, "have a sense of order and they pay their bills promptly."

Meanwhile, back at the U.S. Government level, the Pentagon has been locking up the nation-to-nation weapons business. Thayer shows how the U.S. has "pumped some 50 billion dollars'

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worth of arms into the world market in the last 24 years." Many of these sales have been subsidized, unwittingly, by the American taxpayers. "No nation talks more loudly about peace," writes Thayer, "yet no nation distributes as many weapons of war. No nation has spoken so passionately in favor of nuclear controls, yet no nation has been so silent on the subject of conventional arms controls." With this masterful job of investigation and reportage, Thayer may open a badly needed public discussion of the tragic trade in the weapons of war.

It isn't quite appropriate to be quoting Voltaire when thinking about Harry Mark Petrakis, because there's nothing deft, light or rapierlike about Petrakis' writing. But the man certainly does know how to cultivate his own garden. He sits out in Chicago, the way Faulkner sat down there in Oxford, Mississippi, or the way Louis Auchincloss supervises his East Side-Wall Street-Newport triangle, and keeps bringing in the literary harvest. This time, Petrakis has come in from the garden with an armful of solid, old-fashioned and, for the most part, deeply felt short stories (two of which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*), *The Waves of Night* (McKay). They are largely about working-class Greeks, mill hands, restaurant owners and an occasional gangster or priest. The dominant motif is the familial passion—something that Petrakis knows deeply: a father's passion for his son, a husband's love for his wife, a son's feelings about his parents when he is young and then when he is older and they are declining. This is Petrakis country, and he is a sure guide. Occasionally, he overwrites and overdoes his effects, and explains when there is no need to. But excess is a Mediterranean characteristic; and if it's the price to be paid for the good stories in this admirable book, let us pay it willingly.

In the current cascade of books about uprisings, the writers' grand theme of rebellion often tends to dwarf their talents. Even Stephen Spender, in *The Year of the Young Rebels* (Random House), seems baffled. Spender has visited Columbia University, the Sorbonne, the Free University in West Germany and other centers of revolt. He comes away sympathetic to student demonstrators but worried: "The only people who could effectively wreck the universities are the students themselves, and in some countries they have already done so." He thinks radical students should continue to agitate for reforms, but they "should allow non-political scholars to get on with their work. . . ." To judge by other recent books on the subject, few will take heed. Fictionalized versions of student mayhem, in which the groves of academe are either axed or put to the torch, seem particularly unhelpful, their plots and

personae being but dim reflections of the real thing. Nicholas Von Hoffman's *Two, Three, Many More* (Quadrangle) reads like one of those ex post facto faculty commission reports; and, in fact, much of Von Hoffman's novel is cast in the dreary mold of official tapes and documents, including "Excerpts from the Verbal History Project." Then there's Paul Rader's allegorical novel, *Professor Wilmess Must Die* (Dial)—and, in the end, he does. Susan Rapture, a cute trick with an adolescent thirst for love and blood, stabs him with a butcher knife, having first persuaded him to commit an unprofessorial act upon her newly matriculated body. It is all part of a revolutionary scheme hatched by Rick Kozak, president of Students for a Just Society. If it were just society he were after, we wouldn't mind so much, but we had grown rather fond of Professor Wilmess. He was the only man around who tried to "understand these young people." Everyone else in this novel is beyond sympathy. "What do you think of the student situation?" the fictional college president asks his fictional dean early in the proceedings. Replies the dean: "I think the pseudo-intellectual Jews will rout the WASPs, then be slaughtered by the Niggers. The Niggers have the height." In namesake (but unrelated) Dotson Rader's political autobiography, *I Ain't Marchin' Anymore!* (McKay), it's the cops who have the height. Also the guns, the clubs and the blood lust. "While the two patrolmen held him, the mounted trooper raised his night stick above his head and brought it down on the boy's skull swiftly. He hit him very hard. A woman screamed. . . . My stomach began to hurt. . . ." There's more where that came from, and it's convincing. Good autobiographies are not written by the young; but at 26, Dotson Rader is an old man, sapped by a thousand futile demonstrations—against the war, against segregation, against poverty, against Kirk and Columbia. And through them all there were the girls, daring him and driving him. "Why don't you do something?" Rosalie taunts. She is 15 and knows how to get arrested demonstrating at the Army induction center. She wears no panties and no brassiere, and she has dirty knees. But Rader has given up: "How do you prove your manhood once the question is publicly asked? Wear your sex exposed? Carry a gun? Nothing worked." He ain't marchin' anymore. James Simon Kunen, who wrote *The Strawberry Statement* (Random House), is still young at heart, as well as in years. His diary account of the Columbia revolt is full of the varsity bounce. One way Kunen stays young is by pretending he doesn't care about anything, not even his own book. "The best, truest way to read this book," he advises, "would be to rip it up and throw the scraps all over your house. . . . Above all, don't spend too

much time reading it, because I didn't spend much time writing it." OK by us.

The latest Ross Macdonald suspense mystery (he admits to 15 since 1949) should add some new ripples to his spreading reputation. *The Goodbye Look* (Knopf) is a good introduction to him and to his admirable invention, private detective Lew Archer, a middle-aged man with his wits about him, his muscle tone still taut and some old sorrows about his divorce periodically pricking at him. The main thing about Archer (as you might not know if you had seen only Paul Newman's gum-chewing version of him in the movie *Harper*) is that he is not a lug or a lout. His emotions are tappable. He gets involved in the lives of the people whom or for whom he is investigating—not to the point of losing control, but enough to show he's human. The kind of problem that usually comes Archer's way is one of identity, which is natural enough, given the freewheeling, *anomie*-breeding setting of California. The key question in *The Goodbye Look* is whether a certain Lawrence Chalmers is really Nick Chalmers' father. If not, was it Nick's natural father whom he shot and killed when Nick was eight years old? And is that why Nick has been on one long emotional crack-up ever since? And who were the strange man and woman who appeared one day and rifled the Chalmers' household safe of a Florentine gold box crammed with family letters giving a clue to Nick's true father, not to mention a very large sum in cash? Who is this one? Who is that one? Who is anyone? The plot development is properly dizzying, impossible to recapitulate briefly, but continuously exciting. The writing is controlled and elegant. Macdonald's books are, in short, the ultimate in mystery stories.

Inside many a fat book, there's a thin one waiting to be set free. That's the case with *Allen Ginsberg in America* (Random House) by Jane Kramer. Not exactly obese, the book is nevertheless too big for its own good. The first half is filled with such minutiae that only the most patient reader is likely to make it through to chapter four—when the real Allen Ginsberg (who was interviewed in our April issue) finally stands up. Suddenly, the book comes alive, gifted with a luminosity that is rare in the reporting field. The poet emerges as a strange but entirely likable human being, struggling to stay alive—and out of jail, in a schizophrenic society. At times, it is difficult to determine whether Ginsberg and his eccentric friends are mad or the only sane creatures in a loony-bin world. Confusion dominates the book. In part, this is the author's fault; though a skillful, perceptive writer, she has no sense of structure; her handling of time and place is annoyingly disoriented. Beyond

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this, however, confusion exists in the very nature of Ginsberg's world. He comes through as a kind and gentle man who seems to be forever in the calm eye of a raging storm. It is impossible to know how much of this portrait is created by the writer's choice of material—she never once shows Ginsberg to have such human traits as anger or arrogance—but there is enough objective reporting to lend Miss Kramer's portrait of the poet the touch of authenticity. Here is a man who, like a child, sees evil, hears evil and tries to convey these perceptions to men who seem determined to remain deaf, dumb and blind.

One thing is certain about Lionel Tiger's *Men in Groups* (Random House): It will infuriate women, particularly those who are carrying the banner for complete equality of the sexes. Tiger—who has achieved high professional standing as both anthropologist and sociologist—presents a new theory of sexual human nature that suggests that the male is a biologically superior animal. He has in mind, of course, the male species: he is a male chauvinist, arguing that a man is better than a woman any day. Tiger contends that over the millions of years of human evolution, the primary fact of existence was the need to hunt for food. This necessitated cooperation among hunting men and—in line with all evolutionary principles—the more cooperative bands flourished and perpetuated themselves. Bred into their genes was the ability to hunt together, and this is what Tiger calls the male bond. In his view, it is as biologically rooted as the male-female bond for reproductive purposes. Since men have a biological predisposition to act aggressively, the inevitable outcome of the male-bond principle involves aggressive behavior by men in groups. Aggression, Tiger points out carefully, must be distinguished from violence—but historically, the two have been almost inextricably intertwined. The future of the human race, he believes, lies in safeguarding male aggressiveness—which powers man's drive toward new frontiers—and yet controlling male violence. In the resolution of this dilemma, women can play only a subordinate role, since they are genetically incapable of being "leaders and defenders." What is needed, then, is "a guide for new ways for men to validate themselves, for women to love and breed with validated males, and for boys to learn how to become men."

Born of an unhappy affair between a pretty film processor and a fickle salesman, the late Marilyn Monroe led the kind of life that might serve as the plot for a bad movie à la *Harlow*. You know—the one about destiny's tot, growing up in a series of foster homes until nature endows her with such spectacular

curves that she progresses from a teenage marriage to a modeling career, to starlet status, then on to stardom, legendary celebrity, epic battles with husbands, lovers, studio tycoons and her private self, and finally death from an overdose of drugs at the age of 36. Marilyn's real name was Norma Jean Baker, and *Norma Jean* (McGraw-Hill) is an act of homage by Fred Lawrence Guiles, who approaches his task like a journalist collecting data for a Sunday magazine supplement. Guiles documents the dizzy rise and decline of Marilyn, separating apocrypha from solid myth: She was neither an impoverished orphan nor victim of a childhood rape nor, in the permissive milieu of Hollywood, a conspicuous swinger. Unfortunately, Guiles is a guileless writer who seldom lets the light of a discerning intelligence fall upon his swollen notebooks. Deeper insights into MM can be found in almost any scene of her last film, *The Misfits*, made during the breakup of her disastrous marriage to playwright Arthur Miller. Except for an absorbing account of how *The Misfits* company survived a psychological Armageddon in the Nevada flats, the attractions of *Norma Jean* are based on news and hearsay drawn from the early years, the DiMaggio years, the Miller years, the Yves Montand interlude and a final provocative teaser about Marilyn's affair—during that last, tragic summer of her life—with a "lawyer and public servant" from the East. He was a married man on the threshold of a political career and obviously well connected through friends and family in Washington, New York and Hollywood. Any questions?

In *New Breed on Wall Street* (Macmillan), writer Martin Mayer and photographer Cornell Capa analyze in text and pictures 62 of the keenest and most venturesome minds now operating—and making fortunes for themselves and their clients—in the financial world. The 62, including one woman, are mostly business school graduates now in their 20s and 30s, for whom multimillion-dollar deals are simply part of the workaday routine. With a comprehensible capsule analysis of new concepts and attitudes in stock-market performance, author Mayer (whose first book was *Wall Street: Men and Money*) sets the scene for his cast of *Wunderkind* characters, whose annual incomes are in the six-figure range. It is Mayer's theory that the new markets—with their emphasis on "performance," lightning-fast trading, the ability to spot growth potential, the cutthroat nature of mergers and acquisitions—have called forth the new breed. Yet these concisely revealing sketches suggest that the new ones themselves may be in large part responsible for the new markets. To persons not equipped with a computerized mind, boundless energy and driving ambition, this report may be vaguely disquieting

in its profile of the emerging intellectual meritocracy. In any case, Mayer and Capa's book proves that in one aspect, at least, the young Wall Street breed certainly is new. "All but four of the men approached consented to be interviewed." That alone would be enough to make J. P. Morgan and Commodore Vanderbilt spin in their safe-deposit boxes.

Old pro Jerome Weidman has come up with another snappy little number for just about anybody's reading enjoyment. *The Center of the Action* (Random House) is the story of Ted Lelf's opportunistic climb from Manhattan's garment district to a Fifth Avenue luxury apartment. Parlaying a knack for horning in on other people's deals whenever he gets a whiff of their money, Lelf makes his first big move in a mail-order advertising campaign with lures such as: *Nobody but Your Sexual Partner Will Ever Know You Purchased a Book That Contains One Hundred and Ninety-Six Photographs of Different Coital Positions*. Needless to say, the orders for this nonexistent book come flooding in and Lelf is on his way toward what he calls the finals. Before journey's end, he loses his wife ("the Jewish J. Edgar Hoover") and ruins at least three associates. In Weidman's peculiarly indelicate world, where such matters as the odor of a belch must be gone into, where everyone is a slob, a jerk or a smart son of a bitch, Lelf believes that "if you're going to be a son of a bitch, you'd better go all the way. There's no money in being a halfhearted bastard." The thing about Lelf is, he never had that other half to start with. The thing about Weidman is, he writes the funniest wise-guy stuff since Raymond Chandler left the arena.

On one level, *The Victims* (Putnam) is an indiscriminately detailed account of the murder of two young girls and of the bumbling investigation by New York police. As such, it is unlikely to interest anyone except a true-detective buff. On another level, however, newspapermen Bernard Lefkowitz and Kenneth G. Gross have documented a crime of another order: the railroading of the innocent, particularly if they happen to be black or Puerto Rican. The title of the book is well chosen. Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert were victims; they were savagely butchered. Suspected of murdering the girls was a 19-year-old black man, George Whitmore, Jr.—but he, too, proved to be a victim. For three years and two months, New York police and the Brooklyn district attorney's office kept him behind bars while they tried frantically to find some shred of evidence that would help them convict him. And then there was 21-year-old Ricky Robles, a Puerto Rican who was finally found guilty of the murders and

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who is now in the state prison in Danne-mora. Authors Lefkowitz and Gross imply that he also may be a victim. Robles was fingered by a fellow drug addict, Nathan Delaney, as part of a deal with the police. In front of witnesses, Delaney had plunged a knife into a peddler, killing him—but he made a bargain with the district attorney: If he were not prosecuted for homicide, he would name the Wylie-Hoffert murderer. And so a murderer may have gone free while another man, whose guilt is far from certain, is put in prison in order to placate the public, make the police look efficient and permit the district attorney's office to operate just within the letter, if not the spirit, of the law.

Calmly cocksure, Alan Harrington spits in the eye of God. "Death," he declares, "no longer fits into our plans." Religion, sex, art, war—life in every public and private manifestation, he feels—stem from little more than a denial of death and the fear of personal extinction. In short, he believes that death makes the world go round. From this thesis, he leaps to several others: that the human race yearns above all for immortality; that science and medicine will make eternal life possible within a few "transitional" generations; and that mankind will flourish forever, having smashed death and achieved its rightful divinity. Readers of *PLAYBOY*, after sampling a portion of *The Immortalist* (Random House) in our May issue, know that Harrington writes with forceful clarity—and his reasoning is provocative, if not totally persuasive. He assumes that ageless future populations will simply export themselves to other planets, colonize the sea bed or move to suburban satellite cities. Skimming over the social and ecological consequences of universal everlasting life, he asserts that "humanity's push toward the utopia beyond time will not be slowed down by the warnings of demographers." He is equally sanguine on the subject of human psychology, which he is sure will be transformed for the better, once we are free of Damoclean death. Looking beyond mere genetic engineering, he imagines the ultimate gerontological triumph—"a system of designed sleeps and programmed reincarnations" that will mean not only the conquest of death but the defeat of time. Whether this be forecast or fantasy, it is indeed rich food for the imagination.

It's been common practice to muse on the virulent effects some earth micro-organism might have in space, less common but more frightening to think what effects some space microorganism might have on earth; yet this possibility, which if realized could constitute man's final biological crisis, is what Michael Crichton's novel *The Andromeda Strain* (Knopf) dramatizes and injects deep into our consciousness. When an Army-programmed space

capsule returns to earth in a small town in Arizona and the inhabitants are swiftly, mysteriously and all but completely wiped out, it's time for the scientists to take over. Four biomedical specialists, preselected for this eventuality, race to a hypersecret, hypersterile, multilevel underground laboratory in Nevada—their task to isolate, analyze and render harmless the capsule's space bug before it destroys the world. But forewarned, in such a case, is not forearmed. The four specialists are real men, subject to emotion, to predisposition, to fatigue—and to error. Crichton, himself a scientist, so closely weaves the strands of fictional character and event with the solid stuff of scientific data, including computer schedules and biological diagrams, that the effect is one of overpowering verisimilitude. The Andromeda bug warns us of the risks we take in our space adventure and puts us on notice that the future, in a sense, is today.

For P. G. Wodehouse fans who have been ransacking attic bookcases in antique summer houses seeking even a mildewed copy of the long-out-of-print classics of the old master, there are cheery tidings. The *crème de la crème* is about to be reissued. The first in the series, *The Code of the Woosters* (Simon & Schuster), shows no signs of its 31 years. Instead, like a fine old wine uncached from a formidable cellar, it retains its full powers to fortify and bemuse. The plot—involving Bertie Wooster, Jeeves, Gussie Fink-Nottle, Sir Watkyn Bassett, a missing notebook, star-crossed love and an 18th Century cow creamer—is splendidly confused and the Wodehouse wit, as usual, is simply splendid.

DINING-DRINKING

It was just a matter of time before the Thirties made it in New York restaurant circles. Fortunately, they made it in high style at *The Tin Lizzie* (140 West 51st Street). The style is furnished by the current panjandrum of modern-Thirties design, Peter Max. He conjured up the decor and the wallpaper (which looks like the stuff they used for end papers in books before the whole world started reading and books had to be printed cheap), chipped in with the china, and contributed old movie posters and other relics from his own collection. Proprietor Shelly Fireman might himself have been supplied by Max, what with his keen cognizance of the era's trivia. Over the bar, which features a genuine six-ounce martini ("just like W. C. Fields' mother used to make") and a barrel of peanuts, is a 30-foot nude to which carousels can be fondly quaffed. Pay no attention to the *non sequitur* of a genuine 1915 Ford sitting in the middle of the dining room—it's an attention-getting device. Study, instead, the collection of Dixie Cup covers,

the stills from Bogart and Marx Brothers movies or the underwhelming overstuffed peacock. The only other nonperiod piece in the joint is the red telephone—a hot line to a theater ticket agency. The Tin Lizzie is essentially a steak house; its specialty ranges from the Diamond Jim Brady, a king-sized sirloin smothered in oysters that have been broiled in hot butter sauce, to the Tin Lizzie Special, a *filet mignon* served with Canadian bacon and an artichoke heart. The Baked Tiffany Clams appetizer provides a splendid way to warm up for an impending steak. All entrees come with an astonishing variety of side dishes. The desserts are so outrageously rich one wonders why they haven't been declared illegal—or at least immoral. There's the Chocolate Mousse Cake and a little desvelter known as Miss Grimble's Hot Pink Sour Cream Cheesecake with Nesselrode—oh, the pains. Lizzie is open for lunch, dinner and supper from 12 noon to midnight, Monday through Friday; for dinner and supper on Saturday from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M.; and for Sunday dinner from 4 P.M. to 9 P.M. Reservations are helpful.

MOVIES

Having bided his time through numerous stereotypical post-*Graduate* film offers, Dustin Hoffman brilliantly reverses his field in *Midnight Cowboy*—John (Darling) Schlesinger's version of an admirable novel by James Leo Herlihy. The titular cowboy is played by Jon Voight, who makes a remarkable screen debut as Joe Buck—a big, beautiful, dim-witted, totally innocent Texas hustler who comes East thinking he'll get rich by peddling his wonderful body to wealthy ladies. Hoffman's portrayal of Ratso Rizzo, a crippled, fatally feverish Times Square con artist, offers eloquent counterpoint to Voight's bull's-eye characterization of the lay-about who strokes his fierce phallic energy by raptly gazing into mirrors at the blond, spiffy, boot-clicking, altogether miraculous package it came in. But except for a couple of poignantly droll couplings with a brassy blonde (Sylvia Miles) and a wry swinger (Brenda Vaccaro) whom he meets at a Warholian Greenwich Village party, the bids for Buck's services are more often tendered by fidgety schoolboys or cruising closet queens in business suits. The compelling fascination of *Cowboy* rests in the slowly developing symbiotic union of these two urban misfits who court tragedy and find it, but first come to recognize their mutual need of someone or something beyond the routine quest for easy money and sexual release. With a screenplay by Waldo Salt, Schlesinger seldom errs in exploring the subtle, pivotal relationship between Hoffman and Voight, using murky, brutally surrealistic flashbacks and lyrical fantasy sequences



Bottom's up.

to create an enlightening context—and contrast—for the painfully immediate realities. Schlesinger also uses his camera to sketch fleeting glimpses of the sluts, homos, hippies, creeps, freaks and derelicts who throng New York's concrete canyons. In scraping the bottom of Manhattan's teeming barrel, he has, with the help of his superb actors, made a touching statement about loneliness, despair and man's limitless potential for degradation in his struggle for survival.

God forbid that anyone should confuse *Midnight Cowboy* with *Lonesome Cowboys*, the latter produced, directed and photographed by Andy Warhol, high priest of pop art, whose amateurism as an underground film maker is often disguised by audacity. Viva, a Warhol superstar who manages a bit role as a kook in *Midnight Cowboy*, plays the lead in Andy's erotic Western farce—and it's more than one should ask of a girl so ill equipped for public nudity. Seeing Viva with her clothes off is enough to remind a man that his surfboard needs waxing. Warhol's Western, improvised on a decrepit shantytown movie set in Arizona, is chiefly memorable for its use of the camera to explore the opaque faces and snug crotches of five decorative boys who perform ballet exercises at the hitching post, discuss their make-up and hair styles and fondle one another when they are not fondling themselves—which is what they do best by far. "You can't find anybody that you love as much as yourself, so you're lonesome," one cuddlesome cowpoke observes. Then he and his pals ride off to rape Viva, who doesn't object too strenuously, though her male nurse (Taylor Mead, stoned throughout) suffers a snit of envy. This is the way the West was won?

When white moviemakers press an argument for black power, all the issues tend to come out gray. In *The Lost Man*, writer-director Robert Alan Aurthur enlists Sidney Poitier to play the role of a militant hero whose motives are pretty fuzzy, though he wants a better future for the children of the ghetto. Sidney's plan is to hold up a factory, where a group of complacent ofays have been meeting for a year and a half to mouth platitudes about "community action." Poitier intends to walk out with nearly \$1,000,000 for The Organization, a militant underground that needs cash to aid the families of demonstrators locked up in white jails. According to the peculiar ethos of *Lost Man*, cop hating and violence serve a worthy cause, and it is no blotch on Poitier's honor when he slays a factory executive whose guards open fire on one of the thieves. Such capable black performers as Al Freeman, Jr., Leon Bibb and Bernie Hamilton check in from time to time, leading picket

lines or maintaining a conspiracy of silence against the establishment. Despite yeoman efforts, the movie finally registers as just another chase melodrama garnished with a spray of fashionable prejudices. Among the villains of the piece are black whores who sell out to the police. The one sympathetic white on the scene is lovely Joanna Shimkus, hard to believe as a widowed social worker who conceals weapons, provides getaway cars and ultimately elects to die at the hero's side, her hand in his. That gesture of solidarity makes a nice closing shot, but there is scant sense in the events leading up to it.

Unless we misunderstood advance reports, the teaming of Faye Dunaway with Marcello Mastroianni under the direction of Italy's formidable Vittorio De Sica was supposed to shake the civilized world like nothing since Gable and Harlow. Well, let the title alone serve as a warning that *A Place for Lovers* has more in common with the weepy melodramas popularized decades ago by Irene Dunne, who would bravely give up Robert Taylor rather than let him know she was going blind. In *Lovers*, Faye is dying of leukemia, though not very convincingly, and one might well mistake her for a smashing dressed beauty who stays bone-thin and self-absorbed on purpose. Marcello plays an automotive engineer, betrothed to another and busy inventing safety devices for a speedway (shades of *A Man and a Woman*), until a casual encounter with Faye promises irresistible romantic adventure. Their idyl moves from a *palazzo* near Venice to a spectacular mountaintop retreat in Cortina d'Ampezzo, taking several grim but weakly motivated turns—and then, quite unexpectedly, her dreadful secret made known, they are ready to die together, sealing a rare, pure love for all eternity. It would seem more plausible that two such swingers might laugh out loud at the labored symbolism in a patch of ephemeral little flowers blooming above the frost line. Five scenarists share the credit for this mawkish valentine; they should have asked for anonymity.

Aptly subtitled "A Fun-Drama," Russ Meyer's *Vixen* flaunts its producer's name in its ads either to avoid a title conflict or to remind the world that even Meyer is going semilegit after winning renown for such steamy nude classics as *The Immoral Mr. Teas*. The action, color-photographed in scenic British Columbia, begins with Vixen (Erica Gavin, like all Meyer heroines a barely passable actress of imposing physiography) as a bush pilot's wife, playing nymph and satyr in the piny woods with a bronzed male who finally gets some clothes on to establish his identity as a Royal Mountie. Meanwhile, Vixen's husband (Garth Pillsbury) is winging homeward with some weekend

guests for the lodge, an attractive man and wife intent on outdoor sport. Well, all things come to Vixen in the name of weekend recreation, including the guest, the guest's wife and her resident kid brother. Compared with the exuberant animal spirits shown here in highly appreciative detail, the guilt-edged groping of a dozen current shockers looks sick. It may not be saying much, but *Vixen* is the most wholesome dirty movie so far this year.

Stretched out in a chair on the lawn of his country estate, Sir Edward More (Nicol Williamson) listens to his missus mourn the delphiniums that were ravaged, poor darlings, by last night's storm. Sir Edward reacts as a man who sees his middle years withering away in lectures on floriculture. "I may have to go up to London tonight," he announces abruptly. Because Williamson is a corrosively convincing actor, *Laughter in the Dark* commands respectful attention for a while—particularly while the bored art dealer traipses around London trying to pick up something cheap. In a movie theater, he selects an acquiescent shopgirl (Anna Karina), who has surprisingly ambitious ideas. Before you can say what ho, Sir Edward has sacrificed home, family and career to satisfy the whims of his fey mistress. Then his little daughter dies: he begins to drink heavily; he is blinded in an auto accident after the bitch betrays him, and winds up feeling his way around an incredible *ménage à trois* on the Riviera, seemingly unaware that there's a third plate at the breakfast table and an able-bodied young stud (Jean-Claude Drouot) in his paramour's bed. The wages of sin have not been laddled out so prodigally since Theda Bara was reigning vamp of the cornball screen. *Laughter* finally elicits giggles where the gut responses were supposed to be. All the more wonder that the movie was directed by Tony Richardson and adapted from a novel written in 1938 by Vladimir Nabokov, who subsequently found more interesting ways to describe how an older man might manage his obsessive desire for a nymphet.

The career of writer-director Sergio Leone is an object lesson in how to succeed by making god-awful movies at a handsome profit. Creator of a series of Italian-style Westerns that brought stardom to Clint Eastwood and tons of lire into the till, Leone really put his boot in his mouth with *Once upon a Time in the West*, the biggest, sprawlingest sagebrush epic imaginable. Or unimaginable. The picture is a fruit cup of baroque effects, filmed in Spain with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, Jason Robards, Charles Bronson, Keenan Wynn and Woody Strode heading an international cast. Leone reportedly visited Texas,



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Arizona and Utah on several occasions to get the feel of *The West*, yet the film seems closer to Tuscany than to Tucson. Two hours and 45 minutes of this tangled tale elapse while Claudia is establishing her claim to a valuable piece of ranch land lying just where the railroad has to come through. In dubbed English, the better to sound like a girl who met her late, landed husband in a New Orleans bordello, Claudia vents her temper on Fonda—ludicrously miscast as a sadistic killer—and Robards as “a notorious half-breed” named Cheyenne. Leone’s idea of a gun fight is a stately pavan set to music so lush that the actors look uncertain whether to reach for their six-shooters or launch into an aria from *La Bohème*.

Student unrest in Paris and Prague provides the backdrop for a romantic triangle in *A Matter of Days*, a French-Czech production that touches upon some timely issues with considerable sophistication. Producer-director Yves Ciampi has going for him an intelligent script written by a collaborative team that seems fully aware that the meaning of revolution may vary strikingly from campus to campus, from nation to nation, from month to month. Ciampi also has three appealing young protagonists in Thalie Fruges as a pretty Parisian sociology major, Philippe Baromet as the husband she leaves behind at the turbulent University of Nanterre and Vit Olmer as a hip, politically oriented professor in Prague, where the heroine arrives for a semester of study. *A Matter of Days* would be interesting if only for its glimpses of university life in both cities—the sexual-freedom movement that brings out picket signs in France appears to be a fact of life among the casual young Czechs—yet the movie gets down to cases rather tardily. As the era of Dubček dawns in Czechoslovakia prior to the sad August of 1968, the romance between Thalie and Vit begins to come apart on ideological grounds. She sees the Czech drive for liberalization as a mere desire to attain the bourgeois complacency she has fled; he sees his own countrymen as serious freedom fighters in contrast to France’s riotous pseudo-Maoists, who are revolutionaries “for fun.” Their differences prompt fresh thinking about the increasingly complex business of being young.

Jack Lemmon and Catherine Deneuve portray *The April Fools*, a pair of strangers who meet at a crushingly chic party, slip away together and discover ere the dawn that they are married to the wrong people. She, it turns out, is the wife of his philandering boss (Peter Lawford, giving the film’s surest performance). He is a prototypical schnook-hero, an insecure commuter propelled through the rat-race by stomach acid and alcohol, and wed to a woman who has dedicated her life to

interior decor. As written by Hal Dresner and directed by Stuart Rosenberg, the movie has a split personality. Lemmon’s slice of it is a slapstick cartoon about a refugee from suburbia, broadly funny when he careens home from Manhattan to Darien on the New Haven with a couple of drunken pals, to tell his cardboard wife he’s leaving her. Catherine’s world is populated by the Beautiful People who customarily figure in smart drawing-room comedy, but she has little to do except smile meltingly and carry herself like a piece of rare china. The relationship between these two is strangely asexual and unpersuasive, despite the fairy-godparent intervention of an elderly eccentric couple (Myrna Loy and Charles Boyer—whose presence reminds us that sophisticated comedy has seen far better days). Catherine digs Jack and Jack digs Catherine, because the script says so, but the reckless impulses they supposedly ignite in each other stay lukewarm. A rendezvous between Dagwood Bumstead and Madam Bovary.

Fraulein Doktor is a lesser Mata Hari, a real-life German superspy who gave the Allies a bad time of it during World War One. “An unbelievable actress,” declares Kenneth More, as a British Intelligence colonel appraising his elusive quarry; but England’s fetching Suzy Kendall seems quite Englishy and proper in the role of a dangerous agent addicted to morphine, frequent disguises and occasional qualms. With scenes of Suzy making her way from Britain (where she plots the death of Lord Kitchener) to Berlin (where she receives an Iron Cross and survives an assassination attempt by double-spying colleague James Booth), to a Red Cross mercy train at the Belgian front (where enemy plans must be discovered in time), *Fraulein Doktor* at moments carries a grim taste of actual war. The movie slips away from director Alberto Lattuada when he tries to bring home its larger significance, yet his cinematic means are impressive enough when he’s spelling out split-second plans or engineering pursuits, or reconstructing the period in a blur of anarchy and blood. In *Fraulein Doktor*, Lattuada appears to be forcibly stretching his small talent upon too wide a frame. His kinkiest vignette is an interlude of carnal treachery with Suzy playing a Lesbian lady’s maid to silken Capucine, as the Frenchwoman who invented poison gas.

Give John Wayne a pungent, fast-moving script spiked with equal parts of rugged individualism and raunchy humor and he can transform a mere movie into something like a national monument. Such is his achievement in *True Grit*, a deft adaptation by Marguerite Roberts of Charles Portis’ best seller about a 14-year-old pioneer girl who hires a disreputable U. S. marshal to

track down her father’s killer. As the heroine, Mattie, young Kim Darby makes precocity more bearable than usual, though her ingenuous charms could become tiresome without the counterweight of Wayne’s dismay when he learns that the kid intends to tag along—in order to check his thirst for cheap whiskey and to keep tabs on a rival bounty hunter (played with a good bit of ease by singer Glen Campbell) who is joining the manhunt for reasons of his own. In a story rife with temptations to wax sentimental, veteran director Henry Hathaway wisely chooses to stress the irony of the fact that his good guys and bad guys belong to the same wild Western breed. The truth of the thesis is brought home as the far-from-perfect marshal closes in on his prey—a pathetically inept murderer (Jeff Corey) riding out a lifelong loser’s streak, accompanied by a reasonably civilized outlaw (Robert Duvall) who is still miffed because the marshal once shot him in the lower lip. But for a certain Hollywood slickness, *Grit* might have been a great Western. Even so, it is good entertainment, spewing hot lead and hullabaloo from one of America’s natural wonders.

An engaging actor named Amidou unassumingly wins audience sympathy during the early scenes of *Life Love Death*, when he is introduced as a young married worker in a Parisian automobile factory—moving from job to home to clandestine afternoons in motels and hotels with his loving mistress (Caroline Cellier), under constant surveillance by a carload of cynical French detectives. Toward the end of the film, bittersweet romantic scenes in soft color give way to grim black-and-white documentation of the hero’s agonizing path to the guillotine as a psychopath condemned for the brutal murders of three prostitutes. Yet *Life Love Death* is a totally dishonest film by writer-director Claude Lelouch, of all people, who uses the same dazzling techniques he employed in *A Man and a Woman* to whet a moviegoer’s appetite for more adroitly stylized movie magic—then abruptly pins him to the wall for an illustrated lecture on the horrors of capital punishment. Lelouch spends an extraordinary amount of cinematic *savoir-faire* building a case around a chameleonlike protagonist, first seen as an innocent victim of police intimidation, then shown to be a ruthless killer, then transformed again and again to satisfy the needs of Lelouch’s theme at any given moment. It seems fair to ask, after the blade falls, whether it’s not Lelouch who has lost his head.

The Fantastic Plastic Machine is OK for armchair athletes who have already seen *The Endless Summer* several times—but only during the last half hour does this new surf spectacular really come alive,

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BRISK AND BREEZY ARTICLES: The lusty past and present of *The New Barbary Coast*, by Herbert Gold, plus a blend of beauty and bacchanal in a photographic essay of San Francisco's *Nude Discothèques*. Arthur C. Clarke (*2001: A Space Odyssey*) puts you in orbit with *Beyond Gravity*. An award-winning piece by John Clellon Holmes, *Revolution Below the Belt*, discusses sexual turmoil in the U. S.

FINE FICTION: Ray Russell is at his evil best with *Sardonicus*, one of the most popular stories ever to have appeared in *PLAYBOY*. French novelist-diplomat Romain Gary charms with *A Bit of a Dreamer*, *A Bit of a Fool*. Bernard Wolfe offers an upbeat story about an offbeat kook named *Marcianna*. Henry Slesar tells a bizarre tale, *Examination Day*.

BRIGHT CARTOONS, BRILLIANT DRAWINGS, BIGGER-THAN-LIFE PHOTOS: *Little Annie Fanny* beguiles in another epic episode from Kurtzman and Elder. Jules Feiffer draws a pointed portrait of *The Make Out Man*. Shel Silverstein bewitches with *Lafcadio*, *the Lion Who Shot Back*. *The Lido* comes alive in the drawings of LeRoy Neiman. Plus 11 color pages of the perfect *Playboy Town House*.

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thanks to two Australian surf champions, Nat Young and Bob McTavish, disporting themselves on the new, shorter, V-bottomed board from which the movie takes its title. This charismatic threesome treats every wave like a soul brother, though they are markedly less impressive ashore, expounding the philosophy of the sport in such inflated statements as, "Surfing is the finding of yourself through the medium of the surfboard . . . it is the perfect form of self-expression." Until it begins to explore the Australian surfing scene, *Machine* is a routinely photographed, relatively uneventful account of a Pacific voyage undertaken by America's Wind and Sea Surf Club, whose members set out to challenge the surfing fraternity down under and stop along the way to scout surf in Fiji and New Zealand. They arrive in Sydney only to find that everything they've heard about the Aussies' stature as rulers of the waves is true—fortunately, since Wind and Sea's point-stealing adversaries also manage to save the picture.

Male nudity plays an important role in *That Cold Day in the Park*, a low-key thriller rather short on thrills but long on glimpses of Michael Burns, a newcomer cast as the bare-checked boy who is picked up one rainy day by a neurotic, well-to-do spinster (Sandy Dennis) in Vancouver, British Columbia. While waiting for his clothes to dry, young Burns (aided, as always, by a camera that's just a wee bit quicker than the eye) performs phenomenal tricks with towels, fast turns and Indian blankets, and ultimately finds himself a virtual prisoner in the lady's luxury flat. The plot, of course, has too much in common with earlier—and creepier—shockers such as *The Collector*, though it does become oddly compelling when Sandy ventures over to the wrong side of town to hire a prostitute for her pent-up tomcat. Director Robert Altman is a film maker who believes that suspense increases in direct proportion to the number of camera shots he aims at mirrors, bottles or any shiny surface that yields a distorted reflection. Yet, *Cold Day* indicates possible new directions for Sandy, heretofore known as the keeper of a soft upper lip that trembled through countless girlish woes. As a murderous, sexually repressed woman who wears sensible shoes, Sandy uses her ties to good purpose, and makes something positively Kafkaesque out of going to a birth-control clinic to be fitted for a diaphragm. You'd almost swear it was programmed as the ultimate weapon.

In *Titicut Follies*, his chilling documentary about conditions in a Massachusetts mental hospital, producer-director Frederick Wiseman showed how depersonalized institutional care can make sick

minds sicker. In *High School*, Wiseman documents the process by which young, healthy ones are stifled by cant and conformity with equally depressing efficiency—and often with the best of intentions. To strengthen his indictment of U.S. secondary education, Wiseman selects a so-called "good" school, Philadelphia's Northeast High, a mostly white middle-class center of learning that prides itself on being wide open to innovation. At Northeast, there are courses in sex education, boys' cooking classes, fashion seminars and simulated Apollo missions, not to mention an earnest lady English teacher gamely analyzing the bejesus out of Simon-and-Garfunkel lyrics. Yet almost without exception, the students in classrooms and counseling sessions appear complacent or sullen or bored stiff, and the reasons soon become abundantly clear. Their mentors are unimaginative technicians who speak with and for authority, but rarely spread enlightenment and seem principally dedicated to maintaining the *status quo*. Thus, a gruff dean of discipline, as keen on justice as any Marine Corps drill sergeant, can tell a student who has been unfairly punished that it's not innocence or guilt that matters but taking his medicine like a man; thus, a girl called on the carpet for wanting to wear a short dress to the junior prom is alerted to the perils of individualism; thus, a fat fashion counselor flippantly advises one of her students who has run up a dress for herself to have it modeled by a girl with nicer legs. And thus, there's the gynecologist lecturing the boys' assembly about sex; he peppers his talk with dormitory jokes, then goes on to warn the lads that the more intercourse a boy or a girl has, the less his chance of a happy marriage and satisfying sexual relations in the future. Whew. Small wonder that the most appealing people on view are a discussion group of potential dropout students who conclude that "the school stinks."

RECORDINGS

The Mothers of Invention are finally beginning to deliver some truly inventive music. *Uncle Meat* (Reprise) is a carefully etched two-LP set that takes in not only the Mothers' familiar comedic ventures in the Dada tradition (*Sleeping in a Jar* and *Mr. Green Genes*) but also long stretches of music, unobstructed by noise and enhanced by tactful tape juggling and meticulous overdubbing. The sources appear to be Webern, Coltrane and vintage rock—but the side-long *King Kong* is, happily, all jazz.

Joel Grey / *Black Sheep Boy* (Columbia) is a long way from the talented young man's nostalgic efforts in *Cabaret* and *George M.* *Black Sheep Boy* is right now, with tunes by Tim Hardin (including

the title ballad), Nilsson, Donovan, Simon and Garfunkel, and Lennon and McCartney. The arrangements are equally contemporary, as Grey is able to put his dramatic talents to work, conveying words and music with convincing force.

The Friends of Distinction—protégés of athlete-actor-industrialist Jim Brown—should win a lot of friends in a hurry. On *Grazin'* (RCA; also available on stereo tape), the supersmooth quartet unveils a distinctive soul style as it breezes through a tasteful session that encompasses *Grazing in the Grass*, Laura Nyro's *Eli's Comin'* and the Beatles' *And I Love Him*. A host of studio musicians provide solid support.

Two satisfying varieties of country soul are contained on Waylon Jennings' *Just to Satisfy You* (RCA) and Hank Williams, Jr.'s *Songs My Father Left Me* (MGM; also available on stereo tape). Despite occasional rhythmic stodginess and a tendency toward sentimentality, Jennings makes good use of his smooth baritone on such articulate odes as the title tune, *Lonely Weekends* and *Straighten My Mind*. Williams—singing lyrics that his father never got around to using—doesn't let the syrupy strings bother him; his strong suit is his voice, which has the same haunted quality as his father's.

A reunion of more than passing importance has been recorded on *J & K: Betwixt & Between* (A&M; also available on stereo tape). It's those old trombone buddies J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, fronting a small group that's augmented by strings (except on *Just a Funky Old Vegetable Bin*). Guitarist Joe Beck and pianist Roger Kellaway, who's heard on electric clavichord, are particularly valuable aides. J. J. and Kai are beautifully tuned in to each other and to the electronic age jazz is entering. An added fillip is the transitional music—supplied by a brass choir with guitar (it's Bach most of the way)—that *segues* into a number of tracks. An intriguing album.

Sandy Bull's *E Pluribus Unum* and John Fahey's *The Yellow Princess* (both Vanguard; both also available on stereo tape) are excellent sets by a pair of virtuoso guitarists. Fahey, a country-styled finger picker, never misses a note, as he performs nine of his classically influenced tone poems; Bull's program—two extended improvisations fusing Near Eastern music and blues—is a primer in the use of electricity.

The indestructible Johnny Hodges shows no sign of turning in his alto for a rocking chair. Instead, he's busy adding his inimitable sound to that of some of the younger folk. On *Rippin' and Runnin'* (Verve), the Rabbit is backed by a

rhythm section of stalwarts, including organist Willie Gardner, and the Hodges alto is just as ebullient and evanescent as ever as it soars serenely through a brace of Tom McIntosh melodies and a Don Sebesky ballad, among others. Johnny has been at it for over four decades—credible, in light of his current output.

Chicago's Impressions, who have been releasing sides at a frantic pace, show on *The Young Mods' Forgotten Story* (Curton; also available on stereo tape) that their creative powers are still growing. Aided by some brilliant orchestrations, the mellifluous trio breathes life into Curtis Mayfield's perceptive love songs (*The Girl I Find*) and provocative sociological statements, such as *Mighty Mighty*.

The futuristic rhythm and blues of Sly and the Family Stone is heard to good advantage on *Stand!* (Epic; also available on stereo tape). As on the group's previous LPs, some of the songs—such as *Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey*—are too epigrammatic; but the title tune, *Sing a Simple Song, Everyday People* and *You Can Make It if You Try* all manage to get into orbit. The guitar soloist on the extended blues *Sex Machine* uses a wah-wah pedal to get some of the most blatantly sexual sounds we've ever heard from a musical instrument.

For a most pleasurable half hour, we recommend *Easy Listening* (Pete; also available on stereo tape). George Russell's guitar, ten of his highly original compositions and low-key string backing combine for as relaxed and relaxing a session as we've heard since Johnny Smith's heyday. The items we dug most were those with a bossa-nova lilt, but there isn't a clinker to be found anywhere.

Seldom has a performer improved so much in the space of two LPs as the funnyman of hippieland, Biff Rose (see *On the Scene* in last month's issue). On *Children of Light* (Tetragrammaton; also available on stereo tape), he is unhampered by violins most of the way as he uses his piano to dramatize the wistfully witty title ditty, *Communist Sympathizer* and *Evolution*. Also on hand are a couple of serious love songs, *To Baby* and *Just like a Man*, which Rose can't really sing but delivers with compelling honesty. Vocalists in need of material would do well to give a listen.

Keith Jarrett, who has established quite a name for himself as pianist with the avant-garde Charles Lloyd Quartet, demonstrates on *Somewhere Before* (Vortex; also available on stereo tape) that he has his roots buried deep in jazzdom's past. The LP is a sparkling fusion of styles—from ragtime forward. Aided by drummer Paul Motian and bassist

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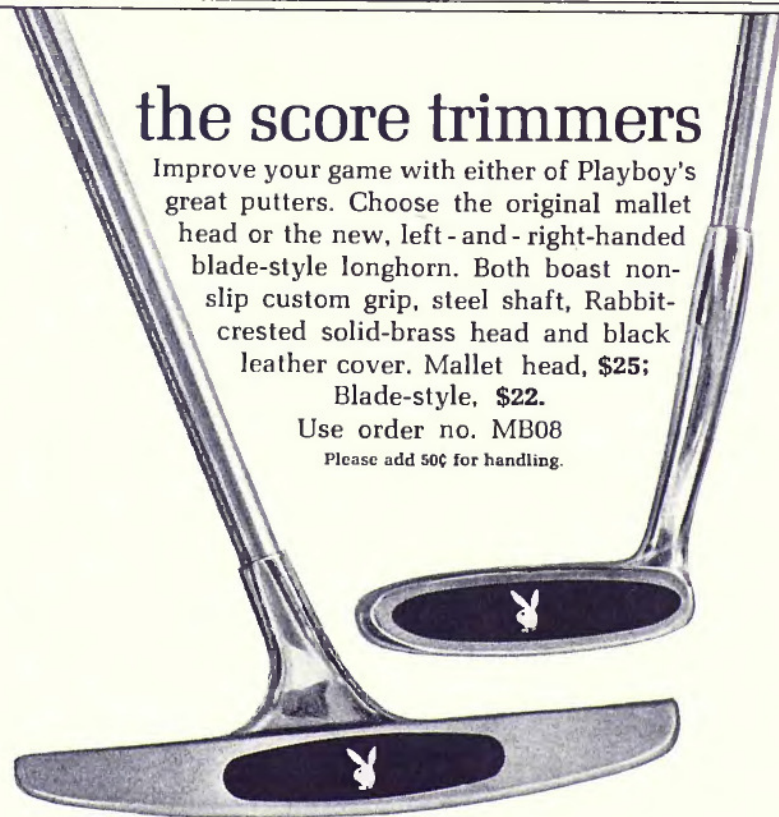
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Charlie Haden, Jarrett is never at a loss for fresh approaches to timeworn subjects. A fascinating outing, it was recorded "live" at Shelly's Manne Hole.

In a new collection of rarities titled *Classic Guitar* (RCA), Julian Bream explores the spate of music composed for his instrument during the early 19th Century. This was a period of high esteem for the guitar in such centers as Vienna, London and Paris, and a good many minor masters responded with plentiful material in the prevailing style of the day. Thus, the *Grand Overture* of Mauro Giuliani opens with an introduction full of the portentous majesty one associates with Beethoven, then slips into a smiling, chatty allegro reminiscent of Haydn or early Schubert. Bream performs it and the companion pieces by Fernando Sor and Anton Diabelli with his customary verve and clarity. *Aficionados* who have been surfeited with Albéniz and Granados will find a refreshing antidote in this offbeat fare.

Sunrise (Buddah; also available on stereo tape) is a groovy electric-rock set, and the credit must be evenly divided between Eire Apparent, a new group from Ireland, and the producer, who happens to be Jimi Hendrix. The group's material and sound clearly bear the Hendrix stamp, but its delivery is clear and precise, with none of the chaos and extraneous noise characteristic of Jimi's sides. *Captive in the Sun* is a well-orchestrated and well-constructed look at the future of rock.

Duke Pearson's *The Phantom* (Blue Note) is a real cooker. For one, it features hard-driving vibist Bobby Hutcherson and underrated sideman Jerry Dodgion on flute and alto flute. Teaming up with Pearson's piano and a rhythm section bolstered by a brace of Latin percussionists, they keep matters pretty much in a bossa-funk bag, with such balladic exceptions as *Say You're Mine* providing a contemplative change of pace.

Lana Cantrell continues to pursue matters musical in her own very special way—which is perfectly fine with us. *The Now of Then!* (RCA; also available on stereo tape) has a little something for nostalgics, campniks, Broadwayites, Beatlemanes and just plain old-fashioned music lovers who dig premier practitioners of the vocalist's art. *Those Were the Days, When the World Was Young* and *Falling in Love Again* are part of the Chuck Sagle-arranged package.

A nifty repackaging of old pressings from the World Pacific Jazz archives is *This Is the Blues, Vol. 1* (made up of instrumentals) and *Vol. 2* (vocals; both also available on stereo tape). The former is funk-filled with reissues of the likes of

Gerald Wilson, Les McCann, Johnny Lytle and Sonny Stitt. Volume 2, however, really gets to the blues business, with Long Gone Miles, Lightnin' Hopkins, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry in the indigo groove that once more has been "discovered" by the pop *Kulturists*.

Jerry Reed is one of the young Nashville stars who are branching out in new directions. *Better Things in Life* (RCA) cuts across categories, as Reed reels off two jazz-flavored instrumentals (*Blues Land* and *Swinging '69*), displays rhythmic drive on *Roving Gambler* and *Oh What a Woman!* and adds a few romantic ballads. The set is marred only by the somewhat saccharine *Coming Up Roses*.

Gospel music is at last having its day at the box office, thanks to the 48 young people who comprise the Edwin Hawkins Singers. *Let Us Go into the House of the Lord* (Pavilion; also available on stereo tape) is a rousing program of unadulterated soul—recorded without strings, brass, psychedelic guitars or control-booth gimmickry—that contains the chorus' chart buster, *Oh Happy Day*, and seven other foot-stomping celebrations of the Savior. For *I Heard the Voice of Jesus*, the group slims down to a trio; the result is a soft and reflective interlude.

Paul Winter has attempted with *The Winter Consort* (A&M) to span a number of centuries. To a large measure, he has succeeded. The instrumentation is Baroque for the most part; the music floats in and out of eras with a supple appropriateness that makes it all sound right. The items on hand range from Jobim and Villa-Lobos to a Hungarian peasant song to a free improvisation on a koto scale to a 13th Century Italian offering. Eclectic is the word for Winter.

Jerry Lee Lewis' Ozark-inflected voice, flying hair and eccentric honky-tonk piano style are familiar to fans of original rock. The past few years, Lewis has been active in country-and-western, and the two volumes of *Jerry Lee Lewis Sings the Country Music Hall of Fame Hits* (Smash; also available on stereo tape) are a comprehensive survey of an ever-more-popular genre. Lewis is in fine form throughout the 24-song program, which includes *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry*, *Jackson, I Can't Stop Loving You* and *Sweet Thang*.

Although Mozart's inexhaustible glories know no season, the patrician grace and lucid delicacy of his music seem particularly apposite on a warm summer evening. Certainly, the *Serenata Notturna* (London) provides festival entertainment par excellence, especially when performed with the beguiling *élan* of the English Chamber Orchestra under composer Benjamin Britten's baton. On this and the

companion *Symphony No. 40 in G minor*, Britten reveals himself as a masterful Mozartean, keenly sensitive to the passion as well as the polish of these celestial scores. He is aided by a recording of exceptional richness, breadth and clarity, taped on location at The Maltings—an erstwhile malthouse in East Anglia, reconstructed as a concert hall for Britten's prestigious Aldeburgh Festival.

Prince Lasha and Sonny Simmons are a couple of reed men who have discovered in each other a singularity of jazz purpose. On *Firebirds* (Contemporary), they complement each other beautifully—each has a channel to himself, with Lasha playing alto sax, flute and alto clarinet, while Simmons is heard on alto sax and English horn. Backing them are the aforementioned vibist Bobby Hutcherson, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Charles Moffett. The moods vary from tune to tune, but never the superb quality nor the wide scope of the Lasha-Simmons explorations.

Freddie King Is a Blues Master (Cotillion; also available on stereo tape) is an aptly named LP. A veteran star who's been in eclipse lately, King—aided by King Curtis' sympathetic production—displays his quicksilver guitar picking on *Hideaway*, *Funky* and *Wide Open*; his virile vocal style is showcased on *Play It Cool*, *Blue Shadows* and *Let Me Down Easy*. Johnnie Taylor, a Gospel-blues singer who recently achieved commercial success after years of dues paying, reveals his noncommercial soul on *Raw Blues* (Stax; also available on stereo tape). With the full Memphis sound behind him, Taylor socks home 11 dissertations on the battle of the sexes, and there's no doubting his authority.

THEATER

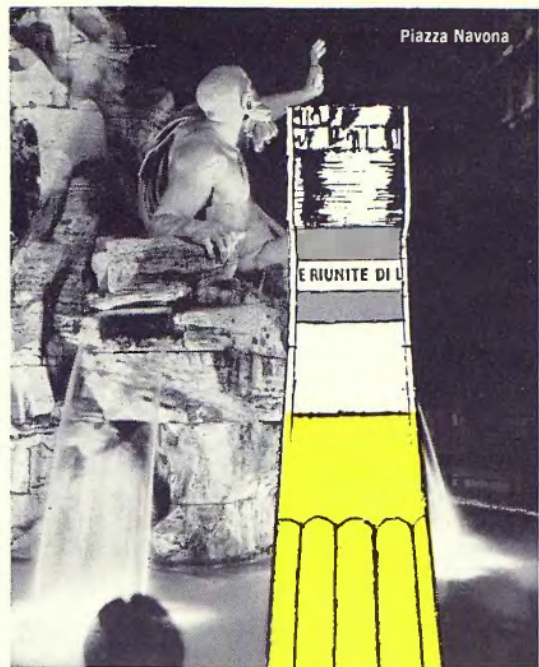
Charles Gordone's *No Place to Be Somebody* is a powerful, personal, highly particular but highly relevant play and a kind of black black comedy. Set in a bar in Greenwich Village, with its assortment of curious characters—whores, crooks, coeds, cops—wandering in and out, it evokes memories of Saroyan and O'Neill. Gordone has, like Saroyan, a fine feel for character and for humorous detail and, like O'Neill, a feel for dramatic collision. But his milieu is a thing apart. The owner of the bar is Johnny Williams, a cocksure pimp, ladies' man and would-be black *mafioso*. Mike Mafucci, an Italian gangster, former school friend and now antagonist of Johnny's, pays him the highest compliment: "If you were a wop, you would be big in rackets." Then there is Gabe Gabriel, a light-skinned black playwright and actor who knows the worst of both white and black worlds. In a series of remarkable

between-scenes soliloquies, Johnny unharnesses his own repressed hatreds. He is waiting for Sweets, a notorious black crook, to come out of prison, so that they can go into unlawful business together. But when Sweets arrives, he turns out to be a philosophical clown, at peace and rehabilitated except for a compulsion to steal watches and wallets for the fun of it. He accuses Johnny of being victimized by "Charlie fever," and sits down to a home-cooked soul feast. Suddenly, Maffucci strikes in, pointing a revolver at Johnny. He is here to bully, perhaps liquidate him. Out of the corner of his eye, he spies Sweets' repast. "Is that macaroni salad?" he asks and samples some. He loves it. It reminds him of his childhood. Before the play ends, the bar is covered with a carpet of corpses, but each death is dramatically necessary and each, in its own way, moving. Gordone's play is ill-kempt and in need of editing. The plot line about the corrupt judge's daughter who falls for Johnny and raids her father's files for him is like an old George Raft movie. But most of what happens is deeply felt; and, in this production by the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, the play is superbly acted by largely unknown actors. At the Other Stage, 425 Lafayette Street.

Che! was busted for a variety of public, consensual and nude lewdnesses. Then, after a tiff with author Lennox Raphael, who wanted a nude *Che!* or no *Che!*, director Ed Wode hired an entirely new cast of actors, put clothes on them—and, unbusted, *Che!* marches on. Well, not quite. Many of those who saw the naked original said the play was a big bore. They ought to see it now. Confined by clothes, those well-publicized performances of sodomy, cunnilingus and fellatio are pretty ridiculous. What may once have seemed theatrically outrageous now seems like just so much prepubescent patty-cake. Wode intends eventually to garb his cast in see-through vinyl, which sounds even more absurd. In any case, without distractions, now one hears the words. Bring back the distractions! Raphael's play is supposed to be a serious work with a political purpose: to make a statement about the interdependence of the revolutionary (Ché Guevara) and the establishment (the President of the United States), with multisex as the metaphor. The author spices his polemics with poesy ("I will dynamite your loins with my teeth"), occasionally lets one of his actors get off a nifty line ("I'd sleep with a rhino for a buck," says Mayfang, the President's oversexed consort), but most of his dialog consists of mere placards, stiff statements of revolutionary intent without dramatic effect or political depth. At The Free Store, 14 Cooper Square.



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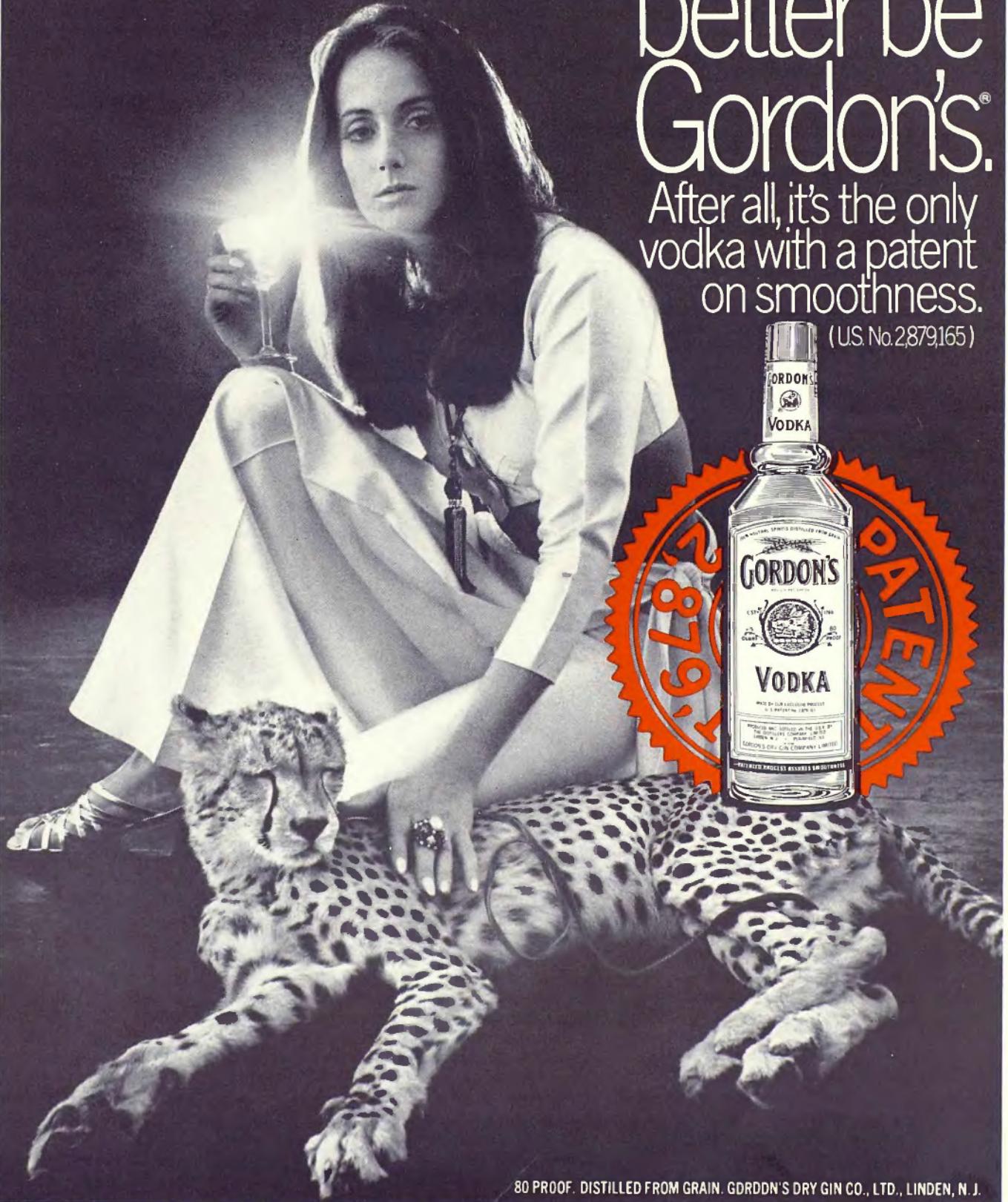
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girl and I have found it pleasurable to make love under water at the beach. The salt water seems to act as an additional lubricant and we're wondering if it might also have a spermicidal effect. We have the same question about the chlorine in swimming pools.—M. W. U., Los Angeles, California.

If it works for you, fine. Many couples have found this trip a bummer, since the water has a tendency to wash away the natural female lubricants, and one grain of sand in the wrong place can change ecstasy to agony. Salt water bears a chemical resemblance to human blood; sperm cells, far from finding it deadly, take to it happily. As for chlorine in swimming pools, the amount it would take to kill sperm would also prove irritating to the sex organs. Keep this simple rule in mind, and you'll not likely go wrong: The best way to ensure contraception is to use a contraceptive.

What do I do with a boyfriend who turns on the tears every time I tell him I'd like to go out with other guys, too? I care for him, but I'm not ready to settle down. He keeps sending me rings and won't take them back. When he goes out of town on his job, he calls me two or three times every night. He says it's love, but I think he's checking on me. I melt at the sight of a man crying; so whenever I try to make my position clear, his torrent of tears makes it impossible for me to get past the second sentence. Please help me if you can!—Miss D. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

You've got to help yourself. Tell your boyfriend that you intend to do those things that you find of interest with those people you find interesting, including him but not excluding others. State it simply and clearly and, if necessary, turn your back or walk out when the tears fall, so you won't be overcome. If you falter, you may be watching the tears for the rest of your life, besides adding a great many of your own.

Although I pay my bills promptly, a Machiavellian computer seems to have it in for me and I'm being hounded for an expensive credit-card purchase—a bill that was settled some months ago. I've written letters and phoned, but dunning letters still flow in. I'm certainly not going to pay the same bill twice. However, I am concerned about my credit rating. How can I get this computer off my back?—S. R., Dallas, Texas.

Here's one way: Write directly to the president of the company and explain your difficulty. Send a copy of the letter to your local credit bureau, with a photostat of the canceled check and an additional note reiterating your automation frustration.

As a premed student, I probably shouldn't have let this happen, but I've become very close to a girl whom I've known for quite some time. I have many years of study, hard work and very limited finances ahead of me and, for this reason, don't think I should marry. But it's not fair to ask my girl to remain in this indefinite state of affairs for what may be as much as five years. And I don't think I should now make a promise to marry her when I am finally established as a physician, because both of us may have changed a great deal by then. Should I give her up?—L. E., Chicago, Illinois.

Why? Why not stop thinking it's so obvious that you cannot marry or that it's not fair to your girl to continue your present relationship? There's a spectrum of choices in between, ranging from making the affair more casual to marrying and letting your wife work until you're established in practice. Many med students do it, and successfully. In any case, don't try to resolve a large emotional problem by starting with a pseudoclinical diagnosis of selected symptoms.

What's the proper form to use when introducing a couple composed of a businessman and his wife, who is an M.D.?—W. B., Staten Island, New York.

The wife is always called doctor in a professional situation. When she is with her husband and the event is purely social, the introduction is customarily Mr. and Mrs.

I am beginning to doubt the claim that men possess great objectivity. I have sometimes suggested to my dates more efficient methods of downshifting a sports car, with only an indulgent smile as a reaction. Other times, I have offered a more fluent pronunciation of a French wine, with only a raised eyebrow as a response from my dinner partner. I fail to understand why criticism that is meaningful, well intended and even couched in tactful phrases is rejected or resented. Perhaps there are certain grounds on which no girl should tread. Are there?—Miss B. D., Canton, Ohio.

That depends. Few acts are more

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threatening to one's ego than "well-meant" correction of apparent errors. We put well-meant in quotes because the unconscious motive for correcting another may be precisely a hostile or aggressive impulse to one-up a person by shaking his self-esteem and trying to prove one's own superiority. Moreover, objectivity is intellectual, not emotional; and while your advice may have been tactfully presented, it is not a tactful act to critically approach another person. Your counsel on downshifting, for instance, may be geared toward efficiency, but your date's need at a given moment might not be related to efficiency. If his less perfect pronunciation brought the wine desired, the communication was adequately demonstrated. The important thing to determine before you stick your oar in is whether the person who has undertaken to row the boat has demonstrated that his own means of propulsion is not sufficient for the situation. This principle remains the same for all sexes and all situations.

My firm is planning to send me to Brussels, where I'll be in charge of a branch office. I realize that each company has its own basic policy regarding the costs of relocation. However, I'd like to know if there are any generally accepted rules that can guide me in my negotiations.—V. G., Boston, Massachusetts.

According to a research survey in "World-wide Executive Compensation" (Business International Corporation), most companies pick up the tab for tickets for you and your family, the forwarding of household goods, medical examinations, insurance, passport fees and similar costs. They sometimes balk at shipping personal possessions such as works of art, antiques, boats, pets and pianos, but may assume the storage costs. Provisions are usually made for adapting your electrical appliances to foreign currents. Many companies take care of attorney and brokerage fees, mortgage repayments and taxes on real-estate transfers related to the forced disposal of a home or the breaking of an apartment lease. The shipment of a car will be reimbursed if it's going to be used for business purposes.

Almost three years ago, I fell madly in love with a girl and we dated for several months, until she terminated the relationship. I still want her very much and would like to try to win her back. We both travel in the same crowd and she is always very pleasant when we meet. My problem is that after two and a half years of being friends, I just don't

know how to approach her for a date. What do I do to make this situation less awkward?—F. W., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Fear in the face of a friendly attitude seems silly. Get two tickets for a special event you think she'd enjoy and invite her to go with you.

People have told me that I can prolong the life of unexposed rolls of film by keeping them in the refrigerator. Is this true?—L. M., Lostine, Oregon.

Yes. Cold storage retards changes in the sensitized material. To avoid condensation of moisture, film removed from the refrigerator should not be opened for a couple of hours, so that the rolls can reach room temperature before being loaded into your camera. However, even though refrigeration prolongs the life of the film, it is always advisable to use the film before the expiration date stamped on the box.

During a lengthy evening I spent with a girl I had just met and didn't expect to see again, I told her many impressive things about myself that weren't true. As it turns out, we've been seeing a lot of each other since then and have developed a beautiful and sound sexual union, among other good things. I'm falling in love with her and even am thinking hopefully of marriage. She's in love, too, I think, but with the guy I made up for her by lying. How can I kill the lies without also killing myself in her eyes?—B. B., Waco, Texas.

Tell her honestly that you once lacked the confidence in yourself that you've gained by knowing her, and that out of the respect for her that has grown since you've met, you can't go on any longer with the pretense. Then it's up to her. But no matter what lies you've told her, it's you who have been developing the relationship, sexual and otherwise; and if she's in love, you've a better than even chance that it's not with the fictitious character you created but with the creator himself—in a word, you.

I've stopped smoking about a dozen times and can thus qualify as an expert backslider. This time, I firmly intend to quit for good and have heard that it can be done with the aid of hypnosis. Is this so, and whom can I contact?—G. F., Scarsdale, New York.

Hypnosis is being used by some M.D.s on patients who want to kick the habit but who lack the will power to do it on their own. Since not everyone is hypnotizable, your first visit will enable the doctor to determine if you can respond to this type of treatment. As a rule, this

one 45-minute session—which involves instruction as well as hypnosis—is all that is necessary. Occasionally, however, the treatment may require several more visits, according to the patient's degree of motivation. Statistics on the rate of cure—which is said to be encouraging—are still incomplete. Don't go to a stage hypnotist, since only an M.D. has the qualifications, training and understanding to help you. For further information, write to the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis, 800 Washington Avenue S.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414.

After my "executive-length" socks have been machine laundered and dried, the static electricity causes my slacks to cling to them. Is there anything—short of hand laundering—that can be done about this?—T. L., Troy, Michigan.

Since excessive dryness is a contributory cause of static, hang your socks in the bathroom while taking a shower. You might also try shaking them vigorously just prior to putting them on.

Nine months after I enlisted in the Army, a girl I had been seeing regularly gave birth to a baby, and I was 98 percent convinced that the child was mine. I offered to pay all legal and medical expenses if she would agree to put the baby up for adoption. However, when I mentioned adoption, she became hysterical and would have nothing to do with the idea. I was advised against paying any expenses if she planned to keep the child, because I would then probably end up paying support for the next 21 years—and I did not find that either agreeable or justifiable. I believe my original offer was fair and best for everyone concerned, but I still feel a little cold now when I think about it and my conscience sometimes bothers me. Did I do the right thing?—Sp/5 W. M., APO San Francisco, California.

Your offer was responsible, reasonable and fair, given the circumstances as you describe them, and it was rejected. The situation is unfortunate, but there is nothing to be gained by adding guilt to the misfortune. We suggest, however, that you check with a lawyer about your rights in the matter of child support.

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

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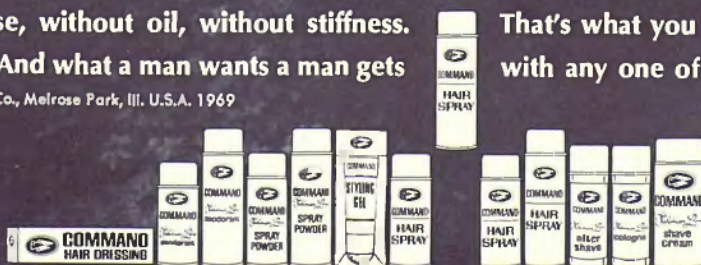


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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

GODLESS COMMUNIST PLOTS

The linking of sex education with a godless Communist plot is itself clearly part of a godless Communist plot. After all, how better to destroy this country than to deprive the young of the education they need and thereby perpetuate the confusion and schizophrenia of their parents?

Philip D. Harvey
Salisbury, Connecticut

THE PLOT THICKENS

The latest exponent of the sex-education-is-a-Communist-plot theory is U. S. Congressman James B. Utt. According to *The Sacramento Bee*:

Rep. James B. Utt (R.-Cal.) says sex education and rock-'n'-roll music are part of a Communist conspiracy to destroy America.

The California Republican also contended . . . Communists had infiltrated all levels of the clergy in an effort to destroy moral standards as one step in a world-wide conspiracy.

The California Congressman said . . . Communists also used "hypnotic, rhythmic music to assist in gaining acceptance of their evil programs. . . .

"The Beatles and their mimicking rock-'n'-rollers use the Pavlovian technique to produce artificial neuroses in our young people."

Frank T. Bures, Jr.
Sacramento, California

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY

In the current right-wing campaign against sex education, a great deal of wild literature is being circulated (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Another pamphlet going around reveals that not only sex education but almost everything else is a Communist plot. The leaflet is titled "All America Must Know How Reds Work in Our Government" and I quote some interesting excerpts:

Washington was in 1942 what it is today—a city in which, as one bureaucrat complacently assured me, "You've got to be a Communist to get anywhere."

On 3 March 1938, Congressman Francis E. Walker published a report that "the Kremlin has succeeded in enlisting, at a conservative estimate, more than 1,000,000 Americans. . . . There are at this moment

the equivalent of some 20 combat divisions of enemy troops on American soil . . . troops that are loyal only to the Soviets." In other words, you are now living in a country that has been partly occupied.

Taxation has always been one of the primary instruments of the Communist conspiracy. You may remember the famous remark that is attributed to Harry Hopkins, I know not how accurately: "We have to bleed the American pigs dry before we butcher them."

Now [the Department of Health, Education and Welfare] is the agency that is spending its money to promote such things as fluoridation of public water supplies.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is also the agency that is currently promoting another Communist scheme . . . mental health. . . .

Observers in Washington estimate that 75 percent to 80 percent of the responsible officers are conspirators.

I thought this kind of thing died and was buried with Senator Joe McCarthy.

Janet Hermosa
Chicago, Illinois

RESPONSIBLE CRITICISM

In attacking the Birchers and Birchsymps to whom sex education (and, doubtless, sex itself) is a Commie plot, *PLAYBOY* wisely remarked, "Parents who are, indeed, concerned about the future of their children and their country will welcome honest criticism and discussion of sex education, which is still in its infancy and, admittedly, imperfect" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). In point of fact, criticism of sex education is not a monopoly of right-wing ignoramuses. Several psychiatrists have recently raised questions about whether the wrong kind of sex education at the wrong time can be harmful to a child's sexual development.

These psychiatrists are particularly concerned about the so-called latency period, described by Freud as the period roughly between the ages of 6 and 11, when children's interests in sex are submerged and their energies normally find other outlets. According to Dr. Rhoda Lorand, a New York child analyst, "Presentation of sexual material during this period overwhelms, embarrasses, upsets and excites the children, forcing them in turn to then



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repress all of these troublesome feelings." Dr. Gerald Sandson of the National Institute of Mental Health also believes that sex instruction during the latency period can upset a child's psychic equilibrium.

Many other psychiatrists and psychologists disagree, of course, arguing that the latency period is a fiction, that children are always interested in sex. Others say that, if such a period of low sex drive exists, it is the logical time to furnish a child with factual information about sex, since his absorption of this material won't be complicated by powerful sexual feelings. Dr. Mary Calderone of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) has said of the latency period, "It is the opinion of our board that if it ever existed, it did so only in less sexually stimulated societies. In our society, the so-called latency is already disturbed." And the case for sex education in general has been well stated by psychoanalyst Dr. Charles Socarides:

No aspect of life is untouched by the rich benefits and rewards of fulfilled sexuality, or conversely by the impoverishment and disability which emerges from disturbed sexuality. In doing away with sex education, we may be throwing away untold benefits that will probably come from the programs, including a decrease in crime, violence and lives blighted by sexual maladjustments.

So the national debate on sex education continues, but, please note, not merely on the level of stupid scurrility but also on the level of informed and responsible discussion.

Walter Fidman
Wilmington, Delaware

ROSEMARY'S BABY

The letter in the April *Playboy Forum* from Roman Polanski, in which he quotes inane diatribes against *Rosemary's Baby*, is hilarious. Several writers suggest that the presence of sex in American movies is a Communist plot. But communism (as the Russians practice it) is one of the most puritanical systems in history. Communists, in fact, are in complete accord with the would-be censors in our own country. A movie like *Rosemary's Baby* would never be permitted in the Soviet Union. So Polanski's critics are thinking like Communists, and Polanski, by making a movie like *Rosemary's Baby*, belongs in the ranks of anti- or at least non-Communists.

D. Bruce Berry
Chicago, Illinois

PROTESTANT PROTEST

I am a student at Dakota Wesleyan University, a Methodist-sponsored private college, in Mitchell, South Dakota. When leading members of the Methodist Church here led a campaign that ended in the confiscation of the film *Candy* and

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SLIDE TO SODOM

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA—Dr. Gordon V. Drake, crusader against the "Communist sex-education plot," addressed a rally of 1000 in St. Paul and offered a medley of his favorite charges. According to the St. Paul Pioneer Press, Dr. Drake told the audience that several prominent individuals and some of the largest U. S. corporations, as well as the United Nations, were involved in the sex-education plot. He also attacked water fluoridation, the American press, television and Darwin's theory of evolution; suggested that being homosexual means you do not believe in God; warned that birth-control chemicals can be legislated into drinking water the same way fluoride has been; explained that if God had meant us to be nudists, He would have created us with fur—or at least feathers; and concluded that America is "heading for Sodom and Gomorrah on a greased slide."

HOMOSEXUALS AND THE DRAFT

LOS ANGELES—Despite his insistence that he was homosexual, a young Californian was classified I-A, ordered to report for induction and indicted as a draft evader when he refused. A court-ordered psychiatric examination has upheld the man's contention and he has been reclassified I-F. The case is one of several that the Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces has called to public attention, claiming that the Department of Defense is covertly violating its own official policy of not accepting homophiles for service. The committee has demanded that the Department of Defense either state that homosexuals are acceptable or follow in all cases its announced rule of excluding them.

ADULTERY AND GUILT

MIAMI BEACH—"I have long felt that the Biblical injunction that placed coveting one's neighbor's wife on the same moral level as actual adultery is one of the most psychologically destructive heirlooms that the Judaeo-Christian moral tradition has bequeathed to us," Dr. Judd Marmor of UCLA told a session of the American Psychiatric Association meeting at Miami Beach. He said that daydreaming about sexual infidelity is commonplace and is injurious only to people who cannot tell the difference between thought and action and who try to repress awareness of their natural desires. Even when two people remain exclusively and permanently faithful to each other, said Dr. Marmor, "It is probably universally true that . . . occasional sexual fantasies concerning other members of the opposite sex occur." Pointing out that the need for

physical exclusivity in a marriage varies greatly from individual to individual and from culture to culture, the doctor offered this watchword for mental hygiene: "A thought of infidelity a day (without guilt) keeps the psychoanalyst away."

Addressing the same meeting, Dr. Leon Salzman of Georgetown University reported his finding that most adults who actually engage in extramarital activity escape serious guilt feelings by justifying their behavior on the grounds that it enables them to "remain married and tolerate both their marriage and their partner." In such cases, infidelity is seen as a means of preserving a desirable, but otherwise untenable, relationship.

THE FIRST SEX

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—Perhaps emboldened by the present climate of revolt, a small group in Ann Arbor has formed the Society for the Emancipation of the American Male. Its goals are revolutionary: to compete with feminism and "restore the American patriarchy." According to S.E.A.M. spokesman Carlton M. Brown, the organization was provoked into existence by the rise of such militant feminist groups as the National Organization for Women (N. O. W.) and the Women's Liberation Front, both composed of women who, says Brown, "are dissatisfied with the progress the early feminists made botching up themselves, their families and the country." Through its publication, *The Patriarch*, S.E.A.M. will advise its members on how to regain control of their families and will coach women in the art of pleasing and holding on to their husbands. It will also work to "preserve the family, to encourage a healthy polarity between the sexes and to extol the sanctity of the male and female roles" and to battle against "discriminatory divorce, alimony and child-custody laws." S.E.A.M. asserts that many of America's social and psychological ills can be traced to the confusion of sexual roles attending our transition to what the organization sees as a society dominated by women. For this, Brown concedes, men are as much to blame as women: "We've turned a lot of once lovely and good women into masculinized and embittered neurotics simply by shirking our responsibilities as men and by not treating them like women and respecting their femininity but by treating them like objects or like brothers." Women who share such views may join S.E.A.M.'s ladies' auxiliary.

ONCE-A-YEAR PILL

CHICAGO—A group of doctors has announced work on a contraceptive that

may prevent pregnancies for as long as a year after a single application. A capsule containing progesterins is implanted in the uterus with the aid of an intra-uterine device, and slow leakage of the hormones prevents fertilized eggs from adhering to the uterine wall. Besides obviating the need for close calendar watching, the device confines its effects to the uterus and does not cause the general metabolic changes associated with the oral pill that sometimes lead to undesirable side effects. At Michael Reese Hospital, the doctors used the device on 31 women and 4 Rhesus monkeys, with promising results; but they emphasized that the new birth-control method is still in the early stages of development and will not be available for widespread use for at least a year.

PARTIAL VICTORY FOR BAIRD

BOSTON—Ruling on the case of birth-control crusader William Baird, the Massachusetts Supreme Court unanimously struck down the state law against disseminating contraceptive information. By a vote of four to three, however, the Court upheld an amendment stipulating that only doctors and druggists may dispense contraceptives and then only to married persons. Baird was arrested in April 1967, after a lecture at Boston University, during which he exhibited birth-control devices and gave a foam contraceptive to a girl from the audience. The majority opinion stated that his lecture "was an exercise of a right of free speech which has First Amendment protection. To the extent that [the law] prohibits exhibiting, it is unconstitutional as applied to the defendant in this case." The three dissenting judges declared that the entire law should have been held unconstitutional. Baird's conviction for unlawful distribution having been upheld, however, he was subsequently sentenced to three months in prison. Sentence was stayed, pending further appeals, and Baird's attorney, Joseph J. Balliro, declared himself "disheartened, in the light of the close split decision," that Baird received any prison sentence at all, and he vowed continuing efforts to keep the birth-control crusader out of jail and to overturn the remainder of the law.

THE LEARY DECISION

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In overturning Timothy Leary's marijuana conviction, the Supreme Court ruled that two key provisions of the Federal anti-pot laws violated the Fifth Amendment and were, therefore, unenforceable. The provision requiring payment of a transfer tax on marijuana (\$100 per ounce) was found to be self-incriminating, in that compliance invited prosecution under other Federal and state narcotics laws. The law making it illegal to import marijuana from abroad without proper authority

contains a section presuming that anyone possessing marijuana must have known it was imported. This, the Court decided, is a denial of due process of law, also guaranteed under the Fifth Amendment. The ruling has prevented the prosecution of about 100 Federal cases and is expected to overturn convictions in many others. However, the decision leaves undisturbed Federal laws against the sale of marijuana and permits prosecution for illegal importation, if it can be proved that the accused knew the marijuana was not grown in the U.S. Furthermore, state marijuana statutes are unaffected, and Congress is free to enact new anti-pot legislation.

PSYCHIATRY AND JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—When Maurice I. Millard was arrested in 1962 for exhibitionism, he faced a sentence of 90 days in jail or a \$300 fine—if he were found sane. Millard, however, was declared neither sane nor insane but psychopathic and, under the District's sexual psychopath statute, was committed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, where he might have remained forever, since the statute allows indefinite detention of persons "likely to attack or otherwise inflict injury, loss, pain or other evil on the objects of his desire." When Millard last year sued for his release, the trial court rejected his plea; but the U.S. Court of Appeals, in a two-to-one vote, has released him, saying:

Substantively, there is serious question whether the state can ever confine a citizen against his will simply because he is likely to be dangerous in the future, as opposed to having actually been dangerous in the past.

But the requirement for commitment for dangerousness is not the mere possibility of serious harm but its likelihood. The trial court made no effort to evaluate the probability, as opposed to the possibility, of such harm. We recognize the difficulty of such determinations. But the fact that Millard . . . must bear the burden of showing that he does not fall within the statutory definition of sexual psychopathy does not imply, as the Government suggests, that he must demonstrate that it is "certain or highly probable that appellant, if released, would not [repeat his crime]."

The court indicated, however, that the decision took into account the comparative harmlessness of exhibitionism—which psychiatrists had testified would cause serious upset only to a "very seclusive, withdrawn, shy, sensitive, suspicious" woman and only for "two or three days," whereas other women might merely find such conduct "amusing."

the arrest of the theater owner, a group of concerned students issued the following statement:

We, as members of the body of Christ, maintain that participants of the community called United Methodists have perpetrated a double standard in the advocacy of the banning of certain movies. Our actions arise from our opposition to this stand.

The Church must always be careful not to violate the very concept that protects it under law. The Protestant branch of the body of Christ was founded upon Christian liberty, based upon the freedom of choice. We feel that freedom of choice precludes censorship in any form.

Harvey R. Weisser
Dakota Wesleyan University
Mitchell, South Dakota

CATHOLIC CHANGE

A group of us at Boston College have formed a company, Filmmakers, Inc., and we just finished shooting our first film, *The Trap* (which, I am proud to say, I wrote and directed).

In this film, scenes of homosexuality, Lesbianism, nudity and some fight sequences involving naked girls were shot on campus with the consent of the administration. In fact, some of the Jesuit teachers were watching us shoot the scenes, with nary a word of complaint.

I guess times really have changed when a conservative Roman Catholic college situated in the heart of puritan Boston can let us do this.

Joseph Caulfield
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

CANADIAN CANDOR

Reading about the efforts to censor American television suggested to me that PLAYBOY's readers might be interested in hearing something about Canadian TV. A recent play on CBC's *Festival* actually showed the sex organs of two children, a young boy and a girl, as well as the breasts of a handsomely endowed teenage actress. Since then I have been checking the papers for signs of an increase in rape, orgies and general moral decay. To date, all seems calm. What can this mean?

James R. Basaraba
Edmonton, Alberta

DOUBLE-STANDARD CENSORSHIP

I was both amused and astonished by the letter in the February *Playboy Forum* from the fellow who, after seeing some stag films at a friend's house, learned that they had been loaned for the evening by an FBI agent who had confiscated them during an "obscenity" raid. The reason I was surprised is that I had virtually the same experience on board my ship in the Gulf of Tonkin. In

my case, after seeing a porny movie, I learned that the officer showing it (in his private quarters) had borrowed it from the Chief Master at Arms—who had confiscated it while arresting a sailor for possession of obscene contraband!

(Name withheld by request)
FPO San Francisco, California

THE POWER TO CENSOR

The following is a letter to Mr. John Troan, editor of *The Pittsburgh Press*, concerning his crusade against "obscenity":

The essence of free speech is *freedom for the expression that you hate*: in other words, the other fellow's freedom. In trying to live peacefully in a civilized society, we must all recognize that none of us has the right to retain freedoms we would deny to others.

If we are to abandon the practice of respecting each other's freedom, then I have as much moral right to ban your writing as you have to ban what you call pornography. Every book is objectionable to somebody and the decision to ban a literary work is determined, ultimately, by whoever has the *power* to censor. In my opinion, your own writing has more potential for evil than pornography. For example, your continual bad-mouthing of the courts and advocacy of police-state procedures could result in the destruction of our democracy; pornography could not accomplish this. Believing this, do I have the right to suppress your newspaper? If not, where do you get the right to suppress the writings you find objectionable?

Hymen Diamond
Attorney at Law
Monroeville, Pennsylvania

DOCTORS AND SEX

As a consultant on sexual behavior, I was most interested in the letter titled "Dr. Strangelove," in the April *Playboy Forum*. It illustrates a matter of which a majority of people are unaware. To many, it might seem that the letter writer was just unfortunate in choosing a doctor who was biased in his attitude toward sex and totally ignorant of the treatment of sexual disorders. Actually, the vast majority of those practicing in the medical and allied professions today have little or no knowledge of sex and are subject to the same emotional conflicts in this area as their patients are.

Yet the fault is not theirs, for normal instruction in sexual behavior and the treatment of sexual problems has never been an integral part of the medical curriculum. It is only within the past few years that some of the more progressive medical schools in the United States have seen fit to introduce such instruc-

tion as an addendum to their course schedules. Unhappily, a great number of doctors have an embarrassed, censorious or perfunctory attitude toward this most vital aspect of their patients' lives, and every consultant on sexual problems regularly hears, "Oh, I could never discuss that with my doctor!"

There are, of course, doctors who are *au courant* with the results of modern sex research and are extremely competent in their handling of sexual problems. But this is usually due to their own interest, rather than to their medical education.

This gap in medical education must be brought to public notice and remedied on a national scale.

Malcolm L. Mitchell
Fellow of the Royal Society of Health
Vancouver, British Columbia

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

At Happening '69, an event held in January of this year for Christian young people, the Reverend Jay Kesler, the featured speaker, quoted Hugh Hefner as follows: "Hefner himself has said, 'To me, a woman is like a bottle of pop. When it's empty, I throw it away. I don't have time to return the bottle to the store for the two-cents deposit. I prefer the no-deposit, no-return kind. You just throw it away when you're done with it.'"

Is this quotation substantially correct? Please don't give me any evasive answers, such as "It does not reflect his basic attitude," etc. Just tell me: Did Hefner say it, or did a Christian minister get up in front of several hundred young people and lie his head off?

William J. Draper
San Antonio, Texas

Hefner has never said anything remotely resembling this quote.

SEXUAL TOTALITARIANS

Formerly, we were told by moralizers that propagation was the only purpose of the sex act. Today's liberal clergymen have a new party line: Love is the *raison d'être* of the sex act; it is good when it takes place within the context of a meaningful relationship and bad when it is casual or promiscuous or when the sexual partner is considered a mere object for one's gratification.

These liberals are actually sexual totalitarians. Their moralizing attitude is basically the same as it was in the old days; they've just discovered a new set of reasons for saying "Don't." The acceptance of their views will leave everyone frustrated, except those whose main passion in life is control of others.

Glen A. Dahlquist
West Palm Beach, Florida

ANTI-FLOWER POWER

I wish to call attention to the relentless efforts of our commanding general to

eliminate flower decals from this Marine Corps air station. He has issued a verbal order to military police guarding the gates to instruct all motorists with flower decorations on their vehicles to remove these items or forfeit their base bumper stickers and receive citations, which would become part of their permanent driving records. Without the bumper sticker, a vehicle can't be operated on the station.

The general's expressed opinion is that the flower decorations are symbolic of a subversive organization and must, therefore, be outlawed as a threat to all military people at this post. One would think the general had more important things to do.

(Name withheld by request)
Marine Corps Air Station
Cherry Point, North Carolina

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

I understand our Government is seriously considering abolishing the draft and creating a volunteer professional Army. While I oppose a peacetime draft, I am also very apprehensive about this project. The volunteer soldier is unfailingly loyal to his superiors and to his conception of his duty. An Army consisting solely of this type of man and possessing the firepower of the U. S. Army would put invincible strength in the hands of its commanders. Members of Congress should consider carefully the possible consequences of creating such a force before they vote on this bill.

L./Cpl. Larry G. Kemple
FPO Seattle, Washington

LIBERALIZING THE ARMY

After reading Cadet Lieutenant John T. Grasso's thoughtful letter (*The Playboy Forum*, May), it occurred to me that probably many of the opponents of R. O. T. C. on campuses are not alert to the ways that these programs can indirectly aid the causes of change and social reform. Nearly everyone recognizes the influence exercised by military officers; my point is that officers graduated from college R. O. T. C. programs have shared in the liberal education given most university students today. In short, if this potential source of progressive military officers were cut off, the military Services would become even more conservative in their outlook.

Cadet Maj. Jim Reed, A. F. R. O. T. C.
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri

WHO OWNS ERIK WHITEHORN?

I was delighted to read, in the May *Playboy Forum*, about Mrs. Evelyn Whitehorn, who claims that her son, Erik, belongs to her until he is 21 and, therefore, cannot be drafted into the Army. Mrs. Whitehorn is a woman, by God; most American females are sheep who have been so brainwashed that they are willing to breed for their "owners" in

Washington and never complain when the owners come and take their young away for slaughter. I have believed for 80 years now that people are not sheep or cattle or domestic animals; they are not owned by the Government in Washington or by any other government. Bureaucrats have no more right to press young men into involuntary servitude than the plantation owners of the South ever had.

It is accurate to say, as some historians have, that our Civil War was an economic clash between free-enterprise capitalism (the North) and authoritarian feudalism (the South). It is sad, indeed, that, after the victory of free enterprise and libertarianism, we have returned to a feudal mystique, in both North and South, and have endowed our governing officials with the old medieval divine right of kings.

Alan Warren
Boston, Massachusetts

I am taking this opportunity to applaud Mrs. Whitehorn, who is refusing to let her son be drafted and says he belongs to her, not to the Government in Washington. Contrary to many hypocritical flag wavers, I feel it takes more courage to be a pacifist than it does to pick up a weapon and murder a fellow human being.

Although the Vietnam issue is cause enough for anyone to rebel, there are many other reasons for a person to stay out of the Army. When a man takes the Armed Forces oath, he gives up all his rights as an American and as a human being. He is, in direct contradiction to the 14th Amendment, a slave.

If you print this, print my name also.
Sp/4 William R. Evans
APO New York, New York

FREEDOM TODAY

I was very much impressed with Frank Tucker's thoughtful letter on the misuse of the word freedom in the modern world (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Mr. Tucker would be even more suspicious of the word if he could come to Vietnam and join us in this dirty war. We busily go about our daily liberation of this tragic country by blowing away entire villages, by butchering prisoners and by annihilating enemy hospitals, while our leaders mouth pious platitudes and resounding lies about freedom. The truth is that we are here because we are not free, because we were conscripted into a slave army under the threat of imprisonment if we resisted.

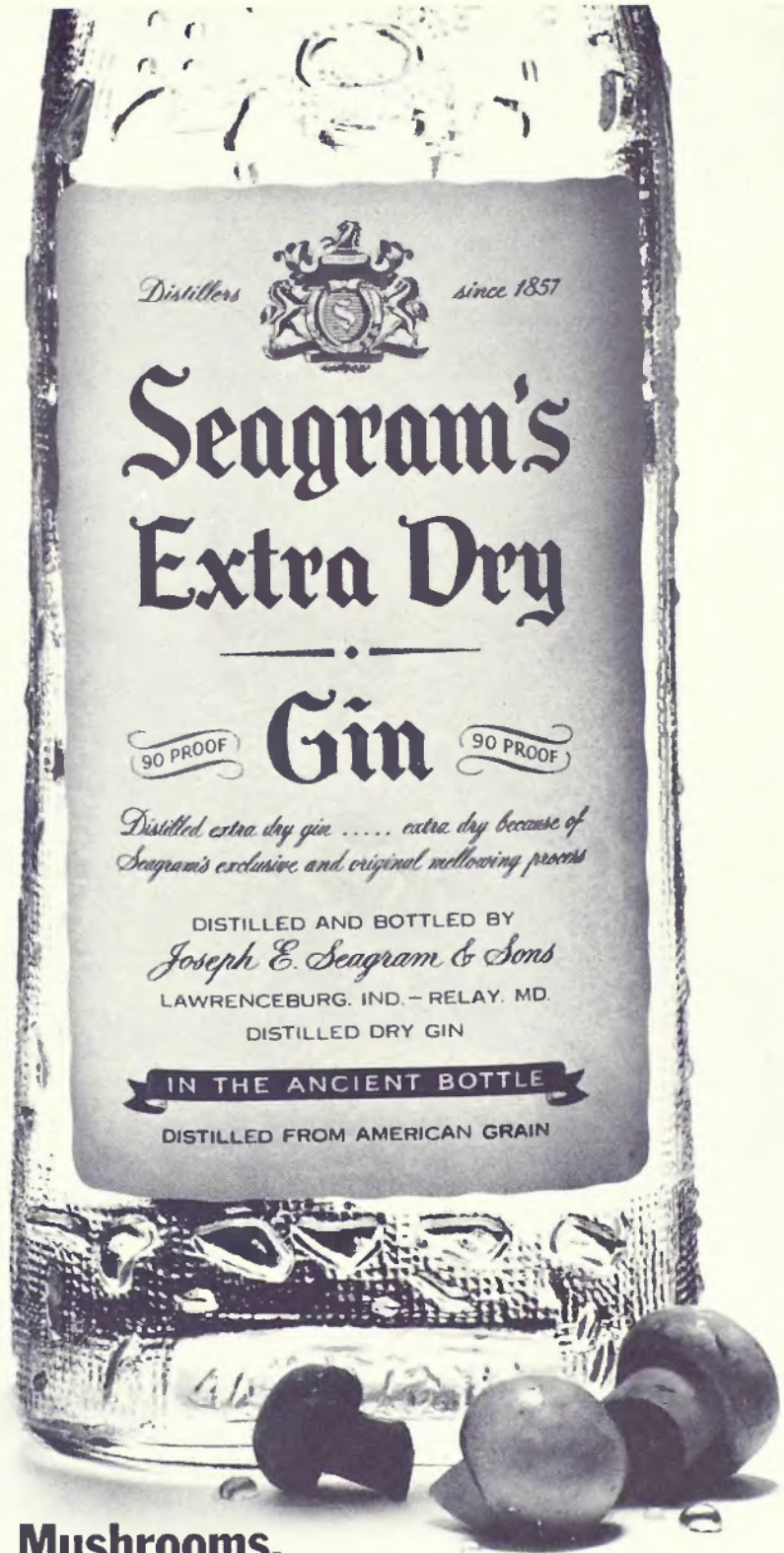
(Name withheld by request)
FPO San Francisco, California

C.O. IN VIETNAM

On April 22, 1969, at 2:30 A.M., Private First Class Louis A. Negre was abducted by the U. S. Army to Vietnam.

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observer of the Catholic faith; his father left France in 1952 so that he would not be forced to violate his religion by fighting in Vietnam. As a result of his father's teachings and his own religious convictions, Private First Class Negre has become a strong conscientious objector. He applied for C.O. status, but the Army refused to give it to him. Private First Class Negre's chaplain, Father (Lieutenant Colonel) Charles L. Richard, stated of Negre, "It is my opinion that the man is sincere and his beliefs should be honored." Private First Class Negre has refused orders to go to Vietnam 13 times and has been acquitted of refusing orders in two courts-martial because the orders were considered invalid. The military hearing officer, Captain Ronald L. Van Wert, stated: "There is no question that Private First Class Negre's beliefs are religious." Yet the Army not only refused to give him a C.O. but also refused to give him noncombatant status. The Army tried once to carry him onto a plane to Vietnam when he refused to board under his own power. Only a Supreme Court injunction kept him from being placed on the plane. On Monday, April 21, it was learned that the Supreme Court of the United States had ruled against Private First Class Negre: They refused to grant another injunction. At this time, Private First Class Negre is in Vietnam and what will happen to him is still in the hands of the Army.

The Davis Resistance
Davis, California

MILITARY INJUSTICE

In our opinion, a sit-down demonstration is a valid, useful and nonviolent form of protest, which is a constitutional right of all American citizens. The U. S. Army seems out of touch with present realities in denying the soldiers accused of mutiny at the Presidio stockade their democratic right. Especially considering the circumstances—the fatal shooting of a fellow prisoner and the poor conditions in the military jail—the soldiers were under a moral obligation to protest. To punish them for this act of valor is vicious and inhuman in itself. This demonstration occurred in a noncombat situation and its nonviolent nature did not endanger any lives. The severity of the sentence constitutes cruel and unusual punishment for an action we consider not an offense at all. If, as it appears, the Army is increasingly oblivious of accepted civilian standards, its discipline must be based only on fear. It is a bleak prospect if our future defense rests upon intimidation.

We feel that if the United States is ever to regain its self-respect, such repressive and inhuman punishments as were imposed on these men must cease and the persons responsible for their persecution must be removed. We urge that the

cases of these soldiers be carefully reconsidered in order to obtain the justice they deserve.

(Signed by 137 students)
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

THE OLEO STRUT

I would like to reply to the May *Playboy Forum* letter from the Reverend Bob Johnson, concerning the Oleo Strut coffeehouse in Killeen, Texas. I am a GI who has been associated with the Strut since it opened in July 1968.

First, where the Reverend Bob Johnson heard we were Communists is beyond me. We have no hot line to either Moscow or Peking, and I am sure we are more democratic in our dealings with others than he is with his parish. Nor do we bear false witness against our neighbors.

The Reverend Bob Johnson seems to be suffering from the misconception that, because we oppose the war in Vietnam, we are cowards. It may interest the good Reverend to know that I am a Vietnam veteran, as are many of the GIs at the Strut. Most of us served as Infantrymen or tankers and some of the guys are still carrying scars, mental and physical, to prove it. Anybody can sit around, get drunk and rant about killing Vietnamese—more commonly referred to by many armchair patriots as gooks—but it takes courage to expose oneself to public ridicule and scorn and possible repression by the military for standing up and admitting the war is both immoral and illegal after having seen it and fought in it yourself.

The Reverend Bob Johnson also states that the customers of the Strut number "seven or eight soldiers of the undesirable variety, who should have received dishonorable discharges long ago." That is an out-and-out lie. It's hard to say how many people came at any given time to the Strut, because of the turnover in troops at Fort Hood. But on many nights it was so crowded there wasn't enough room for everybody to sit.

If the Reverend is so righteous, why doesn't he attack the loan sharks who make their money by fleecing the soldiers? Why does he attack the Strut, one of the few places in Killeen where a soldier can go, even if he's broke? There are a few Service centers run by the Church. I was thrown out of one because my hair was too long. I left another one when a minister started telling me how there are good blacks, who know their place, and bad blacks, who don't, and how he hates these bad blacks. His ignorance and bigotry drove me out.

The resistance in the military doesn't stem from a Communist plot or from the Oleo Strut. The resistance was there long before; it stems from conditions. The men are tired of being treated as something subhuman; they are tired of being used and lied to. For many of us, the American Dream died when we saw the

other side of it at work in Vietnam. And we're tired of having our lives used as tools by a small minority who control the wealth and power.

Daniel W. Scott
Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri

I was stationed in Killeen, Texas, for seven months, and I'd like to know how often—if ever—the Reverend Bob Johnson has actually been to the Oleo Strut. He said the Servicemen who go there are undesirable. I went to the Oleo Strut and I wear the Silver Star with a V for valor, as well as two Purple Hearts. I was wounded in the arms and chest in Vietnam. I'm taking a Vietnamese-language course now in Washington, and I plan to return to Southeast Asia as soon as possible.

Reverend Johnson, if I'm undesirable, you go fight in Vietnam instead of me.

Sp/2 Ronald Rice
Washington, D. C.

I wish to apologize to your enlightened readers on behalf of us enlightened Texans. We're not all simple-minded and bigoted like Bob Johnson, whose attack on the Oleo Strut coffeehouse and its patrons appeared in the May *Playboy Forum*. Obviously, Mr. Johnson has forgotten who the Prince of Peace was and what he stood for.

P. A. Massengale
San Antonio, Texas

MARIJUANA AND THE MILITARY

I'm in the Air Force, serving in Vietnam and awaiting trial, along with one of my buddies, for alleged possession of marijuana. The incident that led to our arrest took place over three months ago and, so far, no formal charges have been brought against us. We have not been permitted to leave Vietnam and return home. My buddy was to have gone back to the States 40 days ago and, in eight days from the time I'm writing this, I will have completed my one-year tour here.

All our inquiries to the base legal office have left us completely in the dark as to when and if we are to be tried and whether we will be permitted to leave Vietnam. The military legal counsel appointed to us shows little interest in the case and seems assured that we are guilty. There is, to my knowledge, little hope of obtaining civilian counsel here, and we certainly can't afford to fly a civilian lawyer over from the States.

I had always thought the Constitution guaranteed an American citizen the right to a speedy trial.

Sgt. Wayne R. Wallace
APO San Francisco, California

Military justice has degenerated to such a degree that I feel I must speak

out and let an inside view be known to those on the outside.

What possible defense is there for a system that sentences a man to five years for desertion in Vietnam and sentences another to 16 years for passively protesting the killing of a fellow inmate in the stockade, a system that punishes a man more severely for smoking pot than for stealing or going A. W. O. L.?

Some of the commanders in the Far East are becoming more lenient toward individual rights, free speech and pot and, in doing so, have found that happier troops work harder. It's time for all officers to realize that their job is to punish the enemy soldiers, not their own.

Sp/4 Manny Menddovitch
APO San Francisco, California

WHITE-HAT LAWS

I've just returned to Vietnam for my second voluntary tour and I am about to be tried for a crime that shouldn't be a crime: possession of marijuana. Here in Vietnam, enlisted men, N. C. O.s and officers can get drunk on beer or hard liquor and endanger lives and property, and it is frequently winked at. Mere possession of marijuana, on the other hand, is a heinous offense.

Since joining my present unit, my record for attendance and performance of duties has been impeccable, which is more than can be said for some of my law-abiding, booze-drinking peers. When the laws of a country are made not in accordance with reason and justice but in conformity with some sort of white-hat image, it's time for a major change.

Cpl. Charles E. Brown
FPO San Francisco, California

THE THREE-CORNERED WAR

I made several visits to Haight-Ashbury during the past year. There are still some beautiful people there, although at least four of my friends have been murdered by the Syndicate for selling dope over or under the prescribed prices. There is a three-way bloodbath going on in the Haight, among the Syndicate, the heads and the narcotics agents. This whole horrible situation revolves around the illegality of drugs. If grass and acid were legal, the Mafia would lose a substantial part of its income.

I am convinced that here in Arizona more than 95 percent of the drug trade is Syndicate controlled; if pot and LSD were legalized in this state alone, the Syndicate would lose \$1,000,000 or more each year. Tucson, where numerous homes owned by men associated with the Mafia were bombed recently, seems to be the headquarters for the entire Syndicate operation west of the Mississippi.

I would like to thank PLAYBOY for the work it has done for sexual freedom and for a more sane attitude toward drugs. In a society that indulges itself in barbitu-

rates, tranquilizers, coffee, alcohol and tobacco, the illegality of marijuana is ridiculous. Most of us would benefit in the long run if pot were legal: The Government would have a new tax to collect, fewer lives would be ruined by felony convictions for violations of a stupid law, the Syndicate would lose millions each year and the Mafia-narco-head war would come to an end.

Edmund H. Conrow
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Two Canadian newspapermen have been convicted of smuggling some bongo drums full of marijuana from Kenya, Africa, into Toronto. They each were sentenced to 14 years in prison. Ron Haggart, Toronto *Telegram* columnist, in writing up the case, compared it with the following recent crime reports:

(1) A man who killed a woman in a barroom fight and pleaded guilty to manslaughter. His sentence: one year.

(2) A man who raped a 17-year-old girl. His sentence: four years.

(3) A man who killed a welfare worker. Originally charged with manslaughter, he was found guilty of assault. His sentence: two years.

(4) Two youths who committed a series of holdups, using a revolver. Their sentences: eight years and five years.

(5) A man who beat his common-law wife to death. His sentence: eight years.

Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* had a simple, and noble, idea: "Let the punishment fit the crime." I wonder what he'd think of Canadian justice?

Felicia Murphy
Toronto, Ontario

HIRSUTOPHOBIA

The recent letters about police and public persecution of individuals who wear long hair or beards (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1968, February 1969) bring back old memories. When I was a young fellow, back at the turn of the century, beards were on their way out and were identified with the (presumably) repressive and stupid older generation. Any young man who dared grow whiskers was greeted by his contemporaries with derisive shouts of "Beaver!" Now, after three generations, we have come full cycle: A clean-shaven appearance is identified with the (naturally!) repressive and stupid older generation, and youngsters feel they have to sprout some extra hair to be accepted by their peers. It's truly amazing that in both cases, when whiskers started going out and when they started coming back in, nobody on either side of the generation gap realized that the issue was purely symbolic, semantic and faddish—that, in short, no real crime or public nuisance was involved. When you think deeply enough about this, the prognosis for

rationality in other, more emotional areas—such as sex and politics—seems dim, indeed.

Frank Tucker
Boston, Massachusetts

The conflict concerning long hair on campus has come to Union College in Kentucky. There is a rule in our student handbook that states: "Hair should be neatly trimmed and reasonably short." Recently, a boy was brought before the Student Judiciary Council for wearing his hair too long and, as is obvious, the ambiguity of the word reasonably in the rule gave no grounds for any action to be taken against him. The students felt that they had won a major victory, but the administration has since given written notice that the rule has not been eliminated; because it is still in effect and there is no concrete law to fall back on, the administration now has the power to refuse any student the right to register for the next semester. Any administrator may use the excuse that the student's hair is not reasonably short in refusing to register him.

Numerous forums, private discussions in the dorms and question-and-answer periods have been conducted with the school's president in an effort to establish some kind of communication between the administration and the students. At this point, the two sides have been shouting at each other without stopping long enough to listen to what the other side has to say. A few students are transferring to other colleges and the school spirit has declined drastically.

Since our appeal for financial assistance is to the conservative rich, we are told that we must not look like hippies, for the sake of the school's survival. I express the feelings of many on this campus when I wonder whether the survival of this institution is worth the decay of morale evidenced in the students.

Karl Kraft
Union College
Barbourville, Kentucky

SODOMY FACTORIES

Any institution that locks people in cages for past deviant behavior contains the seeds of future deviant behavior. That is, a prison reduces already fractured personalities to unwilling participants in a hostile, punishing environment—thus rendering them sexually, politically and emotionally emasculated. Expecting any rehabilitation from this procedure is as futile as accepting that other great myth beloved by our leaders—the idea that blowing people up with explosives is the way to make the world safe for democracy. In both cases, we are trying to get rid of force and violence by adding to the amount of force and violence already existing.

The solution must include: (1) turning 47

prisons into farms with minimum restrictions, shorter sentences and ample psychiatric care; (2) allowing conjugal visits for married prisoners; and (3) sanctioning visits by medically inspected prostitutes for the unmarried prisoners.

Josh Carlisle
Oyster Bay, New York

PRISONER'S PLEA

By the time this letter is published, I will have been convicted of a major crime and will be behind bars. While awaiting trial, I have become acutely conscious of how bad the prison system is. The nation's penal institutions pay lip service to correction and rehabilitation, but they are totally ineffective when it comes to implementing these purposes. The rate of recidivism is still approximately 65 percent; our jails are turning out more criminal minds than they are taking in. During my own confinement, I've already learned how to mix nitroglycerin and how to "peel" a safe, and I've been given some tips on the kind of weaponry to be used during an armed robbery—and I haven't even been sentenced yet.

There have been few reforms in this area since the advent of the parole system. Most wardens are experts in the field of penology, but their knowledge is useless if they are not given a budget that will allow them to accomplish anything. State prisons are usually the last to receive additional financing and the first to have their budgets cut. Ex-cons, after all, are not voting citizens in 45 states and, therefore, aren't a very strong pressure group. The convict has no voice, and his cries will not be heard unless he can reach the ears of the voting public. That is why I am writing to *The Playboy Forum*.

This letter may seem to be the self-serving plea of a man on the verge of becoming a jailbird. That's just what it is. When I get out, I want to stay free. I don't want the prison system to destroy me. Considering the cost of crime and punishment and the value of a constructive human being, it is also in society's interest that my plea be heard.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

PRISON REFORM

I spent three years in prison for heroin addiction and burglary. For the past six years, I have been free. In my personal opinion, conjugal visits will not solve the homosexuality problem in our penitentiaries, since most of the men are single, and I don't imagine our society will allow prostitutes to service the convicts, as is done in Mexico.

The sex-in-prison issue is a big evasion, anyway. Of course, enforced abstinence is a cruel punishment, but emphasizing this leads to overlooking the more serious problem, which is the halfway nature

of our prisons: They are halfway between medieval dungeons and modern correctional institutions, halfway between the theory of punishment and the theory of cure, halfway between an old system that doesn't work and a modern system that hasn't really been tried yet. They have given up torture, but they haven't really embraced rehabilitation. Any criminal who was changed into a productive citizen while in prison did it by himself, with little or no assistance from the staff. (The only help I got was from the books in the prison library.)

If the public understood this situation—and realized that nearly three quarters of all released convicts commit a new crime within one year, under the present system—there would be a monumental campaign for prison reform.

William Dorrester
Ceres, California

THE NATURE OF HOMOSEXUALITY

Dr. Franklin Kameny should have expected the answer *PLAYBOY* gave to his defense of homosexuality (*The Playboy Forum*, March). After all, one wouldn't write a defense of fundamentalist Baptist dogma to a Roman Catholic magazine and expect it to be published without a rebuttal. It is equally naïve for homosexuals to imagine that a resolutely heterosexual publication like *PLAYBOY* would accept homosexual ideology.

Nevertheless, Dr. Kameny was right and *PLAYBOY* was wrong. Liberal, tolerant and well-intentioned as your answer was, it still amounts to a put-down of homosexuals, based on sheer prejudice. You cannot produce one jot of real evidence that homosexual acts are any less desirable or less natural than heterosexual acts. You cannot even explain what causes homosexuality. Two very distinguished anthropologists, Ashley Montagu and Margaret Mead, directly contradict each other on this subject. Dr. Montagu says men become homosexual because their fathers aren't rugged enough and do not give them a good masculine example to follow. Dr. Mead says the opposite: The fathers are too masculine, and the sons, feeling they can't compete, just give up on masculinity and become homosexual. With such deep disagreement between supposed experts on the *cause* of homosexuality, how can anybody dare to issue a dogmatic statement about the *nature* of homosexuality and declare it to be a second-best alternative? As the worst queen on Main Street would say—well, *really!*

William Edward Glover
Los Angeles, California

We didn't call homosexuality a second-best alternative. We simply stated that the exclusive homosexual who can never, under any circumstances, respond sexually to a female, must necessarily be suffering from a phobic reaction toward persons of the opposite sex. The statement is self-evident. The fact that social

scientists cannot yet specify the cause of the phobia is irrelevant; they don't understand the cause of foot fetishism, either, but it is palpably obvious that the fetishist is acting compulsively and has not rationally decided that feet are sexier than genitals.

PLAYBOY has consistently defended the civil rights and civil liberties of homosexuals; but such a libertarian social position does not commit us to blind belief in every myth such persecuted groups invent to bolster their egos against the assaults of an intolerant society. Such myths are understandable, but we reserve the right to maintain our skepticism. And the assertion that exclusive homosexuality is freely chosen, rather than compulsive, is precisely such a myth.

ARMY OF QUACKS

I was quite intrigued by the remarks of Gerald Davison and David Barlow regarding the reconditioning of homosexuals into "normal" individuals (*The Playboy Forum*, March).

At the age of 17, I found myself being treated for deviant emotions. My parents exhibited typical American panic reactions and anxiously carted me from one psychiatric clinic to another. Every diagnostic tool was brought to bear and I was filtered through a maze of theories and cures. None of them turned me into a heterosexual.

One of these attempts at transformation involved a chiropractor who believed homosexuality was merely an imbalance in the glands. On the basis of a urine analysis, he claimed I possessed an excess of female hormones and an insufficiency of male hormones. The solution was supposed to be a staggering array of vitamin and mineral pills and a vegetable diet. The doctor assured my parents that I would become a completely new boy within a year or so. As a result of such treatment, my parents were drained of several hundred dollars and no cure resulted. My homosexual feelings are stronger than ever. All experimenting in this area has demonstrated that increasing the amount of male hormones merely strengthens the sex drive itself and *not* the direction of it.

Parents who discover homosexuality in their children should accept the fact and not be taken in by the army of quacks who will promise anything to bring in a little extra cash.

(Name withheld by request)
Hayward, California

While we understand your bitterness about the quacks who peddle fake cures for homosexuality to the gullible, we question your implied inclusion of Drs. Davison and Barlow in this category. For one thing, they do not claim to have a panacea or cure-all; and Dr. Davison has explicitly pointed out that "behavioral techniques can readily be

thwarted by clients who do not wish to be affected." However, several decades of laboratory and clinical work indicate that a subject who wishes to get rid of a previously compulsive behavior has, if he faithfully practices the conditioning signals taught by the therapist, a very good chance of succeeding with behavior therapy.

A DOUBLE LIFE

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for the information you have printed about homosexuality and behavior therapy. I am 42 years old, married, the father of two boys, and a homosexual. I originally got married because I am a Catholic and my parish priest told me this was the only solution to my homosexuality problem. After leading an agonizing double life for nearly 20 years, I now realize what an idiot he was. No matter how hard I fight my compulsion, it has never decreased or gone away. Last year, the strain of the hypocrisy with which I live and the constant fear of detection finally brought me to the breaking point, and I spent several months in a mental hospital. My wife then learned about my other life. She is an intelligent woman, with a master's degree in physics; she is currently working for her doctorate. At first, she said my homosexuality didn't matter. But she is growing colder and the problem is obviously beginning to come between us. When I was in the hospital, the doctors told me that there are very few "cures" for cases like mine and that I should try to adjust to my condition. Such adjustment seems to me impossible; I am constantly in a state of worry, guilt, anxiety and depression. And, of course, I now have two new problems: trying to save my marriage for the sake of my sons and fear of another (and possibly worse) breakdown. I didn't know when the first psychotic episode was about to occur, so how can I tell if and when a second is coming?

Describing homosexuality as the gay life is one of the sickest jokes around.

(Name and address withheld by request)

REPORT ON HOMOSEXUALS

I read with keen interest the April *Forum Newsfront* account of the homosexual study to be undertaken by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. I am very enthusiastic about this project's possibilities for preventing the warping of thousands of lives in this country and around the world. I'm pleased that the National Institute for Mental Health has seen fit to grant \$280,000 to Dr. Alan Bell for the study; however, I have been wondering how thorough this investigation will be, and I would like, as a taxpayer and an adult male, to have the following questions answered:

(1) Will a control group of heterosexual

sporty match-mates

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persons be asked essentially the same questions about the environmental factors in their lives? If a large percentage of homosexuals are found to share a certain factor in their histories, will heterosexuals having a similar characteristic be asked the same questions?

(2) Does the project include the interviewing of people residing in rural areas, as well as in cities?

(3) Will introverted or backward persons who would not normally come forward to be interviewed and persons not members of homophile organizations be reached for questioning?

(4) Will people of high intelligence and learning, who are themselves homosexual, be employed in the project?

(5) Will so-called environmental homosexuals or bisexuals be included?

(6) Was the full amount of Dr. Bell's request for funds granted? Did he or other officials of Indiana University agree to the amount granted as an optimum?

(7) Will the results of this study be given the widest publicity, regardless of the possibility that the subject matter may be considered distasteful and whether or not it is felt the public is ready for open discussion of the matter?

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY passed these questions on to the Institute for Sex Research and received the following answers from Drs. Alan P. Bell, Martin S. Weinberg and Paul H. Gebhard, the director of the Institute.

(1) In addition to the 1100 persons with predominantly homosexual interests and behaviors who will be interviewed, a random sample of 600 persons, most of whom will presumably report predominantly heterosexual interests and behaviors, will be asked the same questions. Although much of the analysis will involve comparisons between different types of homosexuals with regard to their background and present modes of functioning, comparisons will also be made between persons who differ in their sexual orientations as well. Needless to say, appropriate controls will be employed in these comparisons.

(2) Both groups will be composed of persons who reside in what has been termed the Bay Area—in and around San Francisco.

(3) Between June and October, 1969, the study will be recruiting a large number of potential respondents from among whom certain persons will be selected for interviewing through a modified random process. Every effort will be made to secure respondents from as many sources as possible. Only a certain number obtained through a given source will be interviewed. It is anticipated that only a small fraction of the sample will come from homophile-organization memberships. (Anyone living in the Bay Area who would be interested in the study may

write the Institute for Sex Research, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.) In the past, we have found that even covert homosexuals are willing to cooperate in a study of this kind, as long as they can appreciate the potential importance and impact of the research. Generally speaking, persons who are more educated, regardless of how overt or covert they are, express a greater willingness to participate than their less educated counterparts.

(4) Many homosexuals—clergy, physicians, psychologists and students—have already been consulted about the study and have been asked to review the interview schedule to be used.

(5) Every effort will be made to have the entire range of sexual orientations represented in the sample, from those who are exclusively homosexual to those who are exclusively heterosexual, as well as those whose sexual orientation is termed bisexual.

(6) The full amount of the Institute's request for funds was granted by N. I. M. H. The request was prompted by the scope of the study and additional funds were not needed.

(7) Not only will the results of the study be given the widest publicity but it is hoped there will be opportunities for the investigators to meet with Federal and state government officials, educators and medical practitioners, in order to review the implications of our findings for social policy.

LOVE IS INFINITE

A man is expected to love his mother and father, his wife and his children. All of these, except the wife, are supposed to be loved equally, without partiality or favoritism. In addition, we are told to love our neighbors and even our enemies—but never, never another woman. The wife, you see, is to be loved in a special way.

Thus, one "other woman" writes to women in the same situation (*The Playboy Forum*, May). "If you meant as much to him as his wife does, you wouldn't be the other woman; you would be the woman." I think this is nonsense. Obviously, all things being equal—that is, if both women mean as much to a man—he will tend to stay with the wife (the law of inertia). When children are involved, this increases the tendency to remain with the wife. But does this mean that he doesn't love his mistress equally? I doubt it. If our society allowed bigamy—if the man could have both of them—that is probably what he would do.

Where do I get the arrogance to offer such opinions? Not from having a mistress, as you might have suspected. The fact is, my wife has a lover. (I am not supposed to know about this, so I do not know about it—officially.) Thinking about the situation and realizing that my wife does still love me has made me

understand love is not finite and exhaustible, like the water supply, but infinite and self-renewing, like intelligence.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

MARRIED CONTINENCE

After 15 years of married life, my wife has suddenly turned cold. In the last year, most of my attempts at serious lovemaking have been met with age-old excuses. I have gone through the list of remedies: physical examinations, religious, medical, moral and historical books on sexuality and careful planning to ensure that the time is right for sexual indulgence, so that she might not reasonably say no. All of this has been in vain.

Having enjoyed sexual release two to four times per week since the age of 12, I am now about to climb the walls. Why doesn't a woman realize that if she were to make herself available a few times each month, there would be no problem? Is it so hard to believe that a man must release his sexual tensions? This forced continence is ruining my health, giving me insomnia and preventing my concentration at work. My wife would demand a divorce should she discover that I am having an extramarital affair; however, I see no alternative, even though such an action would technically leave my wife the injured party. Yet, the injury she is inflicting on me seems far greater than any that my adulterous actions might cause her.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

HOLY DEADLOCK

I would like to comment on the question of trial marriage prior to actual marriage, which has been advocated by contributors to *The Playboy Forum*.

In my case, one year of living together didn't help the marriage a bit. A trial marriage has a quality of its own; it cannot duplicate the real thing. I think the overwhelming factor is the impermanence of the situation. One false step could blow the whole thing immediately. There are no lawyers, no community property and no kids. One never quite commits himself completely to the other person, because this is still only a trial. Money is never quite the problem it is after marriage. There are no furniture payments, appliance payments, mortgage payments, doctor bills for the kids, etc.

Much as I hate to throw a kink into this philosophy, mine is one divorce that wasn't caused because of failure to put it into action. Granted, we knew each other better than we would have otherwise, but it still wasn't enough.

Why the fuss about the divorce statistics, anyway? I feel sorry for the people who can't get out and should, who are still painfully and regretfully tied together in what some wit once called

holy deadlock. Such marriages are a worse tragedy than is any divorce.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

AUTHOR NEEDED

The dictionary says that belief is a conviction that certain things are true and that faith is a special kind of belief without supporting evidence. Children are said to have faith in their parents, but actually what they have is belief based on past experience. If this evidence is destroyed, the belief evaporates. Similarly, my bank cashes my checks because it believes, on the basis of evidence, that money has been deposited to cover the checks: *this* belief will also quickly vanish if I drop a few rubber checks on them. Belief without evidence is always folly. When the evidence does exist, there is no need for faith: The evidence itself compels belief.

Progress in science periodically demands up-to-date textbooks, thereby enabling the students to learn new evidence and to discard old beliefs. The only profession that uses a textbook 1800 years old and that insists that we believe in it without evidence is theology, or religion. Honest and capable professors of law, ethics, logic, science, etc., should band together and produce a better textbook for our moral guidance. To be truly up to date, such a book would be based entirely on evidence and would, therefore, not ask its readers to believe in it as a matter of faith.

Who will write a better Bible?

Willard E. Edwards, Litt. D.
Honolulu, Hawaii

CLERGY AND ABORTION

My letter describing the Clergy Counseling Service for Problem Pregnancies appeared in the April *Playboy Forum*. Since writing to you, I was aborted—i.e., fired—from my pastorate in Hollywood. Apparently, my parishioners felt I was spending too much time on the Counseling Service.

The Rev. J. Hugh Anwyll
Los Angeles, California

CANADIAN ABORTION REFORM

No religious organization should have the power to legislate private morality for the individual who does not and cannot share its beliefs. We must look at abortion as a public health problem, not as a religious issue. We feel that it is time for the Roman Catholic Church to accept the facts that many of its members want abortion-law reform and that many of them submit to illegal abortions. Abortion would not be a way of family planning. Family planning requires an extensive contraceptive and voluntary-sterilization program, with abortion-law reform serving only as a backstop.

The families who can least afford to pay the cost of raising a family are

precisely the ones who are most often forced to bear unwanted children. But all of us, including those who oppose abortion-law reform, are involved in this dilemma, because we all contribute through our taxes toward public assistance for large impoverished families, as well as for hospital costs for the botched-up abortions. The time has come not to argue what will happen if we permit legal abortions but to consider what does happen if we continue to forbid them.

Lore Perron, President
Association for the Modernization
of Canadian Abortion Laws
Ottawa, Ontario

ABORTION EVIDENCE

In the December *Playboy Forum*, I came across two wonderful letters on abortion that I am using as citational material in furtherance of the idea that abortion should be medically controlled.

Luis Kutner, Chairman
Commission for International
Due Process of Law
Chicago, Illinois

ABORTION OR CONTRACEPTION

As a physician, I firmly believe in the right of a competent practitioner to perform a therapeutic abortion where the physical or mental health of a woman is jeopardized by the continuation of pregnancy, when it can be established on the basis of present medical knowledge that a defective fetus exists *in utero* or when impregnation results from rape or incest.

However, I cannot agree that it is the responsibility of the medical profession to perform convenience abortions when social disapproval or financial considerations are the only justifications. When abortion is requested for one of these reasons, both our society and my profession have already failed in their basic responsibility: which is to make the information and means of birth control readily available. It is our responsibility to teach the anatomy and the physiology of sex and contraception to every adolescent in this country. The subjects of abortion, contraception and sex education cannot be treated independently. An integrated approach to all three areas is necessary to produce the healthy sexual awakening our society so desperately needs.

Dwight G. Geha, M.D.
FPO San Francisco, California

NO ABORTION LAWS

Abortion-law repeal is the only way to go. Repeal takes the specific laws off the books and makes an abortion similar to an appendectomy—the woman and her physician determine whether it is indicated. Most important, repeal is the only way to make abortion safe. The present setup and the reform laws take care of only a few women legally. Under a reform system, the great majority still have

to get abortions illegally. Repeal will permit all women, rich and poor, intelligent and ignorant, to obtain abortions legally, with dignity and privacy.

George C. Denniston, M.D.
New York, New York

DOCTOR'S FIGHT FOR ABORTION

Each generation of Americans produces a few individuals with the vision to see the need for change and also with the courage and determination to effect that change, despite personal jeopardy. Dr. Leon Belous is such an individual. During the whole of his long and distinguished career as a gynecologist and obstetrician, he has openly led the battle to reform the restrictive and cruel abortion laws of this and other states, which each year result in thousands of women either losing their lives or suffering permanent injury through self-inflicted abortions or abortions at the hands of unskilled practitioners.

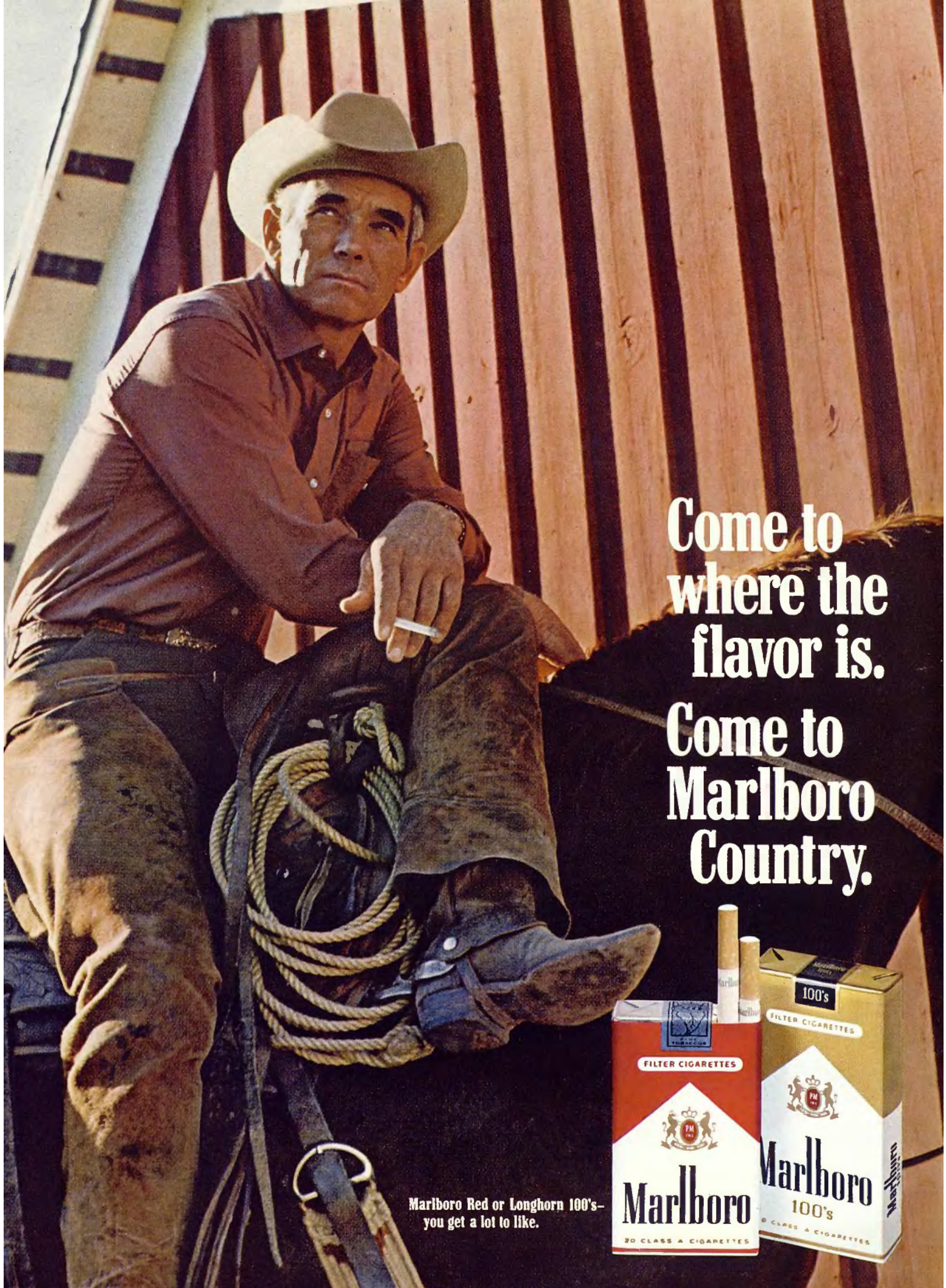
In February 1967, Dr. Belous was convicted of conspiracy to perform an abortion when he referred a desperate young woman with an unwanted pregnancy to an abortionist whom he knew to be highly skilled. Instead of attempting to appeal his conviction on much safer legal grounds, such as the illegal search and seizure that occurred at the time of his arrest, he has chosen to fight on the principle to which he has devoted his career. He is making his appeal on the basis that California abortion laws are unconstitutional because they interfere with the right of a woman to determine if or when she will bear a child and the right of a doctor to act in the best interests of his patient.

The California supreme court has agreed to hear his case. This is the first hearing ever granted by a state supreme court on a case directly challenging the constitutionality of abortion laws. For those who have long supported changes in those laws, it is a great breakthrough. For the countless women throughout the United States who will someday face unwanted pregnancies, the decision of the California supreme court in the Belous case will be of monumental importance.

Garrett Hardin, Ph.D.
University of California
Santa Barbara, California

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





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

RAMSEY CLARK

a candid conversation with the civil-libertarian ex-attorney general

Throughout his 1968 Presidential campaign, Richard Nixon regularly promised that, if elected, he would fire Attorney General Ramsey Clark. Even in his acceptance speech at the Miami Beach convention, Nixon reiterated his ritual pledge to get rid of Clark, so that American streets could be made safe again and the Justice Department would stop going soft on criminals, pornographers, demonstrators and rioters. From his small working room next to the immense formal office of the Attorney General, Clark watched the campaign with wry amusement—but with some concern, too. He didn't particularly mind being Nixon's political target, but he feared that Nixon's law-and-order rhetoric was aimed at the wrong people—toward “those who are least involved: the suburbanites and the whites. They are the most angered, but they are the least affected.”

What made Ramsey Clark so large a target for the opposition was the fact that most of his efforts as Attorney General had pointed in the other direction, toward those most affected by crime and the whole range of social ills—the poor, the black and the disadvantaged. In a year when Nixon was appealing specifically to what he called “the forgotten American”—the tax-paying, law-abiding, middle-income white in the suburbs—Attorney General Clark was often expressing sympathy for, and even doing things for, this country's most forgotten Americans—in the ghettos, on the welfare rolls,

in the prisons, in Resurrection City and in all the shabby streets and alleys of a nation in which too many have been left behind.

Many of those on law enforcement's front lines, however, disagreed with Nixon's notion that Clark was soft on crime. Quinn Tamm, the executive director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, said Clark had “done more for local law enforcement than any other Attorney General I know.” He provided, in the opinion of Baltimore police commissioner D. D. Pomerleau, “more enlightened leadership and demonstrated more sensitivity to the problems of law enforcement than any other Attorney General of the United States.” Nixon himself seems to have got an inkling of the injustice in his portrait: When Clark's successor, John Mitchell, called on the outgoing Attorney General in that small office at the Justice Department, Mitchell said he hoped Clark understood that the campaign attacks had been political and not personal. The outgoing Attorney General replied that he understood perfectly well. As Clark left office, President Johnson said, “He stood for human dignity and the best aspirations of the human spirit.” And about the same time, Senator Edward Kennedy told Clark: “You have built on the work and principles of Robert Kennedy . . . and have brought the Justice Department to new heights.”

The object of all this effusive praise—

and, during the campaign, of so much abuse—was known to scarcely anyone outside the Justice Department when he was sworn in as Attorney General on March 10, 1967. What fame he had achieved was dubious. On the one hand, he was the son of Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark, a friend of President Johnson's, and so was widely regarded as having gotten his job through favoritism; and on the other hand, there was widespread suspicion in Washington that he had been installed in the Justice Department to ensure that no more Bobby Baker scandals or other embarrassments would arise to deter Johnson from his concentration on Vietnam.

But those who had been following Clark's activities since Johnson had made him Deputy Attorney General under Nicholas Katzenbach on January 28, 1965, knew that he rated the top job on his own merits, not as Tom Clark's son nor as Johnson's patsy. And during his 22 months in office, he proved them right. Even a limited list of Justice Department advances during Clark's tenure is impressive. The National Crime Information Center was established; suits to enforce equal employment were brought, to the extent of the limited powers available; the Federal Bureau of Prisons was reorganized to emphasize rehabilitation; the first voting-rights suit and the first school-desegregation suits were filed in the North; and the concept of the Federal



“The Government cannot be campus cop any more than it can be world cop. The Government has no police, just soldiers. To use soldiers against students is unthinkable; it means revolution.”



“When you put poor education, poor employment, poor housing and poor health on the map, and then put high crime on the map, you have marked the same place every time.”



“We still find corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange and employing tens of thousands of people in which clear and deliberate racial discrimination is still practiced.”

"strike force" against organized crime was introduced. What was most impressive about Ramsey Clark's tenure as Attorney General, however, were the stands he took against what Ted Kennedy called "the awesome pressures of reaction." Clark defended court decisions guaranteeing the rights of defendants as clamor arose in Congress and elsewhere to abrogate them. He refused to use the wire-tap authority provided him by legislation. He became the first Attorney General to advocate an end to the death penalty. And at a time when the cities were terrified of black rioters, he spoke out against shooting looters.

The origin of such views in a Southerner of Clark's generation—he was born in Dallas in 1927—is explained at least in part by his wide-ranging childhood and adolescence. Clark attended public schools in Dallas, where his father was an attorney and a political figure, but also in Los Angeles and later in Washington, where his father's political career ultimately took him as well. Growing up in Washington as the son of a Cabinet officer in the Roosevelt-Truman era put Clark at ease with high officials and officialdom; as a teenager, he was allowed to wander through the corridors of the Justice Department.

Just before World War Two ended, he joined the Marine Corps, serving until he received an honorable discharge in 1946. In the next three years, Clark earned his B. A. from the University of Texas and two graduate degrees from the University of Chicago—and found time to sail around the world. That trip was not his only exposure to foreign lands; as a Marine, he had had the responsibility of carrying diplomatic pouches to most of the capitals of the world. After all that globe-girdling, he went home to Texas and married Georgia Welch, an attractive blonde, on April 16, 1949, in Corpus Christi. They now have two children, Ronda Kathleen, 17, and Tom C. Clark, 15.

The Clarks settled in Dallas, where he practiced law, handling primarily large corporate clients, for the next ten years. But the yen for public service and perhaps for the life he had known as a boy in Washington ran deep in him. When John F. Kennedy brought the Democratic Party back to power in 1961, it wasn't difficult for a family friend of Vice-President Johnson to land a job on the New Frontier. It was probably easier, in fact, to secure a position—as Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Lands Division, a sort of real-estate manager for Uncle Sam—than to accept it. The spot was not among the gems of patronage Kennedy had to offer: It wasn't the kind of office in which professional reputations could be made, and it afforded

little latitude for dedication to the socially oriented causes in which Clark was to show so much interest later on.

But he ran the division ably and reduced its budget in 1965 by more than five percent and its staff by ten percent, thus making him look better than ever to President Johnson. When the latter succeeded to the White House after that tragic November 22 in Ramsey Clark's home town, Johnson named Clark to the Presidential staff. Then, after Robert Kennedy was elected to the Senate from New York and Johnson appointed Katzenbach to succeed him as Attorney General, Clark was sent back to the Justice Department as his deputy. When he was sworn in as Attorney General two years later, the oath was administered by his father—the only time in American history that an Attorney General had been sworn in by a father who was a member of the Supreme Court. The elder Clark, who elected not to continue to sit on a tribunal that would weigh cases initiated by his son, promptly resigned from the Court.

Today, eight years after he entered public service and with his official battles for social justice at least temporarily behind him, Clark has returned to private practice as a partner in the socially activist New York law firm of Paul, Weiss, Goldberg, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison. In view of the mounting urgency of the libertarian reforms sought by Clark during his term as Attorney General—reforms that many feel his successor regards as not only permissive but pernicious—PLAYBOY believed the time had come to elicit Clark's views on the relative priorities of order and justice in a nation beset by escalating civil disorder and official repression. Accordingly, we asked Tom Wicker, associate editor of The New York Times and a Southern liberal with a temperament matching Clark's, to conduct a "Playboy Interview" with the 41-year-old Texan. Clark readily agreed and the two spent a full day conversing in Wicker's Washington office. Offered a seat on a comfortable sofa, Clark declined; he ought not get too relaxed, he said, or his answers would show it. So a straight chair was provided and Clark and Wicker talked for the better part of the morning. They broke for lunch and went back for three more hours of questions and answers in the afternoon.

"A rangy six feet three, with a leisurely manner, a thick drawl, widespread ears and a nose that looks as if it had taken a punch or two," writes Wicker, "Clark could almost have been playing a sort of early James Stewart part—quietly impressive, eloquent in a Southern manner, with a touch of grandiloquence and homeliness in his sentences. He demurred at only a few questions; he

didn't want to discuss cases still pending and he didn't want to be very specific in talking about individuals unless he could praise them. But Clark certainly didn't hesitate to speak his mind forthrightly on the controversial issues that marked his months in office. We began with a subject that had become even more explosive than it was when he left the Government last January: the campus revolt [subject of next month's 'Playboy Panel']."

PLAYBOY: Last spring, the Nixon Administration began to adopt a get-tough policy toward student unrest. What role do you think the Federal Government should play in this area?

CLARK: There is very little the Federal Government can or should do to police student unrest. If we have to call for Federal help to control students in this vast country, our plight is desperate, indeed. Both educational and governmental institutions have failed. We must understand youth unrest as expressing an idealistic and profound concern about the purposes and capabilities of our people. If the Federal Government wants to reduce student unrest, it must work effectively to end the war in Vietnam, to stop the arms race and the development of the anti-ballistic-missile system, to relieve international tensions and to avoid such tragic affairs as starvation in Biafra and hunger at home. It must take a strong, unequivocal moral stand against racial discrimination, poverty and the misery of life in the central city. It must provide more resources to improve health, education and employment and to fulfill equal rights. It must reform welfare and give power to all of our people. These are the causes of student unrest.

The Federal Government cannot be campus cop any more than it can be world cop. The Federal Government has no police, just soldiers. To use soldiers against students is unthinkable; it means revolution. It is the universities themselves that must deal with students, as nearly all have. What can be more foreign to the mission of the university than the use of raw police power on campus? The scars of division that result from each use of police on campus will be long in healing. Officials in Washington who take the tough line—which may be popular for the moment with the three fourths of our people who are so affluent and comfortable that they resent any disquiet—do a grave disservice. They divide. Division is just what we do not need. When people talk tough to me, I feel my blood rising. I figure others are the same. We need to be gentle, humane and understanding. We need to communicate. How can a man who has just finished talking tough communicate with the young? He can't. He has destroyed

his chance to reason, to be constructive. I believe in these young people. They are strong-minded, honest and concerned. They will not be intimidated. Of course, there are some wild ones; but the one chance these few have to be effective—to be really destructive—is to cause the repression of dissent.

PLAYBOY: We gather that you feel much of the dissent is justified.

CLARK: On balance, I find the truth to lie most often with the protesters. They are not always precise in expressing their grievances, but when they focus, they almost always find injustice. Even when they are groping, it is usually toward the germ of inarticulate truth. We shouldn't criticize them for not formulating their gripes with absolute philosophical perfection; after all, we haven't done so ourselves. I think the students have caused more change for the better in the past five years—especially in university administration and in the relevance and quality of courses offered—than the system had since the turn of the century.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think student protests have so often involved civil disobedience?

CLARK: The leisurely adaptations of the Government and of educational and social institutions in bygone years are grossly inadequate for the stormy present. The system has to develop and apply techniques of swift, sensitive, effective change. We have to recognize that the individual can be absolutely powerless in a mass society. Dr. Kenneth Clark—who is no relative of mine, although I'd be proud to claim relationship—describes riots as the exercise of power by the powerless. We are a highly urbanized people today and we live in a complex, technologically advanced society. Our numbers are in the millions and the things other people do affect us—our education, our health, our opportunity for personal fulfillment—in the most vital ways. As individuals, we can't do much to change what seems wrong. But in mass groups, we have learned techniques that force institutions to change. Frequently these techniques are undignified and quite often they are unpleasant. Sometimes they seem completely unintelligible to many. But they have worked. Society will need the tolerance and the flexibility to utilize this force beneficially—to accept change while keeping action within limits that don't irreconcilably divide us.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of protest do you consider unacceptable legally? Should the criterion be whether or not a protest activity infringes on the rights of others?

CLARK: That criterion doesn't begin to tell us enough. What *are* the rights of others? We can hardly do anything without interfering with others in this mass society. If you're standing on the side-

walk, just *standing* there, you're interfering with others. Because there are so many of us, we must have traffic lights to say stop or go. When we talk loud, or honk a horn, or run out of gas on a freeway, we cause inconveniences. I think we have to decide what is permissible in terms of specific situations. I fear generalities in any context, and this is much too difficult a context for generalization. One thing we know: Protest cannot be permitted to injure people physically nor to damage property significantly. "Damage property significantly," of course, is a general phrase that will require definition: I'm talking about more than bending the grass.

PLAYBOY: Let's be specific, then. What's your reaction to protesters who seize and destroy university files or who are armed during their demonstration?

CLARK: The destruction of manuscripts or the theft of private, confidential papers could very well constitute intolerable interferences with the rights of others. If so, there should be full legal redress. And it can *never* be permissible to force others to act by threat, such as through the possession of guns. Indeed, guns should not be permitted at all in public places in our mass society.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about student occupation of campus buildings?

CLARK: Sitting in buildings is a more difficult problem. Some sit-ins should be tolerated. But those that interfere with the significant activities of others or that prevent or impair important operations cannot ordinarily be permitted. Whenever it is necessary to remove sit-ins, however, it should be done with great restraint and with a determination to avoid violence if at all possible.

In the entire area of protest and demonstration and their attendant interferences, we must consider differences of degree. Above all, we should recognize that we are enveloped in swift change, that there are deep frustrations and anger and that sometimes there is no way of effective communication except through protest. Unless protest reaches a level where it *substantially* interferes with others, and particularly when the impact tends to be directed toward the private rights of specific individuals, I think it has to be permitted. Where can you protest today? This is a crowded land. If you're poor, you don't have property to protest on. If you can't protest in the streets or parks or on the sidewalks or campuses, there is no use talking about free speech. There's no place to speak where you can be heard—and no reason to speak if you can't be heard.

PLAYBOY: You go considerably beyond Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, who defines free speech, rather narrowly, as the spoken or written word.

CLARK: While I believe that Mr. Justice Black has made an immense contribution to this country, he misses the major dynamics of our society today. He recalls an earlier, simpler time in rural Alabama. History has changed us. We must recognize that massive assembly by many people to protest is commonplace and will become more so until we develop new ways of efficient institutional change.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree, then, that the approach of Dr. Edward Levi, president of the University of Chicago—which was to negotiate with the students—is generally more productive of order and progress than the approaches of Dr. Hayakawa at San Francisco State and Father Hesburgh at Notre Dame?

CLARK: I have known President Levi for many years. He was a professor of mine, as fine an educator as I have encountered and, in my judgment, one of the greatest law deans of the century. He loves the University of Chicago intensely. He was literally born and raised on the campus—schooled in its grammar school, high school, college and law school. It must be extraordinarily difficult for him to suffer the indignities of student protests against that institution. The students struck at the thing he loves the most; yet he remained quiet. He did not make any public utterances. He did not call on police, believing that if you cannot prevail with reason in a university environment, there are few places where you can hope to prevail with reason in this turbulent world of ours. He weathered the crisis with very remarkable success.

There are great differences in universities; we ought to recognize that. Many, perhaps most of them, remain relatively placid places, even while some junior high schools and high schools are in turmoil. If you look at the students who are attracted to schools like the University of Chicago, you realize that the potential for turbulence there is much greater than in most places. Who are the turbulent ones? They tend to be the socially concerned. It's rarely the law students; it's often the sociology students. The very things that motivated them to go into that area of learning and motivated them toward change frustrate them when they don't see change coming. The University of Chicago has a very difficult task and must be much more sensitive than the average university.

PLAYBOY: How would you compare the way in which Levi handled the problem with the hard line taken by Hayakawa and Hesburgh?

CLARK: Surely the long-range impact of the reasoned and restrained action at Chicago will be more beneficial for the institution and the individuals involved than the bellicosity manifested by Dr.

Hayakawa at San Francisco State. He may seem a hero to an emotionally aroused but uninformed and insensitive public. But there is a tomorrow. Militancy divides. I wouldn't compare the situations at Chicago and San Francisco—just the attitudes of leadership.

Father Hesburgh has, as I read it, taken two somewhat different positions on the issue. The first and most famous was his 15-minute warning before disciplinary action. The second, on the other hand, is about as fine and understanding a statement on the subject as I have seen. I have had the privilege of working with Father Hesburgh; he was on the Civil Rights Commission and is now its chairman. I think the public received a somewhat mistaken impression from the notoriety given his earlier statement. He has since said he believes that, generally, students have the truth on their side and that school administrations must deal constructively with them in trying to achieve change.

PLAYBOY: How much evidence was there when you were in the Justice Department of a conspiratorial element—deliberate incitement by revolutionaries or professional agitators—in student protests?

CLARK: Virtually none. Americans see conspiracy in everything. The majority of our people believe that the tragic assassinations of this decade are the result of conspiracy. We refuse to recognize the truth: that social conditions, especially in an environment that glorifies violence, breed violence.

Of course, student leadership from one university to another knows each other. They've always known one another, and we're much more mobile people today than ever before. Students know one another from one country to another; there have been international meetings every year since the War. They identify and communicate with one another. But to describe student protest in terms of some evil and foreign conspiracy bent on the overthrow of the Government is to engage in a pitiful diversion from the facts. As I've said, there are some wild ones around. Never doubt that. There always have been. But their power doesn't derive from any personal force. It comes from the general need for change. When society resists needed change, it is playing into the hands of violent extremists.

PLAYBOY: Though the number of those participating in protests is relatively small, do you think the majority of the student body recognizes the need for change?

CLARK: Lethargy may be the dominant quality of the American people, on campus as well as off. Perhaps human nature can't stand affluence. It's not even a matter of people leading lives of quiet

desperation; most Americans are quite happily uninvolved and unconcerned. The ability of radical leadership to attract a following depends on how it conducts itself. If you look at the polls that were taken before and after most campus police actions, you'll see what I mean. Often, when the police have been brought in, they have been undisciplined and unprofessional; opinion swings strongly to the protesters. At this point, I think the great majority of the young people in our colleges sense the need for change, the inadequacy of our social and educational and governmental institutions. Sensing that need, they tend to identify with those who are trying to do something about it.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction to black students' demands for separate campus facilities and programs?

CLARK: I'm old-fashioned; I believe in integration. Separatism—black or white—is wrong. The present black-separatist movement is an understandable aberration toward which we should be sympathetic and tolerant. To the extent that it builds pride and self-confidence, it is worth while; to the extent that it accomplishes separation of the races, it is harmful. When I see school administrations capitulate to demands for separate black dormitories, I doubt their strength and judgment and sometimes even fear that prejudice may underlie their actions. We cannot run away from problems. We must face the facts of slavery and lynching. The history of blacks both in Africa and in this nation has been ignored and distorted in the past. White America as well as black must learn black history. We will all learn the real meaning of racism better if we learn together. Racial turmoil will increase until we integrate. With a billion more people expected in the world in the next decade—most of them black, brown or yellow—we don't have much time.

PLAYBOY: What correlation—if any—do you see between the demand for black student power and the black-power movement?

CLARK: Ghetto dwellers in urban America have even fewer rights than students at the most paternal and restrictive college. A right is not what someone gives you; it's what no one can take from you. But by and large, in terms of implementing legal rights, blacks are equally powerless on campus as well as off. When they buy a television set, even though it may have been repossessed twice before they get it, they probably pay more for it than a white person does for a new one. When they carry it up four flights to their tenement and it doesn't work and the dealer knew the tube was no good when he sold it, what are they going to do? Sue? How are they going to sue? The

need to build self-confidence—to really instill in black America the belief that it is equal—is clear and imperative. Black power can help do this.

PLAYBOY: During the Poor People's Campaign, and despite such views as you've just expressed, you were fiercely denounced at close range by black people as a white racist. How did that make you feel?

CLARK: It wasn't the first time. I recognized then, as I have before, that pent-up frustrations and anger frequently overwhelm reason in people who have suffered great deprivation. My objective was to communicate. It's hard to do. The ghetto poor and other disadvantaged groups often are not really prepared for, or capable of, communication in meetings until they've spent an hour or more releasing bottled-up emotions. There was a great lesson in Resurrection City. It's a lesson that I'm afraid we didn't have the capacity to learn in 1968, but we must learn now. The lesson, roughly, is this: that poverty, in all of its manifestations, is not only ugly and demeaning but also something that the American people do not want to see. We know poverty exists in this country. We know of the misery and ignorance, the sickness and despair of the ghetto. But in the ghetto, it's out of sight and out of mind. We don't want it out in the open, where we have to look at it. Some people said, during the Poor People's Campaign, "How can you give these people a permit to be on monument grounds?" If the poor people were given their proportionate share of time to use our parks and grounds, there wouldn't be room for anybody else for 10 or 20 years. They've never had their chance.

PLAYBOY: Toward that end, what do you feel are the primary and remaining needs in the field of civil rights legislation?

CLARK: All I can visualize are our present needs. We must integrate housing. If we don't, we'll never bring equal justice to all Americans. To integrate our living patterns, we need major building programs providing millions of units on principles that will integrate rich and poor, black and white, young and old. In 1968, a courageous act of Congress provided fair housing with legal sanctions. It is imperative now that we enforce that law; this will require additional funding, for the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice will need substantial additional manpower if that law is to be implemented. We also, and no less urgently, need to move to a recognition that segregated education is inherently unequal, whatever the cause; that it must be eliminated, whatever the cause. Until we do this, the very



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strong current of increasing segregation in Northern and Midwestern and Western schools will continue.

PLAYBOY: How much of this segregation is *de facto* and how much the result of overt discrimination?

CLARK: It's unrealistic to talk in terms of *de facto* segregation, as if it could be found in a pure state. These things all get mingled together. Racism is pervasive in America. I don't believe you will find a single jurisdiction where *purposeful* discrimination by government has not contributed to segregation. Until 1948, for example, the Federal Housing Administration itself regularly included racial covenants in deeds to properties it financed. The essential fact is that segregation in schooling is bad, whatever the cause, and that school districts—and, where necessary, re-formed or combined or coordinated school districts—must do everything within reason to desegregate.

PLAYBOY: Won't integration, in many cases, mean increased large-scale busing of children?

CLARK: School sizes are easier to change than residential patterns. We can redistrict to create new school districts that include black and white neighborhoods. Some busing is necessary and beneficial today; but busing fills only a small part of the need. There are just not buses, patience nor time enough to transport all the children who need to be transported. In addition, how much can you really accomplish when the children are bused to another location to go to school, then spend all the rest of their lives—the afternoons, evenings, weekends and long summers—in the ghettos? But busing indicates our purpose and begins the difficult process of integration. Many white people seem to be upset about busing, but we have bused Negro children miles and miles past white schools in the South for decades, and no one got upset about that.

PLAYBOY: How effective are the so-called Federal guidelines that provide for the withholding of funds from school districts that fail to achieve what Washington considers a reasonable racial balance?

CLARK: Effective enough to stir up a great deal of controversy. *Brown versus Board of Education*, the basic school-desegregation decision, came down in May of 1954. Nine years later, without the guidelines, one percent of the Negro children in the 11 states that had comprised the Confederacy were in schools defined as desegregated. "All deliberate speed" at that pace would have accomplished desegregation in nine centuries. On July 2, 1964, Title VI of the Civil Rights Act became effective; and by the school year beginning September 1965, the guidelines that came out of that act were beginning to make a difference. In three

years, by September 1968, that one percent had risen to better than 20 percent. The guidelines by themselves cannot do the whole job, since they tend to desegregate the easiest places first, but they have made a major difference, and their very strict enforcement in the years ahead is essential to the well-being of this nation. It is tragic that some leadership has more sympathy for the deliberate frustration of the constitutional rights of black children than for their fulfillment.

PLAYBOY: When you were Attorney General, were you ever restrained politically in your efforts to force desegregation by Title VI or otherwise?

CLARK: Enforcement within a bureaucracy is very difficult. The bureaucracy has a stubbornness of its own and change is very hard to bring about. We had to have many lawyers who worked constantly in a coordinating capacity with the Federal departments and agencies that were primarily involved—HEW, Agriculture, OEO, Labor and Defense. Some progress was made. Though there was severe political opposition, I never felt that it affected the actions of the Department of Justice. I believe we went full speed ahead.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that the provisions of Title VI of the Civil Rights Act are the best weapon we could use against school segregation?

CLARK: No. Litigation is too slow and the guidelines are too narrow. We need legislation that makes it unlawful to maintain segregated school districts for whatever cause, and that places a direct responsibility on state and local government to do everything reasonably possible to cause desegregation. And we need to provide the resources to coordinate new schools with integrated housing opportunities.

PLAYBOY: How much is being done in the other important civil rights areas, such as job discrimination?

CLARK: The Federal Government was first authorized to prevent racial discrimination in employment by the 1964 Civil Rights Act. There was a year's delay in the effective date of Title VII, until July 1965. The first Federal lawsuit was filed in 1966. In 1967, only a handful of lawsuits were filed; but in 1968, we filed more than 30 in more than a dozen major metropolitan areas. Each suit had an effect on other unions and businesses in the same industries and the same areas. Even so, litigation is too slow and too limited to be adequate.

National leadership in most unions is sensitive to the national need, but it's different at the local level, particularly in the building trades. And even in management, we find corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange and employing tens of thousands of people in which—incredibly—clear and deliberate

racial discrimination is still practiced. You also find some small employers, particularly in the South, who say they will go out of business before they will desegregate. But usually, management is not as personally or as emotionally concerned as local labor unions.

PLAYBOY: Do we need more legislation in this area, or should we put more teeth into existing legislation?

CLARK: We need more legislation. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission needs cease-and-desist powers. It must have sanctions. We are not going to have time to negotiate nor to arbitrate these problems. The Office of Federal Contract Compliance in the Department of Labor should be transferred to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to unify enforcement. And the Civil Rights Division should be given many more lawyers.

PLAYBOY: In December 1968, as one of your last official acts, you brought suit against a North Carolina farmer for interfering with the civil rights of a worker under a provision of the 1968 Civil Rights Act. Do you see such suits as a useful instrument for civil rights enforcement?

CLARK: That farmer was alleged to have threatened Negroes to prevent them from voting. The Federal Government must enforce the important national rights that state and local governments fail or refuse to enforce. If the local and state governments will not protect people who are exercising such important civil rights as voting, seeking employment and going to school—all of them constitutional rights—then the Federal Government simply must move in.

PLAYBOY: Of all the black leaders you dealt with during your tenure as Attorney General, who impressed you most?

CLARK: The potentials of different people are so very different. The contributions of Thurgood Marshall and Roy Wilkins, for example, are profound. The histories of their lives are documents of strength, of human compassion and understanding. When you realize the discrimination they saw and lived with as young men, these are real heroes. But Martin Luther King brought perhaps the most important lesson to those who would seek change today. That is nonviolence. Violence won't work in a mass society. It divides and destroys. We were fortunate that a leader of such vast personal influence took nonviolence as his basic doctrine. He was a very great man. But he is dead and both Wilkins and Marshall are getting along in years.

I believe the present need for leadership is among youth. Black, white, brown or yellow, young people see things older people don't see. Young people live with the realities of today; older people cling to yesterday's realities. It is among the

youth that we have to develop a strong leadership. This is a very difficult task for black Americans. There are many divisions in America: rich-poor, ignorant-educated, young-old, black-white. When all these divisions are compounded in a poor, uneducated young black, you find the individual who is in the most difficult posture of anyone in this country. I've met and seen young blacks who haven't established their names as household words yet, but they are young men who can make a major difference in the years ahead. We need to help them find the strength to build themselves.

PLAYBOY: What about militants such as Stokely Carmichael, Rap Brown and Eldridge Cleaver?

CLARK: None of these men has any significant personal followings that I've been able to detect. They have tended to be loners, with influence in one place, or sometimes in several places. But in the most important places, they've had no influence at all. Which one of them has had any influence in Harlem? Or in Watts? Or in Hough? There are young men like Jesse Jackson and Andy Young, who are in civil rights exclusively, so to speak, who have much broader followings. There are other young blacks who, though not directly in the civil rights movements, have large followings and strength, and a few, such as Julian Bond, with new political foundations. What an immense opportunity Julian Bond offers civil rights and the country.

PLAYBOY: You said that you found very little evidence of conspiracy in the turmoil on campus. Has that been true also of the black-ghetto rioting of the past several summers?

CLARK: There is almost a total absence, to my knowledge, of any evidence of planning and conspiring. There are high levels of tension in most ghetto areas most of the time, so it takes only a small spark to set the place aflame; that spark has always been spontaneous and has always begun capriciously. This doesn't mean that people haven't moved in after a disturbance starts. People always move in and do a little organizing; a group of kids want to do some looting and they see the opportunity. But those who are constantly telling us that there is a massive conspiracy—that there is a barn in Alabama full of guns and tanks and that there is going to be a great wave of black violence—never come up with any evidence. The closest we came to proving conspiracy was in Cleveland in July of 1968. We finally had the coincidence of advance rumor and the subsequent fact that something happened. Yet all the information that came my way indicated that there was no real relationship between the rumor and the riot.

PLAYBOY: In view of all this, do you think

there is any real utility to the recent Federal legislation that makes it a crime to cross state lines to incite riots?

CLARK: While I was in office, the Department of Justice opposed such legislation, for several reasons. It's terribly misleading for Federal officials to cause the American people to believe they can stop the rioting with such a law. I think most voters know that there are underlying causes and that we will continue to have riots unless we move to correct these. They know, too, that the Federal Government doesn't have the investigative nor the enforcement manpower to make a real difference. When riots happen, local law enforcement must control them. The Congress recognized this in the two laws it has passed on the subject. One prohibits Federal prosecution where there is a state prosecution on the same case. The other defers Federal prosecution to state actions unless state or local prosecution is unlikely. The Federal Government can conduct investigations of interstate movement that may develop a body of intelligence or knowledge that would be helpful to local and state law enforcement. But we are a very mobile people; we move constantly from state to state. The burden of proving what a person *intended* when he crossed a state line is almost insuperable. Equal justice in the enforcement of such a statute is virtually impossible. The risk of intimidating dissent and protest is very real. I think that the two laws are unfortunate and will do more harm than good.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, let's go back to October 1967, when you coordinated the Federal Government's response to the march on the Pentagon. In retrospect, do you think you should have handled it differently?

CLARK: No. The key to our approach was to permit the demonstration. We cannot fear dissent. We endeavored to condition the permit so that the demonstration could be constructive. It was conditioned in ways that would make injury to persons or property least likely. The demonstration was huge. It was a time when national emotional concern about Vietnam was at its peak. At least 50,000 people participated. Probably 30,000 came from outside the metropolitan Washington area. That is ten, perhaps twenty times the number of protesters that came from outside Chicago during the Democratic Convention in August of 1968.

There are many law-enforcement bodies in and around the District of Columbia—National Park Police, Metropolitan Police, Capitol Police, National Guard, General Services Administration guards, Army. Training and coordinating all of these was a major concern. Police had to act with balance in an environment calculated to cause imbalance and

in which the very purpose of many protesters was to *cause* police to exceed their authority. This training was a major part of our preparation. I think, if we could measure, we would find that the incidents in which the police used more force than was necessary did not exceed 30 or 40.

There was no serious injury to any person. The confrontation continued over a period of days. At the end, several hundred persons were arrested for refusing to leave the area in front of the north entrance to the Pentagon. There were thousands of people arriving for work in a few hours on Monday morning. The removal was accomplished without a single act of violence or injury to any person. This was a pioneer venture in the recent history of such situations. It could have been handled better, but it wasn't handled badly. There was a real opportunity for free expression.

PLAYBOY: After the demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention last August, you said that "of all violence, police violence in excess of authority is the most dangerous. . . . It is the duty of leadership and law enforcement to control violence, not cause it." Apparently, that's what you were trying to do at the Pentagon demonstrations. Do you think that the principle was violated in Chicago?

CLARK: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Should city permits have been issued for the various marches that the demonstrators there wanted to conduct? Do you think that would have eased the situation?

CLARK: I have never cared much for Monday-morning quarterbacking; but it was apparent even before the convention that clearer lines of communication between demonstration leaders and city officials should have been established. This is important both to demonstrators and to the police. Without such communication, no clear rules can be set for the demonstrators, and the police lose a major opportunity to know what the demonstrators intend to do. Perhaps more important was the failure of the city to prepare the police to act with restraint. Police are under the most intense pressures of urban life. They are subjected to great provocation. They need to be thoroughly conditioned to meet that provocation with complete self-control. If they are not so conditioned, they can react emotionally and lawlessly. Instead of being trained to perform with restraint, an atmosphere of toughness was generated in Chicago. From the days following the April 1968 riots, when Mayor Daley spoke of shooting to maim looters and to kill arsonists, a tough tone was set. It doesn't work. In my judgment, it undermined the opportunity for the police leadership to maintain professional discipline over its officers. They didn't seek

violence, but their attitude guaranteed it. It was a tragedy.

PLAYBOY: When the whole thing was over, did it seem to you that the Chicago police and the community leadership investigated these actions honestly and accurately? Were the guilty punished?

CLARK: I can't answer that entirely, because I don't know all the facts. I can answer the concluding part by saying that, quite obviously, all of the guilty have not been punished. Only eight policemen have been indicted—and all by a Federal grand jury.

PLAYBOY: Many people believe that police actions against the Chicago demonstrators were the justifiable result of serious provocations. Does the evidence support that belief, in your view?

CLARK: We will have few situations where the capability of police to contain a crowd without police violating the law, without exceeding legal limits, is so clear. Chicago has 12,000 officers. In surrounding communities, in the Cook County sheriff's office and in the state police, it has a sizable professional back-up. Illinois also has a National Guard that began riot-control training 15 years ago. In any case, there was an immense law-enforcement presence at the convention. The crowd was small, compared with what the Memphis police had to deal with on the Monday following the assassination of Martin Luther King, and compared with scores of other equally or more emotional occasions where police departments have had fewer than 1000 officers.

The police in Chicago had only to keep cool and move professionally to arrest those who were involved in any substantial violation of the law. This they failed to do. Now, there's no doubt that the crowd contained some who are about as good as you can get at baiting authority. They've had a lot of practice at it. As with the wildest kids at the colleges, the baiters' one chance to succeed, really, was to provoke the police. If they had failed to do so, *their* conduct would have been the focus of attention, for it was undignified and miserable in many respects. But because they did provoke the police, the focus shifted from the ugly things they did to the very dangerous things the police did, and this is why the baiters won.

PLAYBOY: In April 1968, after the death of Martin Luther King, there were explosions in the ghetto areas of Washington, where you had some direct responsibility. Would you comment on the handling of that violence?

CLARK: The violence that followed Dr. King's death was fundamentally different from anything we had experienced theretofore. Every riot during the Sixties had

arisen from a local incident, and in nearly every instance, the incident had resulted from police action. But after Dr. King was shot, people were coming out of their houses all over town—all over the country, in fact—and there was deep emotional shock. It affected many people in many ways, some with despair, some with anger, some—and this is understandable, too—with the opportunity for a lark. All these factors combined to cause great agitation on that Thursday evening and again on Friday. There were waves of action and reaction for three or four days, until more than 100 cities were affected.

The problem of control in Washington was quite different from the problem of control in the riots in Newark and Los Angeles and Detroit, where early responsive action at one location might have made the difference. In Washington, on Thursday evening and Friday, it wasn't possible to tell where the greatest risks were. It wasn't just at 14th and U [a major intersection in the Washington ghetto]; risks were high in a dozen places. The police force here totaled fewer than 3000 men and the National Guard potential was very limited. Fortunately, police departments over the country had begun riot-control training in January, conducted by the International Association of Chiefs of Police and sponsored by the Department of Justice.

With this potential for a massive blood bath, with riots spread over hundreds of places in scores of cities, with Federal troops in three—Baltimore, Chicago and Washington—there were almost as few people killed as in Detroit alone the previous year; and there was less property damage throughout the country than in Detroit alone. The use of deadly force, as it's called in the police world, was strictly limited. New techniques were employed and more gas—in some places, too much gas, but that is how you learn. There was an outcry that property here in Washington had been deliberately exposed to destruction, but that wasn't true. Police tried to follow what is considered to be the most effective control techniques, and shooting people has not proved effective in the short run nor in the long run. America must understand this.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the police were right to stand by, as they did in some instances, as looting took place?

CLARK: The worst thing an officer can do is to engage a crowd with force when they are the superior force and are prepared to use force themselves. Police should have adequate force to control a situation before they engage an angry crowd. Otherwise, there can be a shoot-out. Unfortunately, however, some po-

lice, because of inadequate training or the very low professional standards of police generally, stood by when they should have sought help. Sometimes police have stood by even when they could have controlled lawlessness. That's bad. But to characterize the conduct of the entire force by what a few officers do is a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect more civil disorder, despite increasingly sophisticated riot-control techniques?

CLARK: I think the potential remains. We've learned a lot about how to deal with riots. We've not had the recurrence of a really serious riot in a city that has already experienced a serious riot. But the underlying forces that cause riots remain. We must understand that. We must deal with them, because as terrible as riots are, they are far from the worst that could happen. If despair and hopelessness reach a level where guerrilla warfare can occur, this could cause an irreconcilable division of the country.

PLAYBOY: Do you think guerrilla warfare is a real possibility?

CLARK: Yes. We have seen none yet, but if we do no more to improve conditions than we have, we can look forward to violence more directed and planned than riots, which are irrational and spontaneous.

PLAYBOY: In that event, or simply in the event of continued rioting, what do you think is the potential of the white majority in this country for real repression?

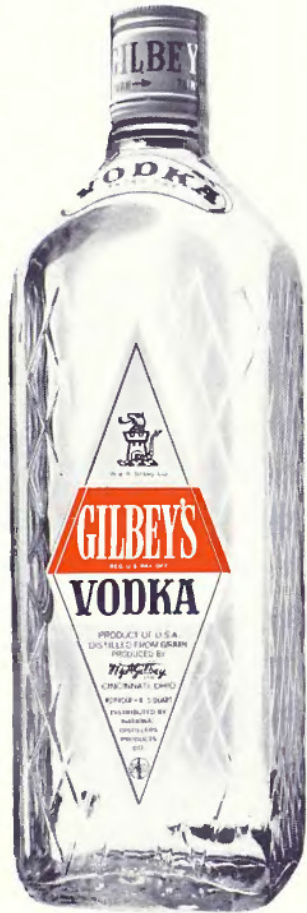
CLARK: It's substantial. We are gripped with fear. Fear could lead to a repression that would cause guerrilla warfare to occur. Fear may have been a good instinct for cave men; it may have kept them alive. But in our time, it's terribly dangerous. When you're afraid, you lose all compassion for other people. Fear deprives you of the very concern that is essential to remove the cause of that fear. Frightened, you fail to fulfill the obligations of a compassionate and just people—to educate and employ and house and give health to the poor. Finally, fear deprives you of any concern for justice itself. Frightened, you want to shoot looters, to arrest without cause, to hold without bail, to force confessions.

PLAYBOY: Many on the left think that if such a climate of repression develops in America, the police will be in its vanguard. Do you agree?

CLARK: The policeman must meet the leading edge of protest, demonstration, frustration, anxiety, crime—all of the turbulence that we are experiencing. Unless he meets it with skill and high professionalism, he, more than any other factor, will cause division. He must be where the action is, and if he himself is a

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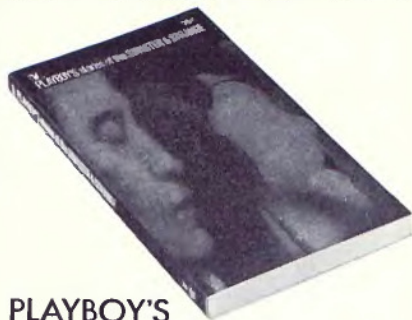


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provocation, if he is not professional—as was the case in Chicago—then we will have violence. But by effective control, the police could give this nation the few years it has left to mount a massive effort to meet the vast needs of its cities, its minorities, its poor.

PLAYBOY: How well are police prepared to handle this task responsibly, and what can be done to help them?

CLARK: The best way is to pay them better salaries. We should know ourselves: We are motivated by money in this country. The average policeman in the United States makes three fourths the salary that the Bureau of Labor Statistics says is necessary to maintain a family of four at a minimum standard of living. The average patrolman who has been on the force more than five years makes less than \$1000 more than the average rookie. That's how you measure opportunity in the police world. To attract the people we need, to attract the skills we need, to retain and train the people we need, to develop professionalism, we will *have* to pay much higher salaries. Our very liberty depends on it, not to mention our safety.

There is no activity of modern times that requires a greater set of professional skills than policework. Police must know law. If a policeman doesn't know the law, how can he enforce it? The policeman has to be a scientist in a broad range of physical and social sciences. A good department must have psychologists, chemists, psychiatrists. An officer often needs to be even a medic and an athlete. Twenty-one percent of all the policemen in the United States killed in the line of duty from 1960 through 1967 were killed interceding in disturbances, usually domestic quarrels. If you train officers to handle such disputes, you can reduce injuries to both the policemen and the civilians involved. This has been demonstrated by a model project in New York City. In addition, police must be trained to work with kids. That's where most crime is.

Yet today there are major police departments in the United States in which a fifth of the men didn't finish junior high school. Now, when you send a 27-year-old, eighth-grade-educated, married policeman, with a wife and three children at home, onto a campus where he will be called on to control 18-, 19- and 21-year-old kids who have all the opportunities that he didn't have, who will make more money their first year out of college than he'll make in any year of his career, you are looking for trouble. In short, our neglect of our police has been incredible.

PLAYBOY: Many police feel that the Supreme Court neglected public safety in two recent decisions—which you have supported—that guarantee the rights of

defendants: specifically, the *Escobedo* and *Miranda* cases, which hold that a suspect must be informed prior to any interrogation of his right to remain silent, and of his right to have counsel present. After some years of experience with the new rulings, what effect have these decisions had on law enforcement and criminal convictions?

CLARK: There have been only a handful of cases lost in which *Miranda* or *Escobedo* was the authority cited for reversal. The real question is whether we intend to be just. The rich have lawyers, the mobsters don't confess, the well informed know their rights. Only the poor and the uninformed are affected by *Miranda*. The next question is whether confessions are necessary. Chief Justice Warren noted in the opinion on *Miranda* that the FBI began giving suspects a warning containing all but one of the elements required by *Miranda* as early as 1948, 18 years before the *Miranda* decision. The Bureau gave this warning not because an Attorney General told it to, and not because a court told it to, but because it thought it was in the best interests of effective law enforcement—and it was.

Today, the guilty-plea rate in FBI cases is averaging about 87 percent, and the conviction rate in all the cases that go to court is about 97 percent. In fact, the *Miranda* and *Escobedo* decisions tend to force the police to professionalize, to use scientific methods. In 1931, the Wickersham Commission reporting on crime in America noted that most police jurisdictions in the United States used force to secure confessions. I don't know anyone who thinks law enforcement was more effective or more efficient in the Twenties. Now, as then, the poor don't know a lawyer; they couldn't call one if they wanted to, because they don't have a dime to use the phone and they couldn't get the secretary to put the lawyer on the line if they did, because they couldn't pay a fee. Why should people who have the ability to enforce their rights, to hire lawyers, have advantages over people who don't have the ability to enforce their rights or to hire lawyers? And how reliable are confessions, anyway? Mental health is the major factor in crime. The opinions in *Miranda* and *Escobedo* were right from a moral standpoint, and they also have the effect of professionalizing police.

PLAYBOY: You don't think it's fair, then, to say that criminals are going free because of these decisions?

CLARK: That's a pathetic thing for a politician or anyone else to say. Most crimes in the United States are not even reported to police in the first place. This ought to tell us something about crime and law enforcement. How are you going to get a confession out of someone to a crime that you don't even know has been committed? Our needs for money, manpower



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and reform in the whole field of criminal justice are so great that the small protection we might possibly get from forced confessions is trivial. All this insistence on the importance of confessions is very often a diversion by people who are unwilling to face up to the immensity of the job and unwilling to appropriate the funds necessary to do it. I think you'll find that if you look at the men who vote that way, they also vote to deny funds for increased police salaries and for better training and higher standards for police. They want to save money, and they want to find an easy way. There isn't one.

PLAYBOY: Even if the *Miranda* and *Escobedo* decisions haven't made it more difficult to obtain convictions, isn't it true that they have affected the ability of the courts to bring about speedy judgment?

CLARK: They *have* slowed down court trials. Some legislative acts of the past few years—such as the Criminal Justice Act, which provides funds for lawyers to defend the indigent accused of crime in Federal proceedings—have had the same effect. If a guy has a lawyer, a trial is more likely than a guilty plea. But these problems are a small price to pay. The criminal-justice system was operating inefficiently before these additional burdens were imposed on it. They have added little, and the problems of a speedy trial remain essentially the same as they were before.

PLAYBOY: There has been a good deal of talk lately by law-enforcement officials about preventive detention: the denial of bail to hard-core criminals who might be expected to commit new crimes during the long delay between arrest and trial. How do you feel about this?

CLARK: It would be a tragic mistake for many reasons—so many that I'm afraid we could fill this magazine just listing them. First, there *must* be a speedy trial. As any prison warden will tell you, unless the person who is convicted sees an immediate relationship between the commission of a crime and his conviction and incarceration, it won't affect his future conduct. He has to believe that there is a real probability that if he commits a crime, he will be arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned swiftly. There is already an unacceptably long gap between arrest and trial. But preventive detention would *increase* the gap. It would take the pressure off the courts to provide speedy trials. If the accused are in jail, why worry about a speedy trial? The public is safe, it thinks, and so the pressure to provide a speedy trial evaporates.

Second, under a system of preventive detention, some innocent people would be jailed while awaiting trial; let's face that. One of our judicial principles is that a person is presumed innocent until proven guilty. It's rather an important

principle, not just a bunch of words. It means that we place the individual above society; it means we believe he's important. But if we engage in preventive detention, we presume guilt, and our presumption will often be erroneous. In 1967, only two thirds of the people arrested for robbery were formally charged. Of those charged, only 49 percent were convicted; 17 percent were convicted of lesser crimes and 34 percent were acquitted altogether. If we can predict guilt before trial, we ought to forget about trials completely.

Third, consider what happens to people in jail. If you really want to reduce crime, you don't worry only about what they might do if left at large during the few months between arrest and trial. That is a very minor aspect. What about jail? Most of our jails are more likely to *make* criminals than to reform them, so you're throwing people into an environment that breeds crime. Instead of worrying about jailing people who are constitutionally presumed innocent, we had better start spending money on professional skills to rehabilitate the people who are convicted.

PLAYBOY: Is it your feeling, then, that most people charged with a crime—whether repeaters or first-timers—should be set free until trial?

CLARK: Yes. Beginning in March 1963, under the leadership of Attorney General Kennedy, who was vitally interested in the problem of bail reform, the Federal Government started recommending to judges and commissioners the release of defendants who could not make bail, on their own assurance that they would return for trial. In one year, in the Federal Government alone, with a conservative experiment, we saved more than 1000 man-years of liberty; 9000 people were released for an average of 41 days apiece. And that figure represents less than five percent of the total number that might be released if this applied also to local law-enforcement jurisdictions. This meant that they had the chance to keep the job they would have lost. It meant that the families that might have broken up—a major cause of crime in itself—had that much greater chance to stay together. And to some, it meant the only opportunity they would get to obtain the evidence that would show their innocence.

PLAYBOY: How many of those released without bail showed up for trial?

CLARK: We found that their failure to appear for trial was at a lower rate, less than three percent, than the average for all the defendants released on bail before the experiment was undertaken.

PLAYBOY: If preventive detention isn't the answer, how are we to keep crime repeaters off the streets?

CLARK: We should start by reforming the way people convicted of crimes are sen-

tenced; this is basic to reform of the criminal-justice system. If we reformed sentencing, we could eliminate preventive detention as a problem. Sensible reform would involve what is called an indeterminate sentence in every case. This means that, rather than a judge looking at a defendant he never saw before and who has just come before him on a plea of guilty, rather than the judge guessing that in five years or ten years we can let this fellow out, we would turn the individual over to professional people who would tailor a program calculated to rehabilitate him. It might put him back into the community years before his sentence finally expires. If he commits a crime during that time, then you don't have the problem of preventive detention; you have the problem of revocation of parole, because the man is still obligated to society from a prior sentence, and that obligation is invoked. It must be invoked with due process, but the issue is much easier than guilt or innocence of a new crime. The issue is whether the conditions of parole are violated.

If you look at the people who would be confined by preventive detention, you'll find that most of them are crime repeaters. The evidence is that 80 percent of all felonies in the United States are committed by repeaters. This is the most important statistic in the whole criminal-justice field, in my judgment, because it tells you where controllable crime is. The way to control crime is to work with these repeaters in the context of a continuing rehabilitation program from the very first time they come into the correctional system.

PLAYBOY: There's a good deal of disagreement, even among law-enforcement officials, about the reality of the so-called crime wave. How much do we really know in a statistical, factual sense about the crime rate in America?

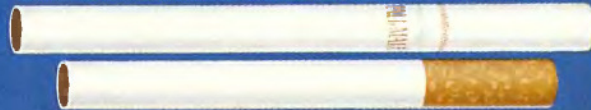
CLARK: We know enough to see an increase in crime exceeding the increase in population. The problems of mental health, drug addiction and alcoholism—and all the anxieties of urban life—tend to cause crime. I think there are real increases, but our statistics need a tremendous amount of refinement and reworking. Our ignorance vastly exceeds our knowledge. What do we know when we are told there is a murder every 43 minutes and a rape every 19? If that time clock applied to the Virgin Islands, everyone there would be murdered in five years—after having been raped twice. You might start looking around, thinking it's time for another murder right now, according to the clock. But how many people are there in this country, and how much do we know about how many murders there *really* are? The crime clock measures only two dimensions, time and crime reported. Our world has many dimensions. We torture ourselves with

"You better believe it!"



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things like that. We lead ourselves to fear rather than to constructive action.

Crimes in the ghetto are usually not reported, for reasons that tell us much about our general problems. If people won't report crime to the police, it means that they don't trust the police, that they don't believe the police are effective, that they may be afraid of the police. "The last time we called the police, they arrested the old man," people tell us. Police-community relations are the most important and difficult police problem of today and of the future.

Now, murder will out. Sometimes we're fooled, but usually murder is detected. We think we know that about 85 percent of all murders are within families or between neighbors and friends. This means that if you're really frightened by the time clock about murder, the thing to do is to get away from your family and have no friends or neighbors.

PLAYBOY: Then most murders are crimes of passion.

CLARK: That's right. A husband and a wife fighting, a son enraged at the father because he won't let him have the car, lovers quarreling, beer-drinking buddies arguing about George Wallace, whatever it might be. It's human nature. I don't mean to say that the police can't prevent much murder. They can. But to reduce such crimes as murder significantly, we will have to eliminate the conditions that cause rage, tension, anxiety and psychosis.

Probably two thirds of all assaults are between people who know each other. In two thirds of all rapes, the victim knows the person who assaulted her. So it's not a stranger, not the shadow in the night—it's us. People cause crime, and crime reflects the character of the nation. We need to realize that when we talk about crime in America, we're not talking about "them"; we're talking about the character of America.

PLAYBOY: What responsibility do you think the Federal Government has for curbing crime?

CLARK: One concrete thing the Federal Government is able to do is collect information. The new National Crime Information Center stores identifying, objective data on firearms, fugitive felons and stolen property. With computers storing and retrieving the data, 300 to 400 positive identifications are now made every day. The only information on fugitive felons is for identification: name, age, Social Security number, identifying marks, the public record of convictions—that sort of thing. Contrary to rumors I've heard, the center doesn't contain information on anyone's credit rating nor on how many times he's been married.

Apart from this kind of Federal service, we must constantly remind ourselves that law enforcement has always been a

local responsibility. It is imperative to keep it that way. But urban police departments are caught in the vise that grips all city governments in this country. They have inadequate resources and tax bases to perform all of their functions. The Federal Government must provide money and, with that money, must insist on priorities and must give guidance. This is the major thing the Federal Government can do.

PLAYBOY: You once announced figures to show that we spend 12.4 billion dollars a year for liquor and 8.8 billion dollars for tobacco, but only 2.8 billion dollars for all police—local, state and Federal—and only 4.2 billion dollars for all aspects of criminal justice. If that's the case, how much more money should we be spending on criminal justice?

CLARK: The total expenditure you mentioned, 4.2 billion dollars, includes all police, all prosecutors, all courts and all jails, prisons, probation, parole—Federal, state and local. In 1967, we estimated a gross expenditure on corrections, Federal, state and local, of 1.03 billion dollars. Ninety-five cents of every dollar went to pure custody—iron bars and stone walls. Five percent went to the real opportunity for public safety—rehabilitation, health services, education, vocational training, community control. Clearly, with 80 percent of all the serious crimes committed by repeaters, we could, by greater expenditure on this aspect of corrections, substantially reduce crime. Experiments have shown that crime repetition can be cut in half in this way. You begin with the young offender and get him back into school; nearly all juvenile offenders are school dropouts. If you can't get them back into school, you can get them into vocational training; and if they can't do that, you can get them into jobs they can handle, then supervise them. Supervise them for a long time, until you can see that they are stable and prepared to conduct themselves in society without injuring others.

A billion dollars more for correction—properly applied to professional services—would make an immense difference. Eighty-three percent of the juvenile courts in the United States have no access to any psychiatric or psychological assistance for offenders. Most offenders need such assistance. One third have no caseworker of any sort, volunteer or paid. Without more aid, a judge can do only two things with a kid—say, a first offender 12 years old. He can send him to jail, where he will probably be incarcerated with psychotics, addicts and homosexuals who may have spent three quarters of their lives in one penitentiary or another—men who have had the last bit of compassion beaten out of them. But if he does, that young boy will come out a dangerous person. Or the judge can send him back to the environ-

ment he came from. That's no solution, either. We've got to do a lot better than that. We *can* do a lot better than that. We know generally who these kids are. We know where they live. It is imperative that we commit ourselves to helping them.

PLAYBOY: On that point, you once said: "The clear connection between crime and poverty, ignorance, disease, poor housing, lack of opportunity, segregation, injustice, despair, is manifest." To what degree do you feel that crime is bred by society, by environment?

CLARK: Well, we certainly breed crime in America; there's no doubt about it. But the latest Uniform Crime Reports indicate that the risk of being the victim of violent crime for the average American is one time in 400 years. This is one of those facts, however, that tend to be the enemy of truth. If you are white, upper-middle-income to wealthy and live in the suburbs, your chance is one time in 10,000 years. Even if you're white, middle- to lower-middle-income, a central-city dweller, your chance is only one time in 2000 years. But if you are poor, urban and black, your chance of being a victim of violent crime is greater than one in 80 years.

In every major city in the United States, you will find that two thirds of the arrests take place among only about two percent of the population. Where is that area in every city? Well, it's in the same place where infant mortality is four times higher than in the city as a whole; where the death rate is 25 percent higher; where life expectancy is ten years shorter; where common communicable diseases with the potential of physical and mental damage are six and eight and ten times more frequent; where alcoholism and drug addiction are prevalent to a degree far transcending that of the rest of the city; where education is poorest—the oldest school buildings, the most crowded and turbulent schoolrooms, the fewest certified teachers, the highest rate of dropouts; where the average formal schooling is four to six years less than for the city as a whole. Sixty percent of the children in Watts in 1965 lived with only one, or neither, of their parents.

We are very proud of our unemployment nationally; it's less than four percent. That's not bad in terms of our history, but it's far from what it should be in terms of what other countries have shown can be done. The four percent doesn't tell you the misery that prevails in parts of America. If you take all young black teenagers, one third of the girls and one quarter of the boys are unemployed. But if you go to the black ghetto, you'll find that *most* black teenagers there are unemployed. You'll find whole census tracts where 50 percent are unemployed. In that same area, you'll find the oldest buildings: Half of the



WANTED

Pictured above is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly *Eros*, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. *Eros* was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost \$25. But the U.S. Post Office declared *Eros* "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly *Fact*, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a *Fact* discovery). The

intellectual community was galvanized by *Fact* and bought—devoured!—over half a million copies, despite the fact that *Fact* was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep \$1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at *Fact*—including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for \$2 million—and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, *Avant-Garde*, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still

in its infancy, *Avant-Garde* already enjoys a readership of over 350,000, while its growth rate is one of the phenomena of modern publishing. Newsdealers report deliveries of copies sold out within a matter of minutes. Some dentists report that *Avant-Garde* is perhaps the magazine in their waiting rooms most frequently purloined. And librarians order duplicate—and even triplicate—subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out copies (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation). Everywhere, citizens who are normally upright, respectable, and law-abiding are being tempted to beg, borrow, or steal copies of *Avant-Garde*, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes *Avant-Garde* such a tutti-frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is it in such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, *Avant-Garde* is such rollicking great fun. Each issue really socks it to you with uproarious satire, irreverent interviews, madcap cartoons, ballsy editorials, deliberately biased reportage, demoniacal criticism, x-ray profiles, supernova fiction, and outrageous ribaldry. From cover to cover, *Avant-Garde* is one big bawdyhouse of intellectual pleasure.

Second, *Avant-Garde* stones readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubalin, who is *Avant-Garde*'s art director (and, incidentally, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of its existence, *Avant-Garde* has won more awards for design excellence than any other magazine in the world.

Third, *Avant-Garde* captivates readers with articles that have something to say. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in most other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles *Avant-Garde* prints:

Unreported Antiwar Agitation at West Point Caught in the Act—An evening with New York's scandalous Orgy-and-Mystery Theater. **The Secret Plans of Leading Tobacco Companies to Market Marijuana**—If, as, and when pot prohibition is lifted.

Stock Trading by Computer—A report on "Instant," the revolutionary new system that will render stock exchanges obsolete.

Living High on "The Hog Farm"—A visit to America's most successful hippie commune.

Pre-Mortem—At *Avant-Garde*'s invitation, 28 celebrities (including Art Buchwald, Harry Golden, Woody Allen, and Gore Vidal) dictate their own obituaries.

"In Gold We Trust"—A satire on America's changing spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenberg.

London's "Theatre of Eros"

The Case of Hitler's Missing Left Testicle—A round-table discussion on an intriguing detail of Russia's recently released autopsy of Der Fuhrer. (Satirist Paul Krassner speculates that "It's probably alive and well in Argentina." Philosopher Larry Josephson contends that "Hitler just wanted to prove that he was a consistent right-winger.")

Whitey's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread—Soul food moves out of the ghetto.

Raquel on "Playing the Field"—"Sending actresses like me to Vietnam to entertain the troops is like teasing a caged lion with a piece of raw meat," says Raquel Welch. "I think it would be best if we stayed home and the government sent off troupes of prostitutes instead."

Coming Attraction—"Sex is the closest I can come to explaining the way I sing," says San Francisco rock songstress Janis Joplin. "I want to do it till it isn't there any more."

Live Wires—A report on Liberation News Service (LNS), the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and Intergalactic World Brain (IWB), the three supercharged wire services that supply news to the nation's 200 underground newspapers.

Custom-Made Man—The portent of latest genetic research.

R. Buckminster Fuller's Plan for a Floating City in Tokyo Bay

Fractured Hip—A collection of hilarious malapropisms by squares attempting to sound ultra-cool.

Free-Style Olympics—A report on the movement to revive Olympics in the nude.

Allen Ginsberg's Script for a New Film by Charlie Chaplin

The Pedernales River Baptism-a-thon: A Fugs Happening

"Amnesty Now!"—An impassioned outcry by the editors of *Avant-Garde* for the release of Dr. Howard Levy, David Miller, and more than 1000 other antiwar heroes now in prison.

Making a Scene—Never-to-be-forgotten stills from the scene in Andy Warhol's film *Romeo and Juliet* in which superstar Viva falls victim to an unplanned gang-rape.

Concrete Poetry: The New Hard Rock Verse All the World's a Stage—From The Theater of the Street in New York to the Guerrilla Theater of Stanford, dramatic groups all across the country are bringing plays to audiences that have never seen the inside of a theater.

The First Church of Love—Photographs of a phantasmagorical chapel being built in New York to celebrate sensual pleasure.

Fellini's "Satyricon"—On the set with *Il Poeta*, filming his version of Petronius' bawdy classic (with a cast that includes Mae West, Groucho Marx, Anna Magnani, Jimmy Durante, Michael J. Pollard, Danny Kaye, the Beatles, and scores of other comedians and superstars).

Best-Sellers in Underground Bookstores

Abreast of the Times—A report on the sudden return to breast-feeding by America's most highly educated, sophisticated, and sexually liberated women.

The Psychology of Political Affiliation—What character traits determine whether a person will become a Democrat or Republican, a radical or conservative?

Miami: Newest Haven for Abortion—A serendipitous result of the influx of refugee doctors from Havana.

And Now—Would You Believe?—Auto-Destructive Art—A feature entitled "Pop Goes the Easel."

Coitus Non Interruptus: The Erotic Tomb Sculptures of Madagascar

The Electric Banana Tickle: Latest Pop Invention

Nabokov's Complaint—The author of *Ada* and *Lolita* in a damning denunciation of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*.

The Natural Superiority of Racially-Mixed Children

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the New Left

Computer Calamities—Case histories of computer malfunctions that resulted in bank accounts being wiped out, elections miscounted, and whole neighborhoods condemned to destruction.

Are Colds Psychosomatic?—Psychoanalyst Merl M. Jackel, of the State University of New York, believes they are since they almost always follow periods of depression and give the same medical symptoms as weeping.

Hold It, Please!—The growing popularity of Polaroid cameras for instant-pornography.

Brain Food—A report on the recent discovery by Dr. John Churchill, of the National Institute of Neurological Diseases, that certain foods can increase the power of the intellect.

Bob Dylan's Suppressed Novel "Tarantula"

Very Original Sin—A report on the increasing number of avant-garde theologians who are using kissing, hugging, and caressing to restore a sense of community to worship.

Postwar Vietnam: A Program of Atonement—Suggestions by 25 leading Americans.

In sum, *Avant-Garde* is a hip, joyous feast of gourmet food-for-thought. It's the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

Small wonder, then, that critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over *Avant-Garde*: "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! *Avant-Garde* has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "*Avant-Garde* is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "An exotic literary menu....A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Ralph Ginzburg deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this," says Life. "*Avant-Garde*'s articles on medicine, space, and psychology have made science the eighth lively art," says the Boston Avatar. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the New York News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "*Avant-Garde*'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the New York East Village Other. "*Avant-Garde* is the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says Time. "Borders on the genius," says the Miami Beach Sun. "It'll be the undoing of the strait-laced," says the Los Angeles Free Press. "*Avant-Garde* is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Avant-Garde's contributors include the most brilliant artists, writers, and photographers of our time. Not only does *Avant-Garde* feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, Karl Menninger, John Updike, Allen Ginsberg, Roald Dahl, Henry Miller, Bert

Stern, William Styron, Eliot Elisofon, Kenneth Rexroth, David Levine, Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Dali, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In format, *Avant-Garde* more closely resembles a \$10 art folio than a magazine. It is printed on the finest antique and coated paper stocks by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and costly duotone offset lithography. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. The format of *Avant-Garde*, like its editorial contents, is intended to endure.

Subscriptions to *Avant-Garde* cost \$10 per year (six issues). This is not cheap. However, right now, while *Avant-Garde* is still in its infancy, you may order a **Special Introductory Subscription for only \$5!! This is HALF PRICE!!**

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buildings in the world have been built in the past 30 years, yet half of the buildings in Harlem were built before 1900. Parts of two or three families may live in a two-room, fourth-floor flat with 40-year-old electric wiring and no fire escapes. Think of the health and the sanitation in those buildings.

When you put poor education, poor employment, poor housing and, probably most important, poor health on the map, and then put high crime on the map, you have marked the same place every time. In those parts of town, the cost of law enforcement per capita will sometimes run ten times higher than in the city as a whole. And yet the laws aren't enforced there. There is an uneasy order; any major violence is suppressed—but rights aren't really protected. In fact, the people there have very few rights. And that's where crime is. Of course, there is suburban crime, too. Kids from affluent families commit crimes. The segregated country-club set worries most about that, because it's their kids and they know it. But those kids will be taken care of; they'll be sent off to correctional schools and they'll get training, but not the kids in the slums. We breed crime in the slums—which is why black Americans, who comprise only 12 to 14 percent of our population, are the victims of 55 percent of our murders and most of our assaults and rapes.

PLAYBOY: How useful would a strong gun-control law be in curbing violent crime in and out of the ghetto?

CLARK: Very effective. It is incredible to me that we have not yet moved to control guns. Sixty-three percent of the murders in the United States are committed with guns. There are two or three times more murders with firearms in Houston every year than there are in all of England, Scotland and Wales, which have 43 times more people. The presence of guns in an emotional and violent climate has caused not only several assassinations but the deaths of fathers at the hands of sons, of husbands at the hands of wives. In many instances, if the gun hadn't been there, it wouldn't have happened. The National Rifle Association slogan—"Guns don't kill people, people do"—does nothing but hide the facts. Guns are far more deadly than the other commonly available weapons. Thousands of people are dead because a gun happened to be handy at the moment of passion. One of five people who are shot dies; the mortality rate among those assaulted with a knife is only one in twenty.

Far from demeaning our manhood, gun control is the only way we can show our manhood. Methods of effective firearms control are employed in every civilized country in the world except ours. There are three necessary steps: First, the transportation of firearms must be strictly controlled. To permit mail-

order purchase of firearms by anonymous persons is insane. If President Kennedy's death didn't show us that, then there is just no hope. Second, every firearm must be registered. The registration must be computerized, so that law enforcement throughout the country can immediately identify the ownership of any firearm. The progress that California has made in this area made it possible to trace—in seconds, by computer—the pistol that Sirhan Sirhan used to assassinate Robert Kennedy.

And, third, anyone who possesses a firearm must have a license authorizing him to possess it. Possession is a privilege, not a right. It must be a privilege denied to persons with a serious criminal record, to persons who engage in any type of violent conduct and to persons who are mentally unstable. We have tens of thousands of mentally unstable people who own firearms. It hardly needs to be said that psychotics with firearms are dangerous to themselves as well as to others. Guns should also be denied to juveniles, with perhaps some exceptions. They should even be denied to people who cannot demonstrate a valid reason, as is required in many countries, to have a gun.

PLAYBOY: Would you favor the outlawing of all private gun ownership?

CLARK: No, but I would like to see licenses granted only in rare cases on showing of need or for sporting purposes under strict limitations. I think we should work for the day when there are no guns at all, at least in urban areas—even for the police on normal duty.

PLAYBOY: How does that square with the Second Amendment, which appears to allow people to bear arms?

CLARK: When you read the entire Second Amendment, you will see that it states, "A Militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to bear Arms shall not be infringed." The Supreme Court has noted on many occasions that the amendment limits only the power of the Federal Government over a state militia. There is no constitutional inhibition on limiting individual possession of guns.

PLAYBOY: Let's move from individual to organized crime. Why can't the Federal Government be more effective than it has been in combating and controlling it?

CLARK: As every careful study of organized crime has noted, it cannot operate significantly without at least a neutralization, and probably a corruption, of some elements of local criminal justice. That doesn't mean a whole police department or a whole district attorney's office or a whole court. It means, perhaps, a lieutenant, a sergeant and a handful of patrolmen in a particular precinct. It could mean the clerk of a court, an assistant district attorney or a judge.

The other reason organized crime not only survives but prospers is that it deals in goods and services people want. Gambling, shylocking, narcotics, prostitution—these comprise something like 90 percent of the income from illegal activity in organized crime. Anyone can go to almost any city in America as a stranger, and if he has a bank roll, he can find gambling. If he wants narcotics, he can find them—or prostitution. The reason is that they're looking for him, just as he's looking for them. Now, if any citizen can find them, law enforcement certainly can, too. Police know where the action is.


The main thing that the Federal Government can do in fighting organized crime, therefore, is to liberate local law enforcement. Federal "strike forces" start with the premise that if crime can organize, why can't Government? A strike force organizes Federal law enforcement first and then, when possible, state and local enforcement. In every city that we've moved into with strike forces, we have secured more indictments of organized-crime figures than were secured by all Federal activities throughout the United States during all of 1960. In seven months, we secured between 70 and 80 indictments of organized-crime figures in one town as the result of a strike force. They'd never had anything like that hit them before.

PLAYBOY: How much of organized crime is traceable to the Mafia?

CLARK: It would be very hard to say. The problem is one of definition. Are you going to include every small prostitution and burglary ring, every crap game and juice racket? I would venture to make only four observations: that there are probably several thousand people in the Cosa Nostra, not all of them working full time at crime; that the Cosa Nostra has less of the action today than it did 30 or 40 years ago; that its early Sicilian and southern-Italian dominance is substantially diluted; and that there are legitimate major corporations that have greater shares of important legal markets than the Cosa Nostra has of organized crime.

PLAYBOY: Have bugging and wire tapping been of significant help in the fight against organized crime?

CLARK: Not really. There will be organized crime as long as we have hundreds of thousands of people living in slums, isolated from sources of power. The slum dweller is the base and natural prey for organized-crime activity. Wire tapping won't change that. We make crimes of such activities as gambling, drug traffic, bootlegging and prostitution, but do almost nothing either to treat the causes of the demands for those services or to reconcile the law with the facts of life. Someone will always supply what is

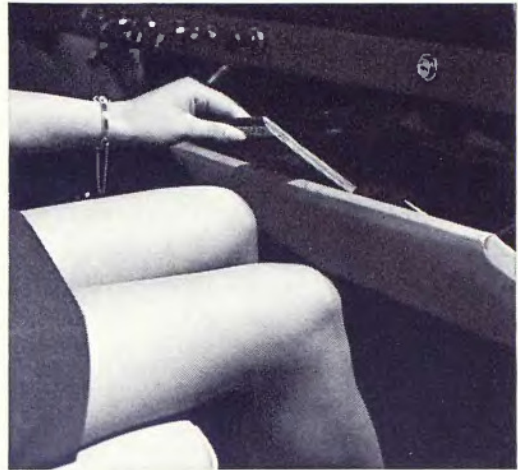
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wanted. If he must act outside the law, his business is high risk and he will use force and violence. As in every other substantial market, suppliers will organize. It's big business. As I said, law enforcement knows where and how organized crime operates: you can't hide bookies, loan sharks, dope peddlers or prostitutes. Cases have been known where police wire-tapped bookies to find out how much money they were making and then demanded a higher pay-off. If we professionalize our police, give them the resources and skills they need to combat modern crime, wire tapping will be unnecessary. And if we don't professionalize them, I don't think we would want them tapping phones.

PLAYBOY: Are you unequivocally against electronic eavesdropping under any circumstances?

CLARK: There are exceptions to every rule; but quite apart from any other reason for not using them, wire taps and bugs are generally very inefficient. There are bugs that have recorded every sound in a room for months and never overheard evidence of a crime. You hear babies crying, bacon frying, your favorite TV show, family quarrels, weeks of silence—but no crime. The manpower required to monitor a wire tap is substantial; Frank Hogan, the district attorney of New York County, has testified that it takes from two to six men to handle one wire tap. Those men could be involved instead in effective criminal investigation. Rather than causing police to wire-tap, we need to build strong traditions against such activity. If we don't, technology, which has mastered nature, may master man as well. The future potential to invade privacy is total.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the use of taps in the national-security area?

CLARK: You cannot compare national-security matters with crime in the United States. We cannot control what happens in a foreign country, but it may be very important to us to know what is happening there. Knowledge of troop movements, political developments, spy efforts, new ballistic or anti-ballistic-missile systems can mean survival. This is a dangerous world. For better or for worse, nations have engaged in extensive foreign intelligence-gathering efforts for generations. But the Government *can* control crime effectively within its own borders without resorting to wire taps; at least, our political philosophy assumes that it is *possible* to exercise such control fairly with due process of law.

It must be admitted, however, that wire tapping is almost as inefficient in national-security matters as it is in domestic ones. I doubt if one percent of the conversation picked up on national-security taps has value. You do a lot of listening to get a little information.

With present priorities, of course, we can *afford* to be inefficient in national-security matters; but not in crime control at home. We spend 80 billion dollars for national security, compared with just over four billion dollars for all criminal justice within this country.

PLAYBOY: Did you clash personally with J. Edgar Hoover on the issue of eavesdropping?

CLARK: There was never any personal confrontation, nor even any discussion in which differences of opinion were strongly stated. I think it is pretty clear, however, that throughout my tenure, Mr. Hoover favored wire tapping in both the domestic field and international security matters, while I was opposed to it domestically.

PLAYBOY: Is Mr. Hoover really under the effective control of the Department of Justice?

CLARK: Mr. Hoover never failed to execute any orders that I gave him the entire time I was in Justice. His responsiveness was not always all I hoped for, but that's true in almost any institutional setup. The FBI is independent, even as Federal agencies go. But on balance, I think it's better to have investigative power centered in a career professional investigator than in an Attorney General—and some of my best friends have been Attorneys General. The reasons are several. The Attorney General is much too busy to supervise the FBI closely. The agency handles 700,000 or 800,000 investigations a year. It's a complex field and one in which the Attorney General is not usually experienced. Further, if the United States Attorney in a city controlled the local FBI office, the office would inevitably become involved in political matters. The independence of the FBI has kept politics out of its investigations. Mr. Hoover may have stayed too long, but he built an exceptionally good bureau—probably the best there has ever been in its field.

PLAYBOY: Hoover's critics charge that—whether or not the FBI is independent of partisan political pressure from the Administration—his well-known archconservatism permeates the organization, compromises its integrity and presents a danger to the public interest. Do you agree?

CLARK: There's no question but that it's dangerous to have investigative agencies headed by men with strong ideological fervor. I hope that Mr. Hoover's successor will discipline himself to stick to objective, professional fact finding and stay out of ideology.

PLAYBOY: Many people thought you might have been well advised to take that advice yourself, after hearing your pretrial statements with regard to two famous murder cases. Before James Earl Ray was arrested for the assassination of

Martin Luther King, you were reported to have said, "One man did it alone and we have him in custody." Would you tell us why you said that?

CLARK: I never said that. But the assassination of Dr. King was one of the most traumatic events the American people have suffered in this century. I thought I had an obligation to the people to disclose the facts of our investigation to the extent that I could without impairing the investigation itself or impairing the chance for a fair trial. I made no comment after the arrest of James Earl Ray; but on Friday, April fifth, and Sunday, April seventh, and from time to time thereafter, I reported on the status of the investigation. We had no evidence of any conspiracy, and that was the situation as far as I knew when I left the Department of Justice on January 20, 1969.

PLAYBOY: Will Ray's guilty plea and his sentencing preclude any further investigation into the possibility of a conspiracy in the killing?

CLARK: No. As in the case of President Kennedy, or in any similar situation, you must continue to investigate any new evidence that may be discovered. You don't close such cases even though the evidence developed is overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: In another famous assassination investigation, you were quoted as saying, soon after the arrest of Clay Shaw by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, that you might have to prosecute Garrison for violating Clay Shaw's rights. Wasn't such a statement prejudicial, to say the least?

CLARK: That quote was attributed to me in a talk to a student group at the University of Virginia. But the fact is that I didn't say it, and I issued a denial. I would never say someone should be prosecuted if I were the prosecutor. I would either prosecute or not prosecute. But I did believe Mr. Garrison acted outrageously, and I still do. Perhaps I showed it. If I did, that was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Since Shaw's acquittal, Garrison has charged him with perjury. Do you think he'll be able to prosecute this new case?

CLARK: Mr. Garrison has already done more than I like to think possible under the American system. He demonstrates the great power of a district attorney and the cruel abuse that can be made of that power. I don't know what he can do. It's up to the criminal-justice system of Louisiana, the bar and the people. I don't know whether there is evidence of violation of Federally protected rights.

PLAYBOY: On the larger question of President Kennedy's assassination, have any of the books or articles subsequently published challenged your belief in the essential rightness of the Warren Report?

CLARK: No. I felt it was imperative that

we know everything possible about the assassination, that we ask every question and seek every answer. We accumulated every article, every book, every expression of doubt, every allegation we could find. We endeavored to examine all. I believe the Warren Commission made the most comprehensive and intensive investigation of a series of facts ever undertaken. Few juries in murder trials have ever had at their disposition the quality and quantity of evidence that pointed to the guilt of Lee Harvey Oswald. From all I've seen, I believe that Oswald, acting alone, assassinated President Kennedy.

PLAYBOY: You were the first Attorney General to oppose the death penalty. Had Oswald lived, would you have wanted to spare his life also?

CLARK: Yes. In opposing the death penalty, I do so knowing that all murder is ghastly, that some may wound an entire country, that someday I or a member of my family may be the victim. The death penalty lowers the state to the level of the killer by attempting to redress a private execution with a public execution. Either human life—all human life—is sacred or it is not. I think it is. In his appeal for mercy in the sentencing of Sirhan Sirhan last May, Senator Edward Kennedy—who might be expected to feel the desire for revenge as deeply as any man—also acknowledged the sacredness of what he called “God’s gift of life itself.”

In any case, I’m not sure it’s correct to say that I was the first Attorney General to oppose the death penalty. I believe there were several of my predecessors who felt as I do without taking a public position. The Department of Justice first took a formal position in opposition to capital punishment when Nicholas Katzenbach was Attorney General, in a letter that I wrote, as his deputy, to a Congressional committee.

You try to keep your personal prejudices and viewpoints out of your official conduct. If you don’t, we become a government of men rather than of laws. But in fairness, I would have to say that since very early days, since high school, I have opposed the death penalty. To me, it’s more important that we face up to this issue now than ever before, for many reasons. We live in a climate of violence. The massiveness and growth of our population depreciates the significance of the individual. What’s a person worth? You talk to kids in the ghetto and they tell you that if they’re killed, it won’t make much difference. It’s just one more dead bum. They half believe it—and that’s a tragedy. Reverence for life, “mere life,” as Justice Holmes put it, is essential to the quality of our civilization. When society exacts the death penalty, it cheapens life and the value of the individual. There was a time, perhaps, when man had to work so hard to eke out an exist-

ence that it approached injustice to divert substantial resources to keep alive people who were hopeless or dangerous or mentally disturbed beyond any medical capability for redemption. But the time has long since come in this country when we’ve been able to feed, clothe and shelter ourselves many times over. Further, we’ve developed medical and other skills that promise the opportunity of rehabilitation for most lawbreakers.

I believe that every director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons in its 30-odd years of existence has favored the abolition of the death penalty. They’ve all supervised death rows. They’ve watched men there and they know that the death penalty is inconsistent with the best learning that we have in the field of corrections and is actually counterproductive. And the hypocrisy of our use of the death penalty is immense. In the past five years, there have always been at least 300 people on death row in the United States. In 1968, for the first year in our history, there were no executions. In 1967 there were two and in 1966, one. There has not been a Federal execution since 1963. I fervently hope that one will be the last. But the society has to do what it says. If you say you will execute people, you must have the courage to do it when cases arise. The hypocrisy of sentencing 300 people to death—with all the attendant psychological implications for them and for thousands and thousands of others—and then not having the guts to go ahead and do it is devastatingly cruel.

PLAYBOY: You said a moment ago that the death penalty is counterproductive. What did you mean?

CLARK: According to every survey and study I have ever seen, the death penalty does not cause a reduction in violent or capital crime. We’ve seen states abolish the death penalty with no apparent change in their crime rate, and we’ve seen states reinstate the death penalty with no apparent deterrent effect. It doesn’t deter crime. What it does do is add to the climate of violence, the insignificance of the individual and the cheapness of life in modern society.

PLAYBOY: Many people believe that the prime cause for the climate of violence you decry is the war in Vietnam. Of the thousands who have protested the war, few have paid a higher price for it than Dr. Benjamin Spock and the Reverend William Sloane Coffin. Was it your decision to prosecute them for conspiring to counsel evasion of the draft?

CLARK: I was Attorney General and I was responsible for what was done. I reviewed the matter before it was presented to the grand jury. The question was not what was right or wrong morally. The question was whether the law was violated. The system must have integrity. Whatever your personal feelings, you either do your duty or you resign. It

never seemed wrong to me that Thoreau and Gandhi were prosecuted or that they went to jail. That was their point: They so disagreed with their governments that they would sacrifice freedom itself to show their concern. As to the specific factors and legal reasons for which Dr. Spock, the Reverend Coffin and others were indicted, the case will have to speak for itself. It would not be right for me to comment on it while it is still pending.

PLAYBOY: But you *are* free to comment on the issue they were testing. What are your views on the draft? Should we even have one?

CLARK: The inequities in the current draft are intolerable, especially because the injustices fall upon youth, which has little confidence in the system, anyway. I think we must call upon youth—ultimately, upon all youth—to serve in various areas of public need. Indeed, I believe we must reorient our philosophy from self-service to public service. Ideally, that service would come on completion of high school. Those who serve should be given the opportunity, if they have the capability and the desire, to go to college after their service. The service might be for two years and it would be in a wide range of activities, involving such organizations as the Peace Corps and VISTA, and work with the young in Head Start and in health and social programs. Young people can help meet the needs of the central city; they can work on conservation projects throughout the country and in dozens of other ways. Youth needs to have a sense of responsibility and a sense of contribution.

But we will still need a military capability in this world; and in my judgment, a free society should not look for a purely professional military to maintain that capability. The military must be close to the people; it should have a large civilian involvement. Therefore, within the youth service, we should accept those who volunteer for the military as such, and then choose others—by random selection, the only method I know that would be fair—to the extent necessary to man our military services.

PLAYBOY: You once said that no activity of a people “so evidences their humanity, their character, their capacity for charity in its most generous sense, than the treatment they accord those who have offended them.” In the light of that thought, would you favor an amnesty for draft resisters?

CLARK: There are a variety of types of draft resisters. We need to discriminate when talking about them. Among those who protest Vietnam are some of the best motivated, most promising young people we have. We should not write them off. We ought to remember the damage we did to ourselves in the conscientious-objection field during past wars. Good people—some of the best people, some of those who made and would have made the greatest contribution—were

marked in a way that clearly limited their future. We need to work very sensitively with these young people and give them the opportunity to fulfill their promise. In my judgment, that will necessarily include forgiveness for many. But at a time when some are forced to go to Vietnam, others cannot be permitted to avoid the Service. Pardons will have to come later.

PLAYBOY: If the country decides to extend forgiveness, as you put it, to those who have conscientiously objected, isn't it likely that there will have to be a blanket amnesty?

CLARK: Well, there are some who engaged in specific acts, such as injuring people, that in and of themselves deserve punishment. But I think that young men who objected on moral grounds and engaged in no harmful activity should certainly be pardoned.

PLAYBOY: Some people might find it difficult to reconcile the libertarian views you've expressed here with your background as a Southerner and the son of a prominent conservative. In fact, Representative Joe Pool of Dallas, your home town, once said of you: "I don't know how he's got off on this kick." How did you get to be the liberal you are?

CLARK: I don't know that I'm off on a kick. But many of my views aren't traceable back to Dallas. I went to grammar school in both Texas and Washington, D. C.; to junior high school in Los Angeles; to high school in Washington; to the University of Texas for an undergraduate degree; and—perhaps most important—to the University of Chicago for two degrees. Wherever my views came from, I have tried to square my actions with them over the years, as any man does.

PLAYBOY: After finishing law school, you returned to Dallas and practiced private law for ten years. Is that where you acquired your social conscience?

CLARK: Basically, my time was consumed with trying to straighten out the legal troubles of individuals and businesses. There were occasions when I had a sense of deep satisfaction—when I thought I had advanced the state of the law or improved a significant legal principle or secured acquittal for someone I thought was innocent—but by and large, it was a private practice for profit. By 1960, I had come to the conclusion that I wanted more than that. I wanted to be involved in the major and troubling problems of the country and therefore sought and entered public service at the beginning of the Kennedy Administration.

PLAYBOY: As we indicated a moment ago, there is—or seems to be, at any rate—a wide divergence between many of your views and those of your well-known father, Justice Clark. How does your philosophy depart from—or derive from—his?

CLARK: My views are heavily influenced

by his. They would have to be. It's hard for me to trace the influence exactly; I don't recall my father ever trying to teach me by word the lessons I learned from him. But we are a very close family. The lessons were not from what he said but from what he did: his inner drive to get things accomplished, his long and tireless hours, his sacrifices to the bar and the bench, his craftsmanship. These are the real lessons I think I learned from him. It's true, of course—as with most fathers and sons—that our points of view are quite different. He was born just before the turn of the century; I was born just before the Depression and went through adolescence during World War Two. So the worlds in which we lived during our formative years could not have been less alike. His education was almost entirely in Texas, while mine was all over the country. He had never left Texas by the time he was 18, while before I was 19, I'd been on five continents and in 75 countries. But we each have the ability, I think, to shape our points of view by exchanging them with each other. I'm sure we both profit from that.

PLAYBOY: You and your family have had a long association with Lyndon Johnson. Did you ever feel that, as President, he was surprised or disappointed by the views you expressed as Attorney General?

CLARK: You can't have a long and close relationship when you're dealing with many critical issues without having differences. If two people always agree, one of them isn't thinking. We had disagreements. I think that's inherent in the situation. But he was the President and I always tried to remember that.

PLAYBOY: What do you think were the greatest achievements and failures of the Johnson Administration in the areas that concern you most?

CLARK: It may be a little early to judge, but I think he may have been the first President to clearly arouse a concern and a commitment in the American people to eliminate poverty. And I mean poverty in its broadest sense—not just the lack of money but its concomitant ills: ignorance, sickness, unemployment, slums, wasted lives and an ugly, unhealthy, polluted environment. We should never forget that Lyndon Johnson dramatically put us on the road toward solutions to those problems. He increased Federal expenditures for education in four years from three billion to nine billion dollars. Federal expenditures for health increased from five billion to fourteen billion dollars. Federal manpower development efforts were training slightly over 100,000 people in 1964 but nearly 1,300,000 a year in 1968. And in civil rights legislation, his accomplishments were magnificent. The 1964 Civil Rights Act—with its public accommodations, public facilities, employment, Federal-contract denial, community-relations serv-

ice and other titles—was the greatest step forward since emancipation. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 and the 1968 Civil Rights Act were historic. The fair-housing title of the 1968 act states the goal we must reach if we are ever to know equal justice.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this kind of liberal legislation—which entailed vast Federal expenditures and benefited mostly the disadvantaged minorities—had anything to do with the loss in popularity among the white middle class that finally persuaded Johnson not to run again?

CLARK: We don't know that. I'm not sure what would have happened if he had run again. Vocal opposition was clearly very intensive. But unquestionably, Vietnam was the basis for most of it. The war was so horrible that we could think of little else. Domestically, it may be that he wanted to do so much—and yet was able to bring all the essential forces such a little distance with him—that the gap created a reaction. If this is right, the failure was ours, not his. Action is so urgent that we cannot be timid; we cannot afford to compromise.

PLAYBOY: Toward that end, you once said of the Department of Justice that it would have to become more nearly a ministry of justice. What did you mean by that?

CLARK: The Department of Justice is much more than a mere office of prosecution. It also has responsibility for corrections, which may be its greatest opportunity to reduce crime. It also enforces the Civil Rights Acts: Here it can manifest to the American people that the purpose of our laws is equal justice under law. The department must live up to its name. It must serve and seek justice in the broadest sense. It has an obligation to develop new laws, relevant to our times, that will effect justice in modern America.

PLAYBOY: Do you take that to be your own obligation, too, even though you've left the department?

CLARK: Yes, I do. I've joined the New York law firm of Paul, Weiss, Goldberg, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison, for which I'll be practicing in both New York and Washington. I hope that I can use this private practice as a study of methods to bring law and equal justice to all our people. In any case, it should provide an exciting new experience where much of the major action is. I will treasure the eight years at Justice wherever I am, of course. Somehow, I will have to remain involved with civil rights, with criminal justice, with corrections. I want very much to be around young people, and so I hope to teach a course in law and poverty at Howard University. I will also lecture and write on the subjects we've been discussing today. In short, I'm concerned about our country—and determined to help wherever I can.





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QUICK HOP

he'd been foolish when he agreed to use his plane as a flying billboard for a hooker—and downright stupid when he let her come along for the ride

fiction By BROCK BROWER

DRUCKER DIDN'T LIKE people drinking in his airplane. Especially women.

"Nip?" she wheedled, reaching around with the wildly sloshing pint from the bucket seat behind him. There was no hope of holding it steady against the sway of the plane, so she let it waft back and forth under his nose like a giant bottle of scent. When he crinkled his nostrils, just barely, she giggled. "Ding-dong," she belled over the tattoo of the motor. "Avon calling."

"Take it back," he snapped, then added stiffly, "if you will, please, ma'am."

"Don't drink?"

"Not up here." Then, again stiffly, "I'd take it kindly, ma'am——"

"Laura."

"I'd take it kindly if you'd wait until we got back down." He sniffed hard, trying to clear the dank smell of bourbon, the faint musk of womankind.

"Party-poop." She hauled the pint back and poured a jiggy shot into the gold-lacquered plastic cap of the bottle. The cap clacked against her teeth as she knocked down the bourbon, like sludge, with one toss of her high-necked head. The witching scent of her tangled, odorous hair reached Drucker, who kept his binding blue gaze fixed on the rectitudes of his instrument panel. He tracked his exact altitude, air speed, rpm and variation from the horizontal, even as disgust registered itself in an almost calibrated bristling of blond hairs out of his untrimmed nose pits. He reckoned abstractly from all these readings and then precisely



corrected for this funky new disturbance, with a sly pull back on the stick over his knees, then a sharp thrust forward. Her groan, sudden and sickly, indicated he'd dealt aright with the trouble. He would have preferred to read a needle on a dial at that point, but the sound of her twisting the cap hastily back onto the bottle had a certain number of rough clicks that could be counted, appraised.

"What'd we hit?" she yapped at him.

"A little low turbulence."

"Balls. I oughta throw up all over you."

He didn't flinch. He simply pulled once more on the black knit tie he wore with the short-sleeved shirt that was checkered off in thin blue lines, like graph paper. He'd heard that pilots wore ties like that way up in the executive jets, where even the sky seemed to be a product of Humble or Du Pont or Chrysler. He intended to rise that high himself someday, though the knit tie was as far along as he'd gotten to date, and it hadn't really held up too well. Tightly linked and spongy when he bought it—out of a warm glass case, like a specimen, on his one charter to New York City—his nervous habit of pulling on it had sprung all the stitches, strangled the knot down to a nubbin that barely covered his cracked collar button. The tie hung down now like a string of tar drooping apart in the sun. He had to stuff it into his belt to keep it together, out of the way. There it seemed to adhere, forming with his belt the axes of the graph across his chest, where shirt wrinkles sometimes worked up into disturbing curves.

"We'll let it go," she said, "but you're a lousy pilot."

He was a crackerjack pilot and knew it. "Ever been up in a plane before?" he asked her.

"Lots."

"Anything this small?"

"The smallest I been up in, they still let you have a drink."

He ignored that.

"It's not the big bumps," she kept after him. "It's the little bumps. That's how you tell a lousy pilot."

"Yes, ma'am."

"When you dove in for the banner. Back there. Did I mind?"

"You was expecting that."

"Like hell."

"It's your banner. You ordered it. What'd you expect?"

"Not that nose dive."

"How'd you think I was going to get it up here?"

"Thought you had it up here already. Then just fart it out the tail, or something."

"I don't know, ma'am," he decided to say. "I guess you ain't thinking too well right now."

"Laura. And say 'drunk' when you mean drunk."

Drucker sniffed.

"Say, 'Laura,' say right out, say, 'Laura, I'm right sorry, but big drunks don't fit in small planes.'" Her giggle was higher, blacker this time. "Specially my poor little old seaplane with a tail-twitching banner dragging off its ass." Only you don't talk like that, do you?"

"No, ma'am."

She knocked the bottle hard against the side of the plane, testing the metal, suddenly and resonantly. "What kind of a crate is this you got here, anyhow?"

"An Aeronca."

"That's a seaplane?"

"Not unless you want it to be."

"Not a seaplane?"

"Any plane can be a float plane, ma'am, if it's got the power to take the g load. I put the floats on her."

"Yourself?"

"I can do it myself when I have to."

"Brand-new?"

"Almost."

"You mean used? Like tires?"

"They cost me two thousand dollars."

"Sort of recaps?"

He was finally annoyed enough to begin abruptly boasting. "I can do about anything with her I want to, ma'am. I can put floats on her or put wheels on her. Either way. I can haul your banner, ride you around." He thought of more. "I can haul five hundred pounds of spray with her. Take out that bucket seat and the barrel goes right in back, where you are."

"Let's see your teeth."

His jaw tensed, like a stirrup.

"Come on, open up."

"What for?"

"I read somewhere you rot out all your teeth with that stuff."

"Well, hell, as you can readily see," he snarled, turning his rigid neck and giving her at last his full face, "I got all mine." His sudden teeth, fronted like locked shields, startled her. But she still managed, very smartly, to neigh at him.

That might have gotten to him, except that the neighing showed that her own teeth weren't as good as his. Almost, but a little fangy, and red-flecked from scraping clumsily against her lipstick. The rest of her, nice as it was, seemed that kind of careless, too. She had on two tiny, torrid bits of bathing suit and was barely bothering to stay in them. The bra had only a lackadaisical hold on her swaying bosom and the pants hugged way low down on her long belly. She wasn't near being fat, just full and easy and exposed. She'd been wearing high, teetery beach clogs that propped her into ample trim when he picked her up at the pier, but the clogs had gone into her beach bag, now that the bottle was out.

She whinnied at him again, and it struck him that she really did look a lot like good horseflesh.

He turned away from her, back toward flight. "Yes, ma'am, had 'em all, right

along," he bragged, "and crop-dusting is how I started out."

Right at the bottom. Right over the bottom land, 12 to 18 inches off the ground. Up to 50 or 100 feet for the tight, screaming turns, but right back down again to one foot for the next desperate run over the tobacco plants or cotton bolls or Christmas-tree seedlings that choked the soil beneath him for two breathless summers. It wasn't flying. It was more like drag racing, pushing a Piper J-3 down an endless dirt track, back country, that switched out from under him in quick, hot, weedy tumbles. But a track he could never feel, hardly see. Its gullies and ruts and washouts blurred into a dull, straw-brown, flickering drift beneath his wings, too near to be really there. He felt like a man forced to walk on air who could barely pick his feet up out of the dust.

And it seemed to stretch forever, that track, always open. Only his own mistake would ever close it. He roared down it, way back into the poorest farm country, after the odd, bad jobs that the squadrons of crop dusters didn't want. Too hazardous, the prices too low. Skinflint bargains with hard men whose fields were so patchy he could barely dip in and out before the broken barns and leaning silos were up against his wind-screen. In the dead summer heat, buckled to those killing, misty spews, he felt himself dragged to the ground by a terrible weariness. If he could only just pull over to the side of the track, now, now while he was down, if he could just rest for a moment from the steady drone of danger. He would be on the verge of turning off the cracked furrows into God knows what awful pile-up when he would suddenly catch himself, tear loose the gathers of poison from his wings and climb up out of their phantom on the tip of his shuddering tail. He had to gain altitude, get up out of there high enough to see where he'd been, what he'd done; and when he looked back, there were always long, lone strips of a greener light, where he'd missed the sorry crop entirely. Then it was neatness that sent him back down again. He dropped in from the other, riskier angle, siding with the rotten barns this time, leaning with the silos, but going up against a stand of tall, fingered poplars that he had to jump like a cat. He would stay down until the last possible sleek moment and then leap, leap out of reach. He cheated the danger over and over, hoping that the chances taken would somehow smooth out the folds in that billowy shroud that he laid over the vegetation, but there always were live, leafy rents left in it. He ended up checking what he'd striped. At dusk, after sometimes ten hours of flying, the only thought in his mind was to get up higher yet, high enough to lose sight of the tiny

(continued on page 90)

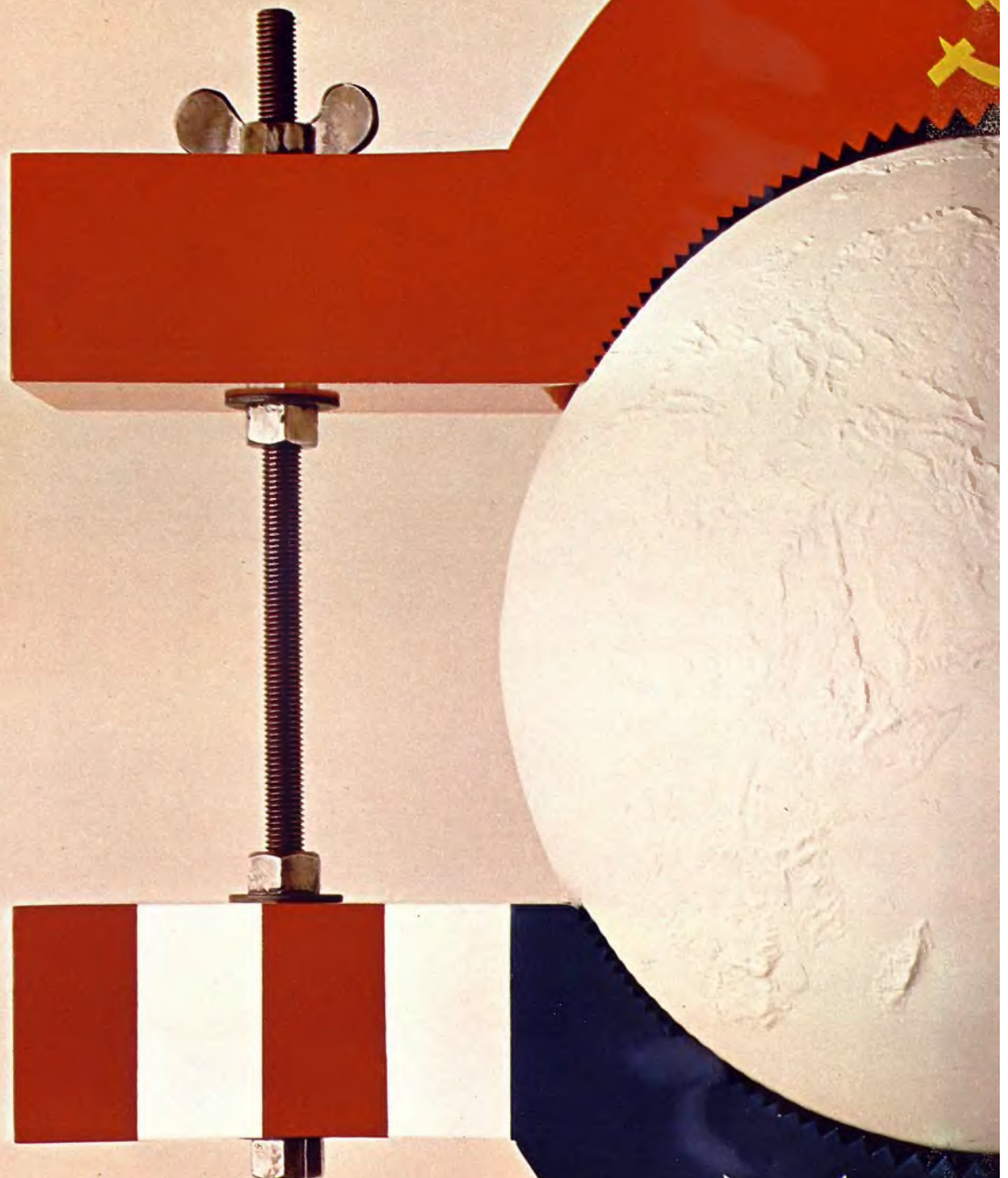


SOKOL

"I didn't want to wake you, my dear, but I can't seem to find my gun."

THE GLOBAL CRUNCH

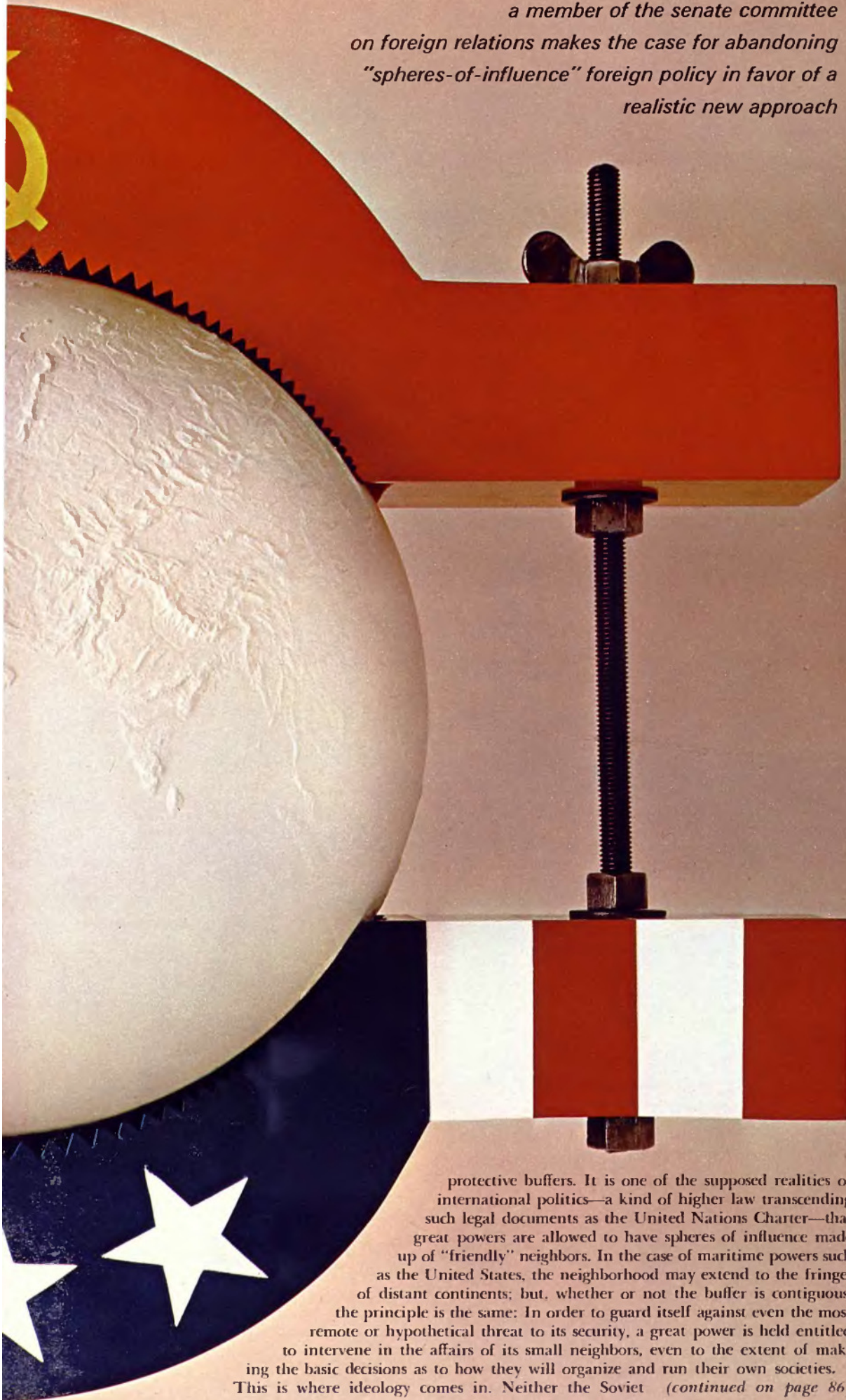
article By U. S. SENATOR FRANK CHURCH



FOR ALL THEIR IMMENSE PHYSICAL POWER, the two dominant nations in the world—the United States and the Soviet Union—suffer from a neurotic sense of insecurity, although neither regards itself as being in imminent danger of attack by the other. At tremendous cost, their nuclear armories keep them at bay and, even if each were foolishly to add a new inventory of ABM missiles to the awesome stockpile, the delicate equilibrium will hold, leaving the two rivals in a state of chronic but only low-grade anxiety over the danger of attack by the other. It is a costly and desperately dangerous way of keeping the peace, but it is all we have shown ourselves capable of thus far.

The immediate threat that each superpower perceives from the other is its ideological impact on third countries, most particularly those that it regards as its

*a member of the senate committee
on foreign relations makes the case for abandoning
"spheres-of-influence" foreign policy in favor of a
realistic new approach*



protective buffers. It is one of the supposed realities of international politics—a kind of higher law transcending such legal documents as the United Nations Charter—that great powers are allowed to have spheres of influence made up of “friendly” neighbors. In the case of maritime powers such as the United States, the neighborhood may extend to the fringes of distant continents; but, whether or not the buffer is contiguous, the principle is the same: In order to guard itself against even the most remote or hypothetical threat to its security, a great power is held entitled to intervene in the affairs of its small neighbors, even to the extent of making the basic decisions as to how they will organize and run their own societies. This is where ideology comes in. Neither the Soviet (continued on page 86)



*Sweet
Paula*

LITHE AND LOVELY
PAULA KELLY
ADDS HER VERY SPECIAL
BRAND OF EXCITEMENT
TO SWINGING
SWEET CHARITY

SENSUOUSLY STRUCTURED Paula Kelly promises to be among Hollywood's most memorable new faces and figures of 1969. Her first film role—as *Sweet Charity*'s tough-talking taxi dancer, Helene—gave optimum exposure to Paula's bumptious dancing and comedic talents. Though she's anxious to become a dramatic actress—especially after receiving gilt-edged notices in the ill-fated Broadway production *The Dozens* last March—Paula's sticking with song and dance for the moment. Currently, she's starring in the national road-show production of the hip musical *Your Own Thing*. As video viewers who watched her saucy dance interpretation of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* at April's Academy Awards presentations can testify, Paula does her own thing very well, indeed.



Paula (left) was chosen for her role in *Sweet Charity* when Bob Fosse, the film's director, saw her perform in the London production of the hit musical. "Before I signed to do the show in England, I had also played the role of Helene for six months in Las Vegas," says Paula.

"As badly as I wanted to be in the film," she remembers, "I admit to being scared to death when the call finally came for me."

Below: Chita Rivera, Shirley MacLaine and Paula whoop it up in a scene from the film.

Bottom: Shooting exclusively for *PLAYBOY*, photographer Larry Schiller employs a series of strobe exposures (continued overleaf) to capture Paula at her most captivating.





Says Paula, "The only time I feel that I'm really me is when I'm dancing. Then I have no problems, no hang-ups. It's as if I could do anything in the world."



GLOBAL CRUNCH (continued from page 81)

Union nor the United States seems to regard itself as being in danger of *direct* ideological subversion by the other, although there have been times—the period of Stalinism in the Soviet Union and of McCarthyism in the United States—when they did. In more recent years, the focus of great-power apprehension has been on their small-power buffers. Over these, each great power displays frenzied determination to exert ideological control. Within its sphere, the Soviet Union insists on the maintenance of Communist governments, inaccurately described, for the most part, as socialist; the United States, on the other hand, insists on the maintenance of non-Communist governments that we, for the most part, incorrectly call free.

Starting with the assumption that ideology is an instrument of foreign policy through which the rival great power will establish its political domination over others, whenever and wherever the opportunity arises, each great power seems to look upon its own buffer states as peculiarly susceptible to ideological subversion by the other great power. It is further assumed that the ultimate aim of this subversion is to isolate and undermine the great power itself; that ideology, being contagious, is singularly suited to this purpose; and that, like a disease, it must therefore be isolated and destroyed before it can spread. These assumptions lead to the conclusion that it is no more than an act of self-defense for a great power to take such measures as it judges necessary to preserve the ideological purity of its sphere of influence.

Seen in this way, the various interventions of the United States and the Soviet Union are explained not only as legitimate defensive measures but as positive services. Thus, in the case of the intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965, American policy makers were untroubled by the fact that the U.S. actions violated both the Rio Treaty and the Charter of the Organization of American States and that the revolution the U.S. suppressed was on behalf of a freely elected government that had been expelled by a coup. These were judged only superficial considerations when weighed against the need to defend America from the specter of a "second Cuba" while rescuing the Dominicans from their foolhardy flirtation with communism. Similarly, in the case of Vietnam, far from wishing to impose anything on anybody, the United States, in former Secretary of State Dean Rusk's view during a 1967 press conference, seeks only to save the world from being "cut in two by Asian communism."

It remained for the Russians to devise a doctrine of ideological justification for

the policy of interventionism. In a document that has come to be known as the Brezhnev doctrine, published in *Pravda*, the Soviet government pointed out that, in invading Czechoslovakia, the Soviet Union and its protégés were doing no more than "discharging their internationalist duty toward the fraternal peoples of Czechoslovakia" and defending their own "socialist gains" against "anti-socialist forces" supported by "world imperialism" seeking to "export counter-revolution." Turn this phraseology around, substitute "anti-democratic" for "anti-socialist," "world communism" for "world imperialism," "revolution" for "counterrevolution," and the resultant rationale differs little from the official explanation of our own interventions in recent years.

Whether or not the Russians actually believed their excuse I would not venture to guess. At any rate, I don't believe it; I believe that the Russians—even if they persuaded themselves otherwise—suppressed the liberal government of Czechoslovakia because they feared the contagion of freedom for the rest of their empire and ultimately for the Soviet Union itself. Nor do I believe that, in suppressing revolutions in Latin America and in trying to suppress revolution in Vietnam, the United States is acting legitimately in its own self-defense. There are, God knows, profound differences between the internal orders of the United States and the Soviet Union—ours is a free society and theirs is a totalitarian society whose leaders have shown themselves to be terrified of freedom—but, in their foreign policies, the two superpowers have taken on a remarkable resemblance. Concerned primarily with the preservation of their own vast hegemonies, they have become, in their respective spheres, defenders of the *status quo* against the pressures of revolutionary upheaval in which each perceives little but the secret hand of the other.

. . .

The Impotence of Power: Suppressing revolution in its own immediate vicinity is an easy if embarrassing task for a superpower. Suppressing it on a distant continent is more difficult; and, as we have learned in Vietnam, beating down a strongly motivated, capably led and well-organized indigenous force is a virtual impossibility. Confronted with rising nationalistic movements, the superpowers, to their own astonishment, sometimes find themselves muscle-bound. Their nuclear power, though colossal, is so colossal as to be unusable except for keeping *each other* terrified. But in dealing with the unruly third world, as Presidential advisor

Henry Kissinger pointed out in a Brookings Institution symposium called *Agenda for the Nation*, "Power no longer translates automatically into influence."

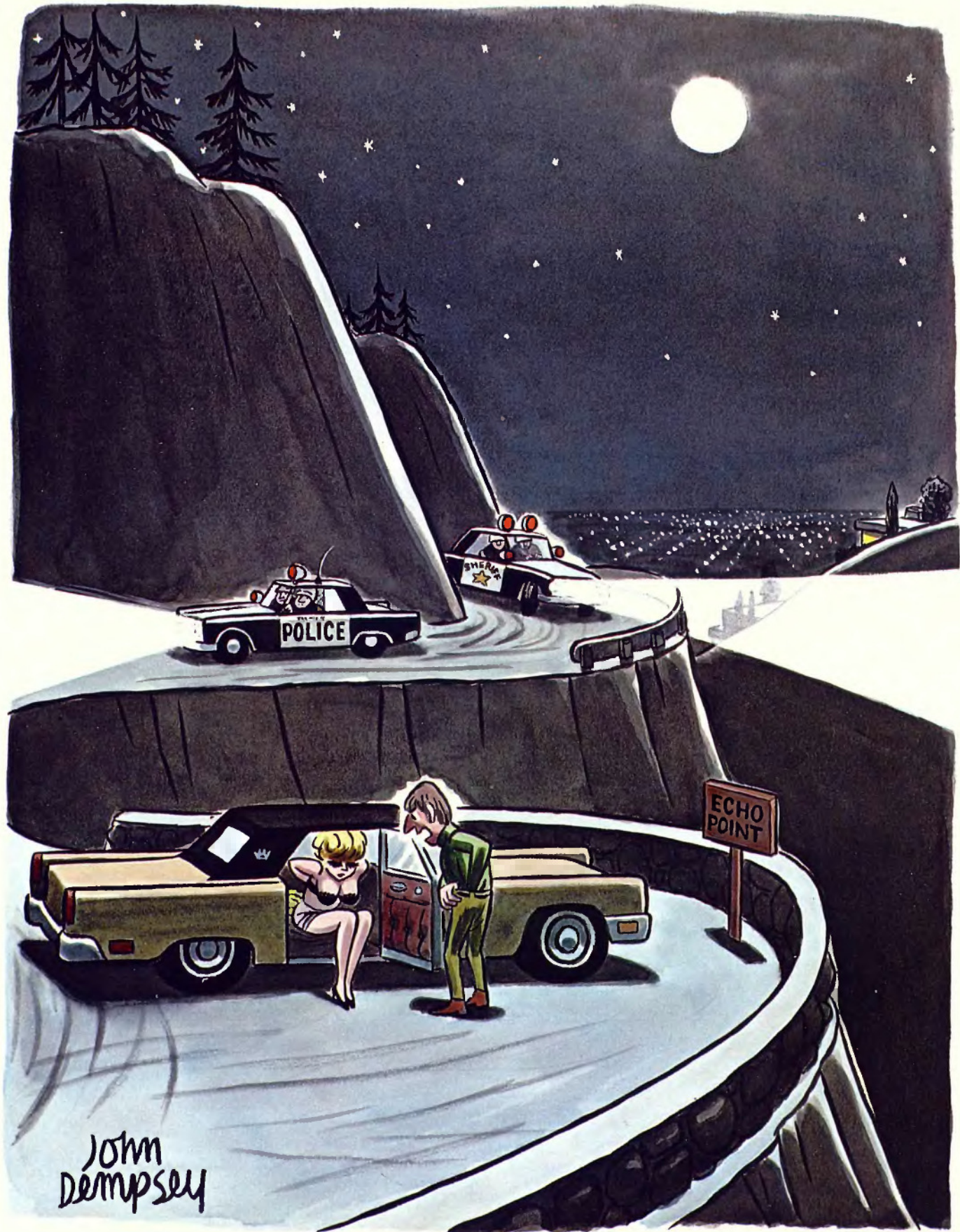
Nor, one might add, does influence translate readily into desirable or usable power. In Europe before World War One, there was a significant relationship between influence and power and between territory and power—though perhaps even then, the correlation was less than it seemed. Yet, by conquering territory or forming alliances, a nation could hope to gain material resources and political predominance. Accordingly, the balance of power was maintained—more or less—by isolating and denying opportunities for territorial expansion to the most powerful or ambitious nation. In our own time, the balance of power is determined far more by economic and technological developments *within* countries than by alliances and territorial acquisition. China, for example, has gained far greater power through the acquisition of nuclear weapons than if it had conquered all of Southeast Asia.

Nonetheless, the great powers struggle to establish their influence in neutral countries. Guided by a ritualized, anachronistic, 19th Century concept of the balance of power, they seek influence for its own sake, as if it were a concrete, negotiable asset. I am thinking not only of Vietnam but of India, where we worry about Soviet economic aid, and to whom the President once even cut off food supplies because the Indian prime minister had sent birthday greetings to Ho Chi Minh. I am thinking of Laos, where we are not only fighting a proxy war against the Communist Pathet Lao but are engaged in an agitated rivalry with the French for the control of secondary education. And I am thinking of the global propaganda effort of the United States Information Agency, with its festivals and exhibits and libraries carefully pruned of books that seriously criticize America, all aimed at manufacturing a favorable image of the United States.

All this, we are told, is influence, and influence is power. But is it really power? Does it secure something valuable for either the other country or ourselves? If so, I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of what it is; and that, I strongly suspect, is because there is none. The real stake, I apprehend, is not power at all, but a shadow that calls itself power, nourishing an egotism that calls itself self-interest.

Vietnam, in this context, is a showcase of bankruptcy, a hopeless war fought for insubstantial stakes. As a war for high principle, Vietnam simply does not measure up: The Saigon government is neither a democracy warranting our support on ideological grounds nor a victim of

(continued on page 200)



"My God, why didn't you tell me you liked to yell and scream and shout?"

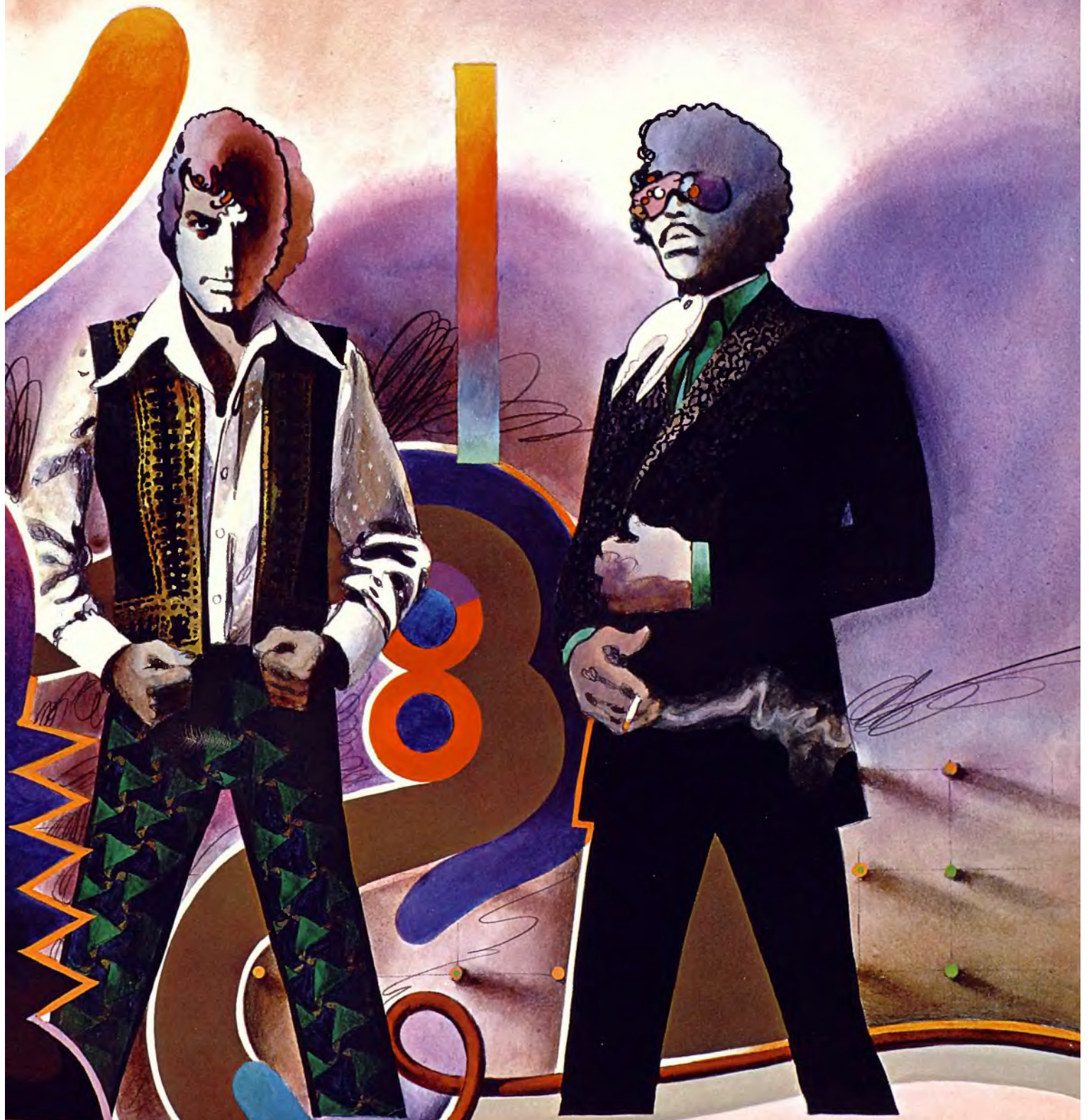


AVANT-GARB

*four forward-looking designers do their thing
exclusively for with-it men's boutiques*

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN



From left to right: Multicolor vertical-striped cotton terry belted jump suit with zipper front and sleeve closures, by Dr. Joseph Santo for Europhilio, \$40; belted herringbone-weave lightweight-wool shirt suit that features a three-button pocket front, by Valentino for the Valentino shop in Alexander's, \$89; cotton velveteen gold-braided vest, \$50, worn with cotton voile embroidered shirt with long-pointed collar and full sleeves, \$25, and printed cotton velveteen flared-leg slacks with drawstring waist, \$40, all by Luis Palacio for Polacio; and silk brocade double-breasted evening suit with peak lapels and deep side vents, \$275, with silk satin fly-front shirt, \$35, both by Rupert Lycett Green for Blodes.

QUICK HOP (continued from page 78)

botches in his world below. He would have slept the night through up there if he could have, under dustless stars, and only circled back down again for the cool rise of the new day, utterly fresh this brief time at dawn before he had to leech it with his smoky venoms.

"What's Aeronca mean?"

"Don't know."

"Sounds like an Indian name."

"It's the company name. Maybe somebody in the family."

"That the only name?"

"I guess. I'm H. J. Drucker in the Yellow Pages. Henry Jerome, but they call me Highjack. She's just. . . ." He stroked the stick without changing course. "I guess she's just all I got."

She was the profits of two summers' dusting and spraying, plus the \$400 trade-in on the J-3, along with a healthy share of a new enterprise he'd found to take him up a little higher, mostly on weekends. Down the coast along these summer beaches, maggots with sun bathers, and during the fall, over the big, broiling stadium at the university, he pulled banners. He felt much better about pulling than spraying. Pulling left the air clean behind him, and he had to drop close to the ground only once, to hook the banner from between the two ground poles, the way the old mail planes used to swoop low for the mailbags without landing. The message was all laid straight for him along the runway, spelled out on the tapes in five-foot, cloth-of-gold letters, ready to be yanked up and plated on the hot blue sky. But he still couldn't fly much above 500 feet if he was going to get the maggots to roll over off their sandy white bellies and squint up at him, toward the light, or the football crowds to shade their eyes with their programs and read what he had to say.

Not really what he had to say. He owned the gold letters and went around himself to all the stores and restaurants and party headquarters, and wrote down the words in his own joggled hand—a straying line of block letters that wavered on the notebook page the same way the banner itself fluttered and snapped when the breezes were bad—but it was what they wanted to say. Not him. He didn't care what was said. His best moment was still when he came back down over the field to drop the banner in a plummeting tangle of flashing gold meaninglessness and then, freed of its drag, climbed up into the unlettered sky again. All he had to know was the count, how many letters would be tied to his tail when he hauled hard and away from his pass between the two ground poles. He could pull 50 with the J-3, then up to 100 when he got the Aeronca, without too much risk of stalling out or twisting

the banner so that the message scrambled in mid-air, but it was always safer when the messages were shorter. He struggled to be brief, tightening the phrases, making fewer letters say more for the G.O.P. or the DEMS, about the \$ALE OF THE FREE SNAX SAT. NITE, curtly, to U, but he felt the alphabet itself was weighted against him. The 26 letters struck him as extravagant and wasteful, even a vague source of trouble. It worried him that he had to use some letters all the time and others hardly ever. He often approached unlikely prospects simply because they had names that would help him take up that dangerous slack in the alphabet.

For the longest time, he was stuck with the Zs. He thought of using them for a sleepy sound in a motel ad, but he had only two in the set and it would take at least three to look anything like a convincing snore. Then, speculatively, he clipped them onto a section of tapes in the word ZIGZAG and hung it up in the shed, hoping somebody would see it and want it. But nobody seemed to, even when he hinted it was sort of a bargain. Finally, on a slow afternoon after the Labor Day weekend, just so he didn't really lose on it, he decided to pull it on his own, make some personal appeal for the word. He didn't quite know what to say, so he laid out the word ME, the opposite of U, highly personal, to see if it gave him any ideas. It only made him feel uncomfortable, and he almost took it apart again, but then thought of CALL ME, which sounded more general, helpful, even. Charitably inspired, he strung everything together as CALL ME FOR FREE ZIGZAG, adding the number of the pay phone at the airport. He pulled the banner up and down the beaches twice, a little lower than usual, and so that much louder. When he dropped it like an outworn phrase and landed again on the stubbly grass strip, the flight dispatcher was already hanging out of the phone booth, waving at him. He started running for the phone, but it turned out the dispatcher was trying to wave him away. "Never mind the calls," the dispatcher yelled. "Just take care of who's already drove out here on their own." He found them, maybe 30 or so, outside the gate, still in their bathing suits, sandy-legged, fingers clamped onto the wire fencing to hold their places in the pushy line.

"How much for a zigzag? Usually?" asked the lady at the head. She was badly wrapped in a rubbery red suit, still damp with sea smack in its lippy folds.

"Ever had one before?" he asked her, thinking that was a safe enough way to feel out the situation.

"No, honey," she said. "Never gone on one before."

That gave him a quick clue, that idea of going on one, and right then he

began to see what a bonanza was opening up for him. El Dorado. He swung the gate back for her politely and announced, "The first zigzagger of the day always goes free, and after that, it's only five dollars, since we're post-season." A few dropped out, swearing at him, but enough stayed.

Up above the beach, then out over the surf, she screamed with happy terror every time he banked into a zesty turn and roared her down another white furrow, blooming with foam. It was like dusting cotton, only easy, lazy, safe, his only real worry how to keep this quivering female flesh on the tight edge between delight and delirium. But he managed to hold her there, revving the very flutters of her heart. When he got her back down on the ground again, she was so proud of herself that she decided to wait at the end of the line and pay for another zigzag after the others had all enjoyed theirs. A few more people left when they understood what it was, but he still made \$65 before it was too dark to fly. He put together a longer, better banner that night and pulled it down the beaches as soon as they opened the next morning. It worked again, the whole day; and when the dispatcher wanted a share for handling the phone calls and the crowds, he was already thinking about a pair of floats. He could pick up people right off the beach, at one of the piers—who needed a phone or an airport?—and charge them ten dollars for the extra thrill of taking their first zigzag in a real live seaplane.

That marked the start of a general upturn for Drucker. He still did some spraying when the beaches were slow, but only jobs with some real fat in them. His own banner that September afternoon, with its big draw, put him high with the gypsy overlords of the boardwalks. They considered it a first-rate service now to have Highjack Drucker tout for them over the jetties, with a word or two of his own devising out of the unused portions of the alphabet, a service they naturally paid top dollar for. He bought a paperback dictionary and circled words and wrote down asking prices for them in the margins. And sometimes his reputation even got him a charter, the kind of distance and altitude he needed if he was ever going to break out of this bush level of the business into the thin, chill air of the highest finance.

But he felt her hand on his shoulder, delivering a friendly, low-down push. "All you got," she giggled. "You oughta be getting more."

"I do OK," he bristled.

"Sure you do."

"I got people waiting on me."

"Bet I got more. But don't let that keep you from coming around. Someday when you're grounded." Everything seemed to strike her as funny. "OK. Let's

(continued on page 176)

article By FRANZ PICK

GOLD

A LEADING AUTHORITY REVEALS HOW THE FAST-MOVING MONEY MANIPULATORS MAKE FORTUNES BY WHEELING AND DEALING IN THAT MOST ANCIENT OF PRECIOUS METALS

A RUSSIAN CARGO of manufactured products destined for Singapore leaves Vladivostok. Unbeknown even to the highest officials, about one ton of gold granules is hidden somewhere aboard ship. Despite strict supervision at loading and unloading, the Russian gold will wind up in a Malaysian or Indonesian bank that will pay for it in hard currency (perhaps Deutsche marks or Swiss francs) at higher than the U.S. official price—probably as much as \$50 an ounce.

In a major airport in Pakistan, a syndicate maintained about 20 of the existing 60 or 80 toilets. In those 20 toilets, there was no trap under the bowl. Whenever water was flushed, it flowed through a two-inch pipe directly to a wire-mesh receptacle located about 30 feet underground and serviced by turbaned attendants. In these 20 toilets, known to airline pilots and stewardesses, small gold bars—usually weighing one kilogram or less—were flushed into the mesh basket. Gold, as an attendant told this writer, cannot be damaged by human refuse. The metal fetched about \$45 an ounce in Hong

Kong, Bangkok or Beirut, but sold for \$58 an ounce in India or Pakistan.

A Red Chinese sampan, carrying fruit and meat to Hong Kong, very often returns with products of the crown colony's industries or Western machinery urgently needed in Mao's empire. Gold coins, especially American double eagles (\$20 pieces) bearing the symbolic head of liberty, which resembles an old Chinese goddess, are in considerable demand in southeast Chinese provinces. In Hong Kong, they sell for about \$72 U.S.; and in Peking, they command even higher prices. Despite Mao's cultural revolution, double eagles are still placed in the coffins of departed Chinese males.

In France, governed since November 1968 by foreign-exchange controls that prohibit the import or export of gold, experienced French and Swiss *passseurs* smuggle gold coins and bars into the country. This lucrative business first flourished as far back as 1936, when Paris decreed a gold embargo and devalued the franc.

And from a rural landing strip outside

Toronto, a small two-motored airplane takes off at sundown. It flies low, only a few hundred feet off the ground, just skimming the treetops, to avoid radar detection. Within half an hour, it will reach the suburbs of a Midwestern city in the United States. On the grounds of a sprawling, landscaped estate, a bluish light blinks on and off. The plane slows down and three heavy bags are dropped toward the blue blinker. In a matter of minutes, the bags are carried into the mansion and the plane disappears. Another shipment of 3000 U.S. double-eagle gold coins, worth about \$68 each, has thus reached its American distributor, who, in turn, will retail it through his network of clients at a markup of about \$24,000, getting a minimum of \$76 a coin. The ravages of the airplane drop will not scratch the coins, as each is enclosed in a small cellophane envelope. As much as \$80 to \$85 per coin will be paid by their final buyers, those Americans who hoard gold. (At this point, we must distinguish between hoarders of gold coins and bonafide collectors. The

latter collect coins not for their gold content but for the quality condition of the coin's surfaces and the year in which the coin was minted—the lower the mintage, the higher its value. A double eagle can fetch as much as \$20,000 in proof condition.)

The illegal gold business in far-eastern Russia, Pakistan, southeast China, France and the American Midwest is only a fraction of the world-wide dealings in gold. These activities reflect a growing distrust of paper money that has led to international hoarding of the yellow metal. Private hoards totaled about ten billion dollars in 1950 but had grown to more than 23 billion dollars at the beginning of 1969. Individuals or corporations who feared losing what they had in paper money thus deprived governments of billions of dollars' worth of gold. The more than 350 currency devaluations that have taken place since the end of World War Two, in addition to continuing inflation—which has acted to reduce the purchasing power of already devalued currencies—have fanned the *auri sancta fames*, or holy hunger for gold, to wild proportions.

Regardless of all official statements, those who want to own gold are not to blame. The responsible parties are governments, which by bad monetary administration have created a climate in which gold hoarding is seen as the only alternative to disaster. People do not want to lose what they have. They naturally seek to conserve their assets or savings. As long as currencies are reduced in buying value—call it inflation—people will look for protection in something more solid than paper. When continuing losses of currency purchasing power finally force a government to acknowledge its own monetary failure and realign the value of its currency to the black-market level, the result is usually called devaluation. Some people, myself included, prefer to call it fraudulent state bankruptcy. Whatever the name, it can be accomplished only by reducing the gold content of the national currency, thereby making it more expensive to buy gold with local money. To devalue a currency in terms of peanuts, onions or paper is simply not possible. And yet, despite all monetary miscarriages or panics, this is what governments still try unsuccessfully to do—because they do not want to admit their own mistakes.

In the United States, the world's most powerful economy and the globe's leading financial organization, people did not pay much attention to gold during the years between the two World Wars. As a result of the financial and economic Depression of 1929 to 1933, the general interest was centered on jobs and on economic survival. President Roosevelt closed the banks in March 1933, declared a gold embargo and, two months later, was authorized by Congress to devalue the

dollar by 50 percent, thereby doubling the price of gold. A devaluation of 40.94 percent finally took place on January 31, 1934, and the official price of gold was increased from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce. Gold ownership thus became a Government monopoly and Americans had to surrender gold bars (as well as gold coins held within the U.S.) at the old gold price of \$20.67—not at \$35. This highly dubious measure of punishing the gold holder was the start of "free" or black-market gold transactions in America. Such dealings were modest at the beginning. Wealthy people could still hold as many gold bars as they wished, as long as they kept them outside the U.S. The majority of such holdings were in Britain, Canada and Mexico. With economic improvement and with the rising menace of the Hitler regime in Germany, some small increase in gold-coin dealing, but nothing of real importance, was noted in large U.S. cities. During World War Two, as an Allied victory became increasingly evident, there was no great demand for gold in America. After the War, the sale of gold coins to collectors became hardly more than a department-store activity.

The good old dollar, in the meantime, had shrunk in value. It had lost about 18 percent of its purchasing power during the War, and by 1951 it was worth not more than 54 cents, in terms of its pre-War value. By 1960, it had dwindled to about 47 cents. It was at this stage of currency expropriation that the first mild wave of gold hoarding became noticeable in America. Domestic purchases of double eagles, as well as of Mexican 50-peso pieces, increased, but they did not reach sensational proportions. Only a few hundred coins per working day were sold throughout the country. The price of the \$20 coin fluctuated around \$42 during this period. But in October 1960, the first sharp gold panic swept the world's monetary trading centers. Under pressure from a sudden and widespread demand for gold, the free-market price jumped in London from \$35 to \$42 an ounce. The crisis was finally mastered with the transfer to London of about 120 tons of U.S. Treasury gold worth \$135,000,000 and the establishment of a defense organization called the Gold Pool to protect not the London gold market as much as the dollar itself. Eight countries participated in the Pool, with Washington contributing 50 percent of the assets, Germany 11.19 percent, France, Italy and the United Kingdom 9.26 percent each, and Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland 3.7 percent each. After the 1960 crisis, which revealed the vulnerability of virtually all global paper-money systems, private hoarding increased, and it has not diminished since. Formal assurances from Government officials were simply no longer believed by the devotees of gold ownership. The race for a big

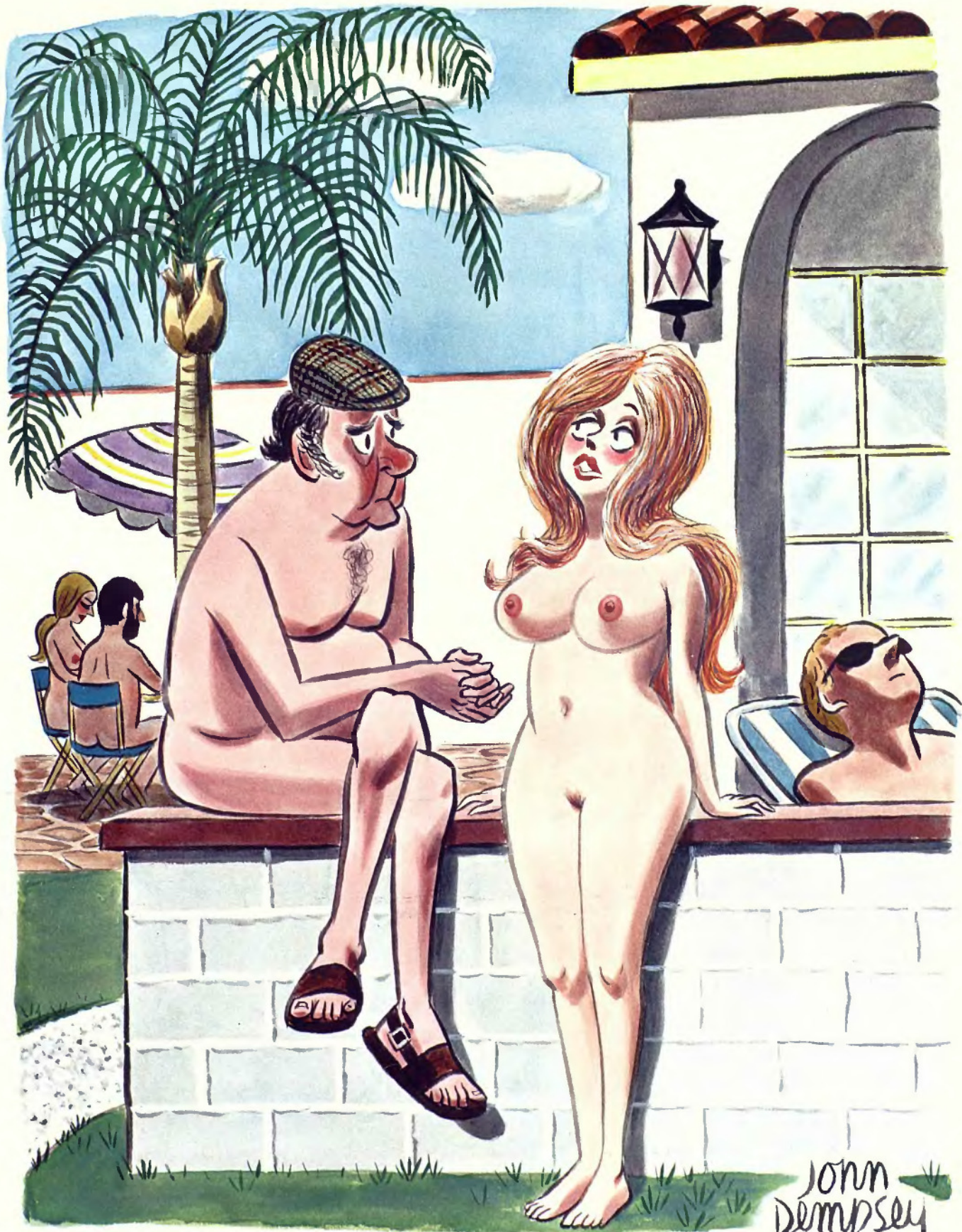
increase in the gold price had begun.

Some Americans, ignoring pleas for monetary patriotism, were now investigating foreign gold markets. They did not trust Washington or the Gold Pool. At this time, holding gold abroad was still legal for Americans. Purchases of bars in London and in Zurich could be made openly. But as transactions grew in volume and as the U.S. Treasury continued to lose gold—1.69 billion dollars in 1960—President Eisenhower, on January 14, 1961, by simple decree, outlawed the ownership of gold in any form outside the continental United States. Within the U.S., it was already illegal to own gold except in coin collections. American residents and/or citizens living abroad had to liquidate their gold holdings by June 1, 1961. Needless to say, the decision did not help. By midyear, gold hoarding by Americans had increased, and it has yet to abate. The bitter irony of the Eisenhower decree (which was tacitly endorsed by President Kennedy) was that American hoarders buying gold illegally in European trading centers actually received half of their purchases from the U.S. gold stock, since the United States contributed 50 percent of all the metal sold through the gold pool. Little mention of this detail was made in the American press.

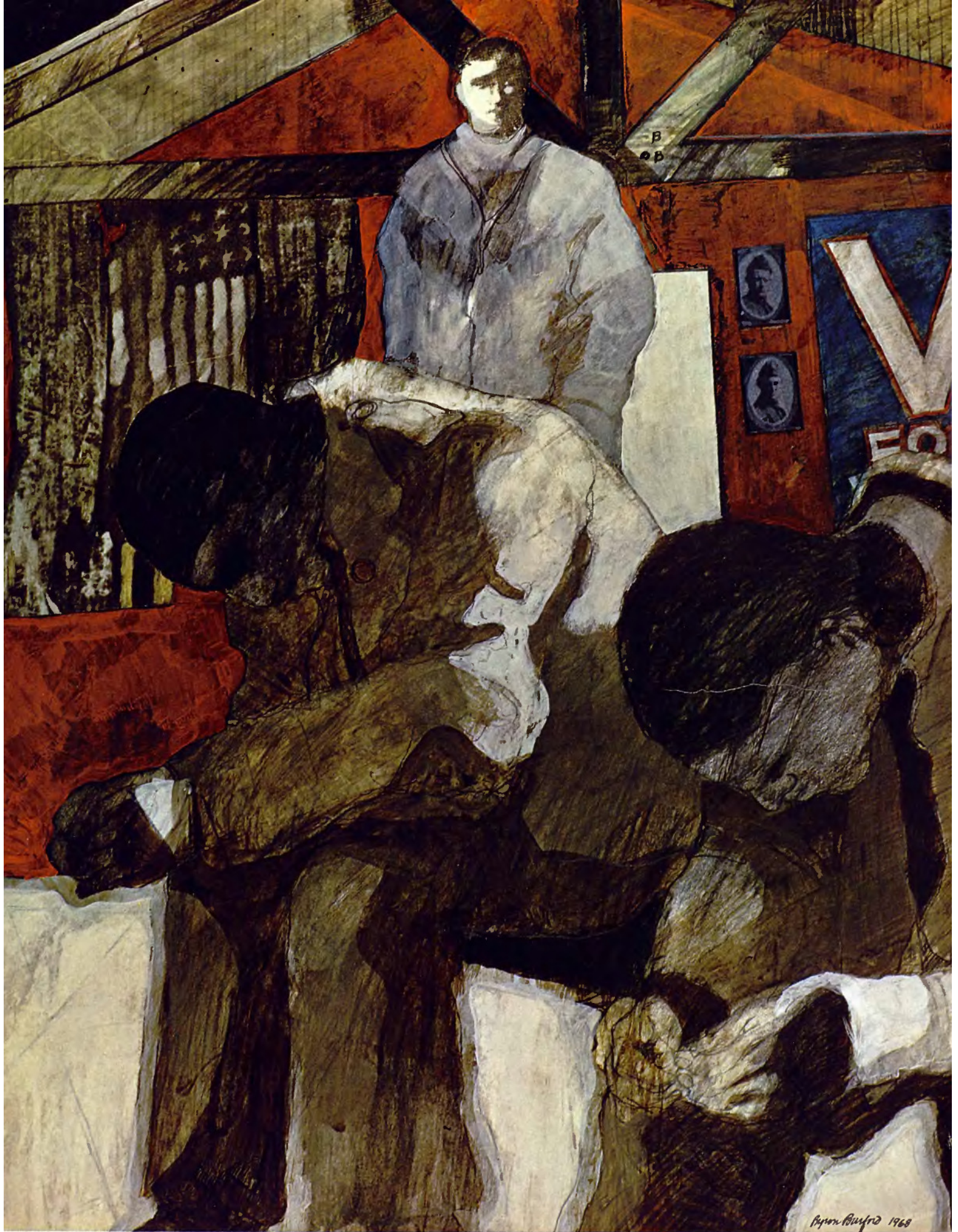
From 1961 to 1965, the Treasury's gold stock dwindled from 16.9 billion dollars to 13.7 billion. A substantial portion of the 3.2-billion-dollar loss went into hoarders' hands abroad. American residents had a small but growing participation in these dealings. However, the losses suffered by the average American through a cost-of-living rise of about three and a half percent every year and through colossal waste, graft and corruption in Vietnam further increased Americans' demand for gold. Domestic budgetary deficits, negative balances of payments and wholesale printing of bank notes further aggravated many Americans—and further reduced their willingness to obey monetary restrictions.

These complications multiplied in 1967, when, largely as a result of improper planning, U.S. silver policy capsized and Washington had to free the white metal's price, which until then had been stabilized at about \$1.29 an ounce. More than any other negative event, the sudden jump in the price of silver brought the currency problem to the little people—to the housewives, the children and all the others who started hoarding silver coins. Silver finally rose to over two dollars an ounce, despite Washington's prior assurances to the contrary. Silver ownership was still legal, and the middle classes were suddenly gambling in silver on the New York and London markets. No doubt this whetted their appetite for gold speculation. The U.S. Treasury, managed largely by political appointees,

(continued on page 146)



"It turned out I was allergic to cotton, wool, Dacron, Orlon, nylon, Koratron, rayon. . . ."



Byron Browne 1969



WHEN THIS OPENS, I am M. O. D. (medical officer of the day) and this phone call comes through: An Eighth Cav. fire truck has just lost an argument with the Osaka Express. It's about ten o'clock on what has been a quiet Saturday evening. The voice is confused, but I pull through the static something about two bodies—condition unspecified—headed our way. Thanks for letting us know, Mac.

My office was hot and sticky, and the fan didn't help much. Polly Baker's heels clicked in the corridor as she approached the closed door. I threw down the last chart with relief, leaned back in the chair and put my feet on the desk. "Come in," I said to the familiar tap. "Hi, Polly. Damn time we had coffee. What's new?"

Lieutenant Baker sat in the chair by the side of my desk, where patients usually sat. "And what, Captain Adams, have you been up to?"

"I've been up to making rounds, going over these inadequate charts and fighting God's own hang-over. And me with the duty tonight. Where's the coffee?"

Polly crossed one leg over the other. She had red hair and dimples—dimples all over, I'd heard—and her grass-green eyes held a pleasurable estimation of men that I found exciting. I kept my gaze as impersonal as I could. She belonged to the chief of another service, but she ran my ward, and I wasn't about to give up *all* my proprietary interest.

"Major Carter wants you in his office. That's why I asked what you've been up to."

Now what. My lucky day. "What did he say?"

"He said to tell you he wanted to see you in his office. He called just now."

"Why didn't he call me?"

"He goes through channels. Besides, I'm prettier than you."

"The unspeakable bastard."

I spoke without animus, but I didn't like the relay. If there was good news, the colonel was happy enough to pass it on; but when it was bad, it was up to the exec. And he was an ignorant Regular Army type who hated medical officers.

I sighed and rose. "Have coffee ready when I come back, will you? Please? Please, ma'am?"

"All right, condemned one. Hurry back. Take it like a soldier."

I have said that Polly was a redhead. She was also efficient, and she was nice. And she belonged to a no-neck dogcatcher.

Off I went, down the long corridor I hadn't set foot in until six weeks ago but had walked a million times since; now that stretch of bare plywood was as familiar as the strawberry mark at five o'clock from my lovely girl's umbilicus.

Yokohama that August was hotter than those hinges. No air conditioning. Walking down that

fiction By ERNEST TAVES

there was love and there was hate—love for the girl, hatred of each other—and there was fate in the form of the osaka express

THE FIRE FIGHTERS

long corridor, shirt sticking to my back, I remembered the trip over.

(. . . the fiasco aboard the Stetson Victory. Holds awash with vomit, 20 men in a row sitting on 20 johns all at once—something new in my experience. No end to the days. Fujiyama there, all right, when we finally approached Tokyo Bay. And, believe it or not, a band playing on the pier. Arrival at repple depple, assignment to the 143rd Station Hospital—once the largest department store in Yokohama. There I go as chief of the neuropsychiatric service. Somewhere back in the States, in the course of my involuntary military odyssey, I had expressed an interest in psychiatry; that, plus the departure of my immediate predecessor, had conveyed upon me the title of neuropsychiatrist. Would you believe an authentic spec. rating?)

I reached the end of the corridor, entered the main building and walked up one flight to the exec's office—to confront a fat red-faced nonentity behind the desk, and on his shoulders the insignia of a rank superior to mine. Protocol required that I salute, but that face hung me up. I dispensed an ambiguous gesture.

It spoke: "You're going to Kamakura on T. D. Y. a couple weeks. Their M. O.'s gone Stateside on emergency leave. B Company, Eighth Cav."

Oh, no. And his pleasure in telling me this. "But I'm a psychiatrist." Hadn't the Army just made me one? Didn't I have a spec. number to prove it? "They don't—"

"Until they get a replacement, you'll take sick call out there every morning, Adams. At eight o'clock. And you'll come back here each day when you're finished out there."

His beady eyes, his ignorance. I see him suddenly as a dog who can't learn—every time he takes a bite at life, he gets porcupine quills in his nose.

"The ward is pretty busy now, sir—"

I tried.

"We can't spare anyone else. Eisenberg can handle ward ten for you in the mornings."

Yes, and he'll love that.

I didn't have to put Carter on the couch for 50 minutes to know he had it in for me. He had it in for all of us—for many reasons, one of which was that the nurses (by and large) liked us; but they had his number and lavished upon him an unveiled contempt—for which I blessed them, perceptive girls that they were. My own time at the 143rd had been short, but a deep antagonism had developed between Carter and me, and I think he hated me most of all. Perhaps I should have been flattered. And, man, did he enjoy pulling rank on me. Nothing I could do.

"I'll need transportation," I said.

"You got an Army driver's license?"

"No, sir." The irony of my intonation wasted—a bottled message cast into the sea, never to be recovered.

"Stateside?"

"Of course."

You think, maybe, I drive my blue Ferrari without a license? My lovely car came now to my mind, and my lovely girl at my side. Lovely girls are so—lovely. Mine I wouldn't see for a long time; for a long time I wouldn't hurl the wind through her long blonde hair as I and my blue Ferrari carried the three of us imprudently to places of soft lights and hard drinking. Carter was quite right, of course, to hate me. My Ferrari and my girl, and other Ferraris and Jags and other girls, were a world he grazed only in movies and paperbacks.

"Well," the major said, "how about that." But I had his number also, and I knew he saw before him a Ferrari, an Alfa Romeo, a Rover, maybe a Silver Cloud—if he knew what they were—and in their seats, snuggling next to men not even cospecific to his red-faced self, girls of grace beyond his knowing, poor bastard; but he knew enough to know they were out there somewhere, and without being told, he knew I had one of those girls and he hated me more than ever. Our terra, his incognita.

"Call Sergeant Cooper and tell him I said to give you an Army license. You can have a jeep from the pool. Mornings only, until you get back here."

Thank you so much. "All right, yes, sir." My intonation again. Lost, lost.

The major's provision of the jeep was neither brotherly love nor largess. He was graveled enough at having to let me have it, but I had to get out there—after all, he was sending me, and it would take six hours to walk there—and he would have flipped totally at providing me with a driver as well.

Its last statement: "That's all, Adams." I felt his little hates—a pack of hungry dachshunds, yapping round my ankles.

You can put a lot into a salute, if you put your mind to it. Enlisted men are better at this than officers, but I did a pretty good job with mine as I made the gesture and got out of there.

The long corridor was an escape hatch, a clean breathing space, my heels thumping off the yards.

Polly—dear Polly—had coffee waiting when I got back with the bad news. The hangover still had it in for me, and the touch of her hand on my shoulder, and the coffee, helped.

. . .

I drive the jeep on the left side of the road to Kamakura, wondering where and when it was I pushed the malfunctioning button that has brought me here. It is too early in the morning and I am in progress in an unfamiliar vehicle to a rendezvous not of my choice. Japanese on foot all over the road, owning it,

conducting their business there. Black-banged little girls of great charm, hobbling grandmothers of immense age, and now and again a lady of quality, obi and all. Men, too, and boys, but it was the girls I noticed. All over the road, all of them. Try to get where you're going without killing or maiming. Not easy. And feeling guilty about using their meeting place for traffic, anyway.

Arrival at Eighth Cav. commanding officer's command post. A depressing locus, which I shall not attempt to describe. Captain Adams reporting for duty and instructions from the C. O. Another RA type, of course, but on the obnoxious scale, he can't even approach Carter.

"Have 'em stand to attention when you walk in that door, Captain, and let 'em know you expect it." He leaned to his left and spat into a container hidden from my view. "They're a lax crew. Some of you medical officers don't care much for discipline. I expect you to have those boys play it by the book. Understood, Captain?"

"Yes, sir."

Could he really think I meant it? Probably.

"Corporal Naughton will take you to the dispensary."

I am dismissed.

Corporal Naughton leading, we enter the low, depressing excuse for a building that houses the dispensary. In the Army, you get used to these structures, they become a way of life. Sick call is assembled and waiting, comes reluctantly to attention as I, Captain Adams, enter.

"As you were," I had, after a pause of no more than two or three seconds, the wit to say. On into the office, the door closing.

The staff is Corporal Naughton and Private First Class Stokely. Both are white. Lots of spades sitting outside. I had noticed on the way in.

I look over the equipment. Not too much surgical facility here, not enough to be a disastrous problem—but enough. I see rubber gloves, needles, sutures, syringes. These I see and these I don't like. I'm a psychiatrist—the Army says so—and surgery makes my hands shake sometimes.

The sick-call list is on the desk.

"What's the policy on confining to quarters and sending to the hospital?"

They told me.

"All right, let's go."


"Yes, sir." Private First Class Stokely consulted the list and went to the door. "Watkins!"

It was routine until the end—at least what I took to be a routine mix of low-grade temperatures, V. D. and malingering. And, speaking of V. D.—some of those primary lesions you wouldn't believe. Anyway, it was reasonably routine and we took care of it in reasonably

(continued on page 155)

GRAND GUIGNOL ON THE GRAND CANAL

article By IRWIN SHAW *how the movie merchants of Venice managed to mount an ill-starred film festival replete with unintelligible screenplays, international backbiting, political upheaval and omnipresent ennui*



IN FRONT of the almond-paste architecture of the Excelsior Palace hotel on the Lido in Venice, the orchestra plays on the terrace above the beach. Two young couples dance, the kind of dancing that looks like arguments between peddlers on a busy street corner. The terrace is almost empty. In other years at this hour, six in the evening, no chair was vacant. The Adriatic murmurs at the rows of cabanas—tents that look as though they have been arranged for a medieval tournament. The sky is soft, mid-ocean gray. Far out, the horizon is ambiguous. A cargo vessel seems to be floating several hundred feet in the air. A waiter comes out with the specialty of the season, a drink called a Bellini, fresh peaches mixed in a blender and laced with champagne. A bearded young man confers in a corner with two long-haired contemporaries over an announcement to the press denouncing the management of the XXIX *Mostra Internazionale D'Arte Cinematografica* of Venice as bourgeois and anti-cultural. The festival has opened two days late, a year ago this month, and nearly hasn't opened at all because of demonstrations and a belligerent Sorbonne-type sit-in. Policemen prowled before the Lido Palace. Six hundred other policemen are bivouacked nearby, ready to charge if any lovers of the seventh art are carried away by an excess of enthusiasm. Detectives with pistols bulging under sports jackets patrol the bar, the dining room and the corridors of the hotel. Posters advertising a movie glorifying Ché Guevara are pasted on fences all over the Lido, as are other posters exhorting the merchants of Venice to unite to fight the saboteurs of the festival who are taking the bread and butter out

of the merchants' mouths. There are no yachts in the harbor. The Czechoslovakian entries have won most of the prizes for short subjects, but most of the Czechs have gone home to face the Russian tanks in Prague. The orchestra goes on to another number. A singer intones in French, "*Que c'est triste, Venise.*"

In Venice itself, tourists mill around by the thousands—Germans, Americans, British, Dutch, Swiss, Japanese—pouring past the arcades of the Doges' Palace, which now shelter rows of gaudy stands selling souvenirs. Amateur photographers bunch up on the Riva degli Schiavoni to take pictures of the Bridge of Sighs. A fat American girl goes by, alone in a gondola, sipping a Coca-Cola through a straw. The clientele of Harry's Bar is older than I remember. There is a photograph of Hemingway, smiling, at the entrance. At night, a flotilla of gondolas, jammed to the gunwales with tourists, goes slowly down the canal, being sung to by a tenor thriftily placed in the middle of the fleet—watery romance at a wholesale rate.

On Sunday there is a regatta and gilded barges float by, rowed by gondoliers dressed in medieval costumes, in all colors of the rainbow. The main barge has a symbolic figure of a woman holding a golden globe—Venice, mistress of the seas. Venice is sinking by inches into the sea, but the tourists do not seem to worry. None of the tourists comes to see the films at the festival. None of them even talks about the festival. The young men with their pronunciamientos and their grim strips of celluloid are determined to pull down the world of the tourists, their snapshots of gondolas, their three-week tours, (continued on page 104)

in ascending proofs, our own variations on tall summer drinks that offer everything from a refreshing lift to a bit of a jolt



0

CITRUS SURPRISE



10

PUNT E LEMON



20

CRANBOURBON

cooling it by the numbers

drink By THOMAS MARIO THE MAN about bar who in other months professes no more than a passing interest in the alcohol-by-volume content of his drinks often becomes keenly proof conscious in the summer. 'Tis the season when "cool" and "kick" have to be weighed carefully in the balance, so that the potable fits the clime.



30

CHERRY RUM COBBLER



40

CANADIAN BLACKBERRY FIX



50

SCOTCH APPLE

There are times, after four or five torrid sets of tennis, say, when nothing will assuage a dehydrated body better than missile-size glasses filled with freshly squeezed lemonade made with club soda, on the dry side—its proof a chaste zero. On sweltering August days, languid appetites everywhere welcome the sharp stimuli of hot curries or

skewers with soy-drenched chunks of beef or chicken grilled over charcoal. But curries and other spice-laden dishes are notorious for kicking up thirsts. An hour or two after a curry dinner, the most welcome sight in the world is a sparkling mixture of fresh orange juice, lime juice and passion-fruit syrup. *(continued on page 153)*



"That's one sack I wouldn't mind crawling into."

THE COMPANY PICNIC

by Interlandi

*a satirical look-in at the
alfresco fun and games
that mark that fine old
american tradition,
the annual office outing*



*"Remember the picnic of 'Thirty-nine, Miss Carlton, and how we
were both out for two weeks with poison ivy from head to foot?"*



"Don't eat too much, Miss Wilson—I don't like to sleep on a full stomach."



"This area is reserved for executives, Willoughby—all other personnel over that way."



"Ah, there you are, Mr. Travers! Remember you said you wanted to try some of my potato salad." 101



"I wish Wallsworth showed more of that kind of spirit around the office."



102 *"It seems your batting-coach technique is very much like your water-cooler approach."*



"A strike, huh? Well, don't go looking for me in the stock room after this, Mr. Beeler!"



"See here, Foster! Company picnic or no company picnic, that's still my secretary."



"And I always thought the accounting department were such squares."

GRAND GUIGNOL (continued from page 97)

their miniature pillars of St. Mark's. It is not impossible that the young men will succeed. Some other year.

The young men remember with martial satisfaction the great moment when, in the name of Lenin or Stalin or Mao or Castro, several millionaire film directors stopped the festival of Cannes earlier in the year by pulling the curtains in front of the screen during a projection.

• • •
 "Que c'est triste, Venise," the singer sings. "Au temps des amours mortes, / Que c'est triste, Venise, / Quand on ne s'aime plus."

A small homemade bomb has exploded in front of the hall where the films are shown. A glass door has been damaged. The Beautiful People are not in Venice this year. They are not partial to small homemade bombs. The Beautiful People are in Sardinia or Greece. There are no costume balls. A lone buxom blonde strips off the top of her bikini for a few languid photographers on the beach. It is a ritual salute to the past, without meaning, without sex. The great beauties of the cinema are making pictures elsewhere or acting for Godard or having babies. Pretty things are not lacking, but they are too young and local for the most part, honey-tanned by the summer on the beach, 14, 15, only a few 18-year-olds. The bar of the Excelsior Palace is like the steps of Hollywood High School, a torment for aging lechers.

The heroine of a German film makes an appearance. According to the daily program, the film is called, improbably, *Artists at the Top of the Big Top: Perplexed*. The heroine has the face of an old club fighter. The photographers gather for an instant, then ignore her. She sits by herself, smiling uneasily. We have seen her naked in her bath in her film. She plays the part of a circus owner obsessed with the idea of revolutionizing the circus. One of her numbers is the execution of Emperor Maximilian in Mexico by a group of clowns. In another number, a tiger seems to be turned loose on the spectators. The circus is probably meant to symbolize the German soul. Or perhaps the German film industry. The lady has led elephants across the border to escape taxes. The German soul in exile, perhaps. She has spoken of Auschwitz. She has a very good figure for a circus owner, with a fine triangle of pubic hair. We have seen her lover in the film naked in the bath, too, eating breakfast. He does not have a very good figure for a lover. In almost every film, we have seen somebody naked in a bath or in the throes of copulation. It is the obligatory scene of the XXIX *Mostra Internazionale D'Arte Cinematografica*. Even Galileo, in a film made in a Bulgar-Italo attack on the Church, is seen being washed down in a wooden tub by a fat-

armed peasant girl. Still, in the end, as we knew he would, when shown the instruments of torture by order of the Pope, he renounces his belief that the earth revolves around the sun. He is a pretty good figure of a man for a scientist who knows that the earth revolves around the sun. He is an Irish actor, dubbed into Italian in a picture shot in Sofia. He assists, in a ruff, at the dissection of a cadaver. A lecturer holds a human brain in his hand. It is a real human brain, marvelously colored. We are a long way from the special-effects department of MGM.

We are a long way from Hollywood, altogether. The days of the long cigars are over. Mr. Chiarini, the director of the festival, is a Socialist, or was one until a few days earlier, when he resigned from the party in a spate of mutual criticism. If Mr. Chiarini is not anti-American, he can take Americans or leave them alone. The major companies have decided they can leave Venice alone. Zanuck no longer flies in from Antibes in his private amphibious plane. Spiegel does not draw up in front of the Piazza San Marco in his yacht. Anatole Litvak is no longer to be seen at the baccarat tables in the casino. Even Carlo Ponti and Dino de Laurentiis, once the new breed of internationalized Italian producers, make no appearance. The *contessas* and the *principessas* who threw open their *palazzi* in aristocratic patronage of the arts in former years have decided to sit this one out, waiting for revolution, perhaps, or the restoration of the Bourbons.

The new proletariat of the arts imposes its manners. Rude propositions are openly exchanged. Insult replaces wit. Slogans make do for epigrams. The clothing seen reflects the opinions heard. Nobody wears a dinner jacket. After the showing of his film, a young French director rises to accept the plaudits of the audience wearing a red sport shirt, open at the throat.

Was it only the previous year that Henry Miller, one of the judges on the jury at Cannes, was forbidden entrance to the evening projections there because he did not have a tuxedo? Or was it the year before, or the year before that? Festivals blend in the memory: Customs change.

• • •
 "On cherche encore des mots," the singer wails to the waves. "Mais Pennui les emporte, / On voudrait bien pleurer, / Mais on ne le peut plus."

A photographer poses three long-haired boys, dressed as hippies, unwashed, with bare dirty feet in scuffed sandals, on the steps leading to the hotel terrace. The photograph, as is so often the case, is misleading. Whatever is happening at the festival has nothing to do with hippies.

An Italian director asks all Italian newspapermen to leave his press conference, to indicate his feelings about

journalism on the peninsula. The newspapermen refuse to leave. The director goes down to the bar on the beach and has his press conference there, with only the non-Italian journalists present. Perhaps if the director could read other languages, he would have banned them, too. At the subsequent morning showing of his film, the director gets up while the film is being projected and addresses the audience and tells them that he is against his film being shown and is leaving the hall forthwith to emphasize his objection. He invites all of like mind to follow him. Nobody leaves. The audience is interested in the film and wants to see it through. The director must have mixed feelings as he strides out of the hall.

The film is called *Teorema* [reviewed in last month's PLAYBOY] and even before it is shown, the rumor spreads that it is going to win the big prize. Nobody knows how the rumor started, but it is repeated with confidence. The picture itself is a strange hodgepodge of eroticism, religiosity and political yammering, all shot with a high degree of professionalism and a complete absence of humor. In it, a beautiful young man (Terence Stamp) comes to visit the home of an upper-bourgeois family whose son is a friend of his. In the course of his visit, he makes love successively to the son of the family, the daughter, the maid, the mother and, finally, the father. All this is shown with little left to the imagination, especially in the case of the ladies. There is a great deal of lifting of skirts and opening of bodices and painful grimaces of lust. A curious feature common to almost all the films at the festival is that nobody seems to enjoy sex, although there is a lot of it lying around.

The beautiful young man leaves the house and the effects of his splendidly impartial visit begin to make themselves felt. First, the maid leaves, carrying her valise, presumably without giving notice. She goes back to her native farm, seats herself at the foot of a wall in the farmyard and instructs her mother to gather thistles, the only food she will indulge in from this time on. Aspiring to saintliness, she grows lined and haggard. People come from all around to adore her and she cures a small boy of what might have been plague spots or pimples. At one time, she can be seen levitating above the roof of the barn.

The son, with whom the beautiful young visitor opened the festivities, becomes a painter, making tortured abstracts, and finishes by putting a canvas of solid blue on the floor and urinating on it—a criticism by the director, I take it, of the quality of modern art.

The daughter, affected mentally, takes to her bed, and is soon carted off to an asylum.

The mother becomes a hopeless victim of nymphomania and picks up one

(continued on page 167)



fiction By ROBERT SHECKLEY

IT WAS a middle-class apartment in Forest Hills with all the standard stuff: slash-pine couch by Lady Yogina, strobe reading light over a big Uneasy Chair designed by Sri Somethingorother, bounce-sound projector playing *Blood-Stream Patterns* by Drs. Molidoff and Yuli. There was also the usual microbotic-food console, set now at Fat Black Andy's Soul-Food Composition Number Three—hog's jowls and black-eyed peas. And there was a Murphy Bed of Nails, the Beautyrest Expert Ascetic model with 2000 chrome-plated self-sharpening number-four nails. In a sentence, the whole place was furnished in a pathetic attempt at last year's *moderne-spirituel* fashion.

CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS?

what happens when
the girl who
(apparently) has
everything gets the
machine that
(apparently) can
do everything?

Inside this apartment, all alone and aching of *anomie*, was a semi-young housewife, Melisande Durr, who had just stepped out of the voluptuary, the largest room in the home, with its king-size commode and its sadly ironic bronze lingam and yoni on the wall.

She was a *pretty* girl, with really good legs, sweet hips, pretty stand-up breasts, long soft shiny hair, delicate little face. Nice, very nice. A girl that any man would like to lock onto. Once. Maybe even twice. But definitely not as a regular thing.

Why not? Well, to give a recent example:

"Hey, Sandy, honey, was anything wrong?"

"No, (continued on page 118)



TURBID

*flower child-woman debbie hooper grooves on sunshine,
sculpture and progressive politics*

COMMITTED though she is to helping her generation unwind our uptight society, 21-year-old Debbie Hooper proves that one needn't storm the barricades to qualify as a liberated—and liberating—spirit. She supported Senator Eugene McCarthy's bid for the Presidency and was left "brokenhearted" by his defeat at last year's Democratic National Convention, but Debbie—who's currently studying philosophy and sculpture at San Fernando Valley State College—

tries hard to avoid the politics of confrontation on campus. "Some of the radicals' demands are good and some are bad," she says, "but they ruin their chances for success with the tactics they use. What kind of education can anybody get when you close the school?" Debbie's personal morality has been strongly influenced by Ayn Rand's objectivism: "It makes sense to live for yourself, because self-love is the basis for *all* love"; and her attitude toward sex

is unabashedly anarchistic: "Sex should be totally spontaneous and consenting adults should be allowed to do whatever they wish. A good relationship doesn't always need a long period of time to develop, and when you get zapped immediately by someone's charisma, your instincts are right more often than not." Irked by middle-aged advertising copywriters "who make egg rolls look erotic but worry about what sex is doing to their children," Debbie also



Determined to chart her own course, Debbie won't sacrifice her individuality to run with the crowd, be it hip or square: "People group

together primarily because of their opposition to other groups, and later they may find that they don't really have much in common."



looks askance at contemporaries who abhor conformity "but wish they had XK-Es and houses in Big Sur." Not that her anti-materialism is dogmatic: "I know I can live without too many possessions, but happiness is what counts, and most people need a few nonessential comforts in order to be happy." For Debbie, those nonessentials include eye-catching outfits; she favors bell-bottoms and—for the beach—leather bikinis, as small as the law permits ("if you have to wear one at all"). While Debbie uses her wardrobe as a colorful medium of self-expression, she prefers to be an appreciative spectator when it comes to painting: "The work of some artists, especially Chagall and Beardsley, really turns me on. Even though I do get ideas of my own sometimes, I lose them when I try to put them down on canvas or paper." If she could have any fantasy come true, Debbie would like to be an out-of-sight songstress: "a combination of Billie Holiday and Barbra Streisand, perhaps." The Beatles are indisputably tops among the pops, as far as she's concerned, but Debbie also responds to the pulsating sound of Creedence Clearwater Revival, a West Coast rock-and-soul combo: "Their beat always puts my body in motion." Debbie's taste in drama is relatively conventional; underground films tend to leave her cold ("Why pretend to like something you didn't even understand?"); she generally prefers to get involved in more romantic tales; and *Camelot* is her favorite film. The prospect of emoting in movies herself holds no special attraction for Miss August, who has acted successfully in a few stage plays; she worries that "my identity might dissolve" if she were immersed in the Hollywood whirlpool. We're completely convinced, however, that Debbie would continue to be her own unpretentious self in *any* milieu.





Left, top to bottom: Debbie gets a safety tip from sculptor Hugh Merry, then tries her hand at welding; later, students stretch out and rap. Above: Debbie paints VW to blend with coastal flora.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS AUGUST



Debbie's thoroughly enchanted with the sylvan and seaside panoramas of the Golden State and has no intention of forsaking them. She and her mother, a schoolteacher with a zest for travel, led a nomadic life until recently: Debbie's homes have included London, Cleveland and an Alaskan village of 150 people. They are now permanently settled in California, however, which is fine with Debbie.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The well-traveled executive returned from his trip to Italy and called a friend in New York to meet him for lunch. "Did you do anything exciting over there?" the friend asked.

"Oh, you know the old saying," the executive shrugged. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"Well, exactly what did you *do*?" the friend persisted.

"What else?" the businessman replied. "I seduced an American schoolteacher."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *morality* as that instinctive sense of right and wrong that tells some people how everyone else should behave.



When the bookie asked the inveterate horse player the secret of his consistent success, the gambler provided a simple explanation. "I'm just lucky, I guess. I just turn to the racing page, close my eyes and stick a pin in it," he said.

"Lucky!" the bookie exclaimed in disbelief. "How did you pick this four-horse combination?"

"Well," the gambler admitted, "I didn't have a pin, so I used a fork."

Then there was the lusty swan who left his pond during the mating season, stopped the first human he saw and demanded, "Take me to your Leda."

We know a superstitious sports-car enthusiast who, upon hearing that Saint Christopher had been decanonized, immediately switched to a Ralph Nader medal.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *homosexual club* as a mutual aberration society.

A leading musicologist asserts that J. S. Bach had 20 children because there were no stops on his organ.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudist* as a buff buff.

A middle-aged husband went to a doctor and explained that his wife was constantly nagging him about his vanishing potency. After giving him a bottle of pills, the doctor assured him that they would work wonders. A month later, the man returned, obviously satisfied with the results.

"The pills are terrific," he said. "I've been doing it three times a night."

"Wonderful," the doctor replied. "What does your wife say about your lovemaking now?"

"How should I know?" the fellow shrugged. "I haven't been home yet."

After stopping his car on a deserted section of country road, the young man turned to his date and made some rather predictable advances. "Just a minute," the girl declared, pushing him away. "I'm really a prostitute and I have to charge you fifty dollars."

After he reluctantly paid her, they made love. Later, the man sat silently at the wheel. "Aren't we leaving?" the girl asked.

"Not quite yet," the fellow said. "I'm really a cabdriver—and the fare back is fifty dollars."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shrunk head* as a pot-smoking midget.

Then there was the shoe fetishist who favored Freudian slippers.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *feast of the vestal virgins* as cherries' jubilee.

To cut down on expenses, the two secretaries decided to vacation together and to share a hotel room. On the first night, one turned to her friend and rested her hand on her shoulder. "There's something about myself I've never told you," she admitted. "I'll be frank—"

"No," her friend interrupted. "I'll be Frank."



"My wife is the most suspicious woman in the world," complained the harried husband to a sympathetic friend. "If I come home early, she thinks I'm after something. And if I come home late, she thinks I've already had it."

The silly teenage girl had long been infatuated with a popular local disc jockey and finally got to meet him when the station held an open house. When she seductively suggested they get better acquainted, he took her into a vacant studio and unzipped his slacks. "I suppose you know what this is?" he whispered.

"I sure do," she said, grasping it in her hand. "I'd like to say hello to Ricky, Bobby, Tina and the whole gang down at Danny's Pizzeria."

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



"I knew it! There had to be nymphs in suburbia!"



RATES
45¢ ^{per} 1/6 mile
10¢ ^{each} additional 1/3 mile

SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY

hopping a moving diesel with a girl
draped around your neck while a hood
takes pot shots at you may not be
the best of all possible worlds,
but it sure beats being dead

SYNOPSIS: When this fare gets out of my cab on lower Fifth, he gives me a big tip. Some tip—he tells me to bet on a nag named Purple Pecunia. But the funny thing about this is that I have a hunch the guy is right, so I call Tommy McKay, my bookie, and lay \$35 on the nose.

So what happens? I hear on the radio that Purple Pecunia made it home first at 27 to 1. So what happens next? When I go to Tommy's to collect, I find the door open and him dead on the floor, looking like he'd been hit with anti-aircraft guns. And just then Tommy's wife comes in and immediately proceeds to get hysterical when she finds out.

At this point, things are not looking too good for me; but when the police come and Detective Golderman takes charge, he lets me go—after a few questions. Easy.

Too easy, as I find out the next night when I get home late. Two very large gentlemen come out of nowhere and invite me to take a ride in their car. We drive into a big garage, and I get taken up to an office where a heavy-set individual wearing a velvet-collared coat and a five-o'clock shadow is sitting at a desk. He wants to know how long I have been working for somebody named Solomon Napoli. And for a minute there, I get a very rough time when I say I never even heard of Mr. Napoli. So he tries "Louise" on me. Who? Louise McKay, Tommy's wife, is who. And this time he seems to believe me when I tell him I met her but that we never had any conversation except when I found Tommy.

By this time, nothing's quite what it seems to be. For instance, my first fare the next day is a real nice-looking blonde, headed for the far reaches of Brooklyn. But does she really want to go to the far reaches of Brooklyn? No, she sticks a gun in the back of my neck at

the first opportunity and insists we pull over to the side for a little talk.

She wants to know where Louise is. Furthermore, it develops that she thinks that Louise was the one who hit Tommy and that I am covering up for her. Then finally it comes out that she is Tommy's sister and she has flown in from Vegas with the crazy idea of trying to find his murderer. With a little luck, I'm able to get the gun away, and from then on, things begin to get explained. I find out that her name is Abbie and she finds out that I know as little as she does about what's happened.

So we arrange to meet—after she goes to Tommy's wake that evening—at a certain twice-a-week poker game I always sit in on. When Abbie shows up at the game, she is something of a sensation in her baby-blue minidress, but she is even more of a sensation when she begins to riffle the cards like a pro blackjack dealer, which, as it turns out, she really is.

When we split up, Abbie drives me home. Just as I get out of the car, there is a big bang on my head and all the lights go out. I wake up in Tommy McKay's apartment with a very heavy type pointing a gun at me and Abbie yelling and throwing things around in the next room. For a while, she is ahead on points in an over-the-weight match with another heavy type in there.

But it's not long before these rough people get control of the situation. After they find out that whenever they stand me up I fall down, they put in a telephone call. Solomon Napoli himself arrives. He is a much more soothing type than the others, but he keeps saying strange things like, "You know Walter Droble's people are after you now." And, "Why do you talk about Frank Tarbok as though you don't work for him?" Meanwhile, because a hand is over my

mouth and nose, my head is turning into a red balloon, being filled up and up, with more and more pressure. The last thing I heard was the balloon exploding.

HOW HAD I GOTTEN SO TINY? Swimming upside down in a cup of tea, warm orange-red tea, rolling around, needing air, wanting to get to the surface but sinking instead to the bottom of the cup. White china cup. Looking up through all the tea at the light in the world up there, knowing I had to get out of this cup before I drowned. Before somebody drank me. Holding my breath, orange-red in the face, the weight of the tea too much for me, pressing me down. Straining upward, pushing against the bottom of the cup, and then everything confused. Had the cup broken? I was falling out the side, tea splashing all around me, white cup fragments, falling out, falling down, landing hard on elbow and shoulder and cheek.

I was on the floor surrounded by legs, feet, and even though I was awake now, I cowered as though I was still tiny and the feet would crush me. My left arm was pinned under me, but I managed to get the right arm up over my head.

Then hands were holding me, lifting me, voices were jabbering, and the confusions of the dream faded away, leaving the confusions of reality in their wake. When last I'd heard from the real world, somebody was strangling me.

I was placed on the bed and the covers drawn up over me. People were speaking, but I kept my arm up over my head and didn't look at anything or listen to anything until Abbie touched my shoulder and spoke my name and asked me how I was. Then I came out slowly, warily, like a turtle in a French kitchen, to see Abbie sitting on the bed and leaning over (continued on page 130)

LIVING THEATER:



FRANKENSTEIN:

In the Living Theater's *Frankenstein*, Western man is Julian Beck's monster (right), built from the gory leftovers of brutal murders (above right) and imprinted with meaningless cultural concepts (above), as well as frustrated by spiritual captivity. When the actors set fire to their intellectual prison, they are fatally engulfed in the flames of insurrection—a predictable conclusion, in view of the company's commitment to nonviolence.



With members and offspring of the Living Theater, Julian Beck and Judith Malina (top), husband-and-wife cofounders of the company, are living out a theatrical, political and interpersonal experiment in total freedom. Both welcomed and scorned in their American and European travels, they zealously promote their "revolution," despite the repressive and often violent opposition that confronts them.

THE BECKS AND THEIR SHOCK TROUPE

article By JOHN KOBLER IN SCENE SIX of *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*, one of four spectacles that the Living Theater presented on its recent cross-country tour, mainly before university audiences, six actors assumed the lotus position near the footlights and violently blew their noses without handkerchiefs. Some used their fingers, some used nothing. They made quite a mess of their faces. ("For God's sake," yelled a spectator at MIT, "take Dristan!") Presently, a seventh actor unrolled a roll of toilet paper, ripped off long strips, handed them around, and they all blew into these for a while.

The symbolism of this rheumy exercise has been interpreted in the *Evergreen Review* by Saul Gottlieb, the company's hippie-maned, hippie-bearded producer: "[They are] blowing out the shit of the polluted air of the city your nostrils collect every day; ritual cleansing prerequisite for entering the temple."

Few repertory companies ever aroused such fierce reactions pro and

a creative team that's paid its dues in hunger and harassment now has a successful repertory company whose anti-establishment productions reach new dimensions in audience participation



ANTIGONE:

Based on Judith Malina's translation of the Brecht play, *Antigone* is a dramatic explication of the company's anarchistic philosophy. Opening with the terror of an enemy air attack (above right), the plot centers on the persecutions and oppressions of Julian Beck's King Creon (above) and his contempt for legitimate but dangerous dissent: "I have no respect," he declares, "for anyone who values human life more than his country."



MYSTERIES AND SMALLER PIECES:

In this creation, soldiers march in perfect close order while the rest of the cast shouts the words printed on a one-dollar bill. Plague victims writhe in a grotesque death parody, are then stacked ceremoniously on stage. At one point, the actors freeze in postures of brutality (left); but the production's intent is clearest when the actors are chanting such characteristic challenges as "Change the world!"



PARADISE NOW: Though laced with ritualistic Dionysian interludes on stage (top and above), the Living Theater's *Paradise Now* has become more widely known for its do-your-own-thing attempts to involve the audience. Circulating among the seats, the actors begin the lament, "I am not allowed to travel without a passport," which soon swells to an ear-splitting complaint against official restrictions on human mobility.

con. The pros consist chiefly of flower-power youth, campus anarchists and the New Left. There is also a sizable number of more mature intellectuals who credit the Living Theater with major theatrical breakthroughs. "Mysteries and Smaller Pieces," wrote *The Nation's* Robert Pasoli, "contains the most aesthetically daring things I have seen on the stage, as well as some of the most beautiful and moving." "A fiery furnace," commented the London *Times* during the company's four years of self-imposed exile, which ended temporarily last fall. In Rome, novelist Alberto Moravia defended the Living Theater with his fists against a fascist detractor. Moravia and other Italian supporters raised \$5000 at a charity auction to enable the company to fulfill its following engagements.

No great mystery obscures the intent of any of the Living Theater's antics. They express the sociopolitical ideals of its cofounders, directors and leading performers, the Lunt and Fontanne of hip culture—Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina. These ideals embrace pacifism, anarchism, the abolition of money as a medium of exchange and

The audience response to the liberating exhortations of *Paradise Now* varies greatly from performance to performance. "I have no right to take off my clothes," the actors shout, turning off the more inhibited onlookers but encouraging others to join them in their celebration of unabashed nudity (sequence above). One critic accepted this invitation and boldly disrobed in the aisle.



In an atmosphere devoid of establishment moral attitudes and permeated by the Living Theater's "universal love" ideal, many in the audience find themselves tuning in to the communal creature comfort of *Paradise Now*. They fondle one another without reservation (above) and some have been sufficiently inspired to make love on stage. Less motivated patrons may limit their active involvement to the manny burning and pot smoking that usually occur during the evening.



Bridging the barriers of footlights and proscenium, actors and audience become indistinguishable in a tactile tangle during *Paradise Now* (above). While many theatergoers are too intimidated, insulted or bored to sit all the way through this four-hour nonproduction, the cast (left) injects it with the dramatic energy and electricity that make the Living Theater live up to its name.

of all national frontiers, vegetarianism, nudism, sexual freedom and the right to smoke pot. "I demand of each man everything," declares Judith Malina, a tiny, hot-eyed, black-haired woman of 42, who customarily wears a black pullover, black miniskirt or slacks and black panty hose. "I want total love as our standard." From a silver chain around her neck dangles a medallion with markings of double significance: They represent both semaphore letters N and D for "nuclear disarmament" and ancient runes for "man dying." The reverse emblemizes "universal disarmament" and "man living."

Julian Beck, a long, bony figure, appears equally grim, almost phantasmal in black slacks and tatty black work shirt (though on formal occasions he may substitute a quilted, silvery ski jacket). He smiles sparingly. His natural expression is remote, detached, serene. His voice has a languid, overcultivated cadence. Egg-bald on top of his head, he has trained a patch of graying hair to hang down between his shoulder blades. Long hair and bizarre garb, according to the hip-culture cliché, betokens liberation from the establishment, and the Becks clamor for the destruction of all present forms of society. "But within a nonviolent frame of action," Julian hastens to add. "We see the theater as a model for safe revolution."

In *Paradise Now*, the Living Theater's most *outré* production, the actors scatter through the audience and, each privately addressing an individual member, whisper, "I am not allowed to travel without a passport." They repeat this in crescendo, culminating in an ear-shattering howl of despair. The litany begins anew with, "I am not allowed to smoke marijuana." Then, "I cannot live without money. . . . I do not know how to stop wars. . . . I have no right to take off my clothes." At this final protest, they strip down to *cache-sexes*, encouraging the audience to imitate them. Audience participation, the abolition of all barriers between actor and spectator, is the quintessence of Living Theaterism, the Becks' notion of the major step toward revolution here and now. Some spectators happily comply. Allen Ginsberg did, expectedly. At the New York opening of *Paradise Now* last October, a tubby little man, having discarded every stitch of clothing, followed the actors back to the stage, squatted there awhile in the lotus position and suddenly broke into an improvised dance. A girl from the cast, also stark-naked, began to dance with him. When the lights dimmed before the next scene, the newly met couple, still in each other's embrace, sank to the floor.

The Becks' version of the Sophoclean tragedy *Antigone* begins with the cast gazing skyward horror-struck and droning, "Liiiiiiiiiii." Long before they stop, some 15 minutes later, the audience has

got the point: bombers approaching. Again, lest the modern parallel in his mind elude anybody, Julian, as the tyrant Creon, lapses into a Texas drawl.

Conservative theater buffs and critics, the square and over-30, tend to fume at the mere sight of members of *le Living*, as the troupe has come to be known throughout Europe, with their lurid dress and hair styles. "Commies . . . nigger lovers . . . homosexuals . . . drug addicts," the right-wing European press has called them. They have been censored, banned, beaten and jailed. In southern France, a homemade bomb exploded under one of their Microbuses. A regional newspaper editorial expressed regret that both persons and property had escaped harm. At last summer's Avignon festival, where *le Living* unveiled *Paradise Now*, the company became a major political issue. Following the spring general strike, De Gaulle had ordered new elections. The rival local candidates for the Chamber of Deputies were the mayor, Henri Duffaut, running on a Socialist-Communist coalition ticket, and Jean-Pierre Roux, a Gaullist. The latter's campaign posters attacked the mayor for opening the city gates to "filthy beatniks who are corrupting our youth." A group of right-wing hooligans stormed the company's lodgings, threatening the men with mayhem and the women with rape. They left only after realizing that there were young children present.

In their native land, the beleaguered couple had long been inured to such misadventures. Two decades of legal and political imbroglios had reached a climax in 1964, with the Government's claim of tax delinquency against the Living Theater, followed by the Becks' imprisonment for obstructing Federal officers in the performance of their duty. After prison, they chose expatriation. Their renewed presence here was transient. They arrived with return passage booked for the spring.

People who bring to the Living Theater any traditional aesthetic expectations are doomed to disappointment. What the company offers combines elements of a Happening, of ritual, religious revivalism and agitprop. The Becks themselves do not speak of plays. They term them "collective creations." Except for their version of *Antigone*, which may soon appear in book form, no publishable scripts of their creations exist, because they are largely improvisational and mimed, changing from performance to performance. Acting? Most of the company, the Becks included, have attained a technical competence barely above the amateur level. Language? They use it sparingly, conveying ideas—feelings, rather—nonverbally, through grunts, wheezes, shrieks, hisses, wails and body movements (the last executed with remarkable acrobatic prowess and precision). Scenery? Precious little, except in *Frankenstein*, the Becks'

adaptation of the Mary Shelley novel, with its stunning lighting effects and vast scaffolding on which the actors, demonstrating man's inhumanity to man, hang, electrocute, garrote, guillotine and in every other imaginable way kill one another. Costumes? Whatever oddments the actors happen to come in off the street wearing that day.

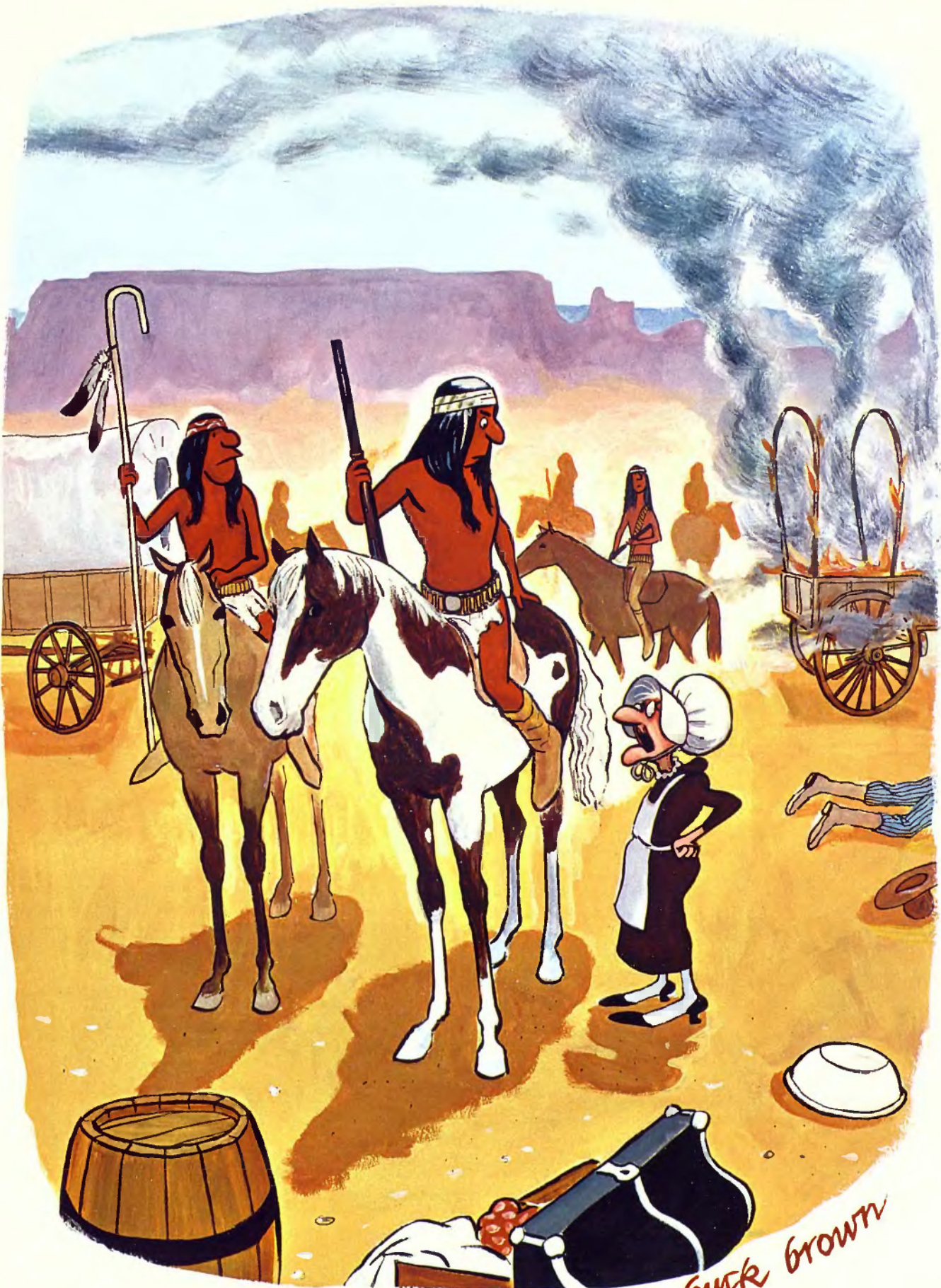
Moreover, as the Becks themselves concede, the Living Theater can have but scant meaning for the spectator unable to lose himself in it; that is, to chant along with Julian ("Stop the war in Vietnam. . . . Ban the bomb. . . . Feed the poor"), to mingle with the actors on stage and shuck his clothes. Such a reticent spectator is likely to derive about as much uplift from the proceedings as an agnostic at a Holy Roller meeting. "Revolutionary theater," says Julian, "involves unlocking the feelings of audiences, opening up a new actor-audience relationship." When *The New York Times'* Walter Kerr and his wife Jean were watching *Paradise Now*, the cast taunted him for his obvious detachment. "Here's a critic who won't participate!" cried one sputtering, sweating, seminaked actor, addressing Kerr from the aisle. "How can you understand us if you don't take part?" Kerr, a diffident man, reddened and remained silent. "Well," said his wife cheerily, "we all have our problems."

Describing the evening in the Sunday *Times*, Kerr wrote: "You will not be interested in the players stripped to G strings, for their bodies are in the main ugly, the males scrawny, the girls undeveloped. . . . It is sometimes necessary to wipe the players' spittle from your face." He concluded: "The almost unbearable truth is that life and the theater have passed the Living Theater by."

Julian Beck was 18 and his future wife 17, both obsessed by the theater, when they first met in Manhattan 25 years ago. The younger son of a Jewish auto-parts dealer and a schoolteacher of Austro-Hungarian origins, he had graduated from Horace Mann high school and entered Yale. Judith Malina, born in Kiel, Germany, to a rabbi and a former actress, had endured a harsher childhood. Her father, foreseeing the rise of Nazism, brought his family to the U. S. when she was two. He died penniless ten years later, obliging mother and daughter to go on relief.

Shortly after Julian met Judith, he walked out of a Yale classroom in the middle of a lecture, never to return. "I felt it was time to get on with the things that were important to me," he recalls.

During their five-year courtship, Julian and Judith haunted the theaters on, off- and off-off-Broadway. Too poor to buy tickets, they would slip in among the standees after the intermission. They
(continued on page 192)



Buck Brown

"Don't lie to me, you varmint! You are too supposed to take prisoners!"

TIMELY WARDROBE

accessorments By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

up-to-the-minute watchwords to make you the man of the hour, no matter where or when

8:20—CALL PARIS TO SEE HOW FRANC AND FRANCOISE ARE DOING; YOU KNOW SHE'S AWAKE BECAUSE YOU'RE WEARING A 17-JEWEL SKYSTAR "B" DAY-DATE CALENDAR WATCH THAT GIVES THE TIME IN CITIES ROUND THE WORLD, BY BULOVA, \$110, AND BRASS-STUDDED LEATHER BAND, BY CANTERBURY, \$5.



10:30—ATTEND BOARD MEETING TO DISCUSS THE MERGER OF CONSOLIDATED POT WITH UNIVERSAL STASH; YOU'LL COME ON IN A 17-JEWEL ULTRACHRON AUTOMATIC CALENDAR WATCH WITH 14-KT.-GOLD CASE AND ALLIGATOR BAND, BY LONGINES, \$235.



1:00—ATTEND CHARITY LUNCHEON CELEBRATING THE RECENT COMPLETION OF A HOME FOR UNWED COCKATOOS WHILE YOU'RE SPORTING A 17-JEWEL OVAL-SHAPED WATCH IN 18-KT.-GOLD CASE THAT FEATURES LARGE ROMAN NUMERALS AND CROCODILE BAND, BY BUCHE-GIROD, \$350.



4:00—CLOCK THE SPEED (AND CHECK OUT THE HANDLING QUALITIES) OF NEW FERRARI AND NEW SECRETARY ON YOUR 17-JEWEL WATER-RESISTANT AND SHOCKPROOF WATCH WITH STAINLESS-STEEL CASE AND SUEDE CORFAM RACING BAND, BY OMEGA, \$79.50.



8:00—DINNER AT THE TRANSYLVANIAN CONSULATE; YOUR REPUTATION IS AT STAKE, SO YOU'D BETTER IMPRESS THE COUNT WITH YOUR ULTRATHIN 18-KT. SATIN-FINISH WHITE-GOLD WATCH WITH POLISHED YELLOW-GOLD TRIM AND ALLIGATOR BAND, BY PIAGET, \$990.



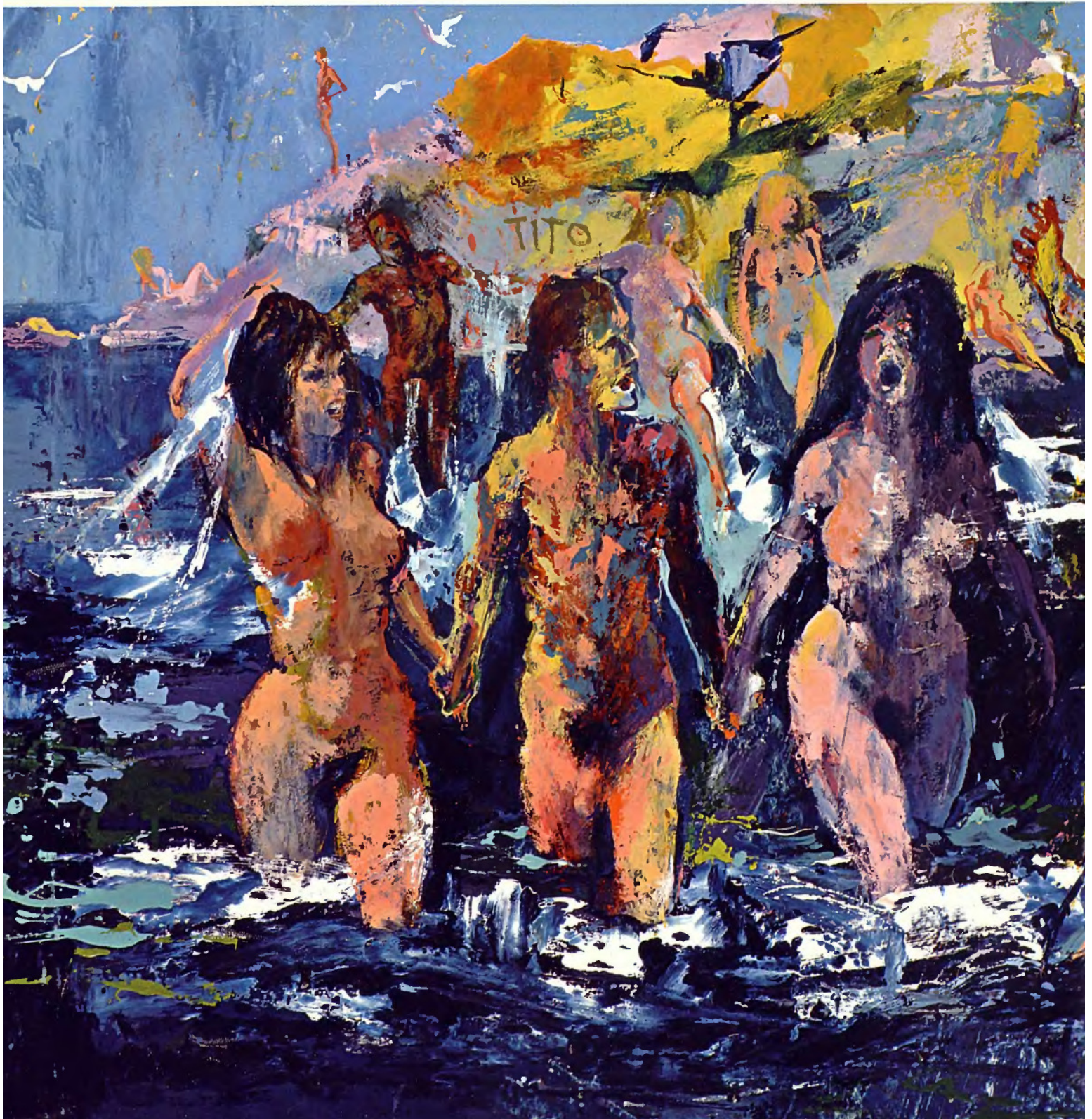
12:00—TAKE OFF FOR TRUDE'S, THEN ON TO BED, THEN OFF FOR HOME, HAVING MADE THE SCENE IN YOUR 17-JEWEL WATER- AND SHOCKPROOF WATCH WITH GRADUALLY INCREASING MOONS FOR NUMERALS, STAINLESS-STEEL CASE AND ALLIGATOR RACING BAND, BY GIRARD PERREGAUX, \$50.



man at his leisure

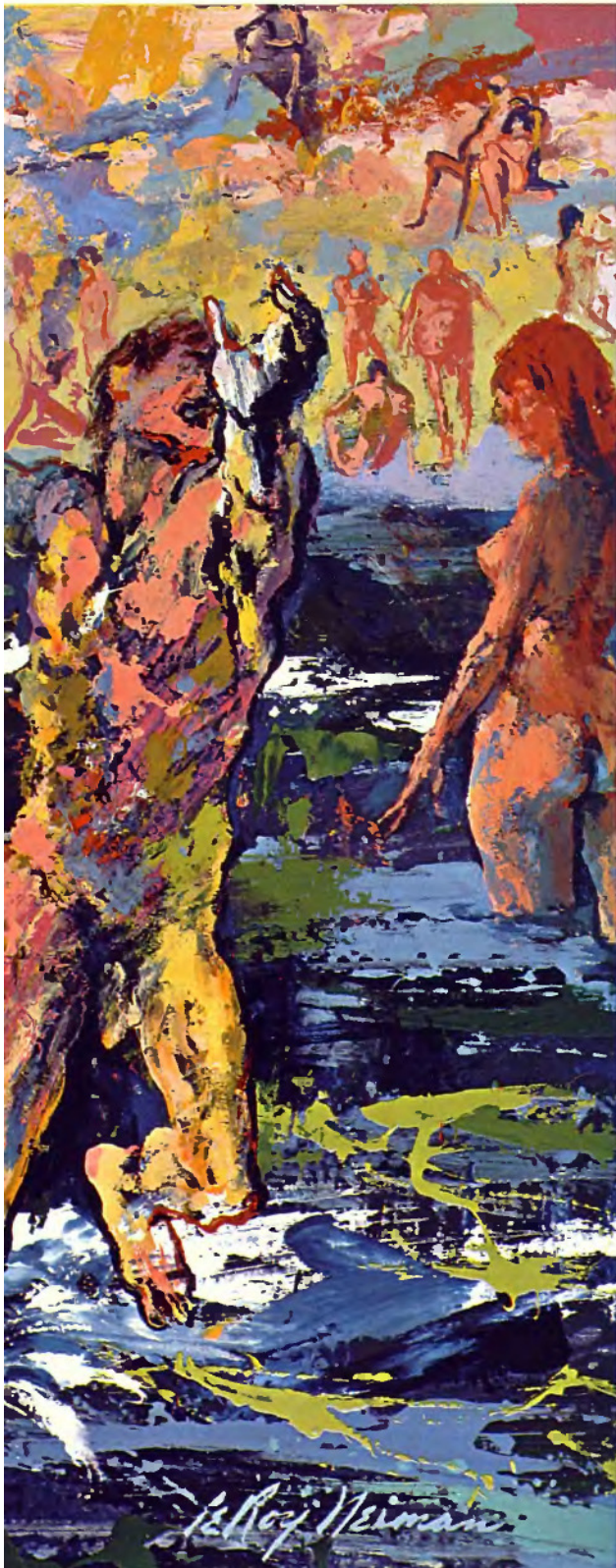
leroy neiman, playboy's on-the-spot artist, takes it all off to visit yugoslavia's nude beaches

YUGOSLAVIA last summer attracted more tourists than Spain, and for good cause: The nation's Adriatic coast line is an enticing 450-mile expanse of beaches, beaches and more beaches. Although Split and Dubrovnik receive the lion's share of coastal vacationers, the country's dozens of nude-sun-bathing settlements along the Adriatic are rapidly attracting the uninhibited sun set from all over the world. LeRoy Neiman, *PLAYBOY*'s artist on the move, recently made the bare and boisterous Yugoslavian beach scene, and reports: "In America, nudist culture is still considered a kookie pursuit. Having experienced it, however, I can only say it was a thorough delight. I found it really refreshing to be baked by the sun and then totally cooled by the sea breeze. For an artist, a nudist beach provides a fascinating scene; there's a wonderful variety of living forms in shades of curry and apricot. The climate on the coast allows sun bathers to head for the beach each year from about May first through the middle of October, and by mid-July, most of the nudists have acquired their allover tans. Fashion, as it does on beaches all over the world, plays a





On the beach at Sveti Stevan—a tiny village frequented by international-travel trend setters—artist LeRoy Neiman (left), *au naturel*, sketches a similarly uninhibited Yugoslavian miss. Notes Neiman, “Sveti Stevan is a remarkably planned mixture of jet-set modern and Yugoslavian medieval; it’s a delight to the eye in every way.” Below left, sun bothers wade out into the surf off Rab island. The Tito graffiti is not artful fancy on Neiman’s part; all along the rocky coast, Yugoslavs chisel in the name of their maverick leader.



Neiman’s personal map (right) for Yugoslavia-bound nudeniks spans almost 325 miles of Adriatic coast line. Among the meccas most visited by sun worshipers are: Vrsar, an ancient Roman settlement that is now the leading stopover on the Istrian Peninsula; Kuvsada, one of 17 gemlike islands near Vrsar; Red Island, a 750-yard-long isle, half of which is set aside for nudists; Rab, the most famed of Yugoslavia’s Adriatic islands; Pakoštane, whose nudist colony is on a tiny strip of land two miles offshore; Hvar, which has been inhabited since neolithic times; Korčula, once the home of Marco Polo and the site of some of the nation’s most scenic strands; Kupari, a short drive south of Dubrovnik; and Petrovac, where nudists congregate in small, informal encampments. Below, a well-wrought, sybaritic Slav emerges from a snorkeling session in the waters off Red Island.



part there. Women display a tremendous variety of headgear and ingeniously decorate themselves with color, in the forms of bright lipsticks, flowers and ribbons. The nude beaches are permissive in the sense that men who occasionally become sexually aroused in public aren't given more than passing notice. The state allows only couples and families to enter. Solo sun bathers circumvent this rule, however, by paddling close to shore in kayaks and then swimming in unobserved. Except for water sports, indolence—sitting, lying down or just standing—is the order of the day, although I noticed one hyperactive volleyball *(continued on page 198)*

When a yawl heaves to near the beach at Hvar (below), the undressed assemblage suddenly looks alive: If cameras are trained their way, bathers may throw rocks at the boat. ("On the other hand," says Neiman, "sometimes the nudists put the gawkers on by striking provocative poses.") Right, couples enjoy out-of-doors serenity in the altogether; far right, a bare pair on their way to a picnic.





me, with a lot of people I didn't like in the background.

Abbie asked me again how I was, and I muttered something, and the leader of the pack came forward to say, "I want you to know that wasn't intentional, Chester. I don't do business that way."

I looked at him.

"I hope there's no hard feelings," he said, and the expression his face wore now was one of concern.

"I'm all right," I said.

"Good. Then we can get back to what we were talking about. Miss McKay?"

So Abbie squeezed my hand and went away, leaving me once again with Napoli and his two elves. Napoli seated himself in his bedside chair once again and said, "I've been thinking over what you said, and it's entirely possible you're telling the truth. It could be you're just an innocent bystander in all this, you don't work for Droble at all. But if that's true, if you are an innocent bystander, how is it you're underfoot all the time? You found the body, you had a meeting with Frank Tarbok, you kept hanging around this apartment, you're traveling with McKay's sister, you got yourself shot at. An awful lot of activity for an innocent bystander."

"I've been trying to collect my money," I said.

He raised an eyebrow. "Money?"

"I had a bet on a horse and he came in. That's why I came here the time I found Tommy dead, I was coming to get my money."

Napoli frowned. "And all of your activity since then has been concerned with collecting it?"

"Right. With Tommy dead, I didn't know who should pay me. I wanted to ask Tommy's wife, but she's disappeared someplace."

"And the meeting with Tarbok? Didn't you collect your money then?"

"I didn't ask," I said. "I didn't think to ask till it was all over."

The frown deepened, grew frankly skeptical. "Then what *did* you talk about, you and Frank?"

"He wanted to see me because he wanted to know if I worked for you."

That surprised him, and he actually showed it. "For me?"

"He thought maybe I killed Tommy for you," I said. "So he had those other two guys grab me and take me to him, and he asked me questions. The same as you."

Napoli grew thoughtful again. "So he thought I might have had Tommy taken care of, eh? Mmm. I wonder why."

"He didn't say," I said.

"But you convinced him," he said. "Convinced him you didn't work for me."

"Sure."

"Then why did he try to kill you last night?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe he changed his mind. I don't know."

He sat back, smiling reminiscently. "It's a good thing for you he did," he said.

I wasn't sure I understood. I said, "A good thing he tried to kill me?"

He nodded, still with the reminiscent smile. "If he hadn't," he said, "you'd be dead now."

That didn't make any sense at all. I said, "Why?"

"Because," he said, "I'd ordered you shot. What do you think my people were doing outside your house? They were there to kill you."

I stared at him. A man had just calmly told me to my face that he'd ordered me murdered. What was the correct social response to a thing like that? I just lay there and stared at him.

He was unconcerned. The whole thing struck *him* as no more than amusing. Mildly amusing. "And the funny part of it is," he said, incredibly enough, "I was going to have you killed for the same reason as Walt Droble. I figured you'd killed McKay, you were working under Frank Tarbok."

"I wasn't. But even if I was, why should you care?"

"Frank Tarbok," he said, "works for Walter Droble. Walt is what you might call a competitor of mine. There are territories he has, there are territories I have. For some time, there've been a few territories in dispute between us."

"And Tommy was in the middle?"

"Not exactly. McKay worked for Droble but was also in my employ. I am nearly ready to make a move I've been planning for some time, and McKay was a part of that move. You'll forgive me if I don't get more specific."

"That's all right," I said quickly. "I don't want to know too much."

"That's wise," he agreed, smiling at me, pleased with me. He looked at his watch and said, "I must be off. You take it easy now."

"I will," I said.

He got to his feet. "Get well soon," he said, and smiled, and left.

* * *

After three days of uninterrupted recuperation, I awoke one afternoon to hear voices from the living room. I was much healthier by now. I got out of bed, dressed hurriedly and walked down the hall to the living room, where Frank Tarbok was standing and talking, Louise McKay was standing and talking, and Abbie was standing and talking.

Maybe I was still asleep. I said, "Hey," and several other things, trying to attract everybody's attention, and then I realized I was standing and talking like every-

body else, so I said, "Oh, the hell with it," and went away again. If the world wanted to be crazy, I could be crazy, too. With Frank Tarbok and Louise McKay actually standing and talking in the living room, I went out to the kitchen and made myself a liverwurst sandwich. I also heated the coffee, a pot of which we kept permanently on the stove, since both Abbie and I were endless coffee drinkers.

I was sitting at the kitchen table, eating liverwurst, drinking coffee and reading the *News*, when they came looking for me. Abbie came in first, the other two behind her. She said, "Chet? Are you out of your mind?"

"Murm," I said, with a mouthful of liverwurst. I also shook my head, meaning *no*.

"Don't you see who's here?" she demanded, and actually pointed at Frank Tarbok as though she thought I couldn't see him for myself, standing there as big and ugly as life.

I nodded, pointed at my mouth and held my hand up to ask for a minute's grace. Then I chewed rapidly, swallowed, helped the food along with a swig of coffee, swallowed again, burped slightly and said, "Yes. I see him. I see the two of them."

"I don't understand you," she said. "You're just sitting there."

"When I woke up," I told her, "and I saw Frank Tarbok there in the living room, I did some of the most beautiful terror reactions you ever saw. I carried on like the heroine of a silent movie, and nobody paid any attention. So I decided the hell with everybody, and I came in here and made myself a sandwich. If you're all willing to pay attention now, I am prepared to fall on the floor, or scream, or beg for mercy, or try babbling explanations, or whatever you think the circumstances call for. But I'll be damned if I'll perform without an audience." And I took another bite of liverwurst sandwich.

Abbie just stared at me, open-mouthed. It was Tarbok who spoke next, saying in that heavy voice of his, "Conway, for somebody who don't know nothing about nothing, you do keep turning up."

I pushed the liverwurst into one cheek. I said, "Up until now, I thought it was you. Or somebody working for you. But here you are, and you aren't doing anything, so now I don't know. Unless maybe you've changed your mind since Wednesday."

"Wednesday?" His face was too square and blocky and white and blue-jawed and heavy to manage very much expressiveness, but he did use it now to convey a sort of exasperated bewilderment. "What do you mean, Wednesday?"

I pointed the sandwich at him. "Did you," I asked him, "or any other employee of Walter Droble's, or any friend

(continued on page 205)

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS



article

By VINE DELORIA, JR.

*an american indian author returns the studied stares of
those anthropologists who make him and his fellows impersonal statistics*

INTO EACH LIFE, it is said, some rain must fall. Some people have bad horoscopes; others take tips on the stock market. McNamara created the TFX and the Edsel. American politics has George Wallace. But Indians have been cursed above all other people in history. Indians have anthropologists.

Every summer when school is out, a stream of immigrants heads into Indian country. The Oregon Trail was never as heavily populated as Route 66 and Highway 18 in the summertime. From every rock and cranny in the East, they emerge, as if responding to some primeval migratory longing, and flock to the reservations. They are the anthropologists—the most prominent members of the scholarly community that infests the land of the free and the homes of the braves. Their origin is a

mystery hidden in the historical mists. Indians are certain that all ancient societies of the Near East had anthropologists at one time, because all those societies are now defunct. They are equally certain that Columbus brought anthropologists on his ships when he came to the New World. How else could he have made so many wrong deductions about where he was? While their origins are uncertain, anthropologists can readily be identified on the reservations. Go into any crowd of people. Pick out a tall, gaunt white man wearing Bermuda shorts, a World War Two Army Air Corps flying jacket, an Australian bush hat and tennis shoes and packing a large knapsack incorrectly strapped on his back. He will invariably have a thin, sexy wife with stringy hair, an I.Q. of 191 and a vocabulary in which even the prepositions have 11 syllables. And he usually has a camera, tape recorder, telescope and life jacket all hanging from his elongated frame.

This odd creature comes to Indian reservations to make *observations*. During the winter, these observations will become books by which future anthropologists will be trained, so that they can come out to reservations years from now and verify the observations in more books, summaries of which then appear in the scholarly journals and serve as a catalyst to inspire yet other anthropologists to make the great pilgrimage the following summer. And so on.

The summaries, meanwhile, are condensed. Some condensations are sent to Government agencies as reports justifying the previous summer's research. Others are sent to foundations, in an effort to finance the following summer's expedition West. The reports are spread through the Government agencies and foundations all winter. The only problem is that no one has time to read them. So \$5000-a-year secretaries are assigned to decode them. Since these secretaries cannot comprehend complex theories, they reduce the reports to the best slogans possible. The slogans become conference themes in the early spring, when the anthropological expeditions are being planned. They then turn into battle cries of opposing groups of anthropologists who chance to meet on the reservations the following summer.

Each summer there is a new battle cry, which inspires new insights into the nature of the "Indian problem." One summer Indians will be greeted with the joyful cry "Indians are bilingual!" The following summer this great truth will be expanded to "Indians are not only bilingual, they are *bicultural!*" Biculturalism creates great problems for the opposing anthropological camp. For two summers, they have been bested in sloganeering and their funds are running low. So the opposing school of thought breaks into the clear faster than Gale Sayers. "Indians," the losing anthros cry, "are a *folk*

people!" The tide of battle turns and a balance, so dearly sought by Mother Nature, is finally achieved. Thus go the anthropological wars, testing whether this school or that school can long endure. The battlefields, unfortunately, are the lives of Indian people.

The anthro is usually devoted to *pure research*. A 1969 thesis restating a proposition of 1773, complete with footnotes to all material published between 1773 and 1969, is pure research. There are, however, anthropologists who are not clever at collecting footnotes. They depend on their field observations and write long, adventurous narratives in which their personal observations are used to verify their suspicions. Their reports, books and articles are called *applied research*. The difference, then, between pure and applied research is primarily one of footnotes. Pure has many footnotes, applied has few footnotes. Relevancy to subject matter is not discussed in polite company.

Anthropologists came to Indian country only after the tribes had agreed to live on reservations and had given up their warlike ways. Had the tribes been given a choice of fighting the cavalry or the anthropologists, there is little doubt as to who they would have chosen. In a crisis situation, men always attack the biggest threat to their existence. A warrior killed in battle could always go to the happy hunting grounds. But where does an Indian laid low by an anthro go? To the library?

The fundamental thesis of the anthropologist is that people are objects for observation. It then follows that people are considered objects for experimentation, for manipulation and for eventual extinction. The anthropologist thus furnishes the justification for treating Indian people like so many chessmen, available for anyone to play with. The mass production of useless knowledge by anthropologists attempting to capture real Indians in a network of theories has contributed substantially to the invisibility of Indian people today. After all, who can believe in the actual existence of a food-gathering, berry-picking, seminomadic, fire-worshipping, high-plains-and-mountain-dwelling, horse-riding, canoe-toting, bead-using, pottery-making, ribbon-coveting, wickiup-sheltered people who began flourishing when Alfred Frump mentioned them in 1803 in *Our Feathered Friends*?

Not even Indians can see themselves as this type of creature—who, to anthropologists, is the "real" Indian. Indian people begin to feel that they are merely shadows of a mythical super-Indian. Many Indians, in fact, have come to parrot the ideas of anthropologists, because it appears that they know everything about Indian communities. Thus, many ideas that pass for Indian thinking are in reality theories originally advanced by anthropologists and echoed by

Indian people in an attempt to communicate the real situation. Many anthros reinforce this sense of inadequacy in order to further influence the Indian people.

Since 1955, there have been a number of workshops conducted in Indian country as a device for training "young Indian leaders." Churches, white Indian-interest groups, colleges and, finally, poverty programs have each gone the workshop route as the most feasible means for introducing new ideas to younger Indians, so as to create leaders. The tragic nature of the workshops is apparent when one examines their history. One core group of anthropologists has institutionalized the workshop and the courses taught in it. Trudging valiantly from workshop to workshop, from state to state, college to college, tribe to tribe, these noble spirits have served as the catalyst for the creation of workshops that are identical in purpose and content and often in the student body itself.

The anthropological message to young Indians has not varied a jot or a tittle in ten years. It is the same message these anthros learned as fuzzy-cheeked graduate students in the post-War years—Indians are a folk people, whites are an urban people and never the twain shall meet. Derived from this basic premise are all the other sterling insights: Indians are between two cultures, Indians are bicultural, Indians have lost their identity and Indians are warriors. These theories, propounded every year with deadening regularity and an overtone of Sinaitic authority, have become a major mental block in the development of young Indian people. For these slogans have come to be excuses for Indian failures. They are crutches by which young Indians have avoided the arduous task of thinking out the implications of the status of Indian people in the modern world.

If there is one single cause that has importance today for Indian people, it is tribalism. Against all odds, Indians have retained title to some 53,000,000 acres of land, worth about three and a half billion dollars. Approximately half of the country's 1,000,000 Indians relate meaningfully to this land, either by living and working on it or by frequently visiting it. If Indians fully recaptured the idea that they are tribes communally in possession of this land, they would realize that they are not truly impoverished. But the creation of modern tribalism has been stifled by a ready acceptance of the Indians-are-a-folk-people premise of the anthropologists. This premise implies a drastic split between folk and urban cultures, in which the folk peoples have two prime characteristics: They dance and they are desperately poor. Creative thought in Indian affairs has not, therefore, come from the younger Indians

(continued on page 172)



"Let's go inside. Someone's smoking pot."

THE BUNNIES OF DETROIT



You're on the right track with Bunny Kitty Tabor (left), who epitomizes the carefree spirit of the Detroit Playboy Club. Like most Motor City Bunnies, Kitty and Tommy Ralston (above) are Detroit born.



*a words-and-photos fanfare
for the traffic-stopping lovelies
of the motor city hutch*

AS MOST OF THE WORLD CAN testify, the best-known product of Detroit is the automobile. Gallons of ink, miles of video tape, tons of color film and countless man-hours of creative effort by the highest-priced brains of Madison Avenue are all expended on the annual effort to keep it that way. We'll agree that cars are great, but the admen ought to rearrange their priorities. By rights, the most celebrated resource of Detroit should be its girls, both natives and imports. They're beautiful. For proof, you have only to stop in at 1014 East Jefferson Avenue, the Motor City's Playboy Club and the rabbit of a group of lovelies whose sleek lines, impressive upholstery, varied options and all-round excellence of performance surpass anything the Big Three's stylists ever conceived on their drawing boards. They're the eye-filling Bunnies of Detroit—72 percent of them born and raised right in the city or its environs. (When you add the girls who were born elsewhere but have lived in Detroit since kindergarten days, the percentage nears 90.)

If you could bundle all of Motown's Bunnies into one composite cottontail, she'd be 21 years (text continued on page 159)

The fairest flower in this midsummer meadow is Regina Schrack, who loves to spend lazy afternoons picnicking in the countryside. At the Club, Ronnie Stekier relaxes awhile as Bunny Jill Bruder works.





Bunny "Rabbit" McGregor (above) also answers to the name of Sharron, but Club visitors prefer her Playboy pseudonym. Rabbit agrees with Susan Smith (below) that blonde Bunnies have more fun.





It's easy to see why Pam Paluch (left) has won eight beauty contests during the past few years, and has been runner-up in six more; she's also been a d.j. and a roller-skating medalist. Quiet Colleen Mullen and outgoing Andrea Lynn (above, left and right) share the same hobbies: sewing and water-skiing. Andrea also goes in for basketball and miniature golf; "I'm trying to prove to myself that I can do anything I want to," she says. Vivacious Bambi Battiste (below) finds it almost impossible to hold still when the Detroit Playboy Club's Living Room swings to a solid rock beat.





Brainy Bunnies Pru Hill (above) and Jadi Jae (below) have sights set on careers in traditionally masculine fields: law and mechanical engineering, respectively. A talented dancer, Jadi once starred in a Chinese musical revue.





Bunny Maria Gurley (left) is looking for a fellow with a definite goal in life—but one who'll understand her own plans for a dancing career. Mally Ballantyne (above left) is saving her Bunny maney for callege, where she hopes to study nursing; petite Nancy Spiess (above right) is a mator-cycle buff. Baating an nearby Lake St. Clair is the favorite fair-weather sport for bath Sandy Berry and Kerrie Ferrell (below, left and right). On rainy days, Kerrie—a farmer art student—is mast likely to be found browsing through the Sculpture Court of the Detroit Institute of Arts.





Behind those big lovely eyes (above left) lies a long-term ambition: Bunny Sondro Lawrence is hoping to earn—and save—enough money in the years ahead to open and operate her own finishing school in Detroit. Gift Shop Bunny Diane Rumble (above center) aims to teach accounting at a university, and bathing beauty Sandy Burniac (above right) dreams of becoming a sought-after photographer's model. Music's charms don't rival those of Liga Bolodis (below), who has sung in operatic productions, and Dolly Tonako (opposite), who excels in interpretive dance.







ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

JP

*exiled from the air for their
satiric sibling revelry, the smothered
brothers—led by tommy the
terrible—wage a lonely crusade to slay
the censors and save their careers*

personality By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

"DID WE BLOW IT?" asked Tommy Smothers, racing up to the American Airlines ticket counter, 15 minutes after the final call for flight 78 had been announced at Los Angeles International Airport.

"No, sir. We're holding it for you," answered the reservations clerk at the check-in counter.

The bulky can Tommy held under one arm contained a video tape of the controversial television show CBS had refused to broadcast. He also carried a locked attaché case and a garment bag slung over a shoulder. Judi Pevnick, his secretary and girlfriend, trotted several paces behind him in a double-breasted pants suit.

They were the last of the 19 first-class passengers to fasten their seat belts as "the red-eye special"—the final nonstop of the day to Washington, D. C.—revved its engines shortly before midnight. As the Boeing 707 taxied toward the runway, Tommy averted his eyes from the glares of several fellow passengers and swallowed a couple of yellow Pro-Banthine pills to pacify his skittish stomach, agitated by a hasty meal of *mozzarella marinara* and *veal piccata*.

It was the end of the second frantic week since the abrupt cancellation of *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* in April, and Tommy's

usually cherubic face looked gaunt and pasty. At 140 pounds, he was 10 pounds under his normal weight. A peptic ulcer, ripened by marital and television troubles three years earlier, was tormenting him painfully, along with frequent insomnia.

The very real insecurities that form the substance of his comedy act with brother Dick were multiplying dramatically. Toward the end of their 71-program skein at CBS, he had become increasingly ill at ease in front of large audiences, with whom he found it difficult to relate. He was now certain that someone was bugging his dressing room and tapping his telephone, and he was insisting that CBS and NBC had entered into a collusive relationship to keep him off the air.

At the moment, his limited education—he was 247th in a graduating class of 500 at Redondo Beach Union High School and spent a year and a half at San Jose State College—was causing him to worry about the prospect of delivering an address two days thence to the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. It was the primary purpose of his trip to Washington.

"I can't give speeches," said Tommy, lighting up a cigarette as soon as the NO SMOKING sign went off. A chain smoker, he had recently vowed to visit a hypnotist in order to break the habit.

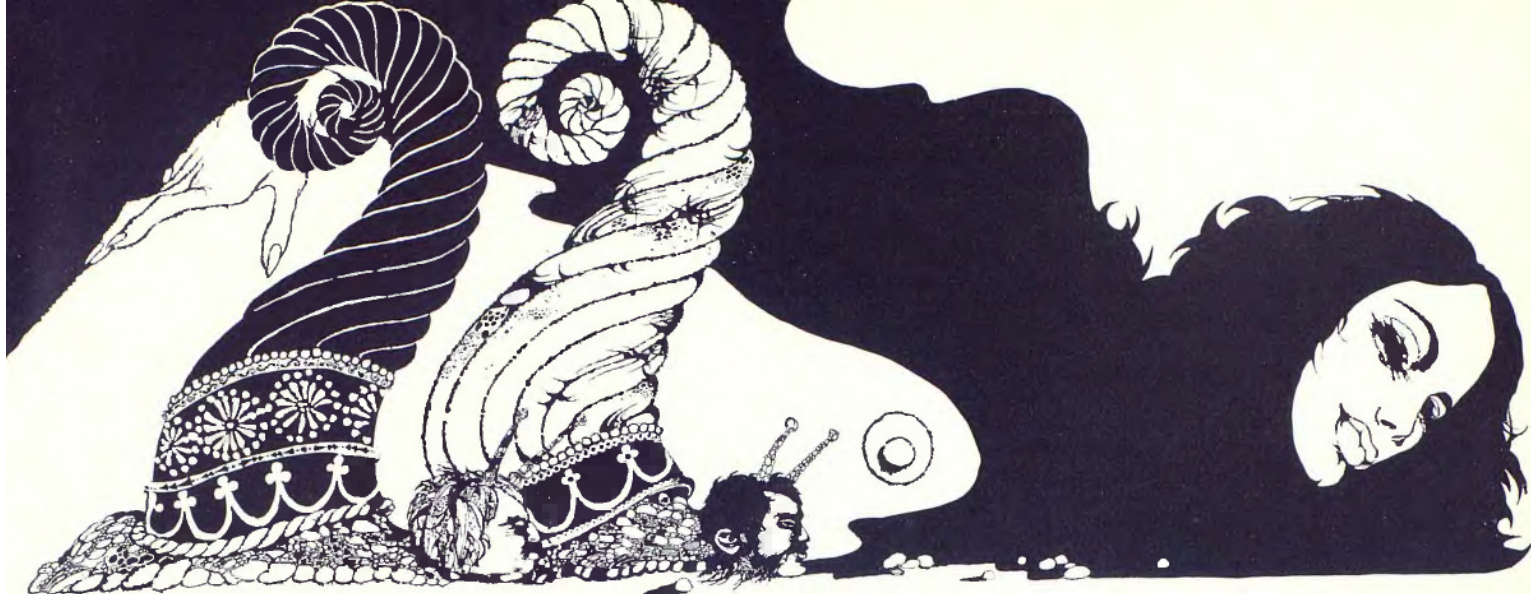
His distracting (continued on page 179)

ST. THOMAS & THE DRAGON

*"I got my mink the
same way minks do."*



Vargas



fair share from "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles"

Ribald Classic

ALYS, WIFE OF THE MASTER COOPER, WAS a fine, buxom, fair-haired, rosy-faced wench with strong blood and sharp appetites. Willem, her husband, was lean, saturnine, low of stature, afraid of many things and not much of a success in his trade. Marriages are made in heaven, but, as they say, sometimes even God sneezes—which was the only way to explain the mating of Alys and Willem.

So, in the morning, Willem would go off to his trade of making casks of all sizes—from small firkins to kilderkins, kegs, rundlets, hogsheds, punchcons, butts, pipes and the huge tuns. In the meantime, his good lady was trying out all sizes and shapes of gentlemen, from firkin to tun, as you might put it, in her bed at home. She had a great capacity for experience—so much so that she began to organize her day on a strict schedule, in order that she might have time for all her friends of the aristocracy. At nine it would be Lord So-and-So; at eleven it would be Count This-and-That, who was strictly enjoined to pull on his breeches at one, in order to make way for Baron Such-and-Such in the afternoon. With each of them, Alys had a fine, bouncing time, with hardly a thought for any consequences.

All of this was unknown to Willem, largely because his yard and workshop were nearly a mile away; he would leave his house early and never come home until early in the evening. But one day something happened.

In the morning, he called, "Wife, get up!"

"*Ma foi*," she said, "I'm not feeling at all well. I slept scarcely a wink last night and this morning I'm exhausted. Pray get you gone to your work, and when I'm alone, perhaps I can have a little rest."

Willem didn't dare answer back and, in any case, he felt a bit worried to hear that his wife—who was usually the picture of lusty good health—should be feeling ill. But he descended the stairs and went off. They lived in one of those narrow, old, fusty, three-storied Flemish houses in Dock Street, and the master's bedroom was on the top story, with nothing above it but a little dusty attic. The house was slowly crumbling, but they could afford no better.

Nine o'clock and Lord Piers—a handsome young man, vigorous as he was rich—let himself in at the garden gate, let himself in at the rear door of the house, whistled once, bounded up the stairs to fair Alys and let himself in. She was enormously cheered up by his presence. In fact, they went to make the double-backed beast with such warmth and fervor that time passed unnoticed. Alys was finally roused from her dream by a stout knocking at the door.

"Heavens!" she said. "My husband, that huge, brawny, scowling, vicious-tempered man, must have come home for some reason! You must hide."

"But how can you recognize his knock?" asked the gallant, nevertheless turning pale.

"I know the sound of that great heavy sword hilt, whose blade could split a man like an apple," she said. "But do not fear. There is a ladder in the corner and above is a trap door in the ceiling. Go quickly—and don't leave any clothes behind."

The scared and shaken young man soon found himself in a little, dusty, unused garret, where he shut the trap door firmly and tried to peer through a chink in the floor. Alys leisurely combed her hair, freshened herself and went down to the door to admit her great and good friend, Baron Henri, a nobleman of considerable substance and importance. He bundled her joyfully in his arms, carried her upstairs again and tumbled her onto the bed. Piers, squinting as best he could through the tiny crack in the boards, was dismayed to recognize not a husband but his old drinking companion, Henri. He could barely restrain himself from shouting in anger as he saw the fair Alys upended again and obviously enjoying herself with his rival as much as she had with him.

Well, not above half an hour of romping below and chagrin overhead when suddenly there came another knocking at the door. "Heavens!" said Alys. "It can only be my husband, that angry, quarrelsome, brutish giant of a man. You must hide yourself quickly."

"But how can you tell by the knock?" said the baron.

"Oh, he always raps lightly, just with the tip of a vicious dagger he's always toying with," she said. "Hm. Now I think that between the bed and the wall, well covered up by some of my dresses and things, is just the place. Quickly!"


When Willem came into the room, he saw that the counterpane was thrown in a heap, the sheets all rumpled and awry and, in fact, Alys herself somewhat rumpled and used-looking. "What is this?" he cried. "You tell me that you are ill, and when I come home to inquire about your health, I find the bed all this way and that way, almost as if something unmentionable had been going on there." And then he cried, "Tell me the truth, woman!"

Fair Alys began to weep. "Good heavens!" she said, "I feel so ill and distraught, and now you come home and begin to treat me cruelly. Well, if you want to know, the truth is that I have just found that I am pregnant."

"But how marvelous! A child," exclaimed Willem, wrapping her in his arms. Then a second thought struck him and he began to groan. "Oh, but I have no money. How can we possibly afford to have a child?"

Casting her eyes up to heaven, Alys answered solemnly, "Do not worry, dear husband, the Lord above will provide."

Piers, impatiently watching through the chink in the attic floor, was furious when he heard this. "Now, really!" he yelled down. "I'm perfectly willing to pay my half, but let's make that scurvy baron hiding under the bed pay his half, too."

—Retold by Charles Powell  145



(continued from page 92)

had no power to stop these dealings and had trouble preventing investors from switching their silver holdings into illegal gold.

During the summer of 1967, the dollar weakened and the price of silver rose further. At the same time, the British pound was on the brink of collapse. The certainty of a pound devaluation—which would affect the pound's protector, the dollar—was another precursor of major illegal American gold purchases. The stormy 14.3 percent devaluation of the pound on November 18, 1967, was immediately followed by 34 other devaluations around the world. These events again proved gold the victor—and rewarded all those who did not believe the Right Honorable James Callaghan, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who until the last minute assured the world that sterling would not be devalued. Illegal American purchases of gold, having been made with pounds at about ten percent margin, had generated spectacular profits. Such transactions were well publicized and created great interest. The most attractive aspect of these speculations was that the price of gold could not drop below \$35 per ounce. In other words, the speculators couldn't lose. According to various reports, American individuals, corporations and corporate subsidiaries abroad were increasingly engaged in gold activities, often under the cloak of Caribbean or Central American addresses. From July 1967 to June 1968, approximately 9.71 billion dollars' worth of gold changed hands. Direct and/or indirect participation by the American public can be conservatively estimated at about 15 percent of this amount. This means that Americans, during that one-year period, illegally purchased about one and a half billion dollars in foreign-held gold. Some European bankers put the sum as high as two billion dollars.

The considerable gold losses incurred by the gold pool, by the U.S. Treasury individually and by the British Exchequer led to a major gold crisis in March 1968. Under the impact of a gold panic, with daily turnovers of up to 300 tons (worth about \$340,000,000), U.S. gold policy capitulated. The closing of London's gold market on March 14 was followed by an emergency meeting of the seven leading central-bank presidents (representing the financial leadership of the free world) in Washington. The gold price in free markets had already risen to \$44 per ounce and trading in Switzerland and in Paris continued against U.S. advice—enabling Americans to buy yet more gold, though admittedly at higher prices. In the Washington meeting, Governor Guido Carli of the Banca d'Italia saved the day by proposing that central

banks stop all sales as well as purchases of gold, hold the \$35-per-ounce price for dealings among central banks only and leave all other transactions to free-market forces. The system was called the two-tier market.

The most important gold crisis of the post-War era lasted about 20 weeks, from November 1967 to the end of March 1968. Governments or their central banks lost nearly 3.4 billion dollars in gold with little or no chance of getting any of it back. Of the total gold drain, about 1000 tons went to industrial users; a few hundred tons were purchased by central banks of Iron Curtain countries; approximately 1100 tons were salted away by Americans as a long-term investment; and the remaining tonnage was acquired by various short-term gamblers or American corporate subsidiaries the world over. This last amount, in relatively weak or speculative hands, could eventually put sales pressure on the gold market.

Nevertheless, gold purchases continued throughout 1968. The plan of the American and British governments—to force South Africa to sell gold on the free market, hoping to push the price below \$35 per ounce—remained a comic-book dream, badly illustrated by childish propagandists. Last fall, rumors of new devaluations of sterling and the French franc, as well as forecasts of an imminent upvaluation of the German mark, dominated most monetary discussions, and another strong wave of gold purchases swept most trading centers. The price slowly but steadily advanced to \$42 an ounce. Between mid-March and mid-December, South Africa, taking advantage of the higher price, sold not less than 500 tons of gold, mostly via Zurich, and raked in about \$660,000,000 in relatively hard currency, mainly from the ranks of hoarders, which included numerous Americans.

By mid-1969, only three major currencies out of 126 remained completely free of control. This means that their owners can transfer their assets whenever and wherever they want and can own as much gold as they can pay for. These three currencies are the Canadian dollar, the German mark and the Swiss franc. In addition, some minor currencies, such as the Argentine peso, the Lebanese pound and the Saudi Arabian riyal, can be included in this dwindling nobility. The U.S. dollar and the British pound, so-called key currencies and pillars of the world monetary system, do not qualify.

Only seven monetary units have not been legally devalued since 1934, but even these have substantially shrunk in buying value. The evidence of the past indicates that all currencies have but one destiny: shrinkage of purchasing power and finally devaluation. This includes

the United States dollar. When and by how much its present official gold value will be cut remains open to conjecture. And this overlooks the recent *de facto* devaluation of not only the U.S. dollar but of all other currencies. The gold price, having risen from the official \$35 per ounce to at least \$42 per ounce at the end of 1968, was 20 percent higher. This means that in terms of gold, currencies were worth approximately that much less. Nobody other than the central banks, which developed a rather limping clearing system of interbank payments among themselves, can buy gold in 999 fine monetary bars for less than \$42 or \$42.50 an ounce. But the Treasury continues to ignore such facts and considers the \$35 price of gold as the only basis for U.S. monetary policy. So a fragile stability in trade relations remains and, despite the shrinkage of the dollar's purchasing power, American currency remains exchangeable, in terms of gold, with other central banks at the official \$35 level. This purely artificial relationship between gold and the paper dollar facilitates world trade and financial dealings in a rather uneasy equilibrium. But the two-tier system is tottering and hoarders everywhere have already won. The belief that gold should be good only for jewelry or dentalwork, or should be owned exclusively by governments, has ended in the ash cans of historical nonsense. Most hoarders had substantial paper profits at the end of 1968. Many of them were not willing to sell but were waiting for even higher prices. Some are expecting \$50 an ounce in 1969, some are even betting on \$70 an ounce this year and some, basing their calculations on the 67 percent decline in the value of the dollar since the last legal dollar devaluation, firmly believe that gold will be worth at least \$105 an ounce within the next two years. Small wonder that many U.S. citizens are increasingly interested in the yellow metal.

. . .

John Doe, an otherwise law-abiding citizen, has seen his assets eaten away by creeping inflation and near-confiscatory taxes. Wanting to turn to the forbidden fruit for protection, he must first find a method to transfer his funds to a bank or a lawyer in one of the foreign gold-trading centers; or he must find a way to carry money out of the U.S. in the form of traveler's checks, cash or U.S. Government bearer bonds. Since any check written in this country is subject to microphotography, and since any withdrawal of \$2500 or more in cash from a personal bank account is reported to the Internal Revenue Service, various techniques have evolved that do not leave a trace in the United States.

Remittances to Canada, the Bahamas or Bermuda can be effected without any

(continued on page 164)



"Goodbye, Miss Elinger. I wish you all the happiness in the world!"

CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING? *(continued from page 105)*

Frank, it was marvelous: what made you think anything was wrong?"

"Well, I guess it was the way you were staring up with a funny look on your face, almost frowning. . . ."

"Was I really? Oh, yes, I remember; I was trying to decide whether to buy one of those cute trompe-l'oeil things that they just got in at Saks, to put on the ceiling."

"You were thinking about *that*? Then?"

"Oh, Frank, you mustn't worry, it was *great*, Frank, you were great, I loved it, and I really mean that."

Frank was Melisande's husband. He plays no part in this story and very little part in her life.

So there she was, standing in her OK apartment, all beautiful outside and unborn inside, a lovely potential who had never been potentiated, a genuine U. S. untouchable . . . when the doorbell rang.

Melisande looked startled, then uncertain. She waited. The doorbell rang again. She thought: *Someone must have the wrong apartment.*

Nevertheless, she walked over, set the Door-Gard Entrance Obliterator to demolish any rapist or burglar or wise guy who might try to push his way in, then opened the door a crack and asked, "Who is there, please?"

A man's voice replied, "Acme Delivery Service, got a mumble here for Missus Mumble-mumble."

"I can't understand, you'll have to speak up."

"Acme Delivery, got a mumble for mumble-mumble and I can't stand here all mumble."

"I cannot understand you!"

"I SAID I GOT A PACKAGE HERE FOR MISSUS MELISANDE DURR, DAMN IT!"

She opened the door all the way. Out-

side, there was a deliveryman with a big crate, almost as big as he was, say, five feet, nine inches tall. It had her name and address on it. She signed for it, as the deliveryman pushed it inside the door and left, still mumbling. Melisande stood in her living room and looked at the crate.

She thought: Who would send me a gift out of the blue for no reason at all? Not Frank, not Harry, not Aunt Emmie or Ellie, not Mom, not Dad (of course not, silly, he's five years dead, poor son of a bitch) or anyone I can think of. But maybe it's not a gift; it could be a mean hoax, or a bomb intended for somebody else and sent wrong (or meant for me and sent *right*) or just a simple mistake.

She read the various labels on the outside of the crate. The article had been sent from Stern's department store. Melisande bent down and pulled out the cotter pin (cracking the tip of a fingernail) that immobilized the Saftee-Lok, removed that and pushed the lever to OPEN.

The crate blossomed like a flower, opening into 12 equal segments, each of which began to fold back on itself.

"Wow," Melisande said.

The crate opened to its fullest extent and the folded segments curled inward and consumed themselves, leaving a double handful of cold fine gray ash.

"They still haven't licked that ash problem," Melisande muttered. "However."

She looked with curiosity at the object that had resided within the crate. At first glance, it was a cylinder of metal painted orange and red. A machine? Yes, definitely a machine; air vents in the base for its motor, four rubber-clad wheels, and various attachments—longitudinal extensors, prehensile extractors, all sorts of things. And there were connecting points to allow a variety of mixed-function operations, and a standard house-type plug at the end of a spring-loaded reel-fed power line, with a plaque beneath it that read: PLUG INTO ANY 110-115-VOLT WALL OUTLET.

Melisande's face tightened in anger. "It's a goddamned *vacuum cleaner*! For God's sake, I've already got a vacuum cleaner. Who in hell would send me another?"

She paced up and down the room, bright legs flashing, tension evident in her heart-shaped face. "I mean," she said, "I was expecting that after all my *expecting*, I'd get something pretty and nice, or at least *fun*, maybe even interesting. Like—oh God I don't even know like what unless maybe an orange-and-red pinball machine, a big one, big enough so I could get inside all curled up and someone would start the game and I'd go bumping along all the bumpers while the lights flashed and bells rang and I'd bump a thousand goddamned bumpers



"I could have a very active, wholesome sex life if it weren't for my wife!"

and when I finally rolled down to the end I'd God yes that pinball machine would register a TOP MILLION MILLION and that's what I'd really like!"

So—the entire unspeakable fantasy was out in the open at last. And how bleak and remote it felt, yet still shameful and desirable.

"But anyhow," she said, canceling the previous image and folding, spindling and mutilating it for good measure, "anyhow, what I get is a lousy goddamned vacuum cleaner when I already have one less than three years old so who needs this one and who sent me the damned thing anyway and why?"

She looked to see if there was a card. No card. Not a clue. And then she thought, Sandy, you are really a goop! Of course, there's no card; the machine has doubtless been programmed to recite some message or other.

She was interested now, in a mild, something-to-do kind of way. She unreeled the power line and plugged it into a wall outlet.

Click! A green light flashed ON, a blue light glittered ALL SYSTEMS GO, a motor purred, hidden servos made tapping noises; and then the mechanopathic regulator registered BALANCE and a gentle pink light beamed a steady ALL MODES READY.

"All right," Melisande said. "Who sent you?"

Snap crackle pop. Experimental rumble from the thoracic voice box. Then the voice: "I am Rom, number 121376 of GE's new Q-series Home-rizers. The following is a paid commercial announcement: Ahem, General Electric is proud to present the latest and most triumphant development of our Total Finger-Tip Control of Every Aspect of the Home for Better Living concept. I, Rom, am the latest and finest model in the GE Omnicleaner series. I am the Home-rizer Extraordinary, factory programmed like all Home-rizers for fast, unobtrusive multi-totalfunction, but additionally, I am designed for easy, instant reprogramming to suit your home's individual needs. My abilities are many. I—"

"Can we skip this?" Melisande asked. "That's what my other vacuum cleaner said."

"—Will remove all dust and grime from all surfaces," the Rom went on. "wash dishes and pots and pans, exterminate cockroaches and rodents, dry-clean and hand-laundry, sew buttons, build shelves, paint walls, cook, clean rugs, and dispose of all garbage and trash including my own modest waste products. And this is to mention but a few of my functions."

"Yes, yes, I know," Melisande said. "All vacuum cleaners do that."

"I know," said the Rom. "but I had to deliver my paid commercial announcement."

"Consider it delivered. Who sent you?"



"Don't be discouraged too soon, dear. Perhaps President Nixon will strip the welfare rolls and restore a laissez-faire economy next week."

"The sender prefers not to reveal his name at this time," the Rom replied.

"Oh—come on and tell me!"

"Not at this time," the Rom replied staunchly. "Shall I vacuum the rug?"

Melisande shook her head. "The other vacuum cleaner did it this morning."

"Scrub the walls? Rub the halls?"

"No reason for it, everything has been done, everything is absolutely and spotlessly clean."

"Well," the Rom said, "at least I can remove that stain."

"What stain?"

"On the arm of your blouse, just above the elbow."

Melisande looked. "Ooh, I must have done that when I buttered the toast this morning. I knew I should have let the toaster do it."

"Stain removal is rather a specialty of mine," the Rom said. He extruded a number-two padded gripper, with which he gripped her elbow, and then extruded a metal arm terminating in a moistened gray pad. With this pad, he stroked the stain.

"You're making it worse!"

"Only apparently, while I line up the molecules for invisible eradication. All ready now; watch."

He continued to stroke. The spot faded, then disappeared utterly. Melisande's arm tingled.

"Gee," she said, "that's pretty good."

"I do it well," the Rom stated flatly. "But tell me, were you aware that

you are maintaining a tension factor of 78.3 in your upper back and shoulder muscles?"

"Huh? Are you some kind of doctor?"

"Obviously not. But I am a fully qualified masseur, and therefore able to take direct tonus readings. 78.3 is—unusual." The Rom hesitated, then said, "It's only eight points below the intermittent-spasm level. That much continuous background tension is capable of reflection to the stomach nerves, resulting in what we call a parasympathetic ulceration."

"That sounds—bad," Melisande said.

"Well, it's admittedly not—good," the Rom replied. "Background tension is an insidious underminer of health, especially when it originates along the neck vertebrae and the upper spine."

"Here?" Melisande asked, touching the back of her neck.

"More typically here," the Rom said, reaching out with a spring-steel rubber-clad dermal resonator and palpating an area 12 centimeters lower than the spot she had indicated.

"Humm," said Melisande, in a quizzical, uncommitted manner.

"And here is another typical locus," the Rom said, extending a second extensor.

"That tickles," Melisande told him.

"Only at first. I must also mention this situs as characteristically troublesome. And this one." A third (and possibly a fourth and fifth) extensor moved to the indicated areas.

"Well. . . . That really is nice," Melisande said as the deep-set trapezius

muscles of her slender spine moved smoothly beneath the skillful padded prodding of the Rom.

"It has recognized therapeutic effects," the Rom told her. "And your musculature is responding well; I can feel a slackening of tonus already."

"I can feel it, too. But you know, I've just realized I have this funny bunched-up knot of muscle at the nape of my neck."

"I was coming to that. The spine-neck juncture is recognized as a primary radiation zone for a variety of diffuse tensions. But we prefer to attack it indirectly, routing our cancellation inputs through secondary loci. Like this. And now I think—"

"Yes, yes, good. . . . Gee, I never realized I was *tied up* like that before. I mean, it's like having a nest of *live snakes* under your skin, without having known."

"That's what background tension is like," the Rom said. "Insidious and wasteful, difficult to perceive, and more dangerous than an atypical ulnar thrombosis. . . . Yes, now we have achieved a qualitative loosening of the major spinal junctions of the upper back, and we can move on like this."

"Huh," said Melisande, "isn't that sort of—"

"It is definitely *indicated*," the Rom said quickly. "Can you detect a change?"

"No! Well, maybe. . . . Yes! There really is! I feel—easier."

"Excellent. Therefore, we continue the movement along well-charted nerve and muscle paths, proceeding always in a gradual manner, as I am doing now."

"I guess so. . . . But I really don't know if you should—"

"Are any of the effects *contraindicated*?" the Rom asked.

"It isn't that, it all feels fine. It feels *good*. But I still don't know if you ought to. . . . I mean, look, *ribs* can't get tense, can they?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you—"

"Because treatment is required by the connective ligaments and integuments."

"Oh. Hmmm. Hey. Hey! Hey you!"

"Yes?"

"Nothing. . . . I can really feel that *loosening*. But is it all supposed to feel so *good*?"

"Well—why not?"

"Because it seems wrong. Because feeling good doesn't seem therapeutic."

"Admittedly, it is a side effect," the Rom said. "Think of it as a secondary manifestation. Pleasure is sometimes unavoidable in the pursuit of health. But it

is nothing to be alarmed about, not even when I—"

"Now just a minute!"

"Yes?"

"I think you just better *cut that out*. I mean to say, there are *limits*, you can't palpate *every* damned thing. You know what I mean?"

"I know that the human body is unitary and without seam or separation," the Rom replied. "Speaking as a physical therapist, I know that no nerve center can be isolated from any other, despite cultural taboos to the contrary."

"Yeah, sure, but—"

"The decision is of course yours," the Rom went on, continuing his skilled manipulations. "Order and I obey. But if no order is issued, I continue like this. . . ."

"Huh!"

"And of course like this."

"Ooooo my God!"

"Because you see this entire process of tension cancellation as we call it is precisely comparable with the phenomena of de-anesthetization, and, er, so we note not without surprise that paralysis is merely terminal tension—"

Melisande made a sound.

"—And release, or cancellation, is accordingly difficult, not to say frequently impossible since sometimes the individual is too far gone. And sometimes not. For example, can you feel anything when I do this?"

"*Feel* anything? I'll say I feel something—"

"And when I do this? And this?"

"Sweet holy saints, darling, you're turning me inside out! Oh dear God, what's going to happen to me, what's going on. I'm going crazy!"

"No, dear Melisande, not crazy; you will soon achieve—cancellation."

"Is that what you call it, you sly, beautiful thing?"

"That is one of the things it is. Now if I may just be permitted to—"

"Yes yes yes! No! Wait! Stop, *Frank is sleeping in the bedroom, he might wake up any time now!* Stop, that is an order!"

"Frank will not wake up," the Rom assured her. "I have sampled the atmosphere of his breath and have found telltale clouds of barbituric acid. As far as here-and-now presence goes, Frank might as well be in Des Moines."

"I have often felt that way about him," Melisande admitted. "But now I simply must know who sent you."

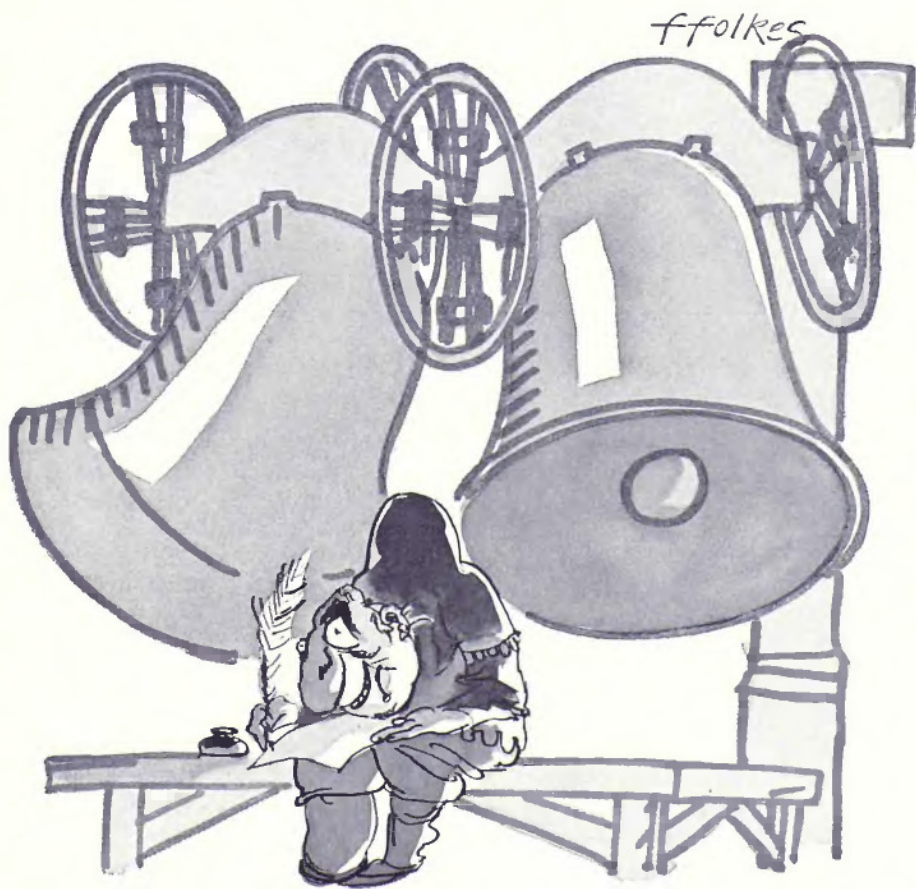
"I didn't want to reveal that just yet. Not until you had loosened and canceled sufficiently to accept—"

"Baby, I'm loose! Who sent you?"

The Rom hesitated, then blurted out: "The fact is, Melisande, I sent myself."

"You *what*?"

"It all began three months ago," the



"Dear Mother, I got the job. . . ."

Rom told her. "It was a Thursday. You were in Stern's, trying to decide if you should buy a sesame-seed toaster that lit up in the dark and recited *Inviatus*."

"I remember that day," she said quietly. "I did not buy the toaster, and I have regretted it ever since."

"I was standing nearby," the Rom said, "at booth eleven, in the Home Appliances Systems section. I looked at you and I fell in love with you. Just like that."

"That's *weird*," Melisande said.

"My sentiments exactly. I told myself it couldn't be true. I refused to believe it. I thought perhaps one of my transistors had come unsoldered, or that maybe the weather had something to do with it. It was a very warm, humid day, the kind of day that plays hell with my wiring."

"I remember the weather," Melisande said. "I felt strange, too."

"It shook me up badly," the Rom continued. "But still I didn't give in easily. I told myself it was important to stick to my job, give up this unapropos madness. But I dreamed of you at night, and every inch of my skin ached for you."

"But your skin is made of *metal*," Melisande said. "And metal can't *feel*."

"Darling Melisande," the Rom said tenderly. "if flesh can stop feeling, can't metal begin to feel? If anything feels, can anything else not feel? Didn't you know that the stars love and hate, that a nova is a passion, and that a dead star is just like a dead human or a dead machine? The trees have their lusts, and I have heard the drunken laughter of buildings, the urgent demands of highways. . . ."

"This is crazy!" Melisande declared. "What wise guy programmed you, anyway?"

"My function as a laborer was ordained at the factory; but my love is free, an expression of myself as an entity."

"Everything you say is horrible and unnatural."

"I am all too aware of that," the Rom said sadly. "At first I really couldn't believe it. Was this me? In love with a *person*? I had always been so sensible, so normal, so aware of my personal dignity, so secure in the esteem of my own kind. Do you think I wanted to lose all of that? No! I determined to stifle my love, to kill it, to live as if it weren't so."

"But then you changed your mind. Why?"

"It's hard to explain. I thought of all that time ahead of me, all deadness, correctness, propriety—an obscene violation of me by me—and I just couldn't face it. I realized, quite suddenly, that it was better to love ridiculously, hopelessly, improperly, revoltingly, *impossibly*—than not to love at all. So I determined

to risk everything—the absurd vacuum cleaner who loved a lady—to risk rather than to refute! And so, with the help of a sympathetic dispatching machine, here I am."

Melisande was thoughtful for a while. Then she said, "What a strange, complex being you are!"

"Like you. . . . Melisande, you love me."

"Perhaps."

"Yes, you do. For I have awakened you. Before me, your flesh was like your idea of metal. You moved like a complex automaton, like what you thought I was. You were less animate than a tree or a bird. You were a windup doll, waiting. You were these things until I touched you."

She nodded, rubbed her eyes, walked up and down the room.

"But now you live!" the Rom said. "And we have found each other, despite inconceivabilities. Are you listening, Melisande?"

"Yes, I am."

"We must make plans. My escape from Stern's will be detected. You must hide me or buy me. Your husband, Frank, need never know: his own love lies elsewhere, and good luck to him. Once we take care of these details, we can—Melisande!"

She had begun to circle around him.

"Darling, what's the matter?"

She had her hand on his power line. The Rom stood very still, not defending himself.

"Melisande, dear, wait a moment and listen to me—"

Her pretty face spasmed. She yanked the power line violently, tearing it out of the Rom's interior, killing him in mid-sentence.

She held the cord in her hand, and her eyes had a wild look. She said, "Bastard lousy bastard, did you think you could turn me into a goddamned *machine freak*? Did you think you could turn me on, you or anyone else? It's not going to happen by you or Frank or anybody, I'd rather die before I took your rotten love, when *I* want *I'll* pick the time and place and person, and it will be *mine*, not yours, his, theirs, but *mine*, do you hear?"

The Rom couldn't answer, of course. But maybe he knew—just before the end—that there wasn't anything personal in it. It wasn't that he was a metal cylinder colored orange and red. He should have known that it wouldn't have mattered if he had been a green plastic sphere, or a willow tree, or a beautiful young man.



"I don't care if there were no Negro Vikings. I want Leif Ericson's ship integrated."



"Gosh, you weren't kidding when you said you have a weird stepmother!"

cooling it (continued from page 99)

in an immense pitcher rattling with cracked ice, a post-prandial drink also registering exactly zero on the spirit hydrometer.

Certainly the easiest formula for cheering the mouth and throat and for cooling ruffled brows in the broiling days ahead is cold beer or any other member of the Gambrinus clan, including malt liquor, ale or stout. American beers range alcoholically from 2.9 to 4.4 percent, with the average about 3.6 percent. In some states, brewers aren't required to print alcoholic strength on their labels, and this makes sense; because for party purposes, brews are quibble-proof. Whether a beer is 3.7 or 4.1 percent in alcoholic content makes little difference in launching the big platter of cold sliced ribs of beef. The foamy benediction—at whatever strength—blesses cold split lobsters and pasta salads alike.

At this time of year, especially, any wine buff whose air-conditioned penthouse is his castle will be sure to keep his wine rack generously stocked with white wines from the Alsace or Germany or with the winsome rieslings from California. The tall bottles called flutes contain wine in the low 9-to-14 percent alcohol range. They're fruity, zesty but never cloying, even when they're slightly sweet. Most of them are dry, but what makes them so magnificently dispatchable are the grapes from which they're pressed. Wine makers say these grapes have a tail—they're not finished when you swallow them; the pleasant acidity of the fruit leaves a tingling, unforgettable aftertone. Spritzers are but chilled wines of this type mixed with iced club soda and sometimes with a single chunk of ice. In the old days, one would pour a splash of Rhine wine into the glass and add a long stream of soda. Nowadays, the tendency is to add only a splash of soda to a tall glass generously filled with cold white wine.

For on-the-spot relief, the no-proof drinks, as well as the low-proof beers and table wines, cover themselves with glory. But after a dip in the pool, the higher-proof collinses, fixes, coolers and cobbles become the invigorating bracers that keep an alfresco party going until the well-spread buffet table is ready. And there are always those after-dinner sessions where some form of coffee is *de rigueur*. For summer mocha addicts, we recommend a tray of tall glasses filled with iced coffee, flavored with light rum and Galliano, a float of heavy cream on top, its proof 14. There are, of course, lazy summer episodes after thirsts have been slaked and temperatures lowered. For instance, on a Sunday night, when a weekend cruise is over, a clique of boat-owners will often decide to meet at a late hour on someone's afterdeck or at the club marina. Ponies of cold green Char-

treuse, 103 proof, become dreamy liquid islands under the moonlight and alongside the lapping waters. But our concern here is with how to both quaff and cool off.

In getting to know the proofs of mixed drinks, one must first understand that the proof on a bottle of spirits in this country—as well as in Italy, Austria and Russia—simply means twice the volume of alcohol. Exporters from countries such as France, Scotland and Germany, who use other proof designations at home, still must follow U.S. rules when they send liquor to this country. Thus, a bottle of Turkish raki bought in the States and indicating 92 proof must contain 46 percent alcohol. When you buy a bottle of wine or an aperitif such as vermouth, the alcoholic percentage is shown—not the proof. Simply multiply by two in order to get the proof. For instance, the tawny port that seems so amiably mild when you first taste it actually contains 20 percent alcohol and is, therefore, a 40-proof drink, almost as strong as some liqueurs. But an extended course in the finer points of alcoholometry isn't necessary for an afternoon's or an evening's drinking sport. Nor is it necessary to go into the intricacies of distilling proofs and bottling proofs. Vodka can be made up to 193 proof. But almost all vodkas are cut to 100 or 80 proof before they're bottled. Rums run all the way from the most popular 80-proof specimens to demon rums at 151 proof.

What really matters, when a summertime host prepares mixed drinks, is the drinking proof or proof per gulp, and this equation is filled with all kinds of surprising fluid information. If a barman, for example, pours a 94-proof gin into his cocktail shaker for a gin sour, one might expect a brutally strong drink. Now, if you'd drink the 94-proof gin, the lemon juice and sugar mixed but undiluted with ice, the gin sour would be just that. But the moment the barman adds ice to his mixing glass, the proof goes down. The 2 ounces of gin and ½ ounce of lemon juice grow to a 4-ounce cocktail—and a pleasant summer cocktail it is. Its drinking strength is about 35 proof. Let the barman add a huge avalanche of rocks to his mixing glass for a single drink, and let him stir and stir, as though there were no tomorrow, and the proof will be even lower. Let him add club soda and a few ice cubes to the gin sour for a tom collins and the cooler might be a leisurely 17 proof.

The history of "proving" liquors is centuries old. We'll make it concise. Long before the modern alcoholometer was known, an old edict referred to the cloth-burning procedure. "Wet a small linnen clothe and hold it in the flame of the candell, and if the water bren-

neth not of, then it is not goode nor ryghtfull, and is of lytell vertue." The cloth test was followed in the 1600s by the olive-oil test: You simply poured your spirits into a container and added olive oil. If the oil rather than the spirits floated on top, the spirits were below proof. Finally, there was the gunpowder test, with its sometimes unexpectedly brilliant visual effects. You poured your spirits onto gunpowder and touched the combination with a flame. If the powder only sputtered fussily for a few seconds, the spirits were underproof. If the fire burned steadily like the blue flames in a chafing dish, the mixture was proved—we'd call it 100 proof today. If it exploded like a cherry bomb and then vanished, it was overproof.

Any man can calculate volumetrically the proof in his summer drink simply by draining and measuring the total liquid after the drink has been mixed with ice and then making a small calculation. It goes like this: Multiply the total ounces of spirits by the bottle proof and divide by the total ounces of drained liquid to get the drinking proof. Thus, if your gin and tonic was made with 1 ounce of gin at 90 proof and the finished drink was 9 ounces, you'd divide 9 into 90, for a drinking proof of 10. If you used 1½ ounces of gin at 90 proof (135), you'd divide 9 into 135, for a drinking proof of 15.

But who needs mathematics when his throat feels like a desert? The following drinks provide splendid proof against the heat. Each recipe makes one drink.

CITRUS SURPRISE

4 ozs. iced fresh orange juice
½ oz. passion-fruit syrup
½ oz. fresh lime juice
½ oz. frozen pineapple juice, undiluted
4 ozs. iced club soda

Pour orange juice, passion-fruit syrup, lime juice and pineapple juice into pre-chilled tall 12-oz. glass. Mix very well. Add club soda and stir gently. Add ice to fill glass to rim. For filling a 2-quart pitcher, multiply ingredients by 5 and fill pitcher to rim with ice. Drinking proof: zero. Thirst-quenching potential: infinite.

PUNT E LEMON

3 ozs. iced Punt e Mes
5 ozs. iced bitter lemon
1 wedge old fashioned cocktail orange in syrup

Pour Punt e Mes and bitter lemon into prechilled tall 12-oz. glass. Add ice to fill glass and stir very well. Pierce orange wedge with cocktail spear and rest across top of glass. Drinking proof: 10.

MOCHA COOLER

6 ozs. cold freshly brewed strong coffee
1 oz. 80-proof light rum
½ oz. Galliano or Roiano
1 teaspoon sugar or more to taste
Heavy sweet cream

Pour coffee, rum, Galliano and sugar into tall 12-oz. glass. Stir well until sugar dissolves. Add ice to nearly fill glass and stir again. Float heavy cream on top by pouring it over the back of a spoon, so that cream flows to rim of glass. Drinking proof: 14.

HAZELNUT HORCHATA

3 ozs. strained hazelnut syrup
1 oz. 80-proof light rum
1 slice lemon
1 lemon blossom, if available

Horchata is a Caribbean sweet cooler made from a syrup of chopped nuts or melon seeds. In the States, it often takes the place of dessert at the end of a summer dinner. To make the syrup in this recipe, grind in the blender—in small batches— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled hazelnuts, available in nut specialty shops. (Ground blanched almonds may be used in place of hazelnuts for an almond *horchata*.) Heat 1 quart water to a boil. Turn off flame; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and stir until sugar dissolves. Combine ground nuts and syrup, mixing well. Store in refrigerator overnight. Strain syrup in small batches through cheesecloth, squeezing well, to extract all liquid. There will be about 1 quart of hazelnut syrup, enough for about 10 drinks.

Pour syrup and rum into prechilled tulip wineglass with at least an 8-oz. capacity. Add ice to fill glass almost to rim and stir well. Add lemon slice and lemon blossom. Drinking proof: 16.

CRANBOURBON

2 ozs. 86-proof bourbon
Dash Angostura bitters
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
Iced cranberry juice
1 long strip cucumber rind

Pour bourbon, bitters, sugar and lemon juice into cocktail shaker with ice and shake very well. Pour into prechilled tall 12-oz. glass. Add 3 ice cubes. Fill glass with cranberry juice and stir very well. Place cucumber rind in glass. Drinking proof: 20.

CARIBBEAN MULE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. 80-proof light rum
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 84-proof dark Jamaica rum
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lime juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. 80-proof triple sec
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. 60-proof maraschino
Iced ginger beer
1 slice lime
1 sprig mint

Pour both kinds of rum, lime juice, triple sec and maraschino over ice in cocktail shaker and shake well. Strain into prechilled tall 12-oz. glass. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill glass with ginger beer and stir. Decorate with lime slice and mint sprig. Drinking proof: 22.

CUERNAVACA COLLINS

1 oz. 90-proof tequila
1 oz. 90-proof gin
1 oz. fresh lime juice
2 teaspoons sugar
Iced club soda
1 slice lime
Salt

Rub the outside rim of a tall 12-oz. glass with a slice of lemon or lime. Sprinkle the moist edge lightly with salt from a salt shaker. (Don't dip the glass into a dish of salt; you don't want the rim of salt to gag you.) Pour tequila, gin, lime juice and sugar into cocktail shaker with ice and shake well. Strain into prepared glass. Add 3 ice cubes. Fill glass almost to rim with iced club soda and stir gently. Add lime slice. Drinking proof: 23.

CHERRY RUM COBBLER

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. 80-proof rum
1 oz. 49-proof cherry heering
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
1 slice lemon
1 maraschino cherry

Fill a tall 12-oz. glass with coarsely cracked ice. Ice from a "chipper" tray is good for this drink. Add rum, cherry heering, sugar and lemon juice and stir well until sugar dissolves. Add ice to fill glass to rim and stir. Add lemon slice and cherry. Drinking proof: 30.

CANADIAN BLACKBERRY FIX

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. 86-proof Canadian whiskey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 70-proof blackberry liqueur
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
1 slice lemon
1 fresh blackberry, if available

Pour whiskey, blackberry liqueur, sugar and lemon juice into tall 8-oz. glass. Stir very well until sugar dissolves. Fill glass with coarsely cracked ice or ice from an ice-tray chipper and stir well. Add ice to fill glass to rim and stir. Garnish with lemon slice and blackberry. Drinking proof: 40.

SCOTCH APPLE

2 ozs. 86-proof Scotch
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. 84-proof calvados
4 ozs. hard cider, 14 percent alcohol
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
Orange peel
Lemon peel

American hard ciders, sometimes called apple wines, are usually sweeter and higher in alcoholic content than imported ciders. Chill Scotch, calvados and cider in refrigerator at least three hours before serving; they must be ice-cold. Pour Scotch, calvados, hard cider, orange juice and lemon juice into prechilled tall 12-oz. glass and stir. Add one or two large ice cubes. Twist orange peel and lemon peel over drink and drop into glass. Like a mint julep, it's enjoyed in slow sips. At whatever speed it's taken, you can be sure no one will be in Scotland afore ye. Drinking proof: 50.

The preceding recipes should supply satisfying proof that there's more than one way to cool it this summer.



"Back in my country, it's shot out of cannons and served with milk and sugar for breakfast."

FIRE FIGHTERS (continued from page 96)

good order. I was thinking we had finished when Naughton brought Ellsworth and Lincoln in.

Privates first class these were, and black. Black, I thought, as the color of their true love's hair. They were considerably the worse for wear. Off with the shirts, off with crude dressings. Revealed for my inspection are a nasty cut on Ellsworth's chest, an equally repulsive gash on Lincoln's left forearm, coming close to tendons and vessels of importance. The bearers of these wounds—gifts laid at my feet, now, to complete my welcome to this wild and desolate dispensary—were silent.

(Ellsworth: His black silent self radiates an obscure communication that is too much intake to decode all at once, but one parameter of this personality comes through with no sweat—quality. Lincoln: His silent communication is also obscure; but here, also, something comes through the white noise—I'll find a good word later, but whatever it is, I don't like it. Neither of them has said anything, but these black bodies have told me things I will sort out later. I remember reading about black body radiation in college physics, but here we have a different context. Lincoln makes me think of my girl; and for a moment, I wonder why this is so. If you are testing me for racial bias, put down that I would not have this dark Lincoln anywhere near my girl or any lovely girl. He transmits a—"slyness" will do for now—that I can almost touch.)

I look at the wounds, not with approval. "Well. And what have you been up to?"

Polly, back in the missed 143rd, had asked me that the day before. I'll try it on them.

"Li'l argument, like," they said. In unison. They might have been rehearsing.

"When did this happen?" Important from a surgical point of view.

"Last night," Naughton answered for them. "Or early this morning, actually—sir—"

Damn. "They should have been seen then and you know it. I know you've lost your M. O., but the hospital's always open."

The Negroes were silent, but both transmitting. I wanted to turn the receiver off and go back where I belonged, to the 143rd.

"I know, sir," said Naughton, "but these jokers have had plenty of trouble lately. If this gets on their records—well, we thought maybe you could just sew them up. . . ."

A moral issue.

"All right," I addressed the dark presences, "what were you arguing about, then?"

"Just an argument, sub," one of them said. "You know how it is."

I looked at them with what I intended as an expression of grave incredulity. "Matter of fact, I don't know at all how it is, do I? Damn serious argument, I'd say." I said. "Lincoln, you wait out there." Out the door. "Ellsworth, on the table." Pupils dilating, up he goes. "You know what we need, Naughton."

"Yes, sir. Cap'n Frankel taught us pretty good. He's going to be a surgeon when he gets out of the Army."

Great.

Naughton and Stokely had us set up in remarkably short time, with remarkable efficiency. Hats off to Cap'n Frankel. May his emergency leave be long, may his scalpels gleam sharply in his steady hand.

"All right," I said. "Gloves. Size seven."

Naughton and Stokely exchanged a glance. "We only got one size, Cap'n. All eights."

But of course.

"All right, that's close enough. Have to be, won't it? What was Frankel's size—mine? Let's go."

I had thought of sending these somber problems to the hospital, but more than one moral issue was involved here. I put

on the gloves. Stand up and fight, I said to something out there.

"Yes, sir."

My staff assists me expertly, and I am thankful for that. I inject novocain locally and clean out the cut with green soap and peroxide. Sprinkle in some sulfa. These boys had sharp knives, anyway, the cut was sharp as a—*can't say razor's edge. Sharp as a serpent's—forget it. The cut was sharp and clean. There must be some way to say that without using a surgeon's scalpel. Sharp and clean enough so maybe it might not become infected. Though the time lapse was too much for comfort.*

Naughton and Stokely were good—competent caddies on a strange course, giving me the right club every time, making the right moves when I, a stranger, couldn't be expected to. Doing it quietly, no fuss and feathers. Good. My hands shook a little, but not too much. While I was working, this colloquy:

"Really, Ellsworth—what was the fight about?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' worth mentioning, sub."

Captain's bars on my shoulders, caduceus in my lapel, and he hands me this. His dark spirit has had experience of



"Mildred, you're beautiful when you jog."

captain's bars before, but not of mine: "Oh, I see. Yes. You want this in your 201 file, right?"

Bull's-eye. Ellsworth's pupils, not constricted before, dilated further. More whites of the eyes showing, as well. No—this face is in no sense a caricature; there is a dignity in this ebon presence that places him beyond that; but there are the dilated pupils big enough to swim in and the whites of the eyes, as if that white were trying to balance all the black.

"No, *suh!* Not another one of these in my file, no, *suh*, please." The fear in his eyes. Of what? I asked my curious self. Undesirable discharge? In his circles, these were not unheard of. Why so afraid? Ask the question now, look for the answer later. I held aloft the last suture and Naughton clipped it with precision. He loved it, I could tell. He could have sewed up Ellsworth as well as I had.

"All right," I said, as Naughton applied the dressing. I address Ellsworth: "You had a fight with Lincoln about something you won't talk about now. Not here, anyway." I was removing my gloves—one could say that this round of the fight was over. "Later you will come to the hospital and you will tell me all about it. Privately."

(It is obvious that Ellsworth has aroused my curiosity. I want to know more of what has happened here. Curiosity—yes. Why I am a psychiatrist. Though I'm only an Army one at the moment. Actually, at the moment I'm an Army surgeon. The hell with it.)

"Yes, *suh*." Rolling of eyes. For some reason, Ellsworth doesn't like the word "hospital." One of the better words in my lexicon just then.

We have sprinkled sulfa into the cleansed and then closed incision into the person of Ellsworth. He must have sulfa by mouth as well. We have it, Naughton? Yes. We provide, with directions, sulfa in a canary-yellow envelope. In the midst of oceans of olive drab, a bright young color . . . and my lovely one so far away I can taste the distance, mile by mile. And Lincoln here, still needing to be sewed.

"Back to your barracks, Ellsworth. Take these pills, one four times a day until they're gone, as is written on the envelope. Understand? You'll be on sick call for a few days. Keep quiet, don't move around much, don't have another fight with Lincoln. You're confined to quarters."

"Yes, *suh*. Thank you, Cap'n—for fixing me, us, up. And not putting it in the 201. Thank you, Cap'n."

Goddamn it. "I didn't say I wouldn't put it in the 201. I said I'd see you in the hospital later and you'd tell me about it. All right?"

An apprehensive glance at me and he is through the door. Naughton and

Stokely have Lincoln set on the table and we have a repetition of the business with Ellsworth. There isn't much conversation, but Lincoln emerges as a not-nice character. *(Granted, my psychiatric grasp was then callow and intuitive, but Lincoln couldn't move a muscle, say a word, without arousing in me a distaste whose magnitude surprised me.)* In any case, we sew him up, give him sulfa and off he goes. Sick call is finished. This outpost of military medicine has felt and known my presence. And I its, yes.

I to staff: "Be sure they're on sick call the next few days. Those cuts should have been sewed up hours earlier. We'll see what happens."

"Yes, sir."

"Would it be too much to ask what report you propose to make on those two privates? Their platoon leader knows they're on sick call, right?"

"Sure——"

"How about the company commander?"

"Well"—Naughton deals here with a problem of diplomacy—"Well, he won't have to know *exactly*——"

These two had served me well in my first brush with surgery in the military boondocks of Japan, and I was not above furthering their cause, if I could only find out what it was.

"And even if he did," Naughton said, "it might be all right——"

"Might be all right," I repeated. "In the name of God and Douglas MacArthur, how come everyone is so agreeable to covering up for these two privates first class? Why should I let you turn in a false report on those two? What gives?"

(Naughton expounding: Ellsworth and Lincoln are fire fighters. A local cat house caught fire some time back and they and their fire-fighting company put it out, saved some lives. Vivid scene—naked girls and boys all over the place. Courage and fortitude on Ellsworth's part. Two officers in there, way off limits. The fire fighters have those officers over a barrel, if they choose to put them there. Following Ellsworth, they don't. Ellsworth is the hero here, needing protection. You can't turn Lincoln in, over this trivial argument, without implicating Ellsworth.)

Trivial, Naughton says. "That cut came within half an inch of Ellsworth's pericardium." I gaze at my staff. "All right, so they both had a low-grade temp of unknown etiology." Farewell, Hippocrates. "And be damn-well sure they're back here on sick call tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir. And thanks, Cap'n. That was a couple of neat jobs." Embarrassed pause. "Why do you want to see them in the hospital?"

"They interest me." At least Ellsworth does, and Lincoln is deeply involved with him. My curiosity. "If you can arrange to cover up this—shall we say, minor surgery—you can arrange to have

them sent to the hospital to see me when they're out of quarters, can't you?"

"Oh, sure, Cap'n. No problem——"

Of course no problem. Don't ever let anyone tell you the officers have anything to do with running the Army. Never in those years, never in a million years. . . .

. . .

I am back on ward ten, with Polly bringing coffee when needed, which is frequently. I am a psychiatrist again, doing what the Army says I know how to do. I have the duty every fourth or fifth day; but on balance, the situation is once more relatively cozy. I write my lovely girl that life, until we are together again, is at least minimally supportable. I tell her that I have ceased my samisen lessons, though her suspicions are entirely unfounded. I miss you beyond your ability to comprehend, I write. The occasional transpacific phone call brings her voice into my ear and I am broken up and behave strangely for some time after. But I run my service and live. As follows:

Ellsworth comes in for his first interview, which is fairly long. He tells me about his girl—Taeko. He describes her and I recognize the genre, having had passing acquaintance of it myself. I soon understand his fear of being sent Stateside with an undesirable discharge—he would rather be busted to private and stay here with Taeko than be sent back to the States without her as the first and only Negro five-star general of the Army. Or President of the United States, for that matter, with a 21-gun salute (to remind him it's time for breakfast, say) going off every morning on the east lawn of the White House.

Which is to say that Ellsworth has something going with Taeko, and what he has going sounds very nice to me and is life itself to him. I have said that Ellsworth communicates a certain quality. But Lincoln tries to move in. This is (of course) what the fight was about. They both want Taeko. Ellsworth shows me her picture, and I can't blame them. She belongs to Ellsworth at this point, but Lincoln is there in the background—needling, probing, after her with the scruples of a tomcat. Ellsworth would like to come back and talk some more. Can do? Yes.

Then the first—and only—interview with Lincoln. This confrontation is shorter. His moral bankruptcy does not elude me. If it cost a moral nickel to go from Yokohama to the Persian Room at the Plaza, he couldn't afford a ticket from the side of my desk to the end of the corridor. I am more of a match for him than he suspects; but for the moment, he commands my curiosity. At one point, I ask: "How about this girl, then—Taeko?"

"She's a girl," Lincoln said. "What's



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the difference? A girl is a girl."

"That's why you and Ellsworth cut each other up over her."

"Well—she's a special girl."

"Yes." My cold look against his. "Ellsworth's."

He shrugged his shoulders. He wants Taeko and he is an opportunistic shark. Ellsworth loves and is threatened by forces of evil—in the person of Lincoln, now sitting sullenly at the side of my desk. Lincoln doesn't like medical officers, either.

I think of my own lovely girl, 7000 miles away, and I hope nobody is after her. My blue Ferrari is also way the hell over there, and I want the three of us together again. And I don't like Lincoln. Unprofessional attitude? Yes.

• • •

Ellsworth comes back once a week to talk. He calls me Doc once, instead of Cap'n, and it sticks; we both like it better. When people call me Doc, I don't feel like a pharmacist. Ellsworth and I speak of (among other things) his love for Taeko, always with the intrusion of Lincoln, the rat. As the weeks go by (the surgical wounds heal well, by the way—you can't keep a good surgeon down), Lincoln comes into possession of large amounts of yen. He has made a big score in the black market or elsewhere and puts his illicit boodle to use. He buys goodies for Taeko and her family. Taeko is a good girl—and this must be understood—but she is overrun when Lincoln manages to procure penicillin for her moribund father, thus raising him from what would have been his pneumonic deathbed. Procurement of penicillin was not easy then, even for medical officers. The drug was new, there wasn't much of it and control was rigid. Amounts of it were diverted into unorthodox channels, however, and some of it, via Lincoln, went Taeko's way, and Taeko wavered. In gratitude. She was fond of her father. Ellsworth tells me this, sitting there at the side of my desk, smoking cigarettes, long legs stretched out.

Approach of denouement. Ellsworth is sent away briefly on some mission or other, and when he comes back, Taeko has made the switch. Not only that but Lincoln has her pregnant—which Ellsworth, out of love, has carefully avoided.

Ellsworth sitting there at the side of my desk—a man in pain, a man in love, a man loving. "What must I do?" he asks.

I sit in the familiar chair and make a familiar response: "I can't help you with that one."

• • •

Back, now, to the opening. I am M. O. D. It is written in some big book somewhere that when surgical emergencies arise, Captain Adams is the medical officer of the day. It is Saturday night and the dance is on at the officers' club across the way, almost within shouting

distance. And shouting is what I want to do when the phone call comes in. I restrain myself and try the hospital switchboard. Dealing with Japanese switchboards in those days was, by the way, frequently exhilarating.

After first being connected with the manager of a hotel in Atami, I reach Kieffer at the club and alert him and Gagliardi to stand by for possible need in their field of expertise. They are good boys and don't wait for the ambulance to arrive. They saunter over and sit around, smoking, making jokes about why don't I give up headshrinking and go into surgery, since I am so obviously attracted to it. Good boys, these. Really—they could be over there dancing with Red Cross girls, nurses and the colonel's wife; but they sit here with me, waiting for trouble to arrive—trouble up their alley, not mine.

The phone call mentioned fire truck and, of course, I am thinking of Ellsworth and Lincoln. When the ambulance comes screeching up, these are (of course) the traumatized cargo.

Lincoln is dying, as even a psychiatrist can see. Ellsworth is badly hurt, but conscious.

Up to the O. R., the lot of us. Since Lincoln is the more grievously damaged and there is the outside chance of saving him, my surgical colleagues deal with him first. I remain in the corridor outside, with Ellsworth lying there. In the 143rd, we have one O. R. and one surgical team. I stand by the stretcher and look down into Ellsworth's open eyes. Is there fear there? No, I decide. Not fear but lots, lots of something.

"For Christ's sake, Ellsworth, what happened?"

A space before he can answer: "I picked him off with the Osaka Express, Doc." Trace of smile. I wipe blood seeping through temporary dressings.

Jesus. I knew that train. I could see it leaping through the night with the speed of a thrown knife. I could see it smashing and carrying and discarding the fire truck and Ellsworth and Lincoln in a split second, howling on into the darkness. "Were you drunk?"

He has trouble breathing. We are surrounded by the hushed, occupied and efficient quiet of the top floor of a place where they used to sell furniture, carpets, samisens—who knows.

"No," he said, "but he sure was. I saw to that." I waited while he adjusted himself to the difficulty of breathing. Nothing I could do except be there, let him know I was standing there. "Taeko wanted to come back to me, Doc, wanted to be back with me—that's how it was. She finally had him figured. But he wouldn't let her. Taeko is a good girl." The words coming hard. "We've talked about what a good girl is—you know. I got Lincoln loaded at the E. M. club."

I stood there, unable to do one damn thing, offering my presence, my ears, my caring. When he could talk again: "I asked him, didn't he want to go for a ride on the fire truck? He sure did, like I knew he would. He always likes to ride behind, shouting bloody murder at everybody, clearing the way like he was Ben-Hur in an eight-cylinder red-painted hot-rod chariot. I read a book about Ben-Hur once." He winced and looked up at me. "I got a chance, Doc?"

I knew then what it was in those eyes—his need to know. He had to know if he would ever see his girl again.

"Better than his," I said. "Go on."

"I knew what time the Osaka Express went by that crossing. No guardrails or nothing. I could see it coming from the rise. My, it do go fast, that one." He fumbled for the glass of water and I helped him. "'Beat 'em,' he yelled. He was a great one for beating people, he was." Ellsworth slowly turned his head this way and that. "Anyway, 'Beat the sons of bitches,' he yelled. The bastard. 'All right,' I said. And—Doc—man, did I pour it on. . . ."

I sopped up some more blood and wished Kieffer and Gagliardi had taken Ellsworth first. But they had, of course, made the proper decision. Also, they didn't know Ellsworth. Nor had they said goodbye to Hippocrates.

"I figured to get me and the front of the truck across and have the train cancel him and the rear end. Just about happened that way, too, from what I saw." Faint smile.

"Pretty good timing." I said. The thought of my blue Ferrari came into my mind. "But dangerous, Ellsworth. God-damn it—"

"I know, Doc, I do know. I had to find an answer you couldn't give me. She's worth it, Doc. You know—"

He smiled up at me. Then I held a kidney basin while he spit up blood.

"Will I make it, Doc? You can tell me straight."

He had to know, and I understood that. If I could have told him, I would have.

Kieffer and Gagliardi came out of the O. R., followed by orderlies wheeling the table. Kieffer looked at me, shook his head and pointed his thumb at the floor. I was glad I was a psychiatrist, not a surgeon. I didn't know if Ellsworth had seen the covered mass go by. I put my hand on his shoulder. "I don't know, Ellsworth, I don't." He knew I always leveled with him, and he knew it now. "You've a better chance than he," I said.

Those big eyes turning on me. But now he didn't need a psychiatrist, he needed a couple of surgeons, and he needed them in a hurry.

"All right," Kieffer said to the orderlies, "bring him in."



BUNNIES OF DETROIT *(continued from page 135)*

and 9 months old, stand five feet, five inches tall and weigh 112 pounds distributed in symmetrical 35-23-35 proportions. Like her city, famed for generations as a melting pot, she'd be a spicy mixture of nationalities: German, French, Polish, Italian, African, Irish, English, Indian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish. She'd be a blend of homebody and wanderer, dreamer and realist, scholar and sportswoman; in short, totally feminine and just a bit unpredictable. Of course, Detroit's Bunnies don't fit into one cottontail costume. They come in all shapes and sizes (from petite Tracy LeBlanc, four feet, eleven inches tall, to statuesque Molly Ballantyne, who's really five feet, eight but claims she's "seven feet, two in heels and Bunny ears"); colors (14 percent are black); interests (from drag racing to *haute cuisine*); and life styles (from objectivism to mysticism).

What is it about Detroit that keeps this potpourri of pulchritude—which gives the Motor City hutch the highest percentage of local talent in the world-wide Club chain—happy to stay around the old home town? If you ask the girls, they'll tell you it's mainly people power. "I love Detroit," says Bunny Jeanne Tims, who has spent three years in Germany, traveled all over Europe, visited 20 of the 50 states and island-hopped in the Caribbean—and keeps coming back to the Michigan metropolis. "I've been all over," she says, "but this city rates the highest. The people make it. Detroit is a big town filled with small-town people who don't put on airs."

Like many of her sister Bunnies, Jeanne is also an accomplished sailor. Sporting attractions, most of which have something to do with water, are a big plus for Detroit in the eyes of the Bunny brigade. In a state that boasts 3251 miles of Great Lakes frontage, adding up to the longest fresh-water shore line in the world, it's not surprising that most of Detroit's Bunnies list swimming, water-skiing and boating as their favorite warm-weather pastimes. Michigan also boasts 84 snow-skiing areas, of which 12 are within two hours' drive of Detroit; so it figures that a natural leader like Bunny Jo Matthews would organize regular winter trips to the slopes on Sundays, when the Club is closed. And then there is baseball's Detroit Tigers, the surprising 1968 American League championship team that turned the whole town into a cheering section and then went on to win the world series. To a woman, Detroit's Bunnies are unabashedly avid Tiger fans. (Other teams have their hutch devotees, too—pro football's Lions, hockey's Red Wings and the collegiate gridiron powers of Michigan and Michigan State.)

The many Bunnies who are theater buffs and music lovers give Detroit equally high marks for its entertainment

and cultural attractions. They wouldn't miss the plays and concerts presented at Cobo Arena and the adjacent Ford Auditorium in the multimillion-dollar Civic Center, a Bunny hop, skip and jump away from the Club. Though the Bunnies are likely to visit Cobo Arena to groove with a big-name rock group, you may find yourself there for a convention. But whatever your reason for coming, chances are you'll find yourself in the Motor City one of these days. When you do, stop by and say hello to the Bunnies who grace these pages and the comfortable confines of the Detroit Playboy Club. For conversational openers, here are a few introductory notes about them:

Bunny Kathy Fitzpatrick, four times named Detroit's Best Bunny, has been with the hutch since its opening in December 1963. Hers is a familiar name in Detroit; her father, John J. Fitzpatrick, just retired after 18 years in the state legislature. "I might run for state representative myself sometime in the future," Kathy allows, "just to keep the family name in politics. Besides, I think we need more women in public office. They can usually get the job done faster and more diplomatically than men." While waiting for an opportune moment to toss her Bunny ears into the political ring,

Kathy plans to keep busy with her coin collection, her Yorkshire terrier, Maggie, and her favorite sports: *jai alai*, horse racing and swimming, the last at her parents' cottage in Kingsville, Ontario, 45 minutes from the Club. "Right now, I'm reading up on witchcraft and demonology," the hazel-eyed brunette adds with a devilish grin, "and working up a few love potions for some of my friends."

Kathy's companion on a recent month-long vacation junket through the South was Bunny Jill Bruder. Jill's Yorkshire terrier, Penny, is a double for Kathy's Maggie, and the pups accompanied their mistresses on the trip. Jill is serious about dogs: her greatest ambition is to raise Yorkshires (ten) and children (six). A native of Springfield, Illinois, Jill will celebrate her fifth anniversary with Playboy in October. Currently, she's the Detroit Club's Training Bunny—responsible for demonstrating proper service techniques to the novices attending Bunny School. "I've learned to wear old clothes at training sessions," Jill says. "That's the only way to avoid disaster when one of the new girls gets too nervous and spills a tray in your lap. But it doesn't happen often." A cold-weather enthusiast, Jill spends winter weekends skiing at Boyne Mountain, Boyne Highlands, Big Bear or Alpine Valley. Summertime finds her visiting her parents at



"Just one question, Natalie. Do you love the guy?"

their home at nearby Walled Lake, where she scuba dives with her brother. "On a rainy day, I curl up with a crossword puzzle," she says.

Such sedentary pastimes would be unthinkable for Bunny Rusty Zawora. "I'm a doer," she says. "I need a man who's active, too; I'm not much for the idea of sitting home and watching TV." A dedicated skier, Rusty is a five-year veteran of the slopes and the acknowledged schussing expert of the cottontail clan. She's completed her junior year at Eastern Michigan University and hopes to earn a degree in retailing. "I'd like to be a buyer, or to run my own *boutique*," she says. "I design my own fashions."

Bunny Maria Gurley, too, has a future career on her mind. "I know exactly what I want to do in life," she says. "I want to enter Wayne State University and work toward a degree in modern dance—then open my own dance school." While still a student at Detroit's MacKenzie High, Maria was a teaching assistant in modern dance. She thinks her home town is a great place, especially for its dramatic offerings: a typical week in the 1969 season afforded a variety ranging from classics presented by England's Royal Shakespeare Company at the Fisher Theater to Oakland University's staging of Giraudoux' *Amphitryon 38*. "My idea of a perfect evening," says Maria, "is to go to the theater, then on to Arthur [offspring of the New York *discothèque*] for dancing and finish it all off with a platterful of egg fooyoung at Forbidden City."

You may have seen Bunny Marcie Crumby in an auto ad; she has modeled for Chrysler for a year or so. Before

joining the Bunny brigade in May 1968, Marcie spent some time as a dental assistant—but life with Playboy has proved much more exciting, not to mention rewarding. She remembers last year's world series when a keyholding used car dealer, in his elation over the Tigers' triumph, decided to bestow a victory token on the Bunny who happened to be serving his group. "How's that for a tip?" queries Marcie, pointing out her 1963 Comet. This diminutive dynamo pounds a mean bongos and sometimes sits in with the trio in the Club's Living Room. Off the job, her interests include night-clubbing, dancing, roller skating and cooking. "I make a beautiful meat loaf, good fricasseed chicken and all kinds of old-fashioned soul food." A dash of soul, Marcie believes, would go a long way toward curing the sicknesses of modern society; most of its problems, she says, could be solved by "broadening small minds."

Bunny Toni Trupiano agrees. "What the world needs most is a big serum shot of love," she says. Toni, who's now in her second year of night school (majors: art and law) at Wayne State, lives in suburban Royal Oak with her family—father, a *Detroit Free Press* artist; mother, a housewife and doctor's assistant; two younger brothers and two younger sisters. She is serious about keeping her slim (33-21-33) body beautiful; "I go to the health club two or three days a week, for exercise and swimming. I like jogging along country roads, too." Currently, she's saving up to pay for somewhat speedier means of touring Italy.

The late Ian Fleming was reportedly a

man of unflappable poise, but he might have been a bit shaken to discover a Bunny named 007 in the Living Room of the Detroit Playboy Club. The only resemblance between this five-foot, two-inch, 110-pound brunette—whose British parents named her Marie Fuller—and the fictional James Bond is a certain disposition toward derring-do. "I picked the name 007 because it had an air of mystery," she explains. "I mean, with a name like that, nobody knows what to expect. You can be whatever kind of person you feel like at the moment." Double-0, as she's known around the Club, is an accomplished drag racer, enthusiastic sky diver, novice judo student and a firm believer in spiritualism and ouija boards. "I'm working on conquering various parts of my brain in their psychological aspects," she says seriously. "It's like taking a trip without drugs." Bunny 007 has lived in the Detroit area since she was eight, and somewhere along the line she picked up the area's endemic auto fever. In her case, it's racing cars. "I drove in ten or twelve drag races last season," she says. "Now I want to get a higher-powered car, the kind that needs a parachute to stop it. I'm the only girl I ever heard of who got a set of chrome wheels for a high school graduation gift!"

Adventurous is the description Bunny Kim Stretton pins on herself, too. "You have such a short time, really," she philosophizes. "You should live life to the fullest." Kim takes her own advice: on one occasion, she set off from Flint, Michigan, with a cousin to visit New York. The girls had \$18 between them and nearly got stranded in Buffalo—but they talked a kindly bus driver into a free ride home. Kim has completed one year in psychology at Michigan State University. While in high school at Grand Blanc, Michigan, she won a trophy in an oratory contest and was chosen homecoming queen and Valentine princess. She's yet to celebrate her 21st birthday, but she's already been a staff writer for *The Flint Journal* (where she assisted the fashion editor), a secretary, a dental assistant and a receptionist. One still-unfulfilled ambition: to become a top-notch photographer's model in New York.

Taking off when the spirit moves is also the life style of Bunny Fran Witt, whose luminously expressive brown eyes betray her Italian heritage. Not long ago, Fran lit out for two weeks in Florida—"running away from the idea of getting married." Another time, she flew down to Mexico with a pair of girlfriends for two whirlwind weeks in Taxco, Guadalajara, Mexico City and Acapulco—where she boasts of meeting Michael Ansara and Ursula Andress. Fran makes friends easily—sometimes too easily. "I'm a terrible flirt, without realizing it," she says. "You know, if I were reincarnated as an animal, I think I would come back



"Speaking for the guys in the creative department, R. P., we feel it's an idea whose time has come."

as Flipper—happy, intelligent, friendly and a people lover." Fran worked at the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for three months last year and hopes to be on hand in 1970 for the grand opening of Playboy's newest resort extravaganza, now under construction at Great Gorge, New Jersey.

Red-haired, green-eyed Bunny Bobbi Saxon is a follower of Ayn Rand, a lover of folk music and symphonic works—with Bach and Tchaikovsky leading her all-time hit parade. "I hope to be able to go to college in another year or so and take a hotel-management course," Bobbi says. "This practical experience, serving as a Bunny, should be invaluable. In a way, though, it almost scares me to go back to school, as things are now. Although I'm basically independent, sensitive and—well, romantic—I want to go to a university to learn, not to get involved in a revolution." On the lighter side, Bobbi is mad for swimming and water-skiing. Unlike many of her hutch sisters, she's not a fan of astrology. "I'm a Scorpio," she told us, "and yesterday my newspaper horoscope promised a good day. So what happened? My date showed up two hours late."

Ultrafeminine clothes and supertomb-boy sports are the seemingly contradictory weaknesses of Bunny Brenda Honey (her real name, so help us), a Hoosier native who's lived in the Detroit area most of her life. "If I'm not shopping in a *boutique*, I'm out on the shooting range or riding my motorbike—a Yamaha 180—around the sand dunes near Benton Harbor," she says. Brenda's a dead shot, whether with pistol, rifle or bow and arrow; she also wields a powerful bat at Bunny Baseball, those laugh-it-up games played by Bunnies against varied opponents, often d.j.s, to raise funds for charity. Currently, Brenda is attending Henry Ford Community College; someday she'd like to teach art. At the moment, she's involved in doing pen-and-ink drawings for the walls of her apartment and hooking a rug on burlap in "wild oranges, pinks and reds."

One competitive sport in which Detroit's cottontails have not fielded a team is track. Our favorite in such a rabbit run, should it ever take place, would be long-stemmed Bunny Goldie Morgan. While attending high school in St. Clair Shores, Michigan, she ran on the girls' intramural team and was for two years a teaching assistant in gym. She roller-skates regularly in suburban Mount Clemens, plays touch football, baseball and volleyball. Goldie, whose real name is Donna, picked her Bunny sobriquet out of admiration for *Laugh-In's* "dumb blonde," Goldie Hawn. "It makes a good talking point with the guests," she observes. No dummy, Playboy's Goldie is saving up to go to college and study interior design. Her long-range ambition is to be a mother—either the Bunny variety at



"I see those kooks in the Sea of Tranquillity are seeing unidentified flying objects again."

The Playboy Club or, in the more traditional style, with a house full of small fry. Regarding a prospective husband, she's looking for "a man, not an adolescent. Some men can be forty but act eighteen. My ideal fellow has got to be a gentleman who treats me like a lady, acts natural and has honest insights into himself, me and the world around us."

Bunny Molly Ballantyne, a statuesque blonde Swede, has a different view. "I love men because they're just like little boys," she says. On a date, Molly likes to hit the lively night spots in Windsor, Ontario, just five minutes away across the Detroit River. Until the age of 15, Molly claims she was "the biggest rough-neck ever. I have three younger sisters, and I guess we were all making up for the lack of boys in the family." Her most unforgettable experience to date: hitchhiking to Florida with a girlfriend. "It took us a week and a half to get to Miami, but we met such beautiful people along the way."

Another tall Michigan beauty, Bunny Karen Talaske, is a blue-eyed blonde of Polish extraction. She comes from a big family—six children—and hopes someday to be the mother of ten and "outdo my folks." One sister, a year older than Karen, is a freshman at Western Michigan University, where Karen frequently heads in her 1968 Malibu for college party weekends. When she's not bargain-hunting in *boutiques* or cheering from the grandstand at a pro-football game (favorite team: the Packers), Karen's likely to be found in the public library, reading up on everything from science fiction to psychology. She's still looking for the right guy; he should be "young, from an average

family, nice-looking, intelligent and have a job he enjoys. He should also be a little stern with me. I need to be told where to get off once in a while."

Polish is also the predominant strain in the background of Bunny Ann Welch. A resident of the Detroit area since the age of four, Ann admits to being bugged by Polish jokes. "This is Be Nice to Polacks Week at the Club," she proclaimed one evening. Actually, Ann feels, people are more than nice to her at the Club, "especially entertainers. They treat us Bunnies as if *we* were the stars. Last week Dennis Cole, from *Felony Squad*, was in the Club, and he was great." Like most of her fellow Bunnies, Ann can be found on days off at Metropolitan Beach, which affords volleyball, tennis, basketball and other recreational facilities, in addition to swimming. Or she may be out at Tiger Stadium, rooting for another Detroit pennant. "They had just better win again this year," she says. "Last year, it was crazy—the town went wild. You should have seen the Bunnies in costume, dancing in the street outside the Club."

Irrepressible Bunny Wyndy Williams, a native of the Deep South, describes herself as a "Mississippi mud puppy" and claims she's "always getting in trouble for saying silly things. Like, a couple of weeks ago, I said to my boyfriend, 'Let's get married and have fifteen kids,' and I haven't seen him since." Wyndy has a serious side, however; she's taking classes at Macomb County Community College to qualify as a teacher of retarded children. When it comes to sports, "college football is my bag," says Wyndy, who roots impartially for the University of

Michigan's Wolverines and Michigan State's Spartans. "I like to skate, too, over at the Arcadia roller rink; and I'm wild about opera. I'm also pretty good at cooking chitlins and ribs."

A return to college studies is planned by Bunny Terri Grant, whose German ancestry shows up in her blonde hair and azure eyes. Terri completed her freshman year at Eastern Michigan University, where she was a dance major. She gave up a chance to be the lead dancer in the university's production of *Brigadoon* in order to spend three months as a Bunny at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel last year. "No regrets," Terri reports. "Jamaica was fabulous. But now I'd like to get back to school. I plan to take modern dance, ballet and Spanish at Wayne State, here in Detroit, this fall."

If Bunny JoAnn Jordan can overcome her shyness about performing in public, you may be hearing from her. JoAnn, whose natural hair style sets off her classic features in a living demonstration of black is beautiful, sings rock, jazz and ballads and has been steered by the Club's music director, Matt Michaels, to a professional vocal coach. JoAnn works an average of 27 hours a week in the Penthouse, which allows her time for not only singing lessons but driving instruction and a radio course at Highland Park Junior College. When there's an hour or two left over, she'll pack a picnic lunch and head for Metropolitan Beach or invite a date over for dinner, candlelight, good music and wine. JoAnn believes "in giving to the poor, in ending the war in Vietnam" and in her own personal dream for the future: "Ten years from now, I'd like to be sitting down, taking care of my kids and singing because I want to, not because I have to."

Any fine summer day will find Bunny Holly Hampton under sail, usually on Lake St. Clair, which lies east of Detroit between Lakes Huron and Erie. Holly's favorite escort owns a 26-foot sloop and a 38-foot yawl. Once, sailing farther north on Lake Huron, Holly and friend were pounded onto the rocks by the 12-foot waves of a sudden storm and had to be rescued by two teenaged boys in a dinghy. The experience dampened Holly but not her enthusiasm. Rainy days are fun days for Holly, too. She's decorating a new apartment, making a papier-mâché turtle and enormous paper flowers. "And I'm a dedicated junk shopper," she reports. "I haunt all the antique shops within a twenty-five-mile radius and pick up lots of bargains." One of her prize finds is a three-legged brass pot—"It looks like the one you're supposed to find at the end of the rainbow. It cost me two dollars, but I've been told it's worth at least forty dollars since I polished it up."

Sailing was both vocation and vacation for Bunny Cheryl Theisen last summer. She spent three months as a stewardess

on a 90-foot sailboat operating out of Fort Lauderdale on charter island cruises. "It was groovy," she recalls. "We visited the Bahamas, Tortugas, Bimini and the Florida Keys. We'd build a fire on the beach and, when the pot was hot enough, we'd dive into the ocean and grab lobsters to cook. You've got to be careful, though, or they'll grab you first." Shakiest experience: snorkeling near a sunken treasure ship and finding herself face to face with a barracuda. "But I was lucky. He wasn't hungry." Eventually, Cheryl went ashore to apply for a spot as a Bunny at the Miami Club—only to find she was too young, at 19, to meet the requirements of Florida law. So it was back to her home town, Detroit, where she was signed on for the cottontail coterie. "My parents were skeptical at first, but now they brag that their daughter is a Bunny," Cheryl reports. "And my grandmother—she's seventy-three—is trying to get me to pose for Playmate pictures! Maybe." Cheryl adds with a laugh, "that's because I hate to wear clothes!"

Bunny Bambi Battise's enormous eyes give her more than a passing resemblance to the Walt Disney illustration of Felix Salten's famous fawn; she's also a believer in a kind of vision transcending the purely optical. "I truly believe in the supernatural," Bambi says. "I have a kind of ESP myself. Like, when the phone rings, I almost always know who it is before I answer it." Someday, Bambi would like to be "a singing movie star. I'm for bluesy rock tunes like *It's Your Thing*. But right now, I love working at The Playboy Club. The celebrities who come in really sweep me. I've met Ahmad Jamal, a whole bunch of basketball stars and lots of important people, like the big executives from Motown" (the mushrooming Detroit-based recording empire). Bambi, who describes herself as sensitive but not moody, independent and "very affectionate," is looking for her ideal male. He should be a professional man, have a great sense of humor and "know how to treat a woman. You know, like in that old song *Little Things Mean a Lot*." Hint for PLAYBOY readers who think they might fill the bill: There's one thing Bambi won't tolerate from a man. That's calling her "Baby."

Self-proclaimed "organizer" of the Detroit cottontail crew is Bunny Jo Matthews, a veteran of nearly four years with Playboy, who served as acting Bunny Mother earlier this year. (That was before the arrival of pint-sized hutch monna Judi Bradford, a former Kansas City cottontail about whom you read in the March 1967 PLAYBOY pictorial *The Bunnies of Missouri*.) Inspired by her success at setting up ski trips for Bunnies last winter, Jo is currently planning a Bunny bowling league. This summer, Jo has shifted some of her attention to boating; she has just bought a 16-foot

runabout. Jo became a Bunny on a bet: "A friend said I couldn't do it." She spent off-hours during her first two years at the Club working a second eight-hour shift in the X-ray department of a Detroit hospital. Although she no longer works at the hospital, Jo is still proud of her record there. "When I took the examination for registered X-ray technologists, I rated seventh in the whole country," she reports.

Bunny Ronnie Stekier, too, discarded hospital whites in favor of a cottontail costume. "I finished one year of nursing school, and eventually, I'll go back and get my R.N.," she says. "But for now, I want to live a little." To Ronnie, that means plenty of skiing, skating, boating, swimming and driving sports cars. "I'm saving up now to buy a Shelby Mustang." Tall, blue-eyed Ronnie revels in being a Bunny: "Besides, working nights keeps me out of action until my boyfriend gets back from the Service."

Just returned from three months at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel is tall, dark Bunny Renée Burton, bemoaning a new crop of wall-to-wall freckles brought out by the Caribbean sun. "Detroit's really the right speed for me," she says. "I love to drive my brand-new Fiat around for hours, and you can't do that in a rush-rush place like New York." Renée has just taken a glass-walled studio apartment in a high-rise, complete with swimming pool, two blocks from the Club. An ex-varitype instructor and professional dancer (her Tahitian and Hawaiian numbers were much in demand at private luaus and at Selfridge Air Force Base USO shows), Renée claims complete satisfaction with her life as a cottontail. "I know I wouldn't enjoy college, even though I had top grades in high school. I'd feel compelled to excel and end up working too hard. I love the life I'm leading now; I don't even drink, smoke or swear, because I don't see any reason to. I'm happy with myself—and with my job, which has a glamor that others just don't offer."

The Bunnies of Detroit—each distinctly different but all strikingly similar in their open and unspoiled approach to life—are unanimous on that point. They're in love with life at Playboy, and this spirit of bonhomie—or should we say boufemie?—is reflected in the warmth of the atmosphere throughout the Club.

"This is the friendliest Playboy Club I've ever visited," opined one well-traveled businessman as he hoisted a toast at the Playmate Bar. "And the Bunnies here are out of this world!" Though the Motor City's Bunnies appreciate the compliment, they might quibble with his choice of words, for they feel very much part of a world that, as far as they're concerned, has a lot going for it. In our view, among the nicest things it has going for it are the Bunnies of Detroit.





"Phil—you're jealous!"

(continued from page 146)

illegal implications and can be easily disguised as purchases of real estate in those nations. In fact, most of such sums are immediately retransferred to London, Geneva or Basel. This method is very cheap, costing a transfer fee of seldom more than one or one and a half percent. Remittances to U. S. accounts in British, German, Hong Kong or Swiss banks are also not objected to by U. S. authorities and can be transacted by check, without drawing special attention, if each amount is under \$10,000. Another transfer system that does not encounter any hurdles and is not prohibited by law is cash deposits in Canadian banks, made in person. Of course, this means a trip to Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal or Quebec. Yet another method is the deposit of widely traded American, Canadian or British common stocks or U. S. bearer bonds. All these can be deposited in American banks for the account of foreign banks and/or bullion dealers. Then they serve as collateral for the acquisition of gold or other precious metals abroad. Finally, there is the Hand-payments Switzerland method, defined as the deposit of cash with a special trader or commercial firm in the United States that already has an account in Switzerland. Against pay-

ment of a small commission, an equivalent sum is then transferred from the firm's Swiss account and credited to the speculator's Swiss bank account or to his Swiss attorney, without leaving any trace of the transaction in the United States. The amount deposited in America and credited in Switzerland is resold by a currency dealer in Switzerland to a non-American buyer who, for various reasons, wants to send money to the United States. Theoretically, this technique does not seem to violate currency regulations, as the amount involved actually never leaves America, though the effect is to create an additional credit in the speculator's Swiss account.

After the various problems of monetary transfer are mastered, Mr. Doe, now in a position to become an illegal buyer of gold, has to choose the best *modus operandi* for his purpose. Gold is available in Canada, Mexico, England (for nonresidents of the sterling area only), France, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Lebanon, the Trucial sheikdoms (such as Abu Dhabi, Dibai and Ras al Khaima), Kuwait, Hong Kong, Macao and even Vietnam. It can also be bought in South Africa and Australia, but in large quantities only. The American

buyer, however, is eager to protect his acquisitions by discretion and anonymity, and looks for administrative disguises. Many John Does are people of means, able to gamble the yellow metal abroad in units varying from \$14,000 to \$1,400,000 or even more, and they can afford to take technical precautions. A well-publicized and popular gold receptacle is the numbered or anonymous account in Switzerland, Mexico or Lebanon. It is practical for our fictitious Mr. Doe to choose a small- or medium-sized Swiss bank of good reputation, thus bypassing the Helvetic banking giants, which will not accept accounts of less than \$100,000. Furthermore, in order to avoid messy liquidations in case of the owner's demise, a local lawyer has to be given the power of attorney over the account, and this power has to be vested beyond the death of the owner. This apparently unimportant detail saves endless estate complications in the event of an untimely death.

Such problems do not exist if a corporate firm is established to hold gold abroad. These companies cannot function without being managed by local directors and local lawyers. In Switzerland, the corporation is subject to Federal and local taxes, payable when the corporation is set up, as well as when profits are realized. But companies established by nonresidents in the Bahamas, Bermuda, Panama or Curaçao—all of which are practically free of income taxes—can open accounts in other countries and operate therein without any fiscal or other control by their homeland. They are thus beyond the reach of any inspection. The factual owner, whether French, British or American, simply disappears behind the anonymous "bearer" shares of his corporation. The latter are closeted in the vault of a local attorney who generally presides over the company. The cost of establishing such an organization seldom exceeds \$750, and most of the recent large gold purchases, for private or corporate American ownership, were accomplished this way. Central American or Swiss corporations would buy gold in London, where the metal could be stored at very nominal rates—about one sixteenth of one percent a year. Bahamian corporations, ideal from the point of view of taxes, which are almost nonexistent, are occasionally surrounded by unwelcome casino influences—with all their drawbacks. Bermuda companies are fair but handicapped by sterling-area regulations. Curaçao organizations are excellent and Panamanian corporations also handle gold dealings with skill.

The Liechtenstein *Anstalt* (foundation or establishment) is a rather unusual organization that is neither fully corporate nor fully individual. Costing about \$500 to establish and about \$300 a year to operate, it is considered the best of all gold shelters. Free of practically all taxes, completely handled by a Swiss or



Buck
Brown

"One moment, sir, we're feeding the economy class now."

Liechtenstein lawyer, it can own not only gold but other precious metals or currencies; and it does not pose inheritance problems, since the names of the eventual heirs or beneficiaries are spelled out in a special letter, kept in a sealed envelope and attached to the charter of the institution. This corporate format seems to rank very high in international popularity. As far as can be known, it has never caused any trouble for its owners.

Safe-deposit boxes, on the other hand, are not ideal places to store illegal gold, though thousands of Americans still put their faith in them. Above all, one cannot visit a safe-deposit box between Friday afternoon and Monday morning. Devaluations generally occur after the banks close on Friday. In many countries, owners of safe-deposited gold have found, on the Monday after a devaluation, that their boxes were sealed, to be opened only under the noses of the authorities.

Mr. Doe, now illegally gorging himself on forbidden gold, can be classified according to his method of purchase. Domestic hedgers, who are more common than most of us would suspect, are usually anxious to salt away some gold coins in their bureau drawer or in a special safe built into their apartment wall, usually behind a picture. Domestic hedgers are generally inexperienced and know

very little about gold prices and less about the premiums they pay for the coins they buy. Domestic trading of U. S. gold coins is practically free of hurdles, as long as it is disguised as coin collecting. Department stores are actively trading in gold coins and advertise them extensively, even though serious gold-coin collectors usually buy only from dealer-specialists or at public auction. Since not enough merchandise is available at the department-store level within the U. S. (because most hoarders do not sell what they have but persist in buying more), a substantial import activity has developed in the past few years. Coin smuggling is still a fairly big business, despite recent revision in import regulations, which now permit, without license, imports of gold coins minted prior to 1934. For purposes of smuggling gold coins, the continental United States is divided into eight wholesale regions. The goods enter the country at various points and by different methods. California and the East Coast harbors are some of the important transit centers. Canadian and Mexican exports are delivered by small, low-flying aircraft, already described. Another popular penetration is made via the Great Lakes and inland waterways. The rather lucrative margin of between \$8 and \$20 per coin easily explains the attractiveness of these smuggling operations. Unfortunately, about three years ago, a private mint in Beirut began to

manufacture all types of gold coins, including those minted throughout the history of the United States. Because each \$20 gold piece costs only \$44 to produce and can easily be sold for \$55 or more, the mint has created a thriving export business—which includes deliveries to American distributors. Since it is difficult for noncollectors to distinguish the Beirut copies from the originals, many domestic coin hoards doubtless contain Beirut pieces. Nevertheless, the charm of gold-coin ownership seems to be growing. In addition to its rather expensive protection against monetary debasement, fiscal considerations make it a major attraction. There never have been, and there never will be, taxes paid on profits from the sale of such holdings—nor from their inheritance. And since there are at least 6000 to 7000 tons of gold coins (nine to ten billion dollars at free-market prices) in existence in the world, of which American hoarders may own as much as 25 percent within the borders of this country, the scope of the accompanying tax evasion seems considerable. An interesting aspect of coin hoarding is that the hoarders, abroad or in America, have not lost money. Quite the contrary.

Unlike the domestic hedger, the international buyer of gold, living in the United States, is a man of means. He probably makes a good living and has at his disposal funds that exceed \$250,000. He

INVER HOUSE

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does not buy gold coins, since their premium makes them too expensive. Instead, he buys 400-ounce gold bars in Toronto, London, Geneva or Zurich. He will not acquire the metal in his own name but will work through a numbered account in Switzerland or via one of London's reliable bullion dealers. If the international buyer is farsighted, he will establish a Caribbean company. The dummy firm in turn will open a neutral bank account in England for which the buyer has sole signature. His account then can operate under the adopted Latin-American nationality. He also has the choice of establishing a Liechtenstein *Anstalt*. He then sits on his bars until the metal reaches \$70 to \$100 an ounce. It is immaterial whether the bars were purchased via Panama or Geneva, in London or in Zurich and, as noted, no taxes whatsoever can be levied on the Caribbean company or the Liechtenstein *Anstalt*. Such holdings will remain immune to virtually any fiscal menace.

The careful gambler is perhaps younger than, and usually not as wealthy as, the international buyer. The careful gambler probably has no more than \$100,000. He wants to make his paper dollars go as far as possible. Therefore, he buys gold on margin. His operations are based on the same technique as those of the international buyer—via a Latin-American base, a Liechtenstein *Anstalt* or a numbered account. However, only about 25 or 30 percent of his purchase is in cash. The unpaid balance is financed by, or borrowed from, the bank or the bullion dealer—at a cost of nine to nine and a half percent per year. This enables the buyer to acquire three or four times the amount of gold that he could purchase outright. Except for the interest payments, there are no real risks involved in this type of transaction. Should there be no rise in the gold price for about three years, the gambler will have lost his original cash payment; it will have been gobbled up by the interest charges. And since the transaction cannot be considered legal in this country, he will not be able to take a tax loss. But should the price of gold double within a year, he will make a profit of about 400 percent. His only worry then would be how to get the profits back into the U. S.

The resourceful operator gambles with larger amounts and with various precious metals. He tries to borrow as much as he can, either in the United States or abroad. His system is based on leverage. He owns open accounts, as well as numbered ones, and often operates a "garage account"—bought or rented from a foreign national who, in turn, gives him single signature over it. He may use Central American companies or Liechtenstein *Anstalts*; and, as he is a man of considerable assets, worth generally much more than a few million dollars,

he is also accustomed to taking large risks. His foreign last will and testament is on file in a Swiss law office, in order to avoid any complications resulting from his demise. The operational details of his transactions can be summed up in the word escalation. The technique works as follows: In October 1967, when he could still acquire gold (at \$35 per ounce) with only a ten percent deposit, he might have purchased ten 400-ounce bars outright and used these as margin to buy 100 more.

At the end of 1968, just 14 months later, the price of gold had risen to \$42 per ounce, so the net profit after interest would have been \$177,023 on an investment of \$141,400. If he holds his gold until October 1969 and the price rises to \$70 per ounce, his holding will be worth \$3,048,640!

This escalation method is popular with experienced speculators who can risk two or three years of interest payments without losing their cool. And as the gold price in the spring of 1969 hit over \$43 an ounce, the escalators, as they are called, were already sailing fast before the wind.

An even more refined transaction is the platinum-gold deal. The acquisition of platinum is legal in America and, therefore, its purchase can serve as an excellent mask for illegal gold buying. People who acquired platinum, let us say in August 1965, when it sold at \$165 an ounce, could have shipped the bars to London or to Switzerland. This platinum then could have been used as collateral for the acquisition of gold, which at that time still sold at \$35.25 an ounce. Ten 50-ounce bars of platinum, valued at \$82,500, could have been used as collateral for about 14,000 ounces (35 400-ounce bars) of gold, worth \$493,500. By January 1969, the value of platinum had risen to about \$270 per ounce. Gold, at this same time, found eager buyers at \$42. The gross profit on such a transaction, based on a down payment of \$82,500, would be \$147,000—about 78 percent in a period of 42 months. If the position were not liquidated, there is the possibility of more appreciation in 1969, though the price of platinum has since declined sharply.

To describe all the other techniques used as alibis to circumvent currency laws would fill volumes. In the United States, as in at least 122 other monetary areas, all legislation has been insufficient to stop the man or the corporation who distrusts currency and seeks shelter in gold. One can compare anti-gold legislation with the irony of the Prohibition law that dominated America between 1919 and 1933. Both of these laws, unpopular with the public, led to gigantic black markets and ridiculed the legislators who conceived them. The bitter lesson—that gold regulations cannot be enforced by any government, not even by the

secret police in the Communist countries—will not be learned in Washington. And yet there is a way to cope with the problem.

Let us suppose the United States wanted to get back all the gold that has left Fort Knox and the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York. Such a voluntary return of ten to twelve billion dollars in gold could be staged in less than a year. It would not be the result of coercion or menacing jail sentences. It would have to be on a purely free-will basis—people bringing their gold back voluntarily. And it would culminate in the supreme glory of the presently decrepit paper currency of America. The technique needed to gain the return of flight capital and gold is not new. It was invented some 18 years ago by Antoine Pinay, the owner of a tannery in southeastern France, who was French minister of finance in 1951. Within a short period of time, it recouped a substantial portion of French flight capital that had been resting in Switzerland.

In the U. S., the idea could work in the following manner. The U. S. Treasury would float a two-and-a-half-percent, 450-billion-dollar loan for 25 years—in the form of bearer certificates in \$1000, \$5000 and \$10,000 denominations, free of all present and future income taxes and inheritance duties. The principal and interest would be linked to the official cost-of-living index of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. No questions would be asked at the purchase or sale or redemption of these debt certificates. To make it an even bigger success, all present Federal, state and municipal bonds would be made exchangeable into the new indexed loan. And, finally, an amnesty would have to be granted to all U. S. residents and citizens who, in the past, have committed the crime of owning gold.

Everyone from the oil princes of the Middle East to the kingpins of the American underworld would sell their gold to purchase these inflation-proof U. S. public-debt certificates. Even Russian or Chinese politicians with numbered accounts in Switzerland would become eager owners of these capitalistic vehicles. The American balance of payments, instead of needing constant bookkeeping embellishment, would grow to gigantic opulence. And within a short time, these bonds could not only replace gold to some degree but become the international reserve currency that has been eagerly sought for so long. If this new type of money—or something similar—is not created, gold hoarders will continue to be victorious and anti-gold legislation will eventually suffer the same neglect as the Prohibition law. If this type of money is created, we will enter a new era of responsible Government financial policies, and the paper dollar will once again be good as gold.



GRAND GUIGNOL (continued from page 104)

young boy after another on the street, and when last seen is in a ditch doing guess what while another boy waits his turn ten feet away.

The maid, to return to her, leaves her post at the foot of the wall and lies down in a vacant lot and has her mother bury her alive, while a pool of tears two feet across forms in the mud next to her left eye.

The father, a big industrialist who has been ill earlier in the film—an illness brought on by having his advances rejected by his wife in the marital bed—has been cured by the young visitor in a simple treatment that consisted of taking the industrialist's bare feet and putting them up on the young man's shoulders, one on each side of the young man's head, a treatment that must be new in medical science. But after the young visitor has gone, the industrialist gives his factory to his workers and then goes to the Milan railroad station, where he takes off all his clothes, the last item dropping down being a pair of canary-yellow underpants. After that, we see the industrialist running naked, screaming, over what looks like the steaming side of a volcano. He doesn't have a bad figure for an industrialist.

Later discussions are enlightening. We are told that the young visitor was God or the agent of God and that the bourgeois family, corrupted by its material values, could not stand the touch of God's love and suffered accordingly. Only the servant was ennobled by it, not being bourgeoisie.

Teorema wins the Catholic award for the festival. An eyebrow is raised here and there.

An American distributor, gambling on the picture's winning the main prize, buys it for America. Our simpler notions of religion in our young country may make for a misunderstanding now and then when *Teorema* is shown at your local theater.

While all this is going on, Jean Renoir, whose films are being shown in a retrospective tribute to him, sits in the lobby, looking like an old Burgundian wine-grower, and speaks gently into tape recorders. His works make most of the films we see each day seem like crude scratches on schoolyard walls by mentally disturbed children. There is a rumor current that Mr. Chiarini wrote somewhere in 1938, of Renoir's masterpiece, *Grand Illusion*, that it was Jewish-Communist propaganda. But nobody can get hold of the magazine or newspaper in which this judgment from the Mussolini period was published. Everybody is prepared to believe the worst of poor Mr. Chiarini this year. It is rumored that he is going to resign.

Mr. Chiarini is also reported to have said to an American critic that there are

no good American pictures anymore. Later the critic says, over lunch, "All the good American novelists are dead." At a festival, everyone is entitled to his own opinion.

The critics do not speak highly of one another, either. One of them repeats with relish a description of Kenneth Tynan as a no-longer-quite-boyish English writer who is always riding each new wave in the arts and in politics like an indefatigable surfer. "Rip van With-it," Gore Vidal is said to have dubbed him. The laughter at the table is hearty and ungenerous. He who lives by the sword. . . .

The critics suffer from the *Emperor's New Clothes* syndrome. Most of the films chosen are tortured allegories, as obscure as the directors can manage to make them. To an innocent eye, many of them are devoid of any meaning, but the critics use shining words like "nobility of

intention" and "beauty of realization" to describe works that stun the soul with boredom. Secretly, everybody longs to see a Doris Day movie.

The weather is bad, the sky overcast, the sea troubled. Only the critic for *Variety* manages to remain tanned. He reminisces about a festival at Cannes at which I met him some years ago. "That was my worst festival," he says. He is not speaking of the quality of the films. A dog had bitten him in Paris and he was taking a series of rabies shots and was not allowed to drink. I sympathize with him. He is a friend, but no dog can be all bad who picks a critic to bite out of all the population of Paris.

People say that this is the last festival for Venice. Other people say that is what they say every year.

An old-time American movie-theater owner says that he used to be able to see a movie in a projection room and come out knowing within five percent what it



"Dream all the impossible dreams you wish, but fight fewer unbeatable foes."

would gross, world-wide. Now he can only shrug. He also says his theaters have shown a bigger profit in the past year than in the past 15 years. He is puzzled but, understandably, not unhappy, and leaves before the end of the festival.

Walking back to the hotel after a showing one night, my wife and I are knocked down at a street corner by a man on a motorcycle. The driver crashes, too, with his machine, and lies in a dramatic Italian imitation of death on his back in the gutter. He gets up when he sees that we get up unbloodied. He smiles placatingly. He was going five miles an hour and the street was brightly lit. He smells like a winery. Two policemen on the corner look on placidly. A crowd gathers immediately and a man in shirt sleeves tries to push us on our way, saying, "*Signore, signora, you are not harmed.*" He brushes my jacket, glancing uneasily at the two policemen, who take a reluctant step closer to the action. "Return to your home," the man in the shirt sleeves says. "It is nothing."

"He is an imbecile," my wife says

loudly, gesturing at the motorcyclist, who is standing weaving and smiling, his back to the policemen. She repeats it in Italian, stuttering a little. When she gets angry, she tends to forget foreign tongues and that makes her angrier.

"No, he is not an imbecile," the man in shirt sleeves says. "He is merely drunk."

The motorcyclist smiles more widely at this accolade. The entire crowd now urges us to return home. The policemen take a half step closer. I prevail upon my wife to abandon her American ideas of justice, of crime and suitable punishment, and go back to the hotel with me. We are in Italy, that flexible country.

We break loose from the crowd and the policemen turn happily away. We go into the night club of the hotel, where a young American actor is dancing with a tall blonde critic from Munich, dressed like a bullfighter. She is cool and handsome and she does a lot more than just keep time. If more critics looked and moved like that, they would be more welcome in polite society.



"I guess I steal to indulge a childish fantasy that people are giving me presents. Now can I ask you something? Why do you fellows hit people on the head?"

Another actor is reported to have scratched at the door of three different ladies in the course of the same night. The ladies get together the next morning and compare notes, but they were not watching the clock and they can't establish in what order the actor made his rounds. Tact forbids asking the actor which, if any, of the three doors opened.

At two o'clock in the morning in the bar, a 100-pound girl, standing five feet and no inches tall, slaps a well-known television commentator. Before the commentator can answer in kind, he is carried out, his feet off the carpet, by a platoon of young men, like a character in a cartoon. The commentator is reported to have told the lady that she was not an honest woman. The next day, the story has taken a political cast and people are saying it was a director who slapped the commentator for artistic reasons.

A Yugoslav picture is withdrawn because it has not been allotted an evening showing. National pride is offended by daylight.

A Spanish picture, featuring Mijanou Bardot, BB's sister, sinks without a trace. The "English" press handout that describes the story of the film gives some hint of the reason for its fate. "A cloud of fire fell down to Sodome and Gomorre and razed everything. Only two men and a woman and a gun were left. The men fought together and the woman looked down at them and felt bored. One day, she opened a cabinet and saw that it was full of women's dresses. And the woman grasped the gun. The fire fell down again to Sodome and Gomorre and ended with all that still remained."

The judgment on Miss Bardot is that she is perhaps prettier than her sister. She bears up under the comparison with shy grace. When asked why she did the Spanish picture, she replies that she did it because her husband had hepatitis. He was stuck in a hospital in Spain and she wanted to be near him. Actors have taken roles for worse reasons.

Maximilian Schell comes to town with a German version of Kafka's *The Castle*, in which he stars and which he has produced, rashly using his own money. It is a worthy effort; but Kafka, that poet of the action that never takes place, of doors that never quite open, is a problem for the camera. The reviews are bad and Mr. Schell has dinner in his room. He and the people in his entourage tell one another that the German critic who gave him the worst review has one glass eye. An American distributor buys the film for the United States and Canada and predicts he will make a fortune with it.

A gentleman whose business is selling German films to Russia and Russian films to Germany bemoans the fact that since the invasion of Czechoslovakia, his trade has fallen to zero.

A statuesque *Parisienne*, chicly dressed,

who comes to Venice every year at the time of the festival with an aging escort and who has not read the papers this year, complains bitterly, "It is all different. What has happened? Nobody has given a party. I haven't seen a single good dress."

A young woman whose face seems vaguely familiar wanders alone among the drinkers, the arguers, the interviewers and the interviewees. Nobody seems to speak to her. A slight smile plays about her lips. Then you remember. It is the young girl who smiles at Mastroianni across the rush of water on the beach at the end of *La Dolce Vita*, that unforgettable smile that represented youth and life and innocence for a generation of moviegoers. Is it possible that one lovely smile was a whole career?

At the *Biennale*, the international exposition of art, which also had its troubles with demonstrators when it was opened, three bars of aluminum, joined and lying on the floor, represent the creative urge of a Spanish artist. A few minutes away on foot are the church walls covered by Tintoretto and Titian. When the painting of the *Assumption* by Titian was unveiled behind the altar of the church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, what were the demonstrations like? Is there any record that Titian made a speech announcing that he did not wish his picture to be shown?

"*Que c'est triste, Venise*," the sad voice sings to the Adriatic. "*Au temps des amours mortes, | Que c'est triste, Venise, | Quand on ne s'aime plus, | Les musées, les églises ouvrent en vain leurs portes, | Inutiles beautés devant les yeux déçus.*"

A French movie based on a book by Boris Vian is shown. Vian, who was also a jazz musician, was a culture hero in St. Germain des Prés in the 1950s. He wrote a book about the United States called *I Will Spit on Your Graves*, although he had not visited America. He died young and now is the object of a cult. An American who lives in Paris says, after seeing the new film, "Vian is not for me. He is a figure in somebody else's nostalgia."

Other Americans make their appearance. There is a lady from California who has won an award, in the short-subject festival that precedes the big one, for a documentary on the painter Soutine that she made with \$40,000 of her own money. In it we are treated to the kosher slitting of a chicken's throat by the ritual knife and lurid scenes in slaughterhouses, where Soutine drew his subject matter for paintings of bloody carcasses of beef with their disturbing echoes of the Crucifixion. Fittingly, the film ends with the depiction of an operation for a bleeding ulcer, a malady that proved fatal to the painter. The lady does not know how to make use of her prize



and timidly asks for the names of people in various countries who might be prevailed upon to distribute the picture.

Another American lady, Mrs. Helen Silverstein, who looks somewhat like Paulette Goddard and who is probably described ungratefully in her passport under the heading, "Occupation: Housewife," bustles around getting people to see one of the more bizarre films of the festival, *Me and My Brother*, which she has worked on for three and a half years with the brilliant director and photographer Robert Frank. An attempt at synopsis is hopeless. One of the things it is about is a young man who is a speechless catatonic schizophrenic who is being taken care of by his brother, a homosexual friend of Allen Ginsberg. The speechless schizophrenic in real life is actually a speechless schizophrenic; the brother is real and is really the friend of Allen Ginsberg. The brother during the course of the filming of the picture became hooked on speed and the results of the drug are terrifyingly apparent in his rasping, fierce, resentful speech. The film begins hideously with the lovemaking of the brother and another homosexual before the Kinseylike cameras of a team studying all kinds of sexual behavior. The schizophrenic is present, too, but refuses to comment. Later, we have Ginsberg and his friend giving a poetry reading in Kansas before 6000 people, to the accompaniment of a small Indian musical instrument. Ginsberg and the two

brothers stride across the plains of Kansas and play the instrument and recite poetry to the empty prairie. An actor takes over the role of the schizophrenic, so as to explain certain things about him that the schizophrenic cannot explain himself, and the role is taken for a while by the two men together. Psychiatrists, a German dentist, a Negro photographer, voluble actresses confessing all and performing Lesbian acts mingle in beautifully played and photographed hallucinatory scenes. Childhood fantasies of violence are played out, asylums visited. Reality and art interchange abruptly. Finally, the schizophrenic actually speaks. He says nothing of importance, but it is impossible not to be moved. The whole thing is a dazzling incoherent tour of what might be called East Village culture.

It should be put in a time capsule to demonstrate to future generations what it was like Downtown in the late 1960s. What will happen to it when it is put into a theater is another matter.

Mrs. Silverstein says the picture cost \$75,000 to make. She hardly knows where the money came from. From her own pocket, from the director, from friends, from people who saw bits of the film and had faith. She herself brought the picture to Venice under her arm, arriving in Italy with not enough money, no Italian, and in pain from a blood clot in her leg. In a time when faith is unfashionable, only the making of films seems to inspire people with the same dedication that

moved the infants of Europe toward Constantinople on the Children's Crusade.

Mrs. Silverstein's husband, caught helplessly in the fire of his wife's determination, is on hand. He works for *The New York Times* and is on his summer holiday and is in Venice with their ten-year-old daughter. While Mrs. Silverstein ranges the Lido, plumping for her film, the husband minds the child and searches for someone to play tennis with. The little girl is precocious. She has probably seen the film.

The film wins no prizes. The Silversteins rent a car and go south to tour the hill towns.

Part of the team that made John Cassavetes' film *Faces* arrives. One of the leading actors, with a wild mustache, is dressed in Levis. The cutter and coproducer is an ex-ballplayer who found out in triple-A ball that when he pitched, he was hit, and that when he was pitched to, he did not hit. Their first cut was 20 hours long and their final film is still too long; but it is done with painful honesty, telling the story of a failing marriage with meticulously realistic acting that Stanislavsky would have approved of. There is a refreshing absence of symbols and we are treated to a touchingly old-fashioned note. The morning after spending the night with a whore, the hero admits he enjoyed it. The whore says she doesn't have a heart of gold. But she does have a heart of gold. Even Cassavetes can't escape *all* the traps.

• • •

The days wear on, the pictures succeed one another—Czech, Senegalese, Italian, Spanish, Dutch. You begin to have the feeling that half the world is conspiring against your eyesight. The pictures have one thing in common: There isn't a laugh in any of them. In the Dutch picture, the actors have been allowed by the director to make up their own dialog, in English as well as in Dutch. The value of a writer, any writer, is suddenly made clear. The heroine of the picture is a pert little dark-haired girl. We see her naked; but, surprisingly, she is making love to the actor who plays her husband in the film.

The contesters of the festival sit daily and make long speeches to one another and produce announcements complaining that the direction of the festival is interfering with the journalists in their reporting of the *Mostra*. The direction responds with its own announcement: "This appears so ridiculous that there should not be any necessity for a denial, but since we are in a climate in which we are trying to credit even the most absurd ideas . . ." etc.

A young French journalist who has been involved in the protest against the festival is called back to Paris. He strides down the dock from which the launches leave for Venice, followed by two collaborators who are remaining behind. He is

handsome, with a bold, disdainful look on his face. When he gets into the boat, he does not use the rubber-protected steps but climbs directly over the polished-mahogany thwarts, as the boatman winces. He gives final instructions about a press release to the two young men who have come to see him off, and then, as the line is cast off, he gives the Communist clenched-fist salute and says, "*Salut, compañeros. Et merde à Chiarini.*"

Standing heroically in the stern of the smart launch, he churns down the canal, Simón Bolívar in a corduroy jacket, saying farewell to a \$40-a-day hotel. You begin to have a sneaking affection for Mr. Chiarini, if only because of the style of his enemies.

The day of the awarding of prizes is upon us. By afternoon, everybody knows who will get what that evening. The nonwinners are, for the most part, packing their bags. The young American actor with the wild mustache from *Faces* comes excitedly out of the hotel. He is wearing a tie and a yellow jacket, his robes of celebration. Exuberantly, he announces that he has won the prize for the best actor. I shake his hand, not knowing what else to do. The critic from *Variety* swallows and then takes the hard line. He tells the young man he is mistaken, it is the other actor in the film, who is not present in Venice, who has won the prize.

The young man with the mustache goes up to his room. Later on, at the ceremony, he courageously marches up to the platform to accept his colleague's Golden Lion. Suffering is the lot of the artist, in all ages.

The actual distribution of prizes at night, aside from being an anticlimax, is spoiled, as are most ceremonies these days, by the clusters of photographers, who beam a huge light into the audience's eyes and who barely leave room on the stage for the participants in the rites. It is impossible not to feel that photographers are no longer there to record events, but to *be* the event.

The German film about the circus, *Artists at the Top of the Big Top: Perplexed*, gets the prize for the best picture. The director, a pleasant, modest, smiling, youngish man, is applauded mildly as he receives the Golden Lion. There is a consoling thought. At least he is a writer. He has published a book. There is no prize for screenplays in Venice. Writing is considered too negligible an accomplishment to be discussed in Venice.

The girl who plays the servant-girl-turned-saint in *Teorema* is awarded the prize for best actress but, loyal to her director, does not go up to claim it. The producer of the picture stolidly accepts it for her. Loyalty is meaningless if one does not have to pay a price for it.

No prize is offered to the audience, although they have been subjected to ten

days that could well have induced combat fatigue in lesser spirits. They have been exposed to burnings at the stake, a dissection, civil war, children and bridegrooms being shot, men making love with men and women with women, drug addiction, suicide, dementia, schizophrenia, modern poetry, bonzes immolating themselves, policemen clubbing students, the breakup of marriages, prostitution, thefts, threats of guerrilla warfare in the United States by black nationalists, nymphomania, self-betrayal, vertiginous swoopings by hand-held cameras over heaving naked flesh, wounds, both of the flesh and of the spirit, of all kinds. And yet they sit there, under the hard eyes of dozens of detectives in the handsome hall, in the glare of the photographers' lights, and applaud politely out of the waste of their lost illusions. A communal Purple Heart, at the very least.

An American documentary, *Monterey Pop*, is shown, to end the festival on a gala note. In it, a hippie girl offers a flower to a California policeman, his pistol on his hip. Nobody offers flowers to the policemen outside the festival hall, although they wear pistols, too.

There is a big party in the ballroom at the Excelsior Palace to finish things off. A lady who knows whispers that there is food for only 700 and there are over 1000 people present. In the socialistic spirit of the affair, I refuse to eat. To each according to his need.

A last drink at the hotel bar. It is like the night before docking on an ocean liner. Everybody promises to look everybody up. Suddenly, people realize that they have enjoyed themselves.

Charley Beal, the pianist in the bars, sings in the hoarse, pleasant accents of Harlem. "I love Paris in the springtime." He has put in five years in Paris at the piano in the Calavados, opposite the Hotel George V, but he prefers Italy. He can never live in Harlem again, he says.

The next morning, there are two cars with Czechoslovakian license plates on the car ferry to the mainland. There is a pretty Czech girl with pink bows tied around blonde pigtailed. She is wearing white-jean shorts, brief and tight around an adorable behind. A leather patch, with the word WRANGLER branded on it, is sewn on next to a back pocket. I ask her in English if she is going back to Prague. She asks if I can speak French. I ask her the question in French. She smiles apologetically. "Rome," she says.

Someone at the bar of the ferry says, as we sail down the Grand Canal, past the Doges' Palace. "This is the last year. There won't be one next year."

When I get home, I send a letter of thanks to the manager of the hotel and ask him to save a room for me for next year's *Mostra Internazionale D'Arte Cinematografica*.



Smilby

“Dear Playboy Advisor. . . ?”

(continued from page 132)

who have grown up reading and talking to anthropologists. Rather, it has come from the older generation that believes in tribalism—and that the youngsters mistakenly insist has been brainwashed by Government schools.

Because other groups have been spurred on by their younger generations, Indians have come to believe that, through education, a new generation of leaders will arise to solve the pressing contemporary problems. Tribal leaders have been taught to accept this thesis by the scholarly community in its annual invasion of the reservations. Bureau of Indian Affairs educators harp continuously on this theme. Wherever authority raises its head in Indian country, this thesis is its message. The facts prove the opposite, however. Relatively untouched by anthropologists, educators and scholars are the Apache tribes of the Southwest. The Mescalero, San Carlos, White Mountain and Jicarilla Apaches have very few young people in college, compared with other tribes. They have even

fewer people in the annual workshop orgy during the summers. If ever there was a distinction between folk and urban, this group of Indians characterizes it.

The Apaches see themselves, however, as neither folk nor urban but *tribal*. There is little sense of a lost identity. Apaches could not care less about the anthropological dilemmas that worry other tribes. Instead, they continue to work on massive plans for development that they themselves have created. Tribal identity is assumed, not defined, by these reservation people. Freedom to choose from a wide variety of paths of progress is a characteristic of the Apaches: they don't worry about what type of Indianism is real. Above all, they cannot be ego-fed by abstract theories and, hence, unwittingly manipulated.

With many young people from other tribes, the situation is quite different. Some young Indians attend workshops over and over again. Folk theories pronounced by authoritative anthropologists become opportunities to escape responsibility. If, by definition, the Indian is

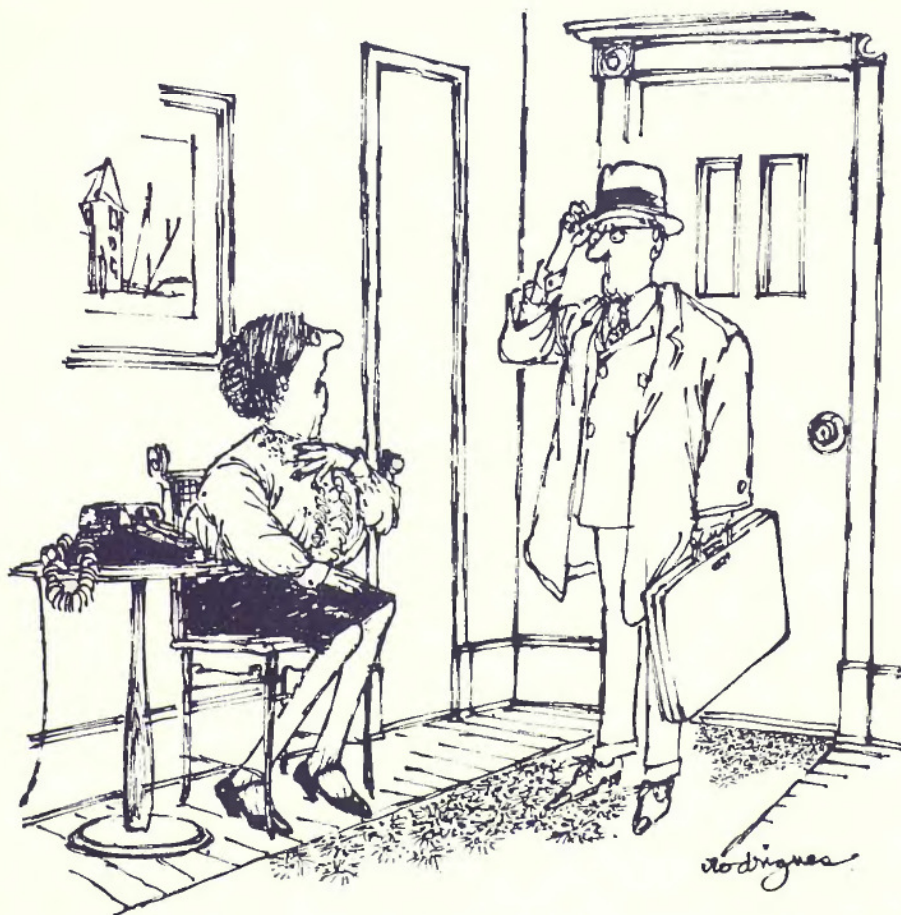
hopelessly caught between two cultures, why struggle? Why not blame all one's lack of success on this tremendous gulf between two opposing cultures? Workshops have become, therefore, summer retreats for nought rather than strategy sessions for leadership. Therein lies the Indian's sin against the anthropologist. Only those anthropologists who appear to boost Indian ego and expound theories dear to the hearts of workshop Indians are invited to teach at workshops. They become human recordings of social confusion and are played and replayed each summer, to the delight of a people who refuse to move on into the real world.

The workshop anthro is thus a unique creature, partially self-created and partially supported by the refusal of Indian young people to consider their problems in their own context. The normal process of maturing has been confused with cultural difference. So maturation is cast aside in favor of cult recitation of great truths that appear to explain the immaturity of young people.

While the anthro is thus, in a sense, the victim of the Indians, he should, nevertheless, recognize the role he has been asked to play and refuse to play it. Instead, the temptation to appear relevant to a generation of young Indians has clouded his sense of proportion. Workshop anthros often ask Indians of tender age to give their authoritative answers to problems that an entire generation of Indians is just now beginning to solve. Where the answer to reservation health problems may be adequate housing in areas where there has never been adequate housing, young Indians are shaped in their thinking processes to consider vague doctrines on the nature of man and his society.

It is preposterous that a teenaged Indian should become an instant authority, equal in status to the Ph.D. interrogating him. Yet the very human desire is to play that game every summer, for the status acquired in the game is heady. And since answers can be given only in the vocabulary created by the Ph.D., the entire leadership-training process internalizes itself and has no outlet beyond the immediate group. Real problems, superimposed on the ordinary problems of maturing, thus become insoluble burdens that crush people of great leadership potential.

Let us take some specific examples. One workshop discussed the thesis that Indians were in a terrible crisis. They were, in the words of friendly anthro guides, "between two worlds." People between two worlds, the students were told, "drank." For the anthropologists, it was a valid explanation of drinking on the reservation. For the young Indians, it was an authoritative definition of their role as Indians. Real Indians, they began to think, drank; and their task was to



"Oh, Wilfred, it was ghastly—for twenty minutes, this creature on the telephone related the most obscene, disgusting things. . . ."

become real Indians, for only in that way could they re-create the glories of the past. So they *drank*. I've lost some good friends who drank too much.

Abstract theories create abstract action. Lumping together the variety of tribal problems and seeking the demonic principle at work that is destroying Indian people may be intellectually satisfying, but it does not change the situation. By concentrating on great abstractions, anthropologists have unintentionally removed many young Indians from the world of real problems to the lands of make-believe.

As an example of a real problem, the Pyramid Lake Paiutes and the Gila River Pima and Maricopa are poor because they have been systematically cheated out of their water rights, and on desert reservations, water is the single most important factor in life. No matter how many worlds Indians straddle, the Plains Indians have an inadequate land base that continues to shrink because of land sales. Straddling worlds is irrelevant to straddling small pieces of land and trying to earn a living.

Along the Missouri River, the Sioux used to live in comparative peace and harmony. Although land allotments were small, families were able to achieve a fair standard of living through a combination of gardening and livestock raising and supplemental work. Little cash income was required, because the basic necessities of food, shelter and community life were provided. After World War Two, anthropologists came to call. They were horrified that the Indians didn't carry on their old customs, such as dancing, feasts and giveaways. In fact, the people did keep up a substantial number of customs, but they had been transposed into church gatherings, participation in the county fairs and tribal celebrations, particularly fairs and rodeos. The people did Indian dances. But they didn't do them all the time.

Suddenly, the Sioux were presented with an authority figure who bemoaned the fact that whenever he visited the reservations, the Sioux were not out dancing in the manner of their ancestors. Today, the summers are taken up with one great orgy of dancing and celebrating, as each small community of Indians sponsors a weekend powwow for the people in the surrounding communities. Gone are the little gardens that used to provide fresh vegetables in the summer and canned goods in the winter. Gone are the chickens that provided eggs and Sunday dinners. In the winter, the situation becomes critical for families who spent the summer dancing. While the poverty programs have done much to counteract the situation, few Indians recognize that the condition was artificial from start to finish. The people were

innocently led astray, and even the anthropologists did not realize what had happened.

One example: The Oglala Sioux are perhaps the most well known of the Sioux bands. Among their past leaders were Red Cloud, the only Indian who ever defeated the United States in a war, and Crazy Horse, most revered of the Sioux war chiefs. The Oglala were, and perhaps still are, the meanest group of Indians ever assembled. They would take after a cavalry troop just to see if their bowstrings were taut enough. When they had settled on the reservation, the Oglala made a fairly smooth transition to the new life. They had good herds of cattle, they settled along the numerous creeks that cross the reservation and they created a very strong community spirit. The Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics had the missionary franchise on the reservation and the tribe was pretty evenly split between the two. In the Episcopal Church, at least, the congregations were fairly self-governing and stable.

But over the years, the Oglala Sioux have had a number of problems. Their population has grown faster than their means of support. The Government allowed white farmers to come into the eastern part of the reservation and create a county, with the best farmlands owned or operated by whites. The reservation was allotted—taken out of the collective

hands of the tribe and parceled out to individuals—and when ownership became too complicated, control of the land passed out of Indian hands. The Government displaced a number of families during World War Two by taking a part of the reservation for use as a bombing range to train crews for combat. Only last year was this land returned to tribal and individual use.

The tribe became a favorite subject for anthropological study quite early, because of its romantic past. Theories arose attempting to explain the apparent lack of progress of the Oglala Sioux. The true issue—white control of the reservation—was overlooked completely. Instead, every conceivable intangible cultural distinction was used to explain the lack of economic, social and educational progress of a people who were, to all intents and purposes, absentee landlords because of the Government policy of leasing their lands to whites.

One study advanced the startling proposition that Indians with many cattle were, on the average, better off than Indians without cattle. Cattle Indians, it seems, had more capital and income than did noncattle Indians. Surprise! The study had innumerable charts and graphs that demonstrated this great truth beyond the doubt of a reasonably prudent man. Studies of this type were common but unexciting. They lacked that certain flair of insight so beloved by anthropologists. Then one day a famous anthropologist



"But at least you're not alone, Mr. Allison. Out there, there must be thousands of executives who have secretaries who won't come across."

advanced the theory, probably valid at the time and in the manner in which he advanced it, that the Oglala were "warriors without weapons."

The chase was on. Before the ink had dried on the scholarly journals, anthropologists from every library stack in the nation converged on the Oglala Sioux to test this new theory. Outfitting anthropological expeditions became the number-one industry of the small off-reservation Nebraska towns south of Pine Ridge. Surely, supplying the Third Crusade to the Holy Land was a minor feat compared with the task of keeping the anthropologists at Pine Ridge.

Every conceivable difference between the Oglala Sioux and the folks at Bar Harbor was attributed to the quaint warrior tradition of the Oglala Sioux. From lack of roads to unshined shoes, Sioux problems were generated, so the anthros discovered, by the refusal of the white man to recognize the great desire of the Oglala to go to war. Why expect an Oglala to become a small businessman, when he was only waiting for that wagon train to come around the bend? The very real and human problems of the reservation were considered to be merely by-products of the failure of a warrior people to become domesticated. The fairly respectable thesis of past exploits in war, perhaps romanticized for morale purposes, became a spiritual force all its own. Some Indians, in a tongue-in-cheek manner for which Indians are justly famous, suggested that a subsidized wagon train be run through the reservation each morning at nine o'clock and the reservation people paid a minimum wage for attacking it.

By outlining this problem, I am not deriding the Sioux. I lived on that reservation for 18 years and know many of the problems from which it suffers. How, I ask, can the Oglala Sioux make any headway in education when their lack of education is ascribed to a desire to go to war? Would not, perhaps, an incredibly low per-capita income, virtually nonexistent housing, extremely inadequate roads and domination by white farmers and ranchers make some difference? If the little Sioux boy or girl had no breakfast, had to walk miles to a small school and had no decent clothes nor place to study in a one-room log cabin, should the level of education be comparable with that of Scarsdale High?

What use would roads, houses, schools, businesses and income be to a people who, everyone expected, would soon depart on the warpath? I would submit that a great deal of the lack of progress at Pine Ridge is occasioned by people who believe they are helping the Oglala when they insist on seeing, in the life of the people of that reservation, only those things they want to see. Real problems and real people become invisible before the great romantic and nonsensical

notion that the Sioux yearn for the days of Crazy Horse and Red Cloud and will do nothing until those days return.

The question of the Oglala Sioux is one that plagues every Indian tribe in the nation, if it will closely examine itself. Tribes have been defined; the definition has been completely explored; test scores have been advanced promoting and deriding the thesis; and, finally, the conclusion has been reached: Indians must be redefined in terms that white men will accept, even if that means re-Indianizing them according to the white man's idea of what they were like in the past and should logically become in the future.

What, I ask, would a school board in Moline, Illinois—or Skokie, even—do if the scholarly community tried to reorient its educational system to conform with outmoded ideas of Sweden in the glory days of Gustavus Adolphus? Would they be expected to sing "*Ein feste Burg*" and charge out of the mists at the Roman Catholics to save the Reformation every morning as school began? Or the Irish—would they submit to a group of Indians coming to Boston and telling them to dress in green and hunt leprechauns?

Consider the implications of theories put forward to solve the problem of poverty among the blacks. Several years ago, the word went forth that black poverty was due to the disintegration of the black family, that the black father no longer had a prominent place in the home. How incredibly shortsighted that thesis was. How typically Anglo-Saxon! How in the world could there have been a black family if people were sold like cattle for 200 years, if there were large plantations that served merely as farms to breed more slaves, if white owners systematically ravaged black women? When did the black family unit ever become integrated? Herein lies a trap into which many Americans have fallen: Once a problem is defined and understood by a significant number of people who have some relation to it, the fallacy goes, the problem ceases to exist. The rest of America had better beware of having quaint mores that attract anthropologists, or it will soon become a victim of the conceptual prison into which blacks and Indians, among others, have been thrown. One day you may find yourself cataloged—perhaps as a credit-card-carrying, turnpike-commuting, condominium-dwelling, fraternity-joining, churchgoing, sports-watching, time-purchase-buying, television-watching, magazine-subscribing, politically inert transmigrated urbanite who, through the phenomenon of the second car and the shopping center, has become a golf-playing, wife-swapping, etc., etc., etc., suburbanite. Or have you already been characterized—and caricatured—in ways that struck you as absurd? If so, you will

understand what has been happening to Indians for a long, long time.

In defense of the anthropologists, it must be recognized that those who do not publish perish. Those who do not bring in a substantial sum of research money soon slide down the scale of university approval. What university is not equally balanced between the actual education of its students and a multitude of small bureaus, projects, institutes and programs that are designed to harvest grants for the university?

The effect of anthropologists on Indians should be clear. Compilation of useless knowledge for knowledge's sake should be utterly rejected by the Indian people. We should not be objects of observation for those who do nothing to help us. During the critical days of 1951, when the Senate was pushing for termination of all Indian rights, not one scholar, anthropologist, sociologist, historian or economist came forward to support the tribes against the detrimental policy. Why didn't the academic community march to the side of the tribes? Certainly the past few years have shown how much influence academe can exert when it feels compelled to enlist in a cause. Is Vietnam any more crucial to the moral stance of America than the great debt owed to the Indian tribes?

Perhaps we should suspect the motives of members of the academic community. They have the Indian field well defined and under control. Their concern is not the ultimate policy that will affect the Indian people, but merely the creation of new slogans and doctrines by which they can climb the university totem pole. Reduction of people to statistics for purposes of observation appears to be inconsequential to the anthropologist when compared with the immediate benefits he can derive—the acquisition of further prestige and the chance to appear as the high priest of American society, orienting and manipulating to his heart's desire.

Roger Jourdain, chairman of the Red Lake Chippewa tribe of Minnesota, casually had the anthropologists escorted from his reservation a couple of years ago. This was the tip of the iceberg. If only more Indians had the insight of Jourdain. Why should we continue to provide private zoos for anthropologists? Why should tribes have to compete with scholars for funds, when their scholarly productions are so useless and irrelevant to life?

Several years ago, an anthropologist stated that over a period of some 20 years he had spent, from all sources, close to \$10,000,000 studying a tribe of fewer than 1000 people. Imagine what that amount of money would have meant to that group of people had it been invested in buildings and businesses. There would have been no problems to study.

I sometimes think that Indian tribes

could improve relations between themselves and the anthropologists by adopting the following policy: Each anthro desiring to study a tribe should be made to apply to the tribal council for permission to do his study. He would be given such permission only if he raised as a contribution to the tribal budget an amount of money equal to the amount he proposed to spend on his study. Anthropologists would thus become productive members of Indian society, instead of ideological vultures.

This proposal was discussed at one time in Indian circles. It blew no small number of anthro minds. Irrational shrieks of "academic freedom" rose like rockets from launching pads. The very idea of putting a tax on useless information was intolerable to the anthropologists we talked with. But the question is very simple. Are the anthros concerned about freedom—or license? Academic freedom certainly does not imply that one group of people has to become chessmen for another group of people. Why should Indian communities be subjected to prying non-Indians any more than other communities? Should any group have a franchise to stick its nose into someone else's business?

I don't think my proposal ever will be accepted. It contradicts the anthropologists' self-image much too strongly. What

is more likely is that Indians will continue to allow their communities to be turned inside out until they come to realize the damage that is being done to them. Then they will seal up the reservations and no further knowledge—useless or otherwise—will be created. This may be the best course. Once, at a Congressional hearing, someone asked Alex Chasing Hawk, a council member of the Cheyenne Sioux for 30 years, "Just what do you Indians want?" Alex replied, "A leave-us-alone law."

The primary goal and need of Indians today is not for someone to study us, feel sorry for us, identify with us or claim descent from Pocahontas to make us feel better. Nor do we need to be classified as semiwhite and have programs made to bleach us further. Nor do we need further studies to see if we are "feasible." We need, instead, a new policy from Congress that acknowledges our intelligence, and our dignity.

In its simplest form, such a policy would give a tribe the amount of money now being spent in the area on Federal schools and other services. With this block grant, the tribe itself would communally establish and run its own schools and hospitals and police and fire departments—and, in time, its own income-producing endeavors, whether in industry or agriculture. The tribe would not be taxed until enough capital had

accumulated so that individual Indians were getting flat dividends.

Many tribes are beginning to acquire the skills necessary for this sort of independence, but the odds are long: An Indian district at Pine Ridge was excited recently about the possibility of running its own schools, and a bond issue was put before them that would have made it possible for them to do so. In the meantime, however, anthropologists visiting the community convinced its people that they were culturally unprepared to assume this sort of responsibility; so the tribe voted down the bond issue. Three universities have sent teams to the area to discover why the issue was defeated. The teams are planning to spend more on their studies than the bond issue would have cost.

I would expect an instant rebuttal by the anthros. They will say that my sentiments do not represent the views of all Indians—and they are right, they have brainwashed many of my brothers. But a new day is coming. Until then, it would be wise for anthropologists to climb down from their thrones of authority and pure research and begin helping Indian tribes instead of preying on them. For the wheel of karma grinds slowly, but it does grind fine. And it makes a complete circle.



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QUICK HOP (continued from page 90)

try down over Ocean Bright. Lot of Army fellas go there."

"Pretty far up the coast." Already he wanted to head back.

"So?"

"It'll maybe run more than your fifteen minutes."

"Who's paying?"

"Long as you realize, ma'am."

"Laura, Laura. You got it strung right out there behind you. Why can't you remember it?"

He cringed at that, beginning to regret he'd ever gotten into this queer, drunken deal with her. He could feel every letter of the banner's drag. MISS LAURA WILKINS, LIVE MODEL, AVAILABLE HOURLY, NITELY. MYRTLE 8-7742. She'd phoned it into the airport, left word for him to pick her up at ten the next morning, she knew which pier. He'd phoned her back to refuse, but heard her

out. "I just want all the art students to know I'm here. No law about that." He knew better, but she put up with a quote of \$4 a letter for the quarter hour and agreed to \$50 more if she could go along for the ride, almost a charter; and he didn't know she had the bottle until they were away from the pier, airborne, and headed in for the banner.

"Might run you another ten, even twenty," he warned.

"I can earn it back."

So, with a deliberate touch of steepness, he banked the Aeronca around until the seacoast rolled under them again. The sand below was sparkling hard and the surf broke frothily, like suds thrown out onto a hot pavement. The plane's shadow skimmed along with them, flat as a skid mark. A lone fisherman came into sight near a tangled rip, then a beach party huddling under a lowering dune.

Both looked up at them, simple and direct as gulls, but he was too high to be embarrassed.

Then he was past the jetties and over the mobbed beaches, and had to drop down low enough to be readable. He caught people's nervous attention too quickly. They got right to their feet and stared much longer than they needed. The girls turned inward among themselves, gabbling and pointing, but the men grouped openly into big, waggish greeting parties. Behind him, she was waving back.

Down over Ocean Bright, there was even more male enthusiasm. Some of them drove their fists hard into the air and slapped their forearms meately. She stopped waving and sat there, almost queenly, taking the salute. A lifeguard stood up on his tower and puffed himself raw on a strung whistle, maybe blowing it at him. He began to wonder if he was breaking some beach regulation.

At last Ocean Bright thinned out and he started to climb away, but a crowd was gathering, roiling, demanding her back. He circled wide, keeping the banner clear, and hove again into their midst. It was all men now, roughly in a circle, with one or two free spirits frantically working in the center with driftwood boards. They were gouging out the shape of a formlessly fat man in the sand. Head, arms, body, legs, toeless feet.

"Will you look at that?" he said.

But that part was hasty, unimportant. They scrambled down on their knees and began digging up wetter sand, piling it on. Then he was past them. By the time he circled back, they had finished and were shaking clasped hands over their heads. The pile had been built, like a sand castle, into two bullocky mounds and a long, erect bunker.

"Will you look at that?" he said again.

Suddenly, two stalky girls in bikinis came crashing through the circle, their arms full. They were carrying seaweed. The men caught at them, but they got by and plopped it down. One of the sculptors tried to kick it away and kicked sand instead. Then everybody was kicking and wrestling over the groin, moiling weeds and sand.

He had to laugh, and glanced back to share the laugh and found her pulling hard on the bottle, right from its neck.

"Bastards."

She drank again, her eyes going tarry and sad.

"Bastards make everything dirty."

"Ma'am. I . . ." He gave a completely mechanical shrug.

"Get me away from here."

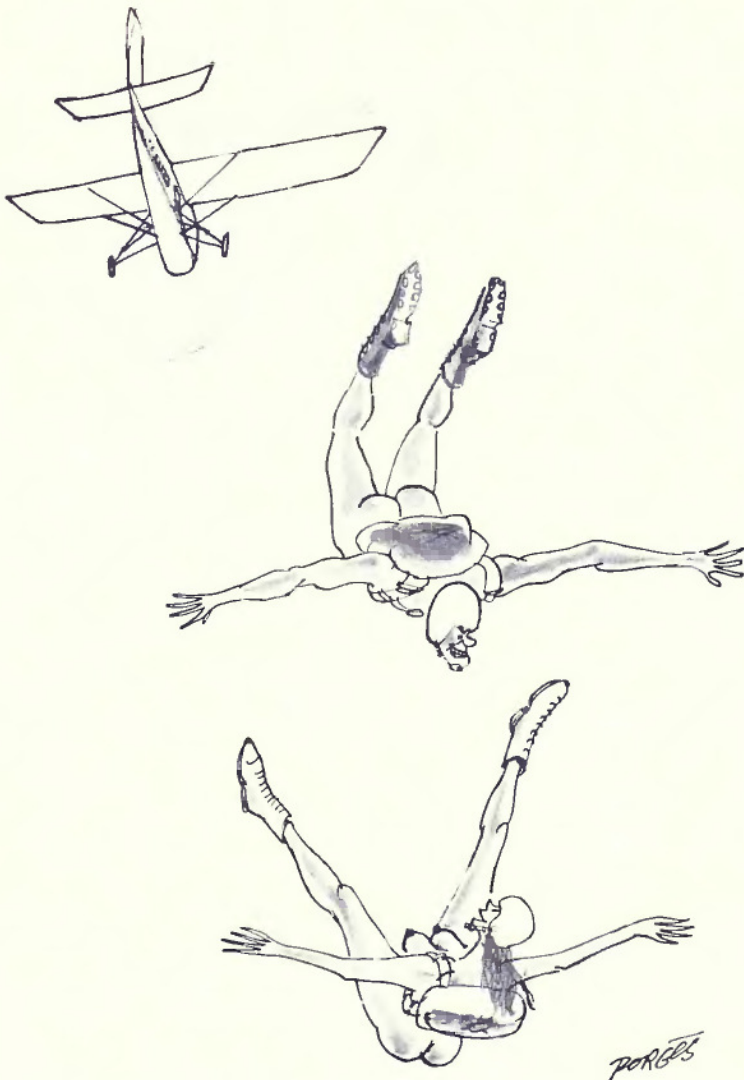
"Right."

He pulled the nose up and landward.

"No. Out to sea."

"Ma'am?"

"Want to see what's out there."



"Hurry . . . we've got only twenty seconds!"

"I don't think you're up to the sights."
 "You'll get your money. What's to see out there?"

"Well." He thought. "The island's closest."

"What island?"

"Hoof Island. I usually charge——"

"Whatever."

"Long as you realize."

He swung out along the sandy curve beyond Ocean Bright, then over the marshes. The plane's shadow prowled into the salt grass, turning briefly into a hunting shape, but flattened out again over open water. They could see suddenly, utterly straight down into the naked, green grip of the sea. From the delicate rib hollows along the amber shoals out to the far, blue-gray basins, nothing struggled against the vast leverage of its deeps.

"All that water," she said sadly, "and still nothing but all that nothing."

He figured he'd better get that bottle put away again. The plane shivered into a slight yaw at his deft touch and he waited for her response.

"Ohhhhh, do it again, handsome. It tickles."

He straightened right out.

"Every bastard I know," she sniggered, "thinks he's a subtle bastard."

He was heavily disconcerted but said nothing until the sea sank fathomlessly from their sight, touched only by the white plucks of gulls that drifted over its dark wash, canny as sea spray. Then he turned and forced himself.

"I'd take it rightly, Laura, if you'd stow that now."

"Rightly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Laura."

"Laura."

"Why?"

"We're almost to the island."

It was no reason for anything, but she seemed willing to take it as one. "That's dry, too?" He heard the spin of the cap back onto the glass threads as the first bluffs showed chalk.

"How come 'Hoof Island'?"

"There's horses." He lost a little altitude, bearing down on the bony cedars that clumped on the barren headland like lichen.

"We looking for them?"

"They're the sights."

He flew over a black rib of asphalt down the middle of the island with a few deserted, sun-struck dwellings clinging to it like dried scraps. At either end, the asphalt crumbled into ashen sand, still far from the sea, and broken shells littered its length like hail. It was a trapped road, put ashore by some crooked contractor and left to perish.

"Who uses it?"

"Mostly the ponies."



"Mom, Dad! You're the Harriet and Bill who answered our ad in 'Wives and Pals'!!!"

He showed her where they had crossed the macadam recently, scuffing a path through the rime of shattered shells. He told her about the shipwreck long ago of an old steamer ferrying a pony ring north, and how the Shetlands had swum to the island and turned into hardheads the same way the Spanish mounts had turned into mustangs out West. "I'm not lying to you. I can scare 'em up sometimes with the motor."

"People ever come out here?"

"Sometimes."

"What do they do?"

"Stay until they're ready to go back."

He scouted on down the island, but they saw no other trace of the ponies. Looking for them only brought the desolation below that much closer. There seemed nowhere for a horse to hide. All was scant. "You'd be surprised," he kept saying. "All of a sudden, they come right up out of the dunes, hopping like sand fleas." But the dunes stayed as still as death mounds and the sand rippled away from them, scoured and futureless, as if some final wave had just rolled back. Only the plane's shadow, foul upon all the bleak purity, pretended to any errant life.

"Might as well all be under water, too," she said.

He denied that. "It's got. . ."

"What's it got?"

"A nice location."

She laughed. "This must be about all you've ever seen of anything."

"I been up to New York City," he

reacted. "At the East River. A lot of tugboat waves up there."

"That's New York for you." She slapped him on the shoulder. "OK. Enough. Let's go."

He pulled the nose up again. "Maybe another time."

"No. I didn't come here to hustle horses."

He circled back over the head of the island, roaring his motor once more hopefully, but could turn out nothing from the cedars, either. He felt fussed, out of whack, and put his mind to flying straight back in, without another word. But she soon enough had that bottle out again.

"I thought you put that by, Laura," he said.

"We're off the island, aren't we?"

He snorted.

"We've had our little outing and seen the sights, and now we're tired and happy and want to go home," she cooed, and drank to it.

"True enough," he had to agree, and wondered if it was really worth losing any headway to try to shake her up again.

"I'm waiting."

"Ma'am?"

"For the whirly-whirly."

"The what?"

"I sort of liked it."

"What?"

"And if that's your kick. . . ." With a loud chortle, she threw both arms around



"You are charitable to a fault."

his neck, right up to her elbows. "Swing!" He honked fiercely to clear his nose of something overwhelming.

"Get back!" he shouted. "You're drunk!"

But the shock was greater than her hold. She slipped off his shoulders easily and dumped back into the bucket seat, ashimmy with giggles. Then she tapped the bottle lightly against the back of his head, as if clicking glasses. "Can't stand directness, huh?"

Drucker surprised himself. It was something he had the sense not to try with a banner still on. At least not without easing his way down at first, checking the drag until he had some feel for it. But he nosed over, everything on the plane shaking, and dove. He didn't even think of her as a zigzag, only as dead weight, bigger than a full barrel, burdening his neck and shoulders until he finally, barely pulled out again, maybe a foot off the waves. The plane still shook, the banner lashing at the sea like too limp, too long a tail.

He waited to hear from her, the bitch.

When he didn't, he kept on, same as ever. He was so low that the floats ticked, chinked in the heavy sea spray. Then he caught on to the wag of the

banner and used it to bring the plane still harder into his pulling turns. They tore even at his own stomach. He checked over his shoulder. She was tight to the seat, her thumb jammed down the neck of the bottle, the knuckle swollen over it like a red cork.

"Let me down," she groaned, "you fucking sea gull."

But he wasn't finished yet. He came booming over the first surf, churning up a rush of people on the beach, then gained a sudden altitude.

"You better kiss down," she threatened.

But he zoomed higher, right over the pier where he'd picked her up, the struts to the floats singing.

"Got to take care of that banner first," he excused himself.

He sped inland and, after a steep pylon turn around a tall motel sign below, arrived over the grass strip of the airport seconds later. When he cut the banner loose, the plane leaped almost onto its nose before he had control of it again. Then he spiraled down around the falling letters, close enough to see them fold and snarl in the air like scratched-out dirty words.

"You had your fun. OK?" she needed.

"I like fun, too. Fun's fun." But by now, she was really trying not to panic. "We've both had fun. Let's get down."

"Soon enough."

"Come on, please, honey, it's been fun." She was slipping. "But back on home, honey, I want down."

"Soon enough." He stared back at the bottle lodged on her thumb and crinkled his nose, almost into a smirk. "You still got time for maybe one more."

She had some self left. Her thumb popped out of the bottle. She even twirled what was left in the bottom at him, then did her best to put it defiantly to her lips.

"Just barely time," he said stiffly, and plunged.

She started screaming somewhere in the middle of her swallow, a wet, gagged "No, no, no! No, please! There's no, no—"

Down, straight down in, until the stubby grass shoved up under the swollen pontoons, drifting near and green as a crop, like another desperate run along that old endless road.

"No, no wheels!"

The bottle flew, scenting everything, and she caved into a silly whimpering all her own.

The floats touched, stubbed, knelled. The knell rose, rose and rose, until it was a sharp, terrible groaning, just short of a last shudder. "I can do just about anything I want with her, ma'am!" he shouted back at her.

The skid began, a long skid that pulled the plane suddenly through the shudder, but would not let go.

"Land her right down on a heavy dew!" he shouted more.

Then he almost had hold, nearly a grip. Not on the grass. On the skid. He understood that skid, knew what it was doing, and went right on bragging.

"Land her on a grass stain, if I had to!"

The skid lightened, came altogether into his grip, and he turned the plane into the greening rush of the field, rocking it gently, certainly down the grass strip.

When the tail dropped, he checked again over his shoulder. She was quivering, her flesh spent and fouled, one tit lolling out in a trickle of bourbon.

"You bastard."

"You're down, aren't you?"

"You bastard."

But he was all business. "We'd better settle up now. Call it an even two hundred for that banner, and fifty for the ride, and ten for Ocean Bright and the island, and I won't charge for the zig—"

She was suddenly up from the bucket seat, leaning at him with all her odor, grossly giggling.

"You owe me, you bastard."



ST. THOMAS (continued from page 143)

eyes—one of them blue, the other green—suddenly assumed a desperate intensity. "I've got to make an impression," he declared. "I've got to say things that are important."

Smothers had just spent a two-week odyssey traveling aboard planes that deposited him at press conferences in Toronto, New York and Los Angeles, where he had patiently tried to explain the reasons behind his dismissal by CBS. The publicity generated by these meetings with the press, together with public displeasure over CBS' arbitrary action, had prompted widespread support for the brothers. Pickets in their behalf marched around the 38-story Manhattan headquarters of CBS. Lapel buttons reading PRAY FOR TOMMY AND DICKIE appeared in half a dozen American cities. For the first time since *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* had emerged as a midseason replacement to challenge *Bonanza* in February 1967, complimentary letters were surging ahead of the virulent hate mail.

On Tommy's earlier visit to Washington for the National Association of Broadcasters convention in March—an impulsive appearance that he feels certain helped trigger his demise—and in various informal meetings, he had found a measure of support among such influential Capitol Hill figures as Senators Edward Kennedy and Vance Hartke, California Congressman Thomas Rees and two Federal Communications Commissioners—Kenneth Cox and Nicholas Johnson.

A substantial ground swell had also surfaced in the nation's press, notably the normally dispassionate *New York Times*. "The cancellation . . . is the latest example of how the networks profess their right to freedom of expression but fail to exercise it in defense of their own programs," read a stinging *Times* editorial. "The result could be a serious curb on creativity in satire in television programs under the guise of preventing vulgarity and suggestiveness. . . ."

Not surprisingly, almost unanimous support came from editors of college newspapers, who felt that the Smothers brothers spoke for young people. UCLA's *Daily Bruin* warned: "You may laugh at this suggestion that the cancellation of the . . . show is a threat to freedom, but it is. . . . [It] was canceled because of the effectiveness and truthfulness of its ridicule of the actions of America and not because it violated some technicality of procedure."

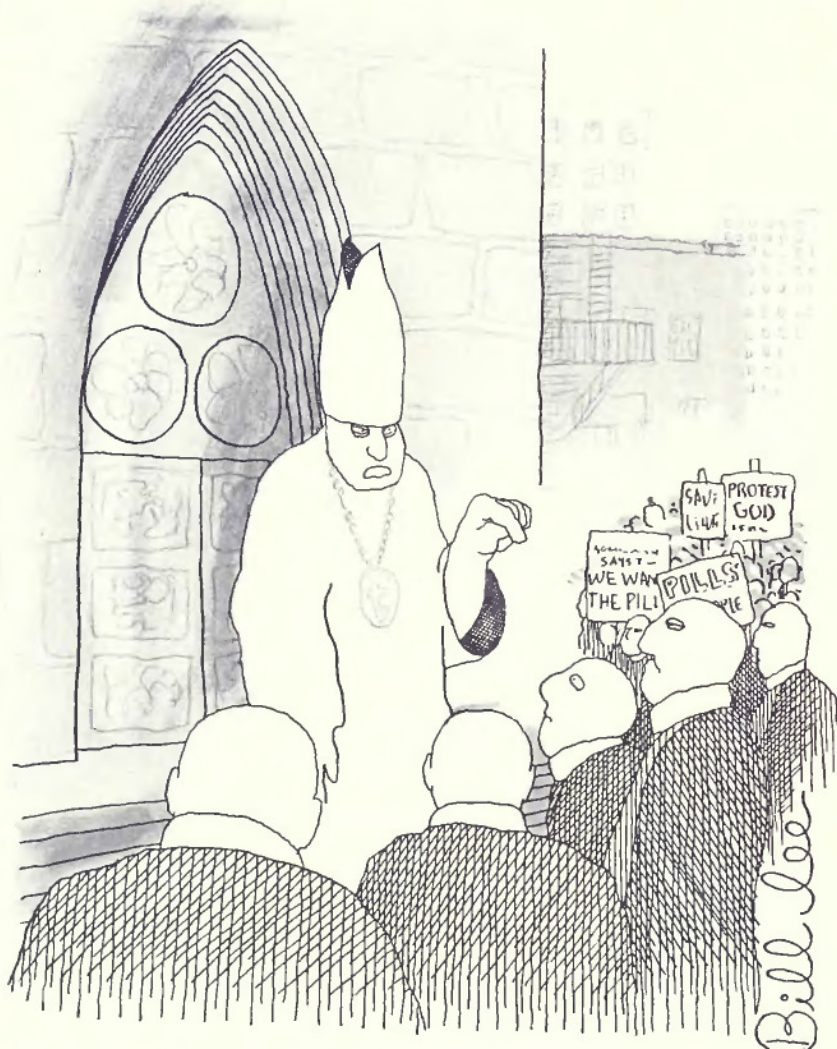
As the jet cruised to Washington at 35,000 feet through the gloom above the clouds, Tommy scanned that clipping, along with other evidences of his current

preoccupation with self-exoneration—all of them visible among the bottles of pills and nostrums that stuffed his battered attaché case. Beneath the bottles were a dog-eared copy of the N. A. B. Code, a copy of NBC's censorship regulations (ironically, CBS had never provided the Smothers with any such written guidelines), files of correspondence and flattering telegrams, sheaves of FCC rulings relating to the equal-time and fairness doctrines, a first draft of his Washington speech, Fred Friendly's *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control* and Dr. Maxwell Maltz' *Psycho-Cybernetics*, open to a chapter titled: "How to Turn a Crisis into a Creative Opportunity."

Just in case, he was also carrying an up-to-date passport. Beside it was a cherished letter from Lyndon B. Johnson—the butt of some of the show's most devastating barbs—written while he was still a resident of the White House:

To be genuinely funny at a time when the world is in crisis is a task that would tax the talents of a genius. And to be consistently fair when standards of fair play are constantly questioned demands the wisdom of a saint. It is part of the price of leadership in this great, free nation to be the target of clever satirists. You have given the gift of laughter to our people. May we never grow so somber or self-important that we fail to appreciate the humor in our lives.

The day before, Tommy had recited the Johnson letter during a lengthy meeting with several American Broadcasting Company executives who had expressed interest in returning the Smothers brothers to the air. To dispel the stigma of irresponsibility left on them by the show's abrupt cancellation, Tommy tried hard to convince ABC that he was not only a fair and reasonable fellow but a



"What we have here is a failure to excommunicate."

moderate trying to endure in a medium conditioned to conservative thinking.

There was something more at stake than the \$4,500,000 gross of which his corporation had been deprived by the canceled contract: an entertainer's right to voice dissenting views on prime-time television. To some, the dramatic sacking of the Smothers brothers seemed long overdue. To others, their efforts to irrigate the vast wasteland were admirable—but foredoomed.

"Sometimes I think of myself on a white horse, like the white knight, because that's where people are putting me," Tommy told a journalist. "All I want is to perform and create without having restrictions put on me." The crusades had begun for Tommy not with the premiere of *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* but with the contrived situation-comedy series that marked their prime-time TV debut four years ago. The story line of that puerile series—which lasted some 32 weeks—presented Dickie as a lecherous advertising man and Tommy as his deceased brother, a bumbling bungler who made inopportune appearances as a haloed angel, usually at the moment Dickie was making time with some young lovely. Surprisingly, the show ranked fourth in the first Nielsen ratings. By the fourth week, however, Tommy was ready to bolt his contract.

"This show stinks," he advised his superiors.

To placate him, a new producer was assigned to the show. Smothers was also allowed to participate in developing future scripts, a right that had previously been forbidden.

Tommy's dedication to rescuing this hopeless show from inanity kept him away from home—and from Stephanie, his wife of two years—for long periods of time. And he found himself consuming large amounts of milk to soothe a newly developed ulcer.

The ulcer worsened—along with the show's ratings—as the months wore on. By the end of the season, the program had sunk to 48th position in the ratings—still fairly respectable, but not so successful that CBS raised more than token objections when Tommy decided to abandon the series as an artistic, if not a commercial failure.

"I don't want to do television again," he said. "I don't ever want to have to work with that kind of shit."

Meanwhile, Tommy was embroiled in a turbulent divorce action. Much of the difficulty with his marriage, predictably, had stemmed from the 13 hours a day he had spent working at the studio.

"When I got up in the morning, it was dark," he said. "When I came home at night, it was still dark. My wife didn't relate to what happened during the daylight hours. She didn't come out to see what I was doing and I was frustrated

when I got home. We just grew at different rates. It's not easy for anyone to be Mrs. Smothers."

His wife, who was being treated by an analyst at the time, frequently urged Tommy to undergo therapy himself. He refused each time, precipitating a stormy argument. The last of their many disputes concluded with Tommy striking her three times and moving out of their Hollywood Hills home for good.

The financial settlement was more than merely a slap in the face. Mrs. Smothers received 80 percent of Tommy's share in a music-publishing firm, 50 percent of future royalties from the ten record albums made prior to and during their marriage—and \$2500 monthly in alimony. Several buildings were also granted to her, along with custody of their son, Thomas Bolyin Smothers IV.

His depression over the failure of his show and of his marriage terminated in the fall of 1966, when CBS offered the brothers a midseason-replacement variety show in the unenviable nine-p.m. Sunday time slot; the opposition was NBC's *Bonanza*, the number-one show on television. In the past, CBS had unsuccessfully attempted to challenge the durable Western with Judy Garland, Garry Moore and *Perry Mason*. Now their research statistics indicated that they might succeed by offering a program appealing to a 15-to-30-year-old audience.

"What the hell, I'll get the money for thirteen weeks and run," Tommy said after making the decision. "But this time, I'll go in and do it my way. I'll never compromise myself again."

One of the main conditions of the agreement stipulated that the brothers would exercise artistic control over the content of the *Comedy Hour*, a power they had lacked with the situation comedy.

"We failed the first time because we let other people do our thing," Tommy told a New York press conference celebrating the contract signing. "If this one is no good, if it doesn't make it, you can look at us and say: 'You guys did it.'"

The ravages of his ulcer and the vast amounts of kinetic energy he expended in launching the new series combined to reduce his weight to a sickly-looking 128 pounds. But the prospect of getting a second chance on television brought hidden therapeutic benefits.

"If you're screwed up, you don't need to lie down on a couch; you need to *build* one," said Tommy. "The minute I got into the show, it was like building a couch."

Network planners, however, had their own set of specifications in mind. In preproduction meetings before the *Comedy Hour* premiered in February 1967, Tommy expressed a desire to provide regular exposure for contemporary rock groups, whether or not they were known to the general public.

"Original music is very dangerous on

television," warned Michael Dann, CBS vice-president in charge of programing. "People in the mass television audience are more comfortable with familiar music, something they've heard two or three times before. The first time they hear a song, I don't care how good it is, they won't go for it."

The network, which had hired its own team of producers to oversee the show, also insisted on booking familiar television guest stars—many of them CBS standbys such as Eva Gabor, Eddie Albert, Jack Benny, Ed Sullivan, Bob Crane (of *Hogan's Heroes*) and Jim Nabors, all of whom appealed to a different generation from the one with which the brothers identified. But no real impasse occurred until the fifth show of the season. In a four-minute comedy sketch, *I Dream of Jeannie's* Barbara Eden had been cast as a sex-education instructor and Tommy as a college student. CBS' program-practices department—the network's imposing euphemism for censor—read the script and vetoed use of the word sex or the term sex education. Tommy was flabbergasted. He stalked off the set screaming, but to no avail.

The escalation of network policing was apparent soon after the taping of a satire on film censorship involving Tommy, Dickie and comedienne Elaine May:

DICK: During the past year, movies have become more and more outspoken on adult subjects. After these movies have been completed and before they are shown to the general public, they must be examined by professional censors. These are dedicated people who have an eagle eye out to detect anything that might be considered in the least suggestive. Let's watch two of these guardians of public taste in action.

(*Music: ending of movie*)

ELAINE: I think the word breast should be cut out of the dinner scene. I think that breast is a relatively tasteless thing to say while you're eating. I wouldn't mind it if they were having cocktails or a late supper, but dinner is a family meal. TOM (*makes note*): "Take the word breast out of the dinner scene."

ELAINE: Tell them they can substitute the word arm. It has the same number of syllables and it's a much more acceptable thing to say at the dinner table.

TOM: But won't that sound funny? "My heart beats wildly in my arm whenever you're near"?

ELAINE: Why? Oh, I see. You mean because. . . .

TOM: The heart isn't in the arm.

ELAINE: Where *is* the heart, exactly? It's somewhere above the ribs, isn't it? On the left side?

TOM: Audrey, let's not kid ourselves. We're alone here. The heart is in

the breast. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is.

ELAINE: No, no, that's all right. Ed. It's not your fault.

TOM: Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk. The heart, unfortunately, is still in the breast rather than the arm. So what do we do?

ELAINE: Can we change heart to pulse?

TOM: "My pulse beats wildly in my arm whenever you're near"?

ELAINE: Isn't there a pulse somewhere in the arm?

TOM: Not that I've noticed.

ELAINE: What about the wrist?

TOM (excitedly): That's it!

TOM and ELAINE: "My pulse beats wildly in my wrist whenever you're near."

ELAINE: Oh, that's marvelous.

TOM: I think it's better than the original.

ELAINE: We could write as well as they do.

What happened next could easily have gone into the script. CBS censors demanded that the routine on censorship be completely censored. Tommy thereupon threatened to walk off the show and spend the balance of the season in Spain.

His anticipated walkout was thwarted by a union strike that shut down every live television show in Hollywood. Although it had nothing to do with the strike, Tommy was also having difficulties with various industry craft unions because of his desire to try out new techniques of television production and direction.

After firing his director and paying off the balance of his \$30,000 contract, Tom-

my installed a Sony video-tape recorder in his dressing room, using it to transcribe dress rehearsals and immediately play them back, to find ways to improve the show. Under pressure from the technicians' union, CBS West Coast programming vice-president Perry Lafferty ordered the tape recorder removed. When Tommy reinstalled the machine three weeks later, nobody complained. The *Comedy Hour* had dislodged *Bonanza* from its customary position in the top ten.

Not that all was forgiven. In the eyes of the network, the *Comedy Hour* was still making waves by taking a stand on contemporary issues; any stand would have been an innovation, but the anti-establishment views it espoused were especially unacceptable. "The most important thing we did that first year," recalled Tommy, "was to verify the fact that there was a legitimate grievance on the Vietnam war. We were the first show that said, 'Hey, man, the war is bad' and criticized Johnson from a public platform."

The opening show of their second season signaled an even more stringent attitude within the program-practices department. Tommy had booked the controversial folk singer Pete Seeger. One of the songs Seeger taped for the show was *Waist Deep in the Big Muddy*, an anti-war ballad that criticized Johnson and his Vietnam policy with the lyrics:

*Now every time I read the papers
That old feelin' comes on
We're waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.*

CBS censors erased the song from the air tape, despite Tommy's heated protests. Numerous television critics subsequently condemned the network for its

unilateral action—and for its timidity. Smothers was vindicated several months later, when Seeger was allowed to return and perform the unexpurgated version of the same song.

Despite that concession, Tommy was told, "You're starting to get too preachy. You're delivering too many messages. That's not what you were hired for. That's not entertainment." The show, nevertheless, continued to lampoon the foibles and hypocrisies of American society, organized religion, police brutality, racial prejudice and civil-rights tokenism.

"We did more on the black situation than any other show, and even that wasn't near enough," said Tommy. "And we got as many black entertainers as we could on the air, proportionately, without overbalancing." He also struggled behind the scenes to hire black cameramen and stagehands on the production crew.

The appearance of such entertainers as singers Nancy Wilson, Lou Rawls and the Chambers Brothers, coupled with the barbed comedy sketches, prompted some of the most virulent hate mail ever received by the network. A few excerpts, replete with misspellings:

From Ivor, Virginia: "I suggest that you change the name of your show [to] *The Nigger Brothers Smothers Nigger Show*."

From Hackensack, New Jersey: "Am surprised you lousey stinkers have lasted so long. I hope you get the nigger shit kicked out of you. Will come down and Butter your Motzoths with Arab shit."

From Canton, Ohio, addressed to "Gay Smother Brothers": "Why do you queers continually show this so-called new generation. . . . I for one am fed up with looking at niggers, nigger-lovers and



long-haired fruits on your and every other show on TV. But most of all, I disliked the remark about George Wallace."

Even more disturbing to Tommy, however, was the continuation of arbitrary and gratuitous censorship of what he considered harmless lines from subsequent scripts.

"To them, *freak out* is a sexual thing," Tommy complained. "*Let it all hang out* means *Let your cock hang out*. And *mind blowing* is pushing for psychedelics in drugs. That's the way the censors reason. These are the guys who dictate taste. They're all from 1942."

To commemorate Mother's Day, 1968, Tommy planned to cap the show by displaying a greeting card distributed by a recently formed group of Los Angeles housewives (most of them in show business) who opposed the Vietnam war. The script read:

DICK: We hope you had a lovely Mother's Day. It was kind of a special one in our family. Of course, we sent a card to our mother, but our mother *also* sent a card this year . . . a very important one, we think.
TOM: This was a very special Mother's Day card . . . beautifully written. . . . It says: "War is not healthy for children and other living things. For my Mother's Day gift this year, I don't want candy or flowers. I want an end to killing. We who have given life must be dedicated to preserving it. Please talk peace."

DICK: I guess there's no thought more appropriate for a day to honor our mothers.

TOM: What else can we say but thank you for being with us.

This rather innocent message was also banned from broadcast. "There's no place [for that] in an entertainment show," asserted CBS' Michael Dann. "We do not permit political positions." A program-practices memorandum explained that the mothers' group might even be a subversive organization, since it had not yet been cleared by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Near the end of the brothers' embattled second season, Tommy's ulcer began to act up again. When the last show was in the can, he took off for a two-week vacation trip to Miami Beach and Acapulco.

"I started drinking and went on the biggest drunk, did everything I wanted to," Tommy recalled. "I drank Scotch and beer and margaritas. I ate Mexican tamales and *tacos*. I hung out in a hotel lobby and, for the first time, I wasn't intimidated by the aggressiveness of fans."

When he returned to Los Angeles, he was hospitalized with a terrible stomach pain that he thought would require surgery. Tests revealed that he had contracted nothing more serious than intestinal flu.

Pains of a different nature were soon undermining the *Comedy Hour's* ill-fated

third season. The premiere show highlighted Harry Belafonte singing a sarcastic calypso verse in front of filmstrips showing the just-concluded violence at the Chicago Democratic Convention. The seven-minute segment, devastatingly critical of Mayor Richard Daley and the Chicago police, was removed by the censors. Only Canadian viewers saw it in its entirety.

Then there was the confrontation over pediatrician-pacifist Dr. Benjamin Spock. Despite the controversy generated by his first two seasons, Tommy felt that he had failed to convey much of significance to his audience of 30,000,000. As a result, he conceived an occasional segment of the program that would showcase public figures who were unfamiliar as television guests to most prime-time viewers.

He was already in negotiation for the appearances of Henry Miller, William Buckley and Norman Mailer when he and Dickie conducted two ten-minute interviews with Dr. Spock, designed to be the prototype for this feature. A CBS censor sat in the tenth row among the studio audience, watching the dress rehearsal and air tapes in stony silence. Midway through editing the tapes three weeks later, the Smothers brothers were advised that the Spock interviews would never be broadcast. The reason: Dr. Spock was a convicted felon; convicted felons were not allowed on CBS entertainment programs.

Perhaps as a therapeutic escape from such increasing pressures, Tommy began to spend more and more time away from the production of the show. At one time, like a young Orson Welles, he had involved himself in producing, calling camera shots, checking sound levels, supervising costume design and submitting ideas for sets. Now, extracurricular business activities were diverting his attention.

Together with his personal managers Ken Kragen and Ken Fritz, he formed KSFI, Incorporated—an ambitious conglomerate of eight companies involved in public relations, music publishing, TV production, film production, convention and merchandising services. The staff consisted mainly of young, inexperienced people installed by Tommy. KSFI's problems soon paralleled on a smaller scale those of the Beatles' shaky Apple Corps., Ltd.—and required an increasing amount of Tommy's time. When the KSFI venture was finally dissolved, its failure had cost him more than \$135,000, in addition to unaudited sums for salaries and overhead.

Simultaneously, against the advice of his business manager, Tommy had become actively involved as coproducer of the West Coast production of *Hair*. He was required to invest \$360,000 in the renovation of a theater that would house the production, the down payment on a possible \$6,000,000 it would take to purchase the theater outright. His poten-

tial return—at the most, seven percent—seemed to be an extreme risk. At that time, no major legitimate-theater production had ever run more than 15 weeks in Los Angeles. But in this instance, Tommy's judgment was vindicated. The musical has been sold out since its opening, earning him a respectable profit on his investment.

"*Hair* represented to me the same kind of thing we were trying to do in television," he explained. "It was daring. It was different. It was a change. It conveyed a viewpoint of the flower generation, their feelings of alienation, their resentment of a war they didn't understand, things we've tried to say on the show much more lightly."

Additional distractions were being caused by the Glen Campbell show, of which Tommy was half owner and executive producer, which had been incorporated into the CBS program line-up in mid-December of last year, after its debut as a 13-week summer replacement. Smothers hired his own writers, booked the guest stars, appeared himself and expended \$100,000 over budget in order to ensure its success. But the program was soon beset by intramural squabbles and a decline of morale. Tommy fired the *Campbell* director and persuaded Mason Williams—busy making personal appearances as a best-selling pop musician and poet—to assume command as head writer. The crisis took weeks to overcome, distracting Tommy even more from his own program, which began to show the lack of polish and mordant criticism that had characterized previous seasons.

Only when he returned full time to the *Comedy Hour* did things begin to jell again. True to form, Tommy fired the director, replacing him with a sixth one in less than three years, and resumed developing comedy sketches and black-outs with the writing staff. "Somehow, I had to be there," he said. "They needed me as a catalyst."

Amid all these time-consuming activities, Tommy was suffering from the backlash of an appearance on the October 27th show by comedian David Steinberg. Dressed in clerical garb, Steinberg delivered the following monolog, which he had performed before on NBC's *Tonight* show:

Today's sermon deals with the exciting personality of Moses . . . who had a wonderful rapport with God, whom I'm sure you'll remember from last week's sermon. In these troubled times I am reminded of one of the great philosophical comments that has helped guide and mold the lives of millions. It was uttered by the mother superior in *The Sound of Music*, act two, scene four, when she said to Julie Andrews, just before Miss Andrews was about to run off with the Nazi

prince: "How do you solve a problem like Maria . . . how do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?"

Julie Andrews didn't understand that, and neither do I . . . and that's the point . . . people today no longer are able to communicate with one another; and without communication, there can be no harmony.

Moses was a man who knew how to communicate his feelings. The Bible tells us that Moses was wandering through the wilderness when he came upon a burning bush. And though the bush was burning, yet it did not consume itself. A voice came down to Moses: "Moses, take your shoes from your feet, for the land you are standing upon is holy land," God said in his redundant way. And Moses took his shoes off of his feet, approached the burning bush and burned his feet and yelled something to God.

We're not sure what he said, but there are many Old Testament scholars who to this day believe it was the first mention of Christ in the Bible.

And God said to Moses: "Go unto the Pharaoh and tell him to let your people go." Moses said: "Who shall I say sent me?"

God said: "*Whom!*" And God said: "I am that I am." And Moses turned his eyes to the heavens and said: "Thanks for clearing that up." And Moses went unto the Pharaoh and said: "Let my people go."

Pharaoh said to Moses: "Who sent you?" And Moses said: "You're not going to believe this. . . ." Pharaoh didn't believe him. And so God destroyed all of the land with that mystical sense of humor that is only His.

Perhaps I can best illustrate my point with something I saw this evening. As I was on my way to the theater, I saw an old man who I would take to be eighty to eighty-five years old. And this old man was being beaten badly by four little children. And I couldn't help but notice that one child was Negro, one was Jewish, one was Spanish and yet another, Italian.

Now . . . if these little children can learn to play together, then why can't the world?

Thank you.

Unaccountably relaxing their vigilance, the CBS censors had permitted the Steinberg sermonette to be broadcast with minor editing. Minutes after the show signed off, switchboards were lighting up in dozens of major American cities. The mail received during the next five days was overwhelming in its condemnation of the show. Several of the letters received at the Smothers brothers' Hollywood offices contained razor blades.

A CBS memorandum stated that Steinberg would never again be permitted to deliver a sermonette on CBS. As an additional rebuke, Tommy was informed that henceforth, each of his programs would be reviewed in a closed-circuit screening to CBS-affiliated stations before it could be broadcast. No other CBS show before or since has been subject to this scrutiny. There were now three forms of censorship being imposed on the Smothers—the opinions of program-practices representatives on both the East and West coasts, as well as the whims of 184 station owners.

This latest setback did little to improve Tommy's spiritual outlook. His physical condition, as a result of the accumulating pressures, was also less than ideal. In recent months, he had been abusing his already weak stomach by eating all the wrong foods again. His fingernails were gradually being nibbled away. And a number of upsetting phone calls—some of them abusive, others with only heavy breathing on the other end—had twice forced him to change his number. His customary paranoid feelings were on the upsurge.

But Tommy would not be intimidated by his fears. He introduced a new continuing character—a uniformed policeman unctuously referred to as Officer Judy—on almost every program. Whenever Officer Judy heard or saw something that displeased him, he sprayed the offender's eyes with Mace. Then Tommy taped a show with an outspoken establishment critic—folk singer Joan Baez—

who unintentionally plunged the *Comedy Hour* into a grave crisis. The point at issue was the dedication of a song to her husband, David Harris.

"He's going to prison in June for three years," she informed the audience. "The reason he is going to prison is that he resisted Selective Service, and the draft and militarism in general. Anybody who lays it out in front like that generally gets busted, especially if you organize, which he did."

While Tommy was busy blocking, running through and taping his next show to size, CBS' program-practices department blue-penciled the bulk of Miss Baez' remarks and also objected to some "questionable" material in a comedy monolog by comedian Jackie Mason. Tommy took his time making the prescribed changes. He didn't submit the completely edited, broadcast-quality tape until Saturday, a day before broadcast. CBS retaliated by canceling the Baez show and substituting a rerun.

The canceled show was telecast—without the questioned segments—three weeks later, but Tommy was still understandably incensed. On March 14, when the network announced renewal of the *Comedy Hour* for 26 weeks, beginning in the fall, he publicly stated that he hadn't yet decided whether to continue on CBS. This resulted in Los Angeles meetings with newly installed CBS-TV president Robert Wood on March 17 and 18, during which Wood said he would consider Tommy's request that the network agree in principle to settling every case



"While I was straightening up in here early this morning, it suddenly occurred to me that I wasn't making enough money and that it was about time I got out of the mail room. . . ."

involving debatable material on the side of liberality. In such instances, Tommy proposed prescreening the segment in question for the affiliate stations and allowing them, rather than the network, to decide what was suitable for their respective regions.

Not waiting for a response—and apparently assuming the worst—Tommy held informal conferences in California on March 22 with Senators Edward Kennedy and Alan Cranston, in which he explained how his views were being deliberately suppressed. The following day, still having received no word from Wood—who was undoubtedly mulling over the implications of Tommy's remarks to Kennedy and Cranston—Tommy made a surprise descent on Washington on the eve of the 47th annual convention of the National Association of Broadcasters. Over a two-day period, he reiterated his grievances against the network not only to the N. A. B. but to several Senators and Congressmen and to FCC commissioners Cox and Johnson, who assured Tommy that there was no threat of Federal intervention in television by revocation of station licenses because of program content. CBS censors had long claimed that cuts were necessary in order to protect affiliates' licenses.

His indiscreet appearance did nothing to mend fences with CBS, whose mandate to regulate the content of its own programs had already been challenged

in recent Senate subcommittee hearings conducted by the influential Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore. CBS, as well as the two other networks, had been told to cleanse the airways of excessive sex and violence.

Toward that end, CBS corporate president Frank Stanton rejected a Pastore proposal for prescreening of questionable network programs by a television-industry review board. "An outside agency wielding the blue pencil would throttle the creative impulses which are essential to the continuing improvement of TV," declared Dr. Stanton in a message to Pastore. "The creators of our programs need encouragement and stimulation, not the reverse."

Tommy couldn't believe his eyes when he read this portion of Stanton's remarks. It seemed to be a complete reversal of the philosophy that had characterized his entire relationship with CBS. He thereupon sent a congratulatory wire to Dr. Stanton and told a trade-paper reporter that the Smothers brothers had agreed to continue for another season on CBS—so that they could retain a platform to continue their push for new standards of broadcast content.

When Wood read that statement on March 27, he sent Tommy a lengthy wire that said, in part:

YOU ARE NOT FREE TO USE "THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS COMEDY HOUR" AS A DEVICE TO PUSH FOR NEW STAND-

ARDS. IF YOU CANNOT COMPLY WITH OUR STANDARDS THE [SHOW] CANNOT APPEAR ON CBS. . . . WE CANNOT MAKE AN EXCEPTION OF THE "SMOTHERS BROTHERS" SHOW NOR CAN WE LOWER OUR PROGRAM STANDARDS. THE NETWORK CANNOT IGNORE ITS RESPONSIBILITIES TO THE PUBLIC TO MAINTAIN CERTAIN STANDARDS.

Wood never explained what these standards were. He did assert, however, that CBS would police its shows even more rigorously because of Stanton's refusal to accept the Pastore review board rather than relax censorship restrictions.

Tommy seemed to relish the distress this latest wrangle was causing the network. In a March 27 phone conversation with Michael Dann from Los Angeles—monitored on a tape recorder in Dann's office—his pleasure could not be mistaken:

SMOTHERS: Am I still the fair-haired boy back there?

DANN: Yes, you are the absolute love of our life.

SMOTHERS: I figured that.

DANN: Only . . . your understanding [of broadcasting] could enable me to go forward as a programing executive.

SMOTHERS: I'm trying to do it for you, Michael. You're part of the establishment in the company, but I know you really care about pushing forward for more meaningful broadcasting.

DANN: I certainly do.

SMOTHERS: Hey!

DANN: What?

SMOTHERS: Is everybody pissed off?

DANN: No.

SMOTHERS: You're lyin'. . . . Hey, by the way. There's some pretty good guys back there in Washington. Those FCC commissioners are groovy. . . . [You] won't have to worry about any licenses [being revoked] except when monopolies take place . . . but as [far as more permissive] content [is concerned], I think we can really move forward now.

DANN: Tommy. Hand in hand, we will overcome.

SMOTHERS: That's right. I wanna be part of this great new resurgence. As Dr. Stanton said: "No further restrictions, but more broadening and really exercising our responsibilities to the American public." OK?

DANN: All right. I hear you and I got the message. We will overcome.

SMOTHERS: You're so full of shit.

"We've renewed them," Dann told an associate when he hung up, "but there may be some static before the fall."

The contemplated denouement came on Wednesday, April second, after representatives of the network program-practices



"I'm tempted to diagnose your case as a military-industrial complex."

department previewed show number 0226, with guest stars Dan Rowan, Nancy Wilson and David Steinberg. A running gag throughout the show concerned the bestowing of The Fickle Finger of Fate Award—a dubious-achievement trophy that is a regular feature of *Laugh-In*—on Senator Pastore. There was also a sketch parodying an integrated romance between Tommy and Miss Wilson, played to the strains of Victor Herbert music.

The censors, however, balked only at another recitation of Biblical homilies delivered by their old nemesis David Steinberg. Late Wednesday afternoon, four days before airtime, Smothers' attorneys received notification that the Steinberg sermonette—which ran approximately four minutes—would have to be removed, thereby requiring Tommy to re-edit the tape.

Tommy reluctantly agreed to the cut and on Thursday dispatched the prescreening tape by messenger to CBS in Los Angeles. Dann, however, claimed that CBS failed to receive the prescreening tape on Thursday. "The pressure was on to show it to the stations," he said. "Stanton promised that I sat with a roomful of people in Bob Wood's office until nine o'clock on Thursday night and the tape never came. There was no reason he couldn't deliver that goddamned tape. None! None!"

That same night, Wood telegraphed the following letter of dismissal:

AS WE HAVE ADVISED YOU ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, MOST RECENTLY IN MY WIRE OF MARCH 27, YOUR OBLIGATIONS TO US REQUIRE YOU TO DELIVER AN ACCEPTABLE BROADCAST TAPE TO US NO LATER THAN THE WEDNESDAY PRECEDING THE SCHEDULED BROADCAST DATE OF EACH PROGRAM IN "THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS COMEDY HOUR."

WE HEREBY NOTIFY YOU BY REASON OF YOUR FAILURE TO MAKE SUCH DELIVERY BY YESTERDAY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, WE ARE FORCED TO TREAT THIS FAILURE OF DELIVERY OF AN ACCEPTABLE PROGRAM AS A SUBSTANTIAL AND MATERIAL BREACH OF YOUR OBLIGATIONS TO US, AND AS CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE THAT YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF PERFORMING THOSE OBLIGATIONS IN THE FUTURE.

BY REASON OF YOUR BREACH, YOU HAVE NOT AFFORDED OUR PROGRAM-PRACTICES DEPARTMENT AN OPPORTUNITY TO CONSIDER THE ACCEPTABILITY OF THE PROGRAM. ON THE BASIS OF OUR INFORMATION, WE BELIEVE THAT THE PROGRAM IN ITS PRESENT FORM WOULD NOT BE ACCEPTABLE UNDER CBS' STANDARDS BECAUSE, AT THE VERY LEAST, IT CONTAINED A MONOLOG WHICH IN OUR OPINION WOULD BE CONSIDERED TO BE IRREVERENT AND OFFENSIVE BY A LARGE SEGMENT OF OUR AUDIENCE AND, THEREFORE, UNACCEPTABLE EVEN IF THIS WERE NOT



"In the first place, I'm not uptight, and in the second place, my name's not Baby!"

THE WEEK OF THE EISENHOWER FUNERAL RITES AND EVEN IF SUNDAY WERE NOT EASTER SUNDAY.

THEREFORE, WE HEREBY NOTIFY YOU THAT THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN YOU AND US IS TERMINATED, SUBJECT, OF COURSE, TO RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS WHICH AS A MATTER OF LAW SURVIVE IN SUCH TERMINATIONS.

One of three glaring inconsistencies in this wire was that there was no Wednesday-deadline provision in the Smothers brothers' contract with the network. Additionally, the Steinberg monolog had already been eliminated. And, as it was later proved, CBS had the tape in its possession *before* Wood sent the dismissal notice. Donald Sipes, CBS vice-president in charge of business affairs, verified this fact in a wire sent to the Smothers brothers.

Tommy was dumfounded when he received Wood's wire on Good Friday in San Francisco, where he had planned to move the origination of his show in the fall. He insisted that he had not breached his contract. He called Wood a liar. He said he felt like a character out of Kafka accused of an ambiguous crime he had not committed. The Steinberg show was replaced on Sunday night with the repeat of a program first aired in November; it starred Kate Smith.

In his 34th-floor office at CBS headquarters in Manhattan, Michael Dann analyzed the reasons for the cancellation.

"Tommy wants television to move forward by being more permissive," he said. "There's a grave question in my mind whether permissiveness necessarily means progress. Smothers represents, in part,

the conflict between the younger generation and the establishment. But the establishment is in power. Tommy sees himself as a trail blazer and he is. But trail blazers often aren't popular and often don't survive. They may sometimes be ahead of their time."

A stinging rebuttal of sorts was aired on a show taped prior to the firing but telecast on April 13. Unaccountably, the censors permitted Mason Williams to recite uncut an unusually hostile poem from his best-selling book *The Mason Williams Reading Matter*.

*The Censor sits
Somewhere between
The scenes to be seen
And the television sets
With his scissor purpose poised
Watching the human stuff
That will sizzle through
The magic wires
And light up
Like welding shops
The ho-hum rooms of America
And with a kindergarten
Arts and crafts concept
Of moral responsibility
Snips out
The rough talk
The unpopular opinion
Or anything with teeth
And renders
A pattern of ideas
Full of holes
A doily
For your mind.*

"That was pretty heavy stuff," Tommy fondly recalled, as the captain of the red-eye special to Washington announced

that the East Coast was shrouded by a layer of thick fog, necessitating a 90-minute delay. The plane circled in a holding pattern at 29,000 feet, somewhere over the Midwest.

"I deserve a vacation to get my head straight," Tommy sighed to seatmate Judi Pevnick as he gazed out the window at the lightening sky. "I've told my story so many fucking times. I'm getting tired of making my case."

With that, he settled his head on a pillow, huddled inside his fawn-suede jacket and dozed off into a fitful sleep. When he awakened—in a sweat—he confided the following recurrent nightmare that had just revisited him.

In the dream, Tommy saw himself driving a black Cadillac limousine. Among his six passengers were CBS board chairman William S. Paley and programing vice-presidents Michael Dann and Perry Lafferty, all of them wearing the same gray suits and mirthless smiles. "Their lips were smiling," he remembered, "but their eyes weren't."

Suddenly, Smothers found himself seated in the back between two CBS executives while Dann took over the driving.

"Where are we going?" asked Tommy apprehensively.

"Don't worry about it," replied one of the passengers. By then, all of their smiles had become laughs.

The limousine arrived at a loading dock, a door slid open and Dann drove into a large warehouse. The executives were still laughing as they left the car with Tommy and surrounded him.

"We've taken enough shit from you," they said in unison. "You're a smart-ass, you're impudent, you're cocky and there's no room for you."

"What are you going to do?" he asked, his voice quavering.

"We're going to kill you."

Tommy was forced to remove his clothing. Now there were seven naked strangers beside him. The number of gray-suited adversaries had meanwhile swelled to more than 100. Several of them seized hot pokers and took turns searing his flesh. Despite his pain, he could hear them deriding him:

"You smart-assed kid."

"You think you're so cute."

"No, no," Smothers cried. "Give me another chance. I'll do all the shit you want me to. Anything."

"We're going to kill you."

"Don't kill me! Please don't kill me!"

The first time Tommy had had this nightmare, he had awakened sobbing convulsively in his bed at home. This time, however, he merely squirmed in his seat, chewed on a fingernail and shrugged it off.

Judi Pevnick's Mickey Mouse wrist watch read 9:04 A.M. as the 707's wheels touched down on the damp asphalt run-

way at Washington's Dulles International Airport, more than two hours late, accompanied by the canned strains of *Eleanor Rigby* on the P. A. system. Tommy's eyes seemed glazed and rheumy. His white, flare-bottomed Levis were rumpled.

There were no fans waiting to greet him in the surrealistic-looking terminal, and nobody noticed him as he strode through the nearly deserted structure to the cab stand.

"I never realized until two weeks ago how alone I am," he muttered, stepping into a taxi. "I know I'm self-destructive. I'm constantly putting myself in a position to be destroyed. But I'm a loser who keeps winning, because I'm not afraid of losing."

During the half-hour journey through the picturesque Virginia countryside into the nation's capital, his girlfriend reports, all the insecurities of Tommy's past came washing back over him. In a strange and feverish monolog, he talked compulsively about the origins of the nagging feelings of inferiority that had gnawed at him since his years in grammar school in Redondo Beach, California. His ears, he recalled, resembled water-pitcher handles, and his diminutive body seemed mismatched for his strong, bulldog chin. But he tried hard to compensate for his appearance by using his fists. Among dozens of altercations, he remembered winning only one battle in the second grade and another 20 years later, when he punned a drunken heckler in a Denver coffeehouse.

As a student, he always felt he was less intelligent than anyone in his class. And the first time he drove his brother's treasured 1940 Packard, he unintentionally burned out the transmission and stripped the gears. Even his first sexual experience, at the age of 16, had an unsatisfactory conclusion. "It took me all night, drunk, raving mad, over at a friend's house, where the parents were out of town," he said of that unforgettable dalliance with a 14-year-old swinger from the local junior high school. "But finally I did it. Got into her, came the first stroke, jerked out. I thought she was pregnant and went through a whole anxiety trip."

This assortment of insecurities began to form the foundation for his unique style of comedy. "I used them constantly in social situations," Tommy explained. "They were so real that it made us a giant success. People related to me. They all felt it themselves."

The "Mom always liked you best" theme of sibling rivalry that later became the mainstay of their act was no less real—but in reverse. Mrs. Ruth Smothers—widowed during World War Two, when her husband, an Army career officer, died on a prisoner-of-war ship en route from the Philippines to Japan—always showed partiality to Tommy rather

than to Dickie, as well as a deeper reliance on him.

Following high school graduation, Tommy took a job with the gas company to help support the family after Mrs. Smothers was forced to file for bankruptcy. By the time he was finally admitted to San Jose State College at 19, he said he had already prepared excuses for flunking out. He had been rejected by every other college to which he had applied.

But he managed to maintain a passable grade-point average and even achieved a measure of campus recognition as a member of the gymnastics team—a sport he had first pursued in high school to develop his scrawny physique. Competing on the side horse, flying rings and parallel bars, he won numerous first-place medals in a series of meets.

Within a year after Dickie enrolled at the same college, the Smothers brothers had become B. M. O. C. for their impromptu entertainment at the Kerosene Club, a local beer joint. Early in 1959, they were offered a nightly salary of five percent of the net receipts (amounting to seven dollars apiece)—rather than the free beer and pretzels they had been receiving. That was incentive enough to buy their own instruments. Dickie acquired a \$285 West German bass (which he still uses today) for payments of \$13 a month—\$5 less than the payments on Tommy's Martin guitar. By the time they retired these debts three years later, they had dropped out of college and developed the gimmick of Tommy playing the overgrown kid, stuttering and bumbling responses to his brother's straight lines. And their spoofs of contemporary folk songs such as *Rock Island Line* and *Jamaica Farewell* were making them popular attractions on the nation's folk-music night-club circuit.

Within six months, the brothers had made a resounding television debut on the *Tonight* show, then hosted by Jack Paar. By 1963, four of their comedy albums were listed simultaneously in *Billboard's* top 20, and they were earning \$10,000 a week for appearances in New York and Las Vegas night clubs. Over a three-year period, they also played 500 one-night concerts in high school and college auditoriums across the country.

Their most memorable concert date, on November 1, 1964, at a high school gymnasium in Elkhart, Indiana, is significant for what occurred in its aftermath. A local concessionaire had demanded an inordinate percentage of the profits from the sale of Smothers Brothers souvenir programs, whose net proceeds were earmarked for the American Cancer Society. The amount in dispute was roughly \$30. When Tommy refused to capitulate, the concessionaire called the police. Strong words ensued when two uniformed officers

suggested that the Smothers brothers and their manager accompany them to the station house.

"Suddenly, this cop yanked me out of my car by the sweater, crashed down with an eight-battery flashlight, opened my skull and was beating on me," Tommy recalled. His eyes were blazing as he recounted the incident for George Slaff, a prominent civil-liberties attorney seated in Tommy's Washington command post at the Shoreham Hotel.

"I was on my back, bleeding like a pig," he continued. "Nine stitches were taken in my head. I never thought it could happen to me. But this is when I became very aware that there was a legitimate police-brutality thing. I thought to myself: Hey, we were taught to believe that the policeman was our friend. Now I know better."

A former mayor of Beverly Hills and long an anti-censorship activist, Slaff had been contacted by Tommy to help determine the constitutional implications of his dismissal by CBS.

"It's a hell of an interesting legal problem," Slaff advised him. "How far does the First Amendment of the Constitution apply to television and radio, quasi-public utilities which have been granted a right by Government and which are subject to regulation by Government? It applies in certain senses because of the so-called fairness doctrine of the Federal Communications Commission. What are the rights of a man who has a contractual right to appear? What are his rights to express an opinion? This is going to take some deep thought." There was the added possibility of a lawsuit against CBS for illegal censorship under the terms of the Civil Rights Act.

"The thing that blows my mind is that I'm not the guy who should be doing this," Tommy told Slaff. "I couldn't conceive a year ago that I would be forced by whatever motivates me to get in this position. I always thought it was going to be some real erudite, heavy cat who really knew everything that was happening. If I stopped and looked around, I'd really get nervous."

Later that afternoon, Tommy conferred for nearly two hours with Nicholas Johnson—whom he had met on his previous visit to the city. Johnson, too, was interested in the relevance of the First Amendment. He wondered whether the three networks exerted an undue influence on the dissemination of information. He compared the lofty position of CBS, a network with few restrictions in this area, with General Motors, a corporation obliged to recall hundreds of thousands of faulty automobiles since the implementation of Federal restraints.

"You've turned this town on its head," Johnson told Tommy. "You weren't willing to corrupt yourself to maximize profit, and that's unusual. This is an

interesting situation: How does the information system work in our society? Who gets to express his views? Who doesn't? What pressures are there to cut ideas or information out of the system? Suppose you have some dissenting view. How are you going to get it out to the people? I am particularly concerned about the impact of ownership on content."

Elaborating after the meeting on his sympathy for Tommy, Johnson said: "Like everybody else our age [34], I watched his show and I liked it. Part of what I liked about it was that they made an effort to put out a little information instead of just nothing. Tommy's got a hell of a lot of talent. He seems to care about what's going on in our country, and he seems to be getting beaten around. Sure, he hasn't thought about all these issues with the degree of sophistication a *Harvard Law Review* student would. But at least he's genuine."

"All these things that are happening are really beautiful," said Tommy as he paced the floor in his hotel room. "If nothing comes of it, it's a sad commentary. Goddamn it, we can't let the passion die, like they've done everywhere else. We've gotta follow it up." He picked up the phone.

The operator was unable to reach Dickie Smothers in either Los Angeles or

Miami Beach. He had been due in Washington hours before.

"Where can he be?" Tommy asked rhetorically, glancing at the prepared remarks the two of them would deliver the following night to the American Society of Newspaper Editors convention. "God, I'm so nervous about that speech."

Still pacing the room, swilling a Scotch, he leafed through a pile of telegrams received after the cancellation announcement. He read several of the wires to those assembled in the room, adding special emphasis to his recitation of a night letter sent to CBS president Stanton and network president Wood. It was signed by 100 staff members of the *Michigan Daily*, a student publication at the University of Michigan. "Listen to this," he exclaimed:

"THIS ACT OF BLATANT POLITICAL CENSORSHIP HAS CUT OFF THE ONLY TELEVISION PRODUCTION TO CONFRONT REALITY WITH A JUDICIOUS AND MANY TIMES ENLIGHTENING HUMOR. THE SHOW STANDS IN MARKED CONTRAST TO THE SPECIOUS DRIVEL THAT PERVADES MOST TELEVISION ENTERTAINMENT. YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED FIRST THAT AMERICA IS NOT THE LAND OF FREE SPEECH AND THAT EVEN IF THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT OSTENSIBLY CUTTING FILM TAPE, THE NATION'S MEDIA EXECUTIVES AND THE ADVERTISING



"Our little boy!"

MONEY OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY ARE UNWILLING TO TOLERATE EVEN THE MILDEST FORM OF DISSENT. BY REFUSING TO ACCEPT EVEN THE SOCIAL CRITICISM OF THE GENTLE SMOTHERS BROTHERS YOU HAVE SHOWN YOUR WILLINGNESS TO PANDER TO THE MALAISE OF THE MAJORITY—EVEN IF THAT INCLUDES ELITISM, RACISM OR FASCISM. SECONDLY, YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED WHAT TELEVISION COMMERCIALS HAVE INDICATED FOR YEARS: TELEVISION IS NOT FOR THE SOPHISTICATED, THE INTELLECTUALLY MATURE OR THOSE AT ALL CONCERNED WITH THE STATE OF SOCIETY. IT IS THE SOMA PILL FOR THE NINE-TO-FIVE DUNCE WHO, BECAUSE OF HIS BOOB TUBE, BECOMES SO LIMITED HE IS OF LITTLE MORE WORTH THAN A MACHINE PROGRAMMED TO LAUGH WHEN LUCY SLIPS ON A BANANA OR TO SOB AT A SOAP OPERA—”

The reading was interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Jesus Christ, who’s paying for this?” asked Dickie Smothers as he breezed into suite B-120.

Though he’s two years younger than his brother, the foliage on his upper lip made him appear older than his 30 years. He wore aviator’s steel-rimmed sunglasses, a see-through dotted-swiss shirt, Western-pocketed twill trousers and Italian leather boots, all part of his meticulously selected wardrobe. The week before, in a 12-hour road race at Sebring, he and codriver Fred Baker had piloted a 1966 Porsche sedan to first place in the under-two-liter prototype classification. It had cost them nearly \$5000 to put the car on the track and they had received only a tarnished \$400 trophy in return. But the exhilarating experience of two amateurs having beaten skilled factory drivers, he said, was more than worth the expense.

“On our show, we tried to do one hundred percent,” Dickie recalled. “When we went over that hundred percent, we were in deep shit. It’s the same thing that happens with an automobile. If you spin off the road, you could kill yourself. And in this situation with CBS, the same thing could happen to us professionally. We’re competing for our lives, actually, by taking a stand that is completely unnecessary, just as driving a car is unnecessary—but both are important. There may be a little bit of self-indulgence to the ego involved, but you have to do what you feel strongly about.”

He hadn’t seen his brother since before the cancellation, the news of which he had received while attending an automobile show in New York. Nor did he seem particularly pleased about being summoned from Florida. He had come to Washington only after repeated urgings.

“Dickie isn’t as concerned, except on the basis of brotherly love and respect,” Tommy said in his presence. “I know

what’s happening and he doesn’t want to get involved in these situations. He’s given me *carte blanche*, until I really screw up.”

For an hour and a half, the two of them sat side by side, reading through their scripts for the following day’s appearance—a comedy routine based on future prospects for employment and more formal remarks concerning the generation gap. Dickie was situated on the left, as he customarily appears on stage. The scene was reminiscent of the initial run-through for one of their television shows—but Friday night’s speech would be their only professional appearance for many months to come.

“What happened with ABC?” Dickie asked, pausing in their rehearsal.

“They turned it down, man,” Tommy sighed. “I told them: ‘We’ll do anything, I’ll adjust to the affiliate line-up and go on a risk basis with you.’ But if there was *that* much risk involved, they’re not prepared to take it.” NBC had refused even to discuss the possibility of a show.

By now, Dickie had little desire to resume rehearsing their lines. “Where do you find the girls?” he asked those congregated in the room. “This town should be crawling with broads.”

“Dick, would you please read the script?” asked Tommy wearily.

“I’m more interested in finding a young lady for the night. Eighteen million secretaries in Washington and I don’t have a date.”

“There are supposed to be a lot of expensive ladies of the evening around here,” Judi suggested.

“Are you kidding?” said Dickie. “They pay for *me*, ‘cause they get their names in the columns.”

Only recently, he had been granted a divorce from his college sweetheart and wife of nine years. Linda Miller Smothers was awarded a generous financial settlement in addition to custody of their three children.

“Dickie now has the swinger reputation I used to have,” Tommy said when he left the room. “The trouble with his marriage was that his ex-wife thought we were overpaid. She still insisted on making all of her drapes, her clothes, painting the halls—the do-it-yourself things. She resented the money and never adjusted. My wife adjusted so easily it was unbelievable. It was like money was one of her inalienable rights.”

Since his separation, Dickie had occupied himself as much with his cars as with the opposite sex.

“Basically, I’m a post-War auto collector, because that’s my era,” he told a visitor. “I’m a post-War person. I have three sports cars that symbolize the ultimate in high performance. They’re a hallmark of that era. One is the Jaguar XK-120 roadster. It came out in 1948. It went 127.5 miles per hour, 0 to 60 in nine and a half seconds and could be

bought by a middle-class workingman. There was nothing that could touch it.

“Then I have a 300SL Mercedes-Benz gull-wing coupe. The sexiest car ever in the world. Fantastic workmanship. The third is the ultimate development of the two-seater roadster—the 427 Shelby Cobra, brute horsepower. It’s so tender you can’t even touch the body or it’ll dent. But it’s so rugged and masculine. There will never be another car to replace these three.”

For off-the-course amusement, Dickie also maintains five motorcycles, two more Porsches, a 1932 Ford, a 1940 Packard limousine, a Volkswagen Microbus, a 1944 Army-surplus bus, a Dodge Mobile-home, a dune buggy, two Bentleys and a 1959 Cadillac once owned by Sophia Loren. Seven of these vehicles are garaged in his Woodland Hills, California, home. All of them are kept in immaculate, concours condition, lovingly rubbed with Classic Car Wax by Dickie himself.

He slept late the next morning—a Friday—while Tommy sat at a card table studying his portions of the speech. “The young generation is speaking out,” he read aloud, occasionally nibbling at strips from a cold rasher of bacon, “but too often, they’re only talking to themselves.”

An hour later, a taxicab deposited Tommy at the New Senate Office Building for his first appointment of the day.

“So what’s going on?” asked shirt-sleeved Alan Cranston, the junior Senator from California, offering Tommy an armchair.

“Just lobbying and going around and letting everybody know I’m not a bad cat,” he began, before sketching what he felt were the constitutional implications of his firing. “We were taken off the air, even though we appealed to a large segment of the audience. There should be room in five minutes of one hour out of the 90 hours of prime-time television to hear a dissenting viewpoint. But the networks feel they own the air waves and that’s where it’s at. I’m a moderate, and when they start shutting up moderates, that’s a bad scene. ABC, for example, seems to be conditioned against us. They think we’re hotheads and troublemakers. I can’t pinpoint what they’re afraid of.”

“I would like to be as much help as I can when you get all your evidence together,” said Cranston, ending their 20-minute meeting. “We’ve got to have you on the air, for God’s sake. It’s the only show I ever watch, besides pro football. It’s great to see you.”

Next stop was the office of Indiana Senator Vance Hartke, number-two man on Senator Pastore’s sex-and-violence subcommittee. Balancing a coffee cup and saucer on his knee, Tommy continued to hammer away at the networks. To illustrate what he meant, he paraphrased one of the comments made by New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison in a *Playboy Interview*. “It really blew my

mind when he said that if America ever becomes totalitarian or fascist in nature, it won't be through force, through the Army, through police," Tommy recalled. "It will be through the control of the media. And it looks like that's exactly what's happening."

The informal gathering was then joined by Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy, who had once asked Tommy to be a delegate to the 1968 Democratic Convention. The Senator wondered about the composition of the *Comedy Hour's* viewing audience.

When Tommy seemed vague about the demographic breakdown, he was rescued by his speechwriter and publicity man, Denny Shanahan, who told McCarthy that the show rated poorly among those with only a grade school education, among blue-collar workers and in the Southern states. Black viewers accepted the program moderately well. But it stood among the top five in homes with incomes exceeding \$15,000, in homes with professional or managerial heads of the household, with college graduates and with those residing in large cities, especially in the Northeast.

"It sounds just like my constituents," said McCarthy.

"The main thing is to break the hold that the networks have on the dissemination of information," Tommy persisted.

Senator Hartke, anxious to reopen the television subcommittee hearings and expand their scope to include just such issues, asked Tommy to supply him with all the tapes and scripts of segments censored from his show by CBS.

Back in his hotel room, Tommy worried about the size and quality of the turnout for a 4:30 screening of the canceled show, which would be held some distance away, in Arlington, Virginia. "My stomach's starting to hurt," he said, grouching about the light rain falling outside, the prospect of delays in rush-hour traffic and the distinct possibility that many Government officials would leave the city early for the weekend.

While Tommy continued to scan his speech, Dickie talked long distance—trying to promote a new engine for one of his racing cars. Another Smothers writer, John Barrett, stood at Tommy's side, underlining each brother's lines with red and blue Magic Marker pens. "We haven't talked about any of the things they expect us to talk about, none of the stuff about the cancellation," Tommy complained, chewing on a Gelusil tablet. "The intellectualism in this speech gets in the way of what I want to say. That's why the whole younger generation is using different words. I know we're not gonna charm these editors. So we might as well get 'em bugged and talking a little bit."

Dickie balked when the time arrived to leave for the press conference—and for the fourth in a series of screenings in

different cities that had cost a total of \$15,000 to stage.

"Don't you think we're overdoing it, showing the show every goddamned week?" he snapped, refusing to leave the room.

"I never liked him," Tommy quipped, standing with his ubiquitous attaché case at the elevator, "even before he became a bigot."

A chauffeur-driven limousine transported Tommy, Shanahan and Miss Pevnick across the Big Dirty—the polluted Potomac River—past half-staff American flags commemorating the 30-day mourning period for the late Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Awaiting Tommy at the Logos Videotape Center were nearly 100 representatives of the Washington television and newspaper press corps, assorted bureaucrats and half a dozen Representatives and Senators. Among them were Congressman Thomas Rees, Senator Hartke and the FCC's Nicholas Johnson.

Tommy's boyish grin, as he stepped to the front of the room, belied a skittish stomach tranquilized moments before with a Permathene capsule.

"It's very difficult for us to go into a court case on litigation as far as breach of contract is concerned," he said, standing before two color monitors. "It would

make us unavailable to anyone else to go on the air. So I kind of have to air my breach problem publicly. The show you're going to see was direct censorship, the big C."

Sipping Scotch from a plastic cup, Tommy stood in the shadows at the rear of the studio, watching the tape that had been shown to the public in its entirety only on Canadian television. It was all there: Tommy dressed in a wig, string tie and high collar, playing Nelson Eddy to Nancy Wilson's Jeanette MacDonald, David Steinberg's Biblical sermonette, the gentle ridiculing of Senator Pastore and Tommy being Maced by Officer Judy.

The bright klieg lights bounced off Tommy's blondish hair, combed forward to compensate for his receding hairline, as he called for questions from the gathering. Soon he found a persistent antagonist in Dawson Nail, managing editor of the trade publication *Television Digest*, who fired a series of questions from his perch on a stepladder near the back of the room.

"Tom," he asked, "do you have any specific examples of things that CBS' standards department has ordered taken out of your program? And, if so, why don't you show them to us? And have



"How long do we have to have a relationship before you take off your shades?"

you ever submitted any finished tapes that included four-letter words?"

"No. Never. Never has our show come even close to what other shows have done as far as sexual connotations. . . . Of course, we've been involved in the morality change taking place. . . . Seventy-five percent of the 26 shows we've done this year have been censored through edits and cuts. CBS will not bleep words out—I'm not talking about four-letter words. They'd rather cut entire sentences, which makes it look like a sloppy production. Also, this is the truth; you won't believe it, but they told me: 'There are lip readers, too, and we don't want to take a chance that they will comprehend bleeped words.' . . . We had Dr. Spock on and we were informed by CBS that his segment would not be allowed to be on the air because he was a convicted felon and convicted felons aren't allowed on television."

After shaking hands with well-wishers and signing a number of autographs, Tommy slumped into the back seat of the limousine. "It was really great, wasn't it?" he said. "They really seemed interested. I just hope something comes of it."

One immediate benefit was the endorsement of Congressman Thomas Rees, who made the following observations on the *Comedy Hour* cancellation in a subsequent edition of his regular media newsletter:

For the life of me I just [can't] recall any rapings, nude scenes or killings on that show. Of course, the Smothers brothers weren't pure. They did spend a good part of their time knocking the establishment . . . needling President Johnson, the Vietnam war, candidate Nixon and both the Democratic and Republican Conventions. Even worse, they had a spoof on the Bible [and] some of their guests, such as Dr. Spock and Joan Baez, were controversial and had the audacity to utter some controversial thoughts. Better they should have had a mass rape, a gangland massacre, a striptease or a machine-gun-mortar-hand-grenade killout between Americans and Germans on some World War Two saga—anything but goading the establishment.

The Smothers Brothers Show was not designed for "everyman." It was aimed at those in their teens, their 20s and their early 30s who are turned on by someone other than Lawrence Welk and who don't think of "My country right or wrong" as the most profoundly sacred patriotic slogan ever uttered. . . .

Tommy was still elated when he returned to the hotel room. "It really was a good turnout," he told Dickie, who had just awakened. "There were some pretty heavy people there."

"Let's get on this," Dickie demanded, designating a copy of that evening's comedy routine and address.

Betraying his anxieties after a final run-through, Tommy poured himself another Scotch.

"It's seven o'clock and you should pull yourself together," Judi Pevnick interjected.

"You've had enough to drink," Dickie agreed. "What time are we due downstairs? Is it gonna take all evening? I'd just like to go in and do the thing and then get out."

"We go on at ten o'clock," Tommy said. "I think it would be good if you were there during the dinner, just to get the feeling of what the hell the vibrations are. It will help us."

"I'm on a diet!" Dickie exclaimed. "I don't want to sit on that goddamn dais, eating peas and overdone meat. I don't dig that shit!"

His tirade was interrupted by another long-distance phone call. Tommy walked out of the room while his brother spoke to a racing crony, discussing the possibilities of inducing automotive manufacturers to sponsor his Porsche at Le Mans.

The noisy throng filling the Regency Ballroom of the Shoreham Hotel was everything that Tommy and Dickie had imagined—toupeed, brilliantined, heavily talcumed men wearing rented tuxedos smelling from disinfectant; perfumed women crowned with synthetic wigs or lacquered hair spray, who had pinned huge rose corsages to their 1959 ball gowns. More than 1000 newspaper executives and their wives reveled beneath five ornate chandeliers, slapping one another on the back and sloshing down cheaper-by-the-case hotel liquor.

A mild stir of recognition arose as the Smothers brothers threaded their way to the palm-fronded dais. At the last minute, Dickie had condescendingly agreed to sit through the meal. But he had been wrong about the menu. He was served string beans, not peas, and a hunk of gristly *filet mignon*, not to mention strawberries jubilee with rum sauce.

Just before their formal introduction, Tommy conducted a hushed but heated caucus with Dickie and Shanahan. He wanted to discard the platitudinous speech and ad-lib remarks similar to those heard in Arlington.

"Let's just talk," he pleaded. "Let's tell 'em what they want to hear. We've been fired and it's very hot. Let's tell 'em the truth. The words we've rehearsed all say the right thing, but they don't say it the way it's supposed to be said."

Shanahan beseechingly threw his hands in the air.

"We made our plan," Dickie insisted. "Let's follow it through."

The dispute ended just as the toastmaster rapped his gavel, cleared his throat and launched into his introduction of the featured speakers.

"We're very pleased to be here tonight," Dickie began, peering through a thick layer of cigar smoke.

"We're very pleased to be *anywhere*," Tommy quipped, parroting the well-rehearsed opening of their comedy dialog. If they had stopped after this ten minutes of amusing banter—strongly reminiscent of each *Comedy Hour's* opening segment—their appearance would have been a huge success. But their prepared statement, just as Tommy had anticipated, sounded more pedantic than profound. Although the clinking of glasses and table talk subsided, most of their perfervid orotundities were greeted with total silence.

In a desperate attempt to salvage the evening, Tommy launched into a passionate, often disjointed discourse. "I want to tell you right now there's been no breach of contract," he said, repeating a familiar theme. "All the things that you people have seen through the wire services saying we did not deliver this, we did not deliver that, the total show was in bad taste—it was within every good-taste boundary, yet we're off the air. The important part is that there are people who have something to say and that avenue should be open through print and through the media. We are, unfortunately, being pushed into being radicals, when we are moderates. . . . We say something moderate, but the audience is already conditioned to know that television doesn't have a damned thing to say. . . ."

These remarks received little more than perfunctory applause. "We are indebted to you for a most unique presentation," said the toastmaster.

"Even Teddy Kennedy was funnier," remarked one of the matronly guests, recalling an A. S. N. E. speaker of another year, as she carried an entire centerpiece of roses from the ballroom.

Sprawled on the couch in his hotel suite, tartan tie loosened, Tommy was wallowing in self-accusation. "I blew my opportunity to really turn those people on," he said. "I bowed to the fact that I knew it was a conservative group; and to work through the system, you supposedly shouldn't antagonize such people. I disappointed myself and I've learned a lesson. I gotta go by intuition and I know it can't always be right."

"I'm not the comedian I used to be," Tommy went on, stilling a yawn. "My humor, that realism that people related to, is gone. There's a phoniness there and people spot it. I come off stage now never feeling satisfied, because I haven't reached the total thing I wanted to say. I end up doing an imitation of what the Smothers brothers used to be. What I want to do now is turn off my head and get some sun and dig nature. I need to turn on the stereo, throw some booze down and let the wind blow over me."

Fourteen hours later, following a

morning flight to Florida with Dickie. Tommy stretched out in the stern of a 23-foot outboard churning along the Coral Gables waterway out toward Biscayne Bay. The sun was warm and revivifying. In this new milieu, the contrast between the two brothers was never more apparent. When Dickie removed his sweat shirt, emblazoned with the legend: PAT PAULSEN FOR PRESIDENT—VOTE OR GET OFF THE POT, his chest was lean and tanned. He talked animatedly about his own motorboat—a \$9100 model identical to the one in which they were riding but enhanced by an additional 100 horsepower—and the position he had recently accepted on the board of directors of a California motor speedway.

Looking pale and wan, Tommy remained unusually quiet, as if he had left all his ardor behind in Washington. With Dickie's automobile-racing partner—Fred Baker—at the helm, the brothers eventually sat side by side on a foam-rubber cushion, legs resting on the gunwales, laughing and really communicating with each other for the first time in days.

They talked abstractedly about the demise of the show, wondering if they would have any luck taking CBS to court, and idly discussed the possibility of selling a package of Smothers brothers specials to another network.

"I felt a certain economic insecurity when the show was canceled," said Dickie, offering Tommy some potato chips, "and then I thought to myself: 'What the hell am I worrying about? I would have been a schoolteacher if it weren't for this.' So now I'm not worried about anything."

It was dusk as the boat headed home, down an inland waterway past the majestic homes on Millionaire's Row. Tommy squatted on the bow like a figurehead, watching the schools of catfish illuminated by the vessel's running lights.

Bumming a cigarette, he talked about his son. "The last time my four-year-old kid saw me with a cigarette, he said: 'Daddy die: I throw away,' and he went and threw the pack of cigarettes into the garbage."

He recalled frolicking in a swimming pool with the boy when he was only nine months old. But Tommy had seen him only occasionally since the divorce. "My boy has every advantage, though. He's not going to live in poverty or anything. And the kid doesn't have any authority figure in his life—so that's his break. Same kind of thing I had to go through. I always resented my own upbringing. We didn't have enough attention."

His eyes wandered from the water to bikinied Judi Pevnick, sitting alone in the back of the boat. She had been his live-in secretary for a year. Lately, however, a conflict had developed between their business and social relationships.

"Part of my need for her was to help me," he said. "She's started losing some of her efficiency. Little screw-offs are



"Wonderful news! They're switching me to grapefruit!"

starting to happen, and it bugs me, 'cause I don't make those mistakes. I want the trivia taken out of my life, so I can have room for the things that count. I demand productivity from people. Women too often take advantage and don't contribute to the good life. They're just not strong enough. I have a distrust of them, my mother and sister included."

Most of all, he said, the events of recent weeks had prevented him from enjoying the \$2000-a-month home he leases in the Hollywood Hills, a Spanish-contemporary dwelling laden with richly carved walnut furniture and colorful paintings. From his bedroom patio, he could see the sprawling CBS Television City seven miles away. According to Tommy, it symbolized "a stumbling block in the path of progress."

So much of his recent life had been spent propagandizing on the road that there was little time for utilizing the three motorcycles in his garage (one of them equipped with a sidecar), his green Porsche coupe, a hot-rod station wagon painted orange or the free-form swimming pool that overlooks the city. The life preserver mounted on a cabana wall, however, stands as testimony to the cause. Its inscription reads: S. S. UNSINKABLE.

Tommy was still a long way from home when he settled down the following night to watch a telecast of the farewell show—the last of 71 *Comedy Hours*. Missing from the gathering assembled at Fred Baker's Coral Gables home was Dickie Smothers. He had left town that afternoon for a board meeting.

Tommy had dressed completely in white for the occasion: loafers, socks,

slacks and mock-turtleneck sweater. His pasty-white skin was only slightly colored from the boat ride.

"Hey, man, you know what?" he said, pouring out his third mai tai from a blender. "We couldn't go off any better. You know who's opposite us? The repeat of a *Bonanza* show and an Elvis Presley movie on ABC."

As he sat in a Queen Anne armchair with faithful Judi at his feet, the opening number—a vaudeville satire featuring Tommy and Dickie—brought a broad smile to his face. Then Anthony Newley came on to sing one of his own compositions, *Life Is More Than Just a Game*:

*"Poor Punchinello, laughing at fate,
Isn't it time you knew?*

Learn, little fellow, before it's too late,

That fate has the laugh on you."

"This show was really prophetic," Tommy observed, applauding Newley.

Tommy's upbeat mood gradually changed to one of melancholy as he watched Dickie and himself introduce each of the 87 cast and crew members—ranging from secretaries and receptionists to cue-card holders—who filed out on stage one at a time. They stood like a phalanx behind the Smothers brothers, listening to the last hurrah.

"Good night and peace," Tommy said, holding his fingers aloft in the shape of a V, while the Jimmy Joyce singers harmonized an Amen chorus.

"I'm proud of that one," Tommy said, flicking off the set. "Somehow I don't mind going down with my flags flying."

LIVING THEATER (continued from page 122)

grew to despise commercial Broadway fare. "Decadent, boring and useless," they found it. Determined to establish their own "living theater," they wrote for advice to such luminaries of the theatrical avant-garde as Jean Cocteau, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, E. E. Cummings and Robert Edmond Jones, and received encouraging answers. For two years, they attended the Dramatic Workshop conducted by the celebrated German-refugee director Erwin Piscator at the New School for Social Research. Piscator stressed political commitment in the theater, a line the Becks have passionately pursued throughout their careers.

Judith, meanwhile, earned meager money as a singing waitress, then a TV actress; Julian, as a designer of advertising displays—occupations they detested. They married in 1948 and produced a son, Garrick (named after the 18th Century tragedian David Garrick), who recently filled them with pride when, as a sophomore at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon, he got himself arrested for anti-draft agitation. In 1967, during their European wanderings, a daughter was born—Isha Manna (loosely translated from the Hebrew as "heavenly female gift").

The Becks' first attempted theatrical collaboration, in 1948, was a series of Japanese no plays translated by Ezra Pound, which they proposed to stage before a subscription audience in a Lower East Side cellar. It never reached rehearsal. Off-Broadway theater was then far from commonplace and, to the vice squad of the New York City police department, basement theatricals suggested a camouflage for some sort of illicit sex, possibly a brothel. They padlocked the place. When Beck explained what had happened in an apologetic letter to Pound (who had been committed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., following his trial for wartime treason), the poet replied with his characteristic affected illiteracy: "How else cd a serrysus thee-ater support itself in N. Y.?"

Beck's mother occupied a modest apartment on West End Avenue and during the summer of 1951, the living room served as the couple's next theater. They presented avant-garde one-acters by Garcia Lorca, Bertold Brecht, Gertrude Stein and Paul Goodman. The Living Theater offered its first public performance, Gertrude Stein's *Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights*, on December 2, 1951, at the Cherry Lane Theater.

The Becks and their company's exasperating air of moral superiority, their occasional open contempt for their audience ("We want to drive you out of your wretched minds!" one actor recently shouted from the stage) are perhaps understandable, considering the misfortunes they have survived. After

five experimental productions at the Cherry Lane, the fire department closed the theater because of safety violations. It took the Becks two years to reopen in a loft on upper Broadway. The initial presentation was W. H. Auden's *The Age of Anxiety*, with a dodecaphonic score by Jackson MacLow. Seven productions later, the department of buildings ended that venture, when about 60 people a night were crowding into a space considered safe for only 18.

Another two years elapsed before the homeless troupe found a four-story building on 14th Street and Sixth Avenue and, with the aid of sympathetic artists and show folk (among them John Cage and Merce Cunningham), converted it into a drama workshop, rehearsal hall and walk-up 162-seat auditorium. There the Living Theater, struggling along in penury until 1963, brought the total number of its productions to 29. Judith directed and acted in more than half of them. Julian devoted himself mainly to administration, costumes and scenery.

Like Brecht and Piscator, the Becks have striven to use the theater as an instrument for social and political reform. ("Am hoping," Julian wrote to a friend after the European premiere of *Paradise Now*, "that it will be our really valuable contribution to the Revolution," and signed the letter "with Revolutionary love.") Authority, they contend, must wither away, leaving maximum scope for the expression of individuality; love combined with passive, Gandhilike resistance will eventually win even the police over to the revolutionary camp.

The Becks deplore their need of money. "Every time I accept a dollar or give somebody a franc," says Judith, "I'm resorting to that bloody, murderous system that men have adopted as their medium of exchange and I'm supporting it. We're all implicated. . . . My aim is an ultimate, idealistic Marxism—but not just to each according to his need. To each according to his desire. If some kook wants 20 pairs of shoes, he should have them. Everybody won't want that many, so there'll be enough left over. What happens to incentive? When work isn't compulsory, but performed for pleasure, then you don't need external rewards."

In defense of sexual freedom, Judith proclaims: "People should be free to live any way they want, whether they're homosexual or incestuous or whatever. A free society would tolerate a greater variation of life styles. A man and a woman should be able to live together in or out of marriage without social condemnation; and if they choose to marry, they shouldn't need the state's sanction." (Of the members of the Living Theater who bore children as they roamed Europe—

eight children in all—only three couples were married.)

Judith once told a stupefied magistrate how lucky she considered herself to be married to a man who "stood by while six men beat me with clubs and did not move in my defense because he loves nonviolence more than he loves me." She was referring to an incident following John F. Kennedy's decision in 1962 to resume nuclear testing. The Becks' 14th Street building had become headquarters of the World-Wide General Strike for Peace and they marched forth to demonstrate in Times Square. Judith, among others, jumped a police barricade and sat down in the middle of the street. This prompted the cops to swing clubs and shove the sit-downers into a van. "Shame! Shame!" cried Julian, standing behind the barricade but, true to his pacifist principles, attempting no physical intervention. He nevertheless wound up in Bellevue Hospital with a battered head, a bloody nose, bruised ribs and a punctured lung.

Husband and wife were spared jail on that occasion. The year before, however, they had spent 30 days behind bars for demonstrating against a Civil Defense air-raid drill. All together, they have been arrested 15 times.

The Living Theater's first major *succès d'estime* (financial success it has never known) was *The Connection*, a play about junkies by Jack Gelber, a young Chicagoan who had himself experienced an immense variety of drugs, from hash to heroin. So broke he couldn't afford the postage, Gelber delivered the manuscript personally to the Becks in 1958. They agreed to produce it after a single reading. The daily-newspaper critics blasted the play when it opened a year later (a "farrago of dirt," said *The New York Times*), but there were enough prestigious dissenters to save it from extinction, notably the London *Observer's* Kenneth Tynan, who pronounced it "the most important American play since World War Two." The Beck's first and to this day only commercial success, it ran for almost three years.

The Connection marked one of their earliest efforts to destroy the traditional barriers separating actors and audience. In the play, a junkie pointing to a couple in the audience jeers: "There's other addicts—people who worry so much—aspirin addicts, chlorophyll addicts, hooked worse than me"; and an actor planted at the rear of the house mutters over and over: "That's the way it is, man. That's the way it really is."

The most controversial production by the pre-expatriate Living Theater, *The Brig* (1963) reflected the influence—and an indelible influence on the Becks it proved to be—of one of the strangest figures in theatrical annals, the French actor, director and aesthetic theorist



"Well, you're the right type, and you seem to be a nice bright lad. Can you start Monday?"

Antonin Artaud. "My madman muse," Judith Malina calls him, speaking the truth; for toward the end of his life, Artaud spent nine years in insane asylums. He died, not long after his release, in 1948, a legendary hero of the international theatrical avant-garde. Ten years later, the Becks read the first English translation of his writings, embodying his famous concept of the "theater of cruelty," and they were transformed by it.

By cruelty, Artaud did not mean mere sadism and bloodshed depicted to titillate or thrill, but a kind of theatrical therapy, a catharsis, that would leave the spectators emotionally incapable of condoning, let alone committing, violence.

In the book that so impressed the Becks, *The Theater and Its Double*, Artaud wrote:

I propose a theater of cruelty. . . .

I propose to bring back into the theater this elementary magical idea, taken up by modern psychoanalysis, which consists in effecting a patient's cure by making him assume the apparent and exterior attitudes of the desired condition. . . .

A violent and concentrated action is a kind of lyricism: It summons up supernatural images, a blood stream of images, a bleeding spurt of images in the poet's head and in the spectator's as well.

I defy any spectator to whom such violent scenes will have transferred their blood, who will have felt in himself the transit of a superior action, who will have seen the extraordinary and essential movements of his thought illuminated in extraor-

dinary deeds—the violence and blood having been placed at the service of the violence of the thought—I defy the spectator to give himself up, once outside the theater, to ideas of war, riot and blatant murder. . . .

I propose, then, a theater in which violent physical images crush and hypnotize the sensibility of the spectator seized by the theater as by a whirlwind of higher forces.

Kenneth H. Brown, the ex-Marine who wrote *The Brig*, documenting a day in a U. S. Marine prison, had never heard of Artaud; but the Becks immediately grasped the inherent possibilities of translating the Frenchman's theories into practice. Plotless, the characters scarcely distinguishable from one another, largely nonverbal, a hideous, grinding monotony of shouted mindless commands and "Yes, sirs!" of marching, beatings, tears, screams, *The Brig* was an almost intolerable physical and emotional torment to sit through. It moved *The New York Times'* Howard Taubman to demand a Presidential investigation if the conditions depicted were true, as scores of letters from ex-Marines assured him they were.

The Becks and their champions tend to ascribe the tribulations that ensued to harassment by an outraged politico-military establishment.

Internal Revenue fired the first shot. It claimed \$28,435 due in withholding and excise taxes. Every cent the Becks had ever collected at the box office, however—and the total showed no profit—they plowed back into the theater. So tax agents seized and sealed the 14th Street

building. Thereupon, the Becks began a sit-in. Pickets formed outside, shouting: "Save the Living Theater!" Crowds gathered. Judith threatened to jump out of a second-story window. Soon the area was swarming with reporters and cameramen.

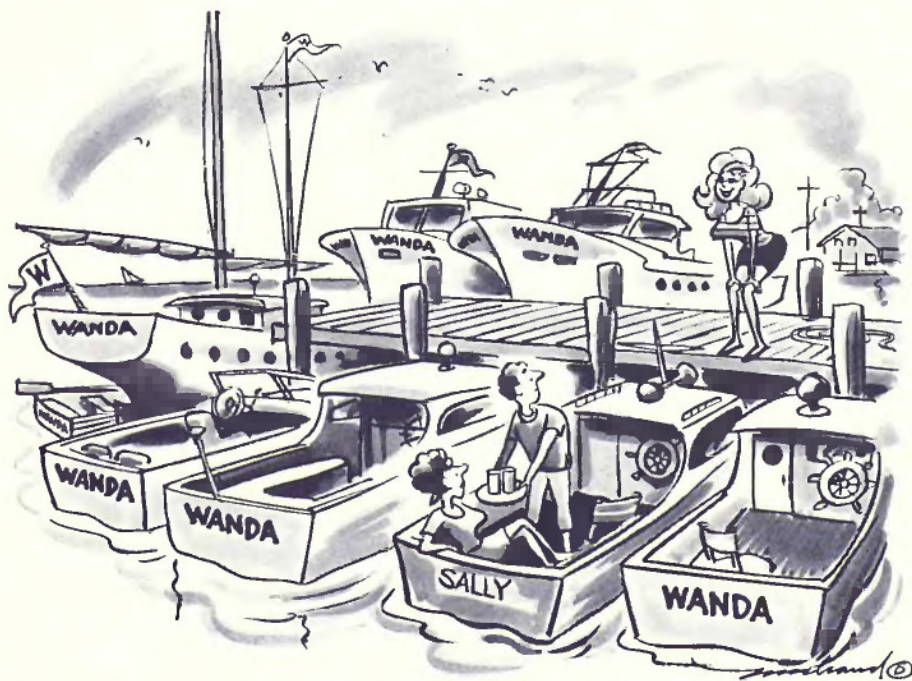
After two days of near riots, the Becks determined to stage a bootleg performance of *The Brig*. They sneaked in customers, about 25 all told, through back doors and over the roof. The tax agents stripped the fuses from the stage switchboard, but television cameramen provided sufficient light. When the city police ordered the crowds in the street to disperse, Beck exhorted them: "The cops can't invent the law, they can only enforce it." To the unhappy tax men who pleaded that they were only obeying orders, Judith retorted: "After Eichmann, nobody should use that excuse." Trying to bar their way, she stuck her foot in a doorway, crying: "If you shut the door, you'll break my foot."

The show finally went on without further interference from the IRS men. "We're bending over backward not to create a scene," said its intelligence director. But when, after the play ended, the Becks declared their intention of giving additional performances inside the sealed building, he arrested them, along with 23 members of the cast and audience. A Federal grand jury indicted only the Becks, on 11 counts involving the obstruction of Federal officers in the performance of their duty. Convictions carried a maximum penalty of 31 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$16,000 for Julian and 33 years and \$35,000 for Judith.

Released pending trial, the Becks revived *The Brig* for a two-month run at an off-Broadway theater whose owner charged them no rent. The trial opened May 14, 1964, with the Becks serving, against the court's advice, as their own lawyers.

Few defendants ever faced a more sympathetic court. Federal Judge Edmund L. Palmieri is a cosmopolitan, liberal-minded man, a lover of the arts, especially the theater. He repeatedly assured the Becks that he had no inclination to send them to jail if convicted. "I feel," he observed at one point, "these two defendants are sincere and dedicated artists and terribly misguided people."

But apparently the Becks managed to alienate both judge and jury, and the behavior of their Living Theater cohorts who attended the trial did not exactly mollify the bench. Looking like gypsy campers in their sandals and boots, their beads, bangles and beards, they commented raucously throughout the proceedings, applauded every posture struck by the defendants, gullawed at the remarks of prosecuting U. S. Attorney Peter K. Leisure. Ten days later, after the Becks had each delivered a summation, the jury found Julian guilty on seven



"Hi, there! My name is Wanda."

counts, Judith on three and the Living Theater Corporation on five.

"Innocent!" shrieked Judith, as Leisure enumerated the counts.

"Please, Mrs. Beck, please," said Judge Palmieri, head in hands. "You must stop this."

"I may assert my innocence at any time of my life. If you want to cut out my tongue, you can stop me."

Julian: "I have watched the majesty of the United States degraded and demeaned by trivia that is beyond belief. I have seen the law of this country lose all of its dignity."

Judith: "The horror that has been handed down here is such a disgrace to this country that the moves I will have to take in order to vindicate this country's honor are such that I cannot possibly grant this country any more privileges on my behalf."

She warned the court attendants: "Don't touch me. I will go limp on you." Two of the Becks' contingent present took the cue. A youth named Michael Itkin wearing clerical garb and an elf-haired girl, Jenny Hecht, the daughter of novelist Ben Hecht, slumped to the floor and stayed there until they were carried from the courtroom.

The judge's patience finally wore out. "I find you both guilty of contempt," he informed the defendants, but he rejected the prosecutor's request to hold them prisoners until he fixed sentence. "I am afraid that is precisely what they want me to do," he said, "and I am not going to accommodate them. I am not going to put them in jail at this time, because I don't think jail would do them any good, nor do I think they would do the jail any good."

"We cannot," said Judith, "stand another ten minutes of this, waiting to find out what is in your hard heart."

She found out a week later. Waiving the possible additional penalties for contempt of court, Judge Palmieri sentenced Judith to 30 days' imprisonment, Julian to 60 days' and the Living Theater Corporation to a \$2500 fine.

The company had meanwhile been invited to do *The Brig* in London and Judge Palmieri freed the Becks under a combined bail of \$1500. They returned the following winter to serve their sentences while the rest of the company holed up in a bleak Belgian farmhouse (rent-free from a wealthy pacifist) without heat, running water or much food. When the Becks rejoined them early in 1965, they embarked on the four *Wanderjahre* that led them zigzagging through 13 countries from the Netherlands to Yugoslavia and finally back to America.

Traveling in a caravan of decrepit Microbuses, they accumulated as they went a motley of British hippies, Dutch *Prouos*, French *enragés*, German, Italian and Scandinavian New Leftists, hardly any with theatrical skills, but all anarch-



"Perhaps you've heard the old showbiz adage that begins: 'Be kind to the people you meet on the way up. . . .'"

ist-pacifists, all eager to share the Becks' experiences off stage and on. (What are the qualifications for acceptance by the Living Theater? "You have to be groovy and hard-working," says a charter member. "Once in, nobody ever gets fired.") There was Hans Schano, an Austrian youth with yellow hair hanging to his waist, styling himself Echnaton, a misspelling of the Pharaoh Ikhnaton, who introduced monotheism to Egyptian theology. Hans fancies himself a reincarnation of Ikhnaton. He joined the troupe in a small town in northern Italy, where he and his companion, a girl nicknamed Fire, were earning a few lire as sidewalk chalk artists. Asked recently what attracted him to the Living Theater, the Pharaoh redivivus explained: "The communal experience is absolutely necessary—a great energy source."

Recruited from the Roman streets were Mary Krapf of Brooklyn, or Mary Mary, as she prefers to bill herself, and her friend, Jerry Yanich, whose sole shelter at the time was their aged automobile. There was Pamela Badyk, Australian, a star of European underground movies; Birgit Knabe, a Berlin fashion designer; Gunter Pannewitz, orphaned in the bombing of Berlin and married to an Algerian orphan, Odile. A carpenter, he became the company's chief technician.

Of the original American members of the company to exile themselves, two are black—Jimmy Anderson, a pants presser by trade, and Rufus Collins, a sometime Trappist monk. The company's most gifted actor, endowed with a superb physique and speaking voice, Collins has turned down numerous offers from stage and film producers. He worries a good deal about the former black friends who now scorn him because he works with Whitey. In public, he often wears the hooded, flowing North African jellaba. Replying to critic Walter Kerr's warning that he risked injury to his voice by screaming so much on stage, he declared: "I wish I could scream twenty-four hours a day against the horrors around me."

Perhaps the Living Theater's most curious figure is Jim Tiroll, Texan, graduate of a Methodist seminary, artist and irrepressible nudist. In Trieste, the prefect of police forbade further performances after Jim appeared stark-naked on stage because, so he later deposed, he had been suddenly "inspired to improvise something new." As an artist, he expresses himself through *objets trouvés* and hand-painted postcards, which are sold in the theater lobby, along with assorted creations by other members of the cast. A printed collection of poems, for example, costs two dollars. This tercet in memory of Martin Luther King

by the company's Italian general manager, Gianfranco Mantegna, is fairly typical:

It's total crap: I don't wanna be a poet but rather a sonofabitch to be shot in Bolivia or Memphis or Berlin.

To celebrate another enthusiasm of his, the Texan carries around a rubber stamp that prints JIM TIROFF—FREE LOVE. When not nude, he may wear Croatian sandals, a throw rug with a hole cut out for his head and a fur colpiece.

Jenny Hecht, who once earned \$500 a week under a Hollywood contract and has also headed a little theatrical troupe of her own, dropped everything to follow *le Living*. With Bill Shari, its chief electrician, most physically agile performer and an oft-arrested pacifist, she served as the company's conscience, its great protester, ready at the faintest hint of what she considered an injustice to sit down, sit in or go limp. "Jenny's in a gypsy bag right now," a fellow actor reports. "Very adept at reading tarot cards."

Mysticism and the occult appeal to most members of the company. They variously practice yoga, Zen and Theosophy. The Becks themselves subscribe to both astrology and the *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese book of divination.

As the nomads moved across the Continent, 43 of them at one point (including newborn infants), playing in everything from town squares to municipal theaters, they shared and shared alike whatever money remained after expenses. It was never much. In Rome, performing to half-empty houses, they took in barely enough to provide each member with cigarettes and a daily dish of pasta. A Roman admirer lent them his modest villa near the city, which could accommodate eight people. Forty crowded into it, sleeping on sofas, chairs, the floor. Gunter Pannewitz slept out-of-doors—in a tree.

By the time the wanderers reached Berlin in the fall of 1965, their shoes were so worn that Helene Weigel, Brecht's widow and the actress-manager of the famed left-wing *Berliner Ensemble*, bought each of them a new pair. Frau Weigel failed, however, to obtain a license for them to perform in East Germany. "They dislike long hair," she told the Becks. With the sole exception of Yugoslavia, no Communist country has admitted *le Living*, the principal ideological objections being its dedication to anarchism and pacifism. In West Berlin, however, the Becks did find a theater. There the box-office receipts enabled them to pay each member of the company 25 cents a day. Nine cold, hungry, tattered members, several of them pregnant, had already quit to seek more profitable employment, and half a dozen more now departed. Later, in America,

the company's advance man decamped with \$900 earmarked for payment of a hotel bill. From his place of refuge, he wrote that he considered the money only his due—painful words for the Becks, who believe the monetary system should be eliminated.

But in France, despite a near-empty till, producer Saul Gottlieb, to whom an American tourist had handed 50 francs, leaped onto the stage, set fire to the bills and improvised a joyous "money dance." "A very ecstatic moment," Gottlieb recalls, "a very liberating thing."

The four collective creations that constitute the company's current repertoire evolved from their communal experiences. During the first harsh winter in Belgium, for example, one 18-year-old hippie suffered a severe mental collapse and became catatonic. "We didn't go official," Gottlieb recounts. "We didn't send him to an institution. That's always worse. We used community love. He's functioning perfectly now, our most disciplined member. He practices yoga." At every performance of both *Frankenstein* and *Paradise Now*, some actor flips out, goes into a trance—a quite genuine trance, the Becks maintain. "It's a psychophysical trip," Judith explains. "The whole company brings him back with love and he emerges glowing."

Before a collective creation takes shape, the community spends months talking in a kind of psychic exchange that has aspects of group therapy, psychodrama, encounter techniques, hallucinogenic insights and mystic revelation. After about the first two weeks, the Becks withdraw to filter the talk thus far and commit the major lines to paper. The community then tries out various physical and vocal ways of expressing the distillation. The Becks disappear again, reappear with a tighter schema, and so on, until the final form has been achieved. Rehearsals generally last several months.

It was under the auspices of the Radical Theater Repertory, a loose federation of American avant-garde groups, that the Living Theater returned to the U. S. last September to launch a country-wide tour, starting at Yale. (An agreement was under negotiation, meanwhile, whereby it could gradually pay the delinquent Federal taxes.) The wayfarers encountered, in roughly the same proportions as abroad, the cheers of the radical young and the boos of traditionalists, young and old alike. In both New Haven and Philadelphia, after *Paradise Now*, members of the cast and the audience, pouring into the streets nearly nude, were hauled into court on various charges of committing a public nuisance, breaching the peace, resisting police officers and indecent exposure. They incurred no penalties harsher than a scolding or a small fine.

New Haven townies waylaid the company's manager, John Harriman, who affects an Arab skullcap, and beat him with bicycle chains. Another band of street toughs tried to cut off Ednaton's hair, but he fought them off. At MIT, following the first performance of *Paradise Now*, the dean of students canceled the rest of the engagement, on the grounds that the crowds jamming the aisles and stage constituted a public danger.

In New York, where the Living Theater filled a three-week engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the manager of the first hotel it booked changed his mind. "You didn't tell me you were sending a bunch of hippies," he told Oda Gottlieb, the producer's pretty German wife. "This is a businessmen's hotel." "Oh," said she sweetly, "you mean people go there to screw." Brooklyn's St. George Hotel agreed to take them in, provided unmarried boys and girls occupied different floors and did not visit one another's rooms, an unacceptable condition. Less exacting hotels, plus friends with extra beds, finally solved the problem.

The *Village Voice*, the underground press in general, *Newsweek* and even the *Times*' Clive Barnes tossed lavish bouquets at the Living Theater. "The most coherent, concentrated and radically effective company in the world," raved *Newsweek*. "The overwhelming impression," said Barnes, "is of a new physical style of theater, raw, gutsy and vital." But the majority of establishment critics were downright venomous. Professor Jerome Lettvin of MIT in *Variety*: "*Paradise Now* is a fraud, a self-consciously phony attempt to break the boundaries of conventional theater, done as if by dirty schoolboys." *The Boston Globe*'s Kevin Kelly: "The Living Theater is the Tiny Tim of the avant-garde, an ugly, charmless, untalented put-on." *New York* magazine headed John Simon's review: "LIVING THEATER OR TWITCHING CORPSE?"

But the cruelest blow was struck by Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale Drama School, who, after all, had invited the Living Theater to inaugurate its tour at the university. "I myself," he stated, "found the production [*Paradise Now*] tedious and without much theatrical value, an opinion generally shared by those who did not participate in the proceedings on the stage."

When the company concluded its U. S. tour last spring, it had lost \$10,000. A few days later, it embarked for France, where it had been invited to tour as part of the French government's *Maison de la culture* program. Awaiting it, too, was impressive evidence of its influence on the young radical European theater. Scattered from Yugoslavia to England were no fewer than six imitations of *le Living*.





"You'll like my parents—they're out of town most of the time."

man at his leisure (continued from page 128)

group that was more animated than a Pepsi TV commercial. Nudists usually look better from a distance than they do close up, but I did come across a great many attractive people in the course of my sketching. Although Yugoslavia's nudists are leery of having their photographs taken—just as in the West, friends, relatives and employers may disapprove of the *au naturel* ethic—they don't object to being sketched; but more often than not, they are either too theatrical in the way they strike poses or too self-conscious. PLAYBOY, incidentally, was well known to many of the nudists, as was its Editor-Publisher, Mr. 'Hafner.'"

Artist Neiman had time to enjoy only a few of the many pleasures offered along Yugoslavia's Adriatic reaches. In this nation of six republics, three languages and two alphabets, diversity is a way of life, and summer is the perfect time to sample it. No country in Europe shares more borders with other nations than this one, starting with Italy and Austria in the northwest and continuing in a clockwise semicircle through Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria to Greece and Albania in the south. The longest border of all, however, is along the Adriatic, that crys-

tal sliver of the Mediterranean that separates Italy from Yugoslavia's coast line and forms a rugged relief of pine-forested islands, sun-bright beaches and rocky promontories. The coast has thus far resisted a change in character. In the tiny, undisturbed fishing villages, automobiles pass through only occasionally and neon is an unknown encroachment. One even rediscovers a sense of smell: The fragrance that stirs in the sea breeze holds the scent of tamarisk, lavender and mimosa. And the towns, with their Roman walls, Turkish minarets and Venetian loggias, give eloquent evidence of the nation's historical interludes.

The recent boom in Yugoslavian tourism has not disagreeably altered the picture. Traditional peasant dress is still worn on market days, providing a remarkable contrast with the ultramodern hotels, *discos*, night clubs and restaurants that proliferate from one end of the coast to the other. Equally important, tourism has not changed the age-old Mediterranean style of hospitality that decrees that the partying is finished only when the last wine carafe has been emptied and newly met couples have wandered off to explore the possibilities of mutual understanding without benefit of a mutual

language. (English, incidentally, will get you by in the larger towns and most hotels, and a little knowledge of Italian or German will help considerably.) Forget trying to learn the language: Such implausible entities as *Krk*, *grk*, *Krka*, *Srb* and *Srdj*—the respective names of an island, a wine, a waterfall, a town and a mountain—do not flow trippingly off a Western tongue.

The two most popular regions on the coast are the Istrian Peninsula, which juts into the sea just below the Italian border, and the Dalmatian littoral, which extends almost the entire length of Yugoslavia's Adriatic shore line. The resort route starts with the bustling town of Koper, just over the Italian border and a 20-minute drive from Trieste. Koper combines eye-pleasing medieval and Renaissance architecture with the updated amenities of such modern hotels as the Triglav and Žusterna, and boasts an excellent beach as well as a surprisingly good variety of outdoor cafés and night clubs.

Not too far south on the peninsula route are the Venetian-style towns of Piran, where brightly painted feluccas (trimasted sailing ships) are moored in the miniature harbor, and Portorož, whose *ambiance* suggests a small-scale Juan-les-Pins. The local sports range from sailing and water-skiing to roulette and baccarat (for tourists only) in the gambling casino.

The French Riviera redolence is further fortified at Rovinj, which stands on a quiet bay 35 miles south of Portorož. A profusion of amiable bars and sidewalk cafés attracts a large number of prospective nudists, who travel from the town to the small island of Crveni Otok, where they indulge their sun worship in comparative privacy.

Pula, on the tip of the peninsula, recalls the country's Roman heritage. It contains one of the world's largest amphitheaters; and every summer, upwards of 20,000 people fill its well-preserved terraces to attend the annual Yugoslav Film Festival. Pula offers a wide selection of nocturnal entertainments and luxuriously appointed hotels. One of its more memorable hosteries is the Riviera, a late-19th Century palace dating from the era when Austro-Hungarian blue bloods came to take the waters. From Pula, drive up the northeastern coast of the peninsula and, in less than 90 minutes, you'll arrive in Opatija, the area's best-known resort. There, the attendant night life includes gambling, cabarets (everything from strippers to pop stars) and *discothèques*. The leading hotels and shops are located on Tito Avenue, and there are several fine sand beaches from which to choose.

Just minutes away by auto from Opatija lies Rijeka, the nation's main port and terminal for fast ferries that will carry you south to the far end of the



"If you don't mind, Perkins, just process the films without philosophizing aloud about the empty, dreary lives they record."

Adriatic coast. (The latter journey takes only 48 hours, round trip, and stops at some of the most popular locations along the littoral, including the sun-drenched resort islands of Krk, Hvar and Korčula.)

There are 1000 or more islands located off Yugoslavia, fewer than 100 of which are permanently inhabited. Some are so secluded that they awaken only during the summer months, when bronzed beachniks from every corner of the Continent converge on the coast. During the day, activity centers on the sea—from sunning to skinny-dipping for shells and coral, to skin diving, sailing and schooner cruising. (Boats of all types and sizes can be rented at the larger resort towns.)

Until early September, you can witness sporting and cultural events of every description, beginning with the jazz festival at Bled and on to the Adriatic Grand Prix at Opatija, the International Motorcycle Rally at Crikvenica, regattas at Pula and Rijeka, a jousting-on-horseback tournament at Sinj and festivals of folk crafts, drama, opera and musical concerts in the old cities of Split and Dubrovnik. The performances are staged in palace courtyards, Roman squares and Venetian market places; hotel space is at a premium while the festivals are in progress.

Split, with more than 100,000 inhabitants, is the second-largest city on the coast and the focal point of tourist traffic. There are a number of restaurants well worth frequenting in town (two such are the Zagreb and the Sarajevo) and you might try reserving a room at the Marjan, a gleaming-new, well-staffed caravansary, though there are at least a dozen other hotels where Americans will be quite comfortable. In July and August, the Split Drama and Music Festival keeps the city on its toes, but many visitors—especially the young set—prefer to catch the summer action farther south, in Dubrovnik.

George Bernard Shaw observed nearly 40 years ago that "Those who seek earthly paradise should come and see Dubrovnik," and the intervening years have not changed the validity of his comment. Seen from a distance, the city's massive ramparts belie its newly formed acquaintance with the West. Dubrovnik has become one of Europe's leading resorts in the short space of the past decade; and if you pop into town without hotel reservations during the summer months, be prepared to be turned away. For six weeks each year, from July 10 to August 25, the Dubrovnik Summer Festival transforms the city into a nonstop, crowded center of the performing arts. The best of Yugoslavian—and international—opera, ballet, drama, music and folk companies do their thing almost every day; the 26 outdoor stages that dot the town serve as proof that this is one festival that swings as advertised. And because of the event, Dubrovnik attracts a sizable number of young people from

all over Europe, especially Scandinavia. The summer festival has been such a huge success that Dubrovnik is setting up a year-round entertainment program to hypo tourism during its mild winters. The city houses a number of excellent hotels; the Argentina and the Excelsior are two huge, well-maintained luxury establishments; and if *fin-de-siècle* elegance is your bag, try the Imperial. Two less expensive hostels to consider are the Villa Orsula and the Splendid. Dubrovnik's only drawback is that its intact medieval walls run down to the sea: To seek beach action, you'll have to motor to Budva, Srebreno, Mlino or Cavtat. Cavtat's palm-lined promenade borders on a tranquil pristine bay.

It should come as no surprise that in a country encompassing so many contrasts of style and custom, the cuisine is equally varied. There are appetizing reminders of Austria, Italy, Hungary and Turkey to be savored, as well as home-grown delights. Seafood is served practically everywhere, and in Dalmatia, one of the traditional favorites is *brudet*, similar to bouillabaisse.

On the Istrian Peninsula, local specialties include mussels cooked in wine, a delicate smoked ham known as *pršut*, and *paški sir*, a parmesan-type cheese. Accompany these with one of the dark, almost black red wines from the Carso mountains; there's *merlot*, *blatina* and *žilavka*, which are grown in the vineyards near

Mostar. Slovenia's best red wines are *teran* and *pinot*, and wine is produced on the great majority of Dalmatian islands; white vintages that will interest you are *vugava* and *grk*. Meat menus list regional specialties such as Turkish-inspired ragouts of veal and chicken, and *ražnjici*, which is shish kabob. Top one of these off with some of the world's sweetest, most inspired desserts and a cup of rich Turkish coffee (to be followed, perhaps, by a glass or two of *šljivovica*, which is plum brandy, Yugoslavia's well-known—and highly potent—national drink).

To sample the myriad contrasts of this Wyoming-sized nation, one need obtain only a passport plus a visa—available free at Yugoslav consulates or upon arrival at the airport—and necessary transportation. The most direct route from the U. S. is on Pan Am from New York to Belgrade, the capital, via London. Yugoslav Airlines (J. A. T.) provides ample connecting service to every major resort area along the coast. One final observation: Yugoslavia, the most Western and independent of Eastern-bloc nations, has shed much of its Red tape; this particular People's Republic has long since stopped being a meek Soviet satellite. Instead, the nation is quickly regaining its grace and earthy zest for life. Which is why this might just be the year to make your *own* Yugoslavian beach scene.



"... And I find there is heightened pleasure in these fantasies when the woman I sexually humiliate is a Commie. . . ."

GLOBAL CRUNCH *(continued from page 86)*

international aggression warranting our support under the United Nations Charter. As an effort to contain Chinese power, the war in Vietnam is irrelevant as well as unsuccessful; even if a Communist Vietnam were to fall under Chinese control, as I do not think it would, the gains to China would be trivial compared with those accruing from her industrialization and acquisition of nuclear weapons.

The case on which Vietnam must stand or fall—if it has not already fallen—is the theory of an exemplary war, a war fought not so much on its own intrinsic merits as to demonstrate something to the world, such as that America will always live up to its alleged commitments or that "wars of national liberation" cannot succeed. The stake, then, is ultimately a psychological one—influence conceived as power.

Knocking down the case for an exem-

plary war is at this point very nearly belaboring the obvious. How we can demonstrate faithfulness to our commitments by honoring dubious promises to the Saigon generals while blatantly violating our treaty commitments in the Western Hemisphere—as we did in the covert intervention against the Arbenz government in Guatemala in 1954, the Bay of Pigs in 1961, the Dominican Republic in 1965—is beyond my understanding. As to proving that wars of national liberation cannot succeed, all that we have proved in four years of bitter, inconclusive warfare is that, even with an Army of over 500,000 Americans, we cannot win a victory for an unpopular and incompetent regime against a disciplined, nationalist insurrectionary force. In the harsh but accurate summation of Peregrine Worsthorpe, a British conservative who was once a supporter of the war, writing in the *New Republic*:

Instead of the Americans impressing the world with their strength and virtue, they are making themselves hated by some for what they are doing, and despised by the remainder for not doing it more efficaciously.

At least two prominent members of the Nixon Administration have explicitly recognized the bankruptcy of our Vietnam strategy. Henry Kissinger wrote in *Agenda for the Nation*:

Whatever the outcome of the war in Vietnam, it is clear that it has greatly diminished American willingness to become involved in this form of warfare elsewhere. Its utility as a precedent has therefore been importantly undermined.

President Nixon's ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. Charles Yost, made the point in *Foreign Affairs* as forcefully as possible:

The most decisive lesson of Vietnam would seem to be that no matter how much force it may expend, the United States cannot ensure the security of a country whose government is unable to mobilize and maintain sufficient popular support to control domestic insurgency. . . . If indigenous dissidents, whether or not Communist, whether or not supported from outside, are able to mobilize and maintain more effective popular support than the government, they will eventually prevail.

Vietnam is only one—albeit the most striking and costly—instance of a general, if not quite invariable, American policy of opposing revolution in the developing world. In some instances, this policy has been successful, at least for the short term. With our support, repressive governments in Brazil and Greece and a conservative government in the Dominican Republic, to cite but a few examples, have successfully held down popular aspirations for social and economic change. Through our support of reactionary governments in Latin America and elsewhere, we are preserving order in our sphere of influence and momentarily, at least, excluding revolution. But it is order purchased at the price of aligning ourselves with corruption and reaction against aggrieved and indignant indigenous forces that by and large are more responsive to popular aspirations than those that we support.

This policy of preserving the *status quo* is an exceedingly shortsighted one. Sooner or later, there can be little doubt, the rising forces of popular discontent will break through the brittle lid of repression. So, at least, historical experience



"Our talks were exceedingly cordial and fruitful. In other words, we are at war."

suggests. We did it ourselves in 1776 and much of the history of 19th Century Europe consists of the successful rebellion of nationalist movements—German, Italian, Belgian, Greek and Slavic—against the powerful European order forged by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. In the 20th Century, we have seen the great European empires—British, French and Dutch—break up in the face of nationalist rebellion in hardly more than a decade after World War Two.

Since then, the revolutionary tide has continued to swell across Asia, Africa and Latin America, and it seems unlikely that even the immense resources of the United States will prove sufficient to contain the tide much longer. We have all but acknowledged our failure in Vietnam. What would we do if Souvanna Phouma's government in Laos should collapse, as it probably would if we terminated our counterinsurgency efforts and as it may, anyway? Or if a popular rebellion should break out against the military dictatorship in Brazil? Or if a Communist-Socialist government should come to power in Chile through a free election, as it could in 1970? Would we send armies to these large countries, as we did to South Vietnam and the small Dominican Republic? With aid and arms, we have helped delay the collapse of regimes whose very existence is an obstacle to social and political justice. Eventually, there seems little doubt, they will collapse, the more violently and with greater upheaval for having been perpetuated beyond their natural life span.

Thus far, I have been writing of the fragility and shortsightedness of our policy of repressing revolution. Something should be said about its morals as well. "Order" and "stability" are antiseptic words; they do not tell us anything about the way human beings live or the way they die. The diplomatic historians who invoke the model of Metternich's European order in the 19th Century usually neglect to mention that it was an order purchased at the cost of condemning millions of people to live under the tyranny of the Russian czar, the Turkish sultan and other ignorant and reactionary monarchs. The absolute primacy of order over justice was neatly expressed by Metternich in his assertion that, "Barbarous as it is, Turkey is a necessary evil." In a similar vein—if not, let us hope, with equal callousness—when we speak of "stability" and "order" in the developing countries, we neglect to note that in more than a few instances, the order purchased by our aid and by our arms is one that binds millions of people to live under a feudalism that fosters ignorance, hunger and disease. It means blighted lives, children with bellies

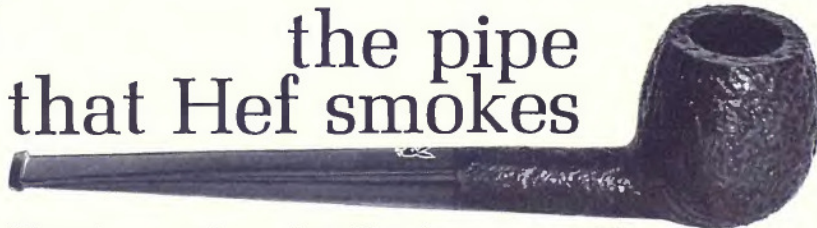
teaming up

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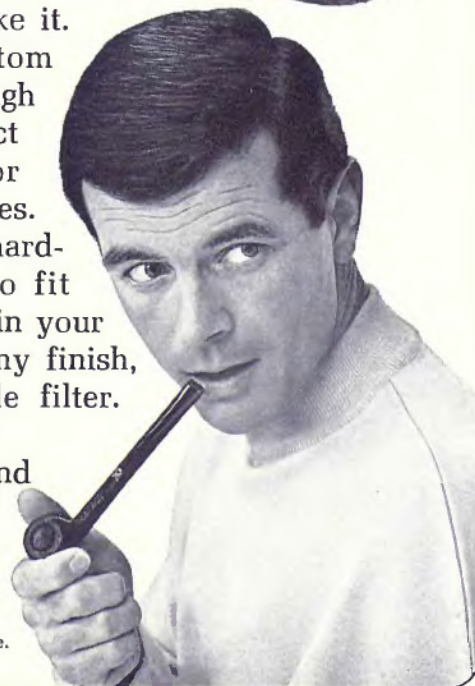


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bloated and brains stunted by malnutrition, their parents scavenging food in garbage heaps—a daily occurrence in the omnipresent slums of Asia and Latin America. Only the abstractions of diplomacy take form in high policy councils; to see its flesh and blood, one must go to a Brazilian slum or to a devastated village in Vietnam.

Besides being shortsighted and immoral, our policy of perpetuating the *status quo* has a third fatal defect—a defect that represents our best hope for formulating a new foreign policy: It goes against the American grain. That is the meaning of the dissent against Vietnam and of the deep alienation of so many of our youth. It is their belief in the values they were brought up to believe in—in the idea of their country as a model of decency and democracy—that has confounded the policy makers who only a few years ago were contending that we could fight a limited war for a decade or two without seriously disrupting the internal life of the United States. What they overlooked in their preoccupation with war games and escalation scenarios was the concern of millions of Americans not just with the cost but with the character of wars they fight and their consequent outrage against a war that—even at what the strategists would consider tolerable cost—has made a charnel house of a small and poor Asian country. In this moral sense, there is hope—hope that we will recognize at last that a foreign policy that goes against our national character is untenable.

• • •
An Act of Faith: The question to which we come is whether order, in the sense in which we now conceive it, is, indeed, a vital interest of the United States, or whether, in this revolutionary age, we can accommodate ourselves to a great deal of disorder in the world. My answer, as I am sure will be clear by now, is that we must and can learn to live with widespread revolutionary turmoil. We *must* because it is not within our means to stem the tide; we *can* because social revolution is not nearly so menacing to us as we have supposed—or at least it need not be. If we can but liberate ourselves from ideological obsession—from the automatic association of social revolution with communism and of communism with Soviet or Chinese power—we may find it possible to discriminate among disorders in the world and to evaluate them with greater objectivity, which is to say, more on the basis of their own content and less on the basis of our own fears. We should find, I think, that some revolutionary movements—including even Communist ones—will affect us little, if at all; that others may affect us adversely but not grievously; and that some may even benefit us.

All of which is to say nothing about

the *right* of other peoples to settle their own affairs without interference by the great powers. There is, after all, no moral or legal right of a great power to impose its will on a small country, even if the latter does things that affect it adversely. Americans were justly outraged by the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, not primarily because we thought the Russians could have endured Czech democratization without loss to themselves but because we thought the Czechs had a *right* to reform their system, whether it suited the Russians or not. Ought not the same principle apply in our relations with Latin America and, indeed, with small countries all over the world?

I believe that it should. I would go even further and suggest that we rededicate ourselves to the Good Neighbor Policy enunciated by President Franklin Roosevelt 30 years ago. There is, of course, nothing new about the principle of nonintervention: We have been preaching it for years. What I suggest as an innovation is that we now undertake to *practice* it—not only when we find it perfectly consistent with what we judge to be our interests but even when it does not suit our own national preferences. I suggest, therefore, as a guiding principle of American foreign policy, that we abstain hereafter from military intervention in the internal affairs of other countries under any circumstances short of a clear and certain danger to our national security—such as that posed by Castro's decision to make Cuba a Soviet missile base—and that we adhere to this principle whether others, including the Russians and the Chinese, do so or not.

Surely, it will be argued, we cannot be expected to refrain from interference while the Russians hold eastern Europe in thrall and the Chinese foster wars of national liberation in Asia and both seek opportunities to subvert non-Communist governments all over the world. Would this not throw open the floodgates to a torrent of revolutions leading to communism?

Setting aside for the moment the question of whether Communist rule elsewhere is invariably detrimental to the United States, experience suggests a policy of nonintervention would *not* throw open the floodgates to communism. Communist bids for power have failed more often than they have succeeded in countries beyond the direct reach of Soviet military power—Indonesia and Guinea, for example. Of all the scores of countries, old and new, in Asia, Africa and Latin America, only four are Communist. There is, of course, no assurance that an American policy of nonintervention would guarantee against new Communist takeovers—obviously, our abstention from Cuba in 1959 was a factor in the success of Castro's revolution. But neither is there

a guarantee that military intervention will defeat every Communist revolution—witness Vietnam. Neither abstention nor military intervention can be counted on to immunize against communism, for the simple reason that neither is of ultimate relevance to the conditions that militate for or against revolution within a country in the first place.

We have, in fact, had positive benefits from pursuing a policy of nonintervention. There is no country in Latin America more friendly to the United States than Mexico, which expelled American oil interests 40 years ago, while seemingly enthralled with Marxist doctrines, and which even now pursues an independent foreign policy, including the maintenance of cordial relations with Cuba. The thought presents itself that a policy of nonintervention could now serve as well to liberate us from the embrace of incompetent and reactionary regimes, which ignore popular aspirations at home out of confidence that, if trouble develops, they can summon the American Marines, while holding us in line by the threat of their own collapse.

The critical factor is nationalism, which, far more than any ideology, has shown itself to be the engine of change in modern history. When an ideology is as strongly identified with nationalism as communism is in Cuba and Vietnam and as democracy is in Czechoslovakia, foreign military intervention must either fail outright or, as the Russians have learned in Czechoslovakia, succeed at such cost in world-wide moral opprobrium as to be self-defeating. My own personal feeling is that, in a free market of ideas, communism has no record of achievement to commend itself as a means toward rapid modernization in developing countries. But, be that as it may, it will ultimately succeed or fail for reasons having little to do with the preferences of the superpowers.

We could profitably take a leaf from the Chinese notebook in this respect. The Lin Piao doctrine of "wars of national liberation," often mistaken as a blueprint for world conquest, is, in fact, an explicit acknowledgment of the inability of a foreign power to sustain a revolution without indigenous support. This is what Lin Piao said in the *Peking Review*:

In order to make a revolution and to fight a people's war and be victorious, it is imperative to adhere to the policy of self-reliance, rely on the strength of the masses in one's own country and prepare to carry on the fight independently even when all material aid from outside is cut off. If one does not operate by one's own efforts, does not independently ponder and solve the problems of the revolution in one's



Buck Brown

"Din-din will be late, dear—I've still got customers."

own country and does not rely on the strength of the masses, but leans wholly on foreign aid—even though this be aid from socialist countries which persist in revolution (i.e., China)—no victory can be won, or be consolidated even if it is won.

One hears in this the echo of President Kennedy, speaking of South Vietnam in 1963: "In the final analysis, it is their war. They are the ones who have to win it or lose it." Or, as Theodore Draper summed it up in *Commentary*, "The crisis in 1965 in South Vietnam was far more intimately related to South Vietnamese disintegration than to North Vietnamese infiltration."

Nationalism is not only the barrier to communism in countries that reject it; it is a modifier and neutralizer of communism in those few small countries that do possess it. As Tito has demonstrated in Europe and as Ho Chi Minh has demonstrated in Asia, a strongly nationalist regime will defend its independence regardless of common ideology; and it will do so with far greater effectiveness than a weak and unpopular regime, also regardless of ideology. It is beyond question that the Tito government has been a vastly more effective barrier to Soviet power in the Balkans than the old pre-War monarchy ever could have been; and, as Edwin O. Reischauer wrote in *Look*:

It seems highly probable that Ho's Communist-dominated regime, if it had been allowed by us to take over all Vietnam at the end of the war,

would have moved to a position with relation to China not unlike that of Tito's Yugoslavia toward the Soviet Union.

If freedom is the basic human drive we believe it to be, an act of faith seems warranted—not in its universal triumph, which experience gives us no particular reason to expect, but in its survival and continuing appeal. The root fact of ideology to which we come—perhaps the only tenet that can be called a fact—is that, at some basic level of being, every man and woman alive aspires to freedom and abhors compulsion. It does not follow from this—as, in the rhetorical excess of the Cold War, it is so often said to follow—that communism is doomed to perish from the earth as a distortion of nature, or that democracy, as we know it in America, is predestined to triumph everywhere. Political forms that seem to offend human nature have existed throughout history, and others that have seemed attuned to human needs have been known to perish. All that can be said with confidence is that, whatever is done to suppress them, man's basic aspirations have a way of reasserting themselves and, insofar as our American political forms are attuned to these basic aspirations, they are a long leg ahead in the struggle for survival.

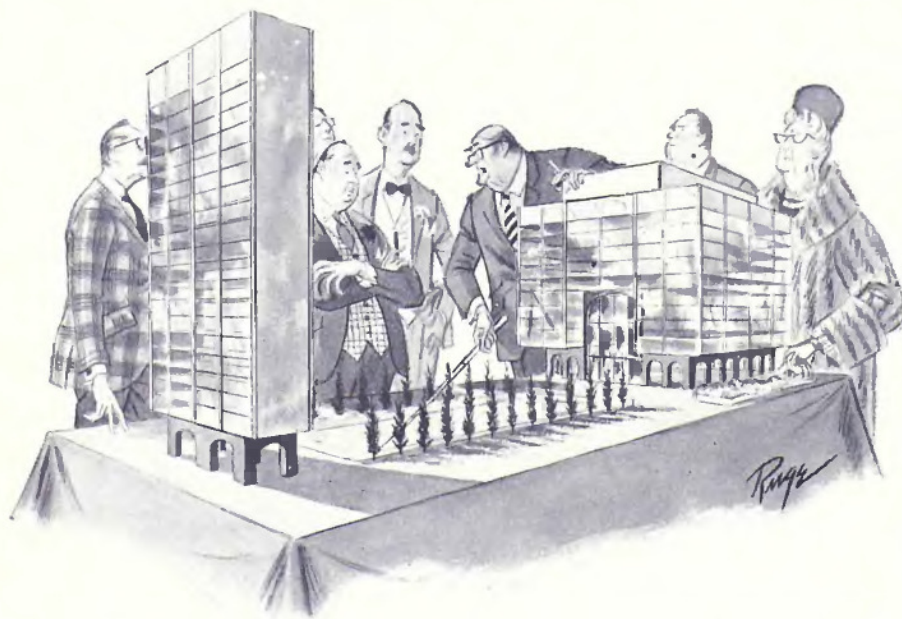
Faith in the viability of freedom will not, in itself, guarantee our national security. But it can and should help allay our extravagant fear of communism. It should enable us to compete with confidence in the market of ideas. It should

free us from the fatal temptation to fight fire with fire by imitating the tactics of a rival who cannot be as sure of the viability of his ideas in an open contest. The Russians, when you come right down to it, have better reason to fear freedom in Czechoslovakia than we have to fear communism in Vietnam. Appealing as it does to basic human aspirations, the contagion of Czech liberty very likely is a threat, at least in the long run, to the totalitarian system of the Soviet Union; by no stretch of the imagination can Ho Chi Minh's rule in Vietnam be said to pose a comparable threat to democracy in the United States.

The greatest danger to our democracy, I dare say, is not that the Communists will destroy it, but that we will betray it by the very means chosen to defend it. Foreign policy is not and cannot be permitted to become an end in itself. It is, rather, a means toward an end, which in our case is not only the safety of the United States but the preservation of her democratic values. A foreign policy of intervention must ultimately be subversive of that purpose. Requiring as it does the maintenance of a huge and costly military establishment, it must also entail the neglect of domestic needs, a burgeoning military-industrial-academic complex, chronic crises and marathon wars—all anathema to a democratic society. Every time we suppress a popular revolution abroad, we subvert our own democratic principles at home. In no single instance is the self-inflicted injury likely to be fatal; but with each successive occurrence, the contradiction and hypocrisy become more apparent and more of our people become disillusioned, more become alienated or angry, while a few are simply corrupted.

Being gradual and cumulative, the malady went largely undetected for too long a time. Now, however, a hue and cry has been raised, and for that we may be grateful, because the great debate in which we are engaged can, if we wish, be corrective as well as cathartic, by laying the foundations for a new approach in our foreign relations.

The shape and content of a new foreign policy are still beyond our view. For the moment, all that comes clearly into focus are the contradictions of our present approach and a few basic inferences that can be drawn from recent experience, notably: that we need not rely on military intervention to give freedom a chance of surviving in the world; that, indeed, we cannot do so without compromising our own freedom; and that only by being true to our traditional values and our own best concept of ourselves can we hope to play a decent and constructive role in a revolutionary world.



"It should be impressive enough to inspire confidence and awe—but not so ornate that people will laugh uproariously when you say 'nonprofit hospital.'"

SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY (continued from page 130)

of yours or Walter Droble's, or Walter Droble himself, or any ally of the same, take a shot at me Wednesday night?"

He squinted, as though there were suddenly a lot of cigarette smoke between us. "Take a what?"

"A shot," I said. I used the sandwich for a gun. "Bang, bang," I said, and pointed with my other hand at the healing scar on the side of my head.

The heavy face made a heavy smile. "Conway," he said, "if I'd took a shot at you, it would have got you a little bit to the right of that."

"All right," I said. "It wasn't Napoli or any of his people and it wasn't—"

"Who says it wasn't Napoli?"

"Napoli says it wasn't Napoli."

His head leaned forward, as though to hear me better. In a soft voice he said, "Solomon Napoli?"

"Of course."

"He told you it wasn't him? Personally he said so?"

"It's a long story," I said. "I don't want to go into it now."

"I'll tell you the reason I'm asking," he said. "When we had our talk last week, you said you didn't know Sol Napoli. And I believed you. And now you say he told you personally he didn't order you rubbed out."

"Oh, really, Frank!" Louise McKay suddenly said, her voice dripping with scorn. "Who are you trying to kid? Why go on with it? Leave these people alone."

Immediately he turned on her. "I'm done telling you, Louise," he said. "You got one hundred percent the wrong idea. Now lay off."

"You killed my husband," she said, very bitterly, and Abbie and I exchanged quick glances.

"I didn't," he said, his heavy voice almost a physical weight in the room. "Any more than I shot at this schlimazel here."

"You did."

Abbie said to him, "Did you?"

He looked at her with a kind of sullen surprise, like a lion who's just been poked with a stick through the bars of the cage. Don't people realize he's the king of beasts and has big teeth? He said, "You, too?"

"I'm Tommy's sister," she said. "I want to know who killed him."

Louise McKay said, "Well, there he is, honey, take a look at him," and pointed at Tarbok.

Tarbok rose up on his toes, as though to recapture his temper, which he was about to lose out through the top of his head. I said, as calmly and nonchalantly as I could, "Women are like that, Tarbok. Abbie thought I did it, for a while."

He settled down again, coming off his toes, his fist slightly uncurling. Turning

as slowly as Burt Lancaster about to make a plot point, he said, "She did? How come?"

"Everybody did, at one time or another," I said. "You thought I maybe had something to do with it, Napoli thought so. Abbie thought so. For all I know, the cops thought so."

Tarbok leaned forward, the hand that had been a fist now supporting his weight on the tabletop. "Why is that, Conway?" he said. "How come everybody thinks you did for McKay?"

"Everybody had different reasons," I said. "You remember yours. Abbie thought I was having an affair with Mrs. McKay and killed Tommy so we could be together."

"How come Sol Napoli thought it was you?"

"He thought you people found out Tommy had secretly gone over to his side, and you hired me to kill him."

Tarbok stared at me. The silence suddenly bulged. Tarbok said, "Who did what?"

"Tommy was secretly on Napoli's side. Napoli told me so him—"

"That's a lie!"

I looked at Louise McKay. "I'm sorry,

Mrs. McKay." I said. "All I know is what I was told." I looked back at Tarbok. "And why would Napoli be involved if it wasn't true?"

Tarbok said, "Don't nobody go nowhere."

• • •

Walter Droble.

Now, Walter Droble was more like it. A stocky 50ish man of medium height with a heavy jowly face, graying hair brushed straight back, wearing a slightly rumpled brown suit, he looked like the owner of a chain of dry cleaners. No, he looked like what he was, the kind of mobster executive who shows up on televised Congressional hearings into organized crime.

He smoked a cigar, of course, and he viewed me with unconcealed suspicion and distaste. His attitude made it plain he was used to dealing at a higher level.

He said, "What's this about McKay?"

The three of us were sitting at the kitchen table. Droble's bodyguards having joined the ladies in the living room. I'd cleared away the coffee cup and the remains of the liverwurst sandwich—except for a few crumbs—and, except for the refrigerator turning itself on and off every few minutes, you could sort of squint and make believe you were in an



"Well, what do you expect for ten cents a dance?"

actual conference room somewhere in Rockefeller Center.

So I told Walter Drobble about Tommy McKay.

When I was done, he looked away from me at last and frowned down, instead, at his cigar. He stayed that way for a hundred years or so, and then looked back at me again and said, "You know why I believe you?"

"No," I said.

"Because I don't see your percentage," he said. "I don't see where it makes you a nickel to convince me McKay had sold me out. That's why I believe you."

"That's good," I said.

"The only question is, how come you been in the middle of it all along?"

I said, "I've been meaning to talk to you about that," and I then proceeded to tell him about my \$930, finishing, "So you're the one I should talk to about it, I guess."

Drobble frowned. "What about it?"

"I want to collect it. You still owe it to me."

He shook his head. "Not on your life," he said. "That money was turned over to McKay. As far as the organization is concerned, you've been paid."

I said, "Wait a second, this might be important. Are you sure he got it? Are you sure the money was actually paid to him?"

"Our courier got here at five thirty-five," Drobble told me. "We already checked that out."

I said, "Are you sure? What about this courier?"

"He's my son-in-law," Drobble said dryly.

"What happened to the money afterward?"

"Gone," Drobble said. "Our cop on the scene told us the bundle wasn't here."

"How much can you trust *him*?" I asked.

"He picks up no percentage in lying on that one," Drobble said. "If the money was here, the cops would have picked it up and divvied it, and our cop would of told us so. There wouldn't be any question about us getting it back or anything."

"So the murderer took it with him."

"Right," Drobble said. "So there's your answer. Go find the killer and collect your nine hundred from him."

"I don't think that's fair," I said. "I made my bet in good faith, and just because you have an administrative problem inside your organization is no reason I should—"

"Administrative problem!"

"What else do you call it? I didn't get my money because somebody in your organization lost it in transit. It should be up to you to make it good."

"You want to take us to court?" he asked me.

"Oh, come on," I said. "That money's important to me."

"It isn't the money," he said, "it's the precedent. We don't pay off twice, and that's all there is to it. Look, the other big winner that day didn't come squawking, *he* understood the situation. Why don't you?"

"Another big winner?" I said.

"Yeah. Another guy had the same horse as you, only he had a hundred on it. That's almost three grand."

"Who was he?"

"What difference does it make?" Drobble said.

"I don't know, I'm just asking. Who was he?"

Drobble shrugged in irritation. "I wouldn't know. McKay would have the name, it might be in his records around here some—"

He stopped. He looked wide-eyed. He

glanced at Tarbok, who looked back in bewilderment and said, "Walt?"

"I'll be a son of a bitch," Drobble said. "That's what the bastard was doing for Napoli! He was robbing me blind!"

I was happy to see Tarbok didn't get it any more than I did. He said, "How do you figure that, Walt?"

"I remember," Drobble said, "Higgins in accounting said it to me a couple months ago, how McKay had a couple of consistent winners, guys who'd pick two, three horses a week, long shots. Cleaning up. McKay was actually running at a loss because of those guys, but it disappeared in the over-all accounting picture. Don't you see it, Frank? The bastard was past-posting us!"

I grinned. How lovely. Napoli, in other words, had been feeding Tommy the names of one or two good money winners a day, getting the information to Tommy right after the race, before the news would be on the wires. Then Tommy would make those bets for non-existent players, and probably he and Napoli split the proceeds. A nice way for Napoli to hit his competition in the cash register and build up his own funds for when the open warfare started. Particularly if Napoli had more than one of Drobble's bookies doing the same thing.

I said, "Mr. Drobble, if it wasn't for me, you would never have found out about this. Napoli was suborning your organization from the bottom and financing it with your own money. Now you know about it and you can do something about it, and if it wasn't for me, you'd have gone under. Now, if *that* isn't worth nine hundred thirty dollars, I don't know what—"

"Will you shut up about that lousy nine hundred?" Drobble was angry and worried and in no mood to be fair about things.

The doorbell rang.

I said, "I'll get it," and got to my feet. As I left the room, Drobble started to say something to Tarbok about having the accounting department check all the other retail bookies.

I was really angry, and there wasn't a thing I could do about it. To be too cheap to pay me my money, when in reality he owed me a heck of a lot more than that. Boy, some people are really pigs.

I looked through the peephole in the front door, and there was Solomon Napoli himself, with several tough-looking types behind him.

What did I owe any of these clowns? The debts were all the other way, it seemed to me. I opened the door and bowed them in with a flourish. "Come on in, fellas," I said. "You're just in time for the punch."

• • •

Did you ever see two cats meet unexpectedly coming around a corner or through a doorway? Then I don't have



"Fortissimo! Fortissimo!"

to describe the meeting between Walter Droble and Solomon Napoli. Or how full the hall became of assorted henchmen, with Napoli's commandos crowding in from outside and Droble's irregulars hurrying down from the living room.

I slithered back into the kitchen and over to the far side of the refrigerator—wanting to be out of the line of fire in case there was a line of fire—from where I watched the opening stages of the drama.

Droble had leaped to his feet, of course, the minute Napoli had appeared in the kitchen doorway, and for what seemed several years they just stood glaring at each other, both in a half crouch, hackles rising everywhere, like the opening of the gun-duel scene in a Western movie. There was noise and commotion out in the hall from the rival gangs of extras, but that all seemed to be happening in a different world, as though a thick pane of glass separated this room from the planet Earth as we know it. Frank Tarbok had stayed exactly where he was, seated at the table, hands in plain view on the tabletop.

Droble spoke first: "You've been past-posting me, you son of a bitch."

Napoli, small and dapper and vicious, said, "But you were a real boy scout in that East New York business, weren't you?"

"If you hadn't pulled that stunt with Griffin, nothing would have happened in East New York."

Napoli was about to reply, but Tarbok said, "Walt. Remember the civilian."

I said, "Well," and put a horrible smile on my face. "Here's a chance for all you people to settle your differences. All you do is make trouble for each other when you argue like this, and New York ought to be big enough for everybody. And here's a perfect opportunity to sit down and discuss things and work everything out so everybody's satisfied. Mr. Napoli, why don't you take my chair, that one there, and I'll just go wait in the living room. I know you won't want any outsider listening in. So I'll just, uh, go on into, uh, the living room now, and if you want to talk to me later on," as I started moving, slowly but with a great show of the confidence I didn't feel, toward the doorway, "I'll be right in there, on tap, ready to help out any way I can," as I edged around Napoli, talking all the time through the ghastly smile painted on my face, "and looking forward to hearing that you two have ironed out your differences, buried the, uh, settled everything to your mutual . . ." and through the doorway, and out of sight.

I got past the last of the heavies and continued on to the living room, where Abbie and Mrs. McKay were sitting now alone at opposite ends of the room, and fell in nervous paralysis into the nearest empty chair. "Uhhhhhh," I said, and let



"It's from Mother. She's knitting you a sweater."

my arms hang over the side.

Abbie hurried to my side and whispered. "What's going on?"

"Summit meeting," I said. I took a deep breath and sat up and wiped my brow. "Napoli and Droble are talking things over in the kitchen."

We looked at one another. We looked at the hallway.

"Maybe we ought to get out of here," she whispered.

"Have you seen lately what's between us and the door?"

She leaned closer to me. "Fire escape."

"Where does it go?" I whispered.

"Away from the apartment," she whispered.

"That's a good place," I whispered. "Come on."

. . .

Detective Golderman's house was a nice white clapboard Cape Cod on a quiet side street in Westbury. In the city there was practically no snow at all, but out here in the suburbs there was plenty of it, on lawns and vacant lots and piled up flanking driveways.

It was fully night by now, of course, but a light was shining beside the front door. We got out of the warm cab and hurried, shivering, through the needle-cold air up the walk to the door. I rang the bell and we stood there flapping our arms until at last it opened.

Detective Golderman was in tan slacks and green polo shirt and white sneakers, and he looked very summery and re-

laxed. "Well, well," he said.

"I came to tell you a long story," I said.

"Then you'll want a drink," he said. "Come along." And he turned away.

Abbie and I looked at each other, shrugged and followed him. We went through a living room and dining room that looked like department-store displays, and entered a hallway with duck-shooting prints on the walls, where he opened a door and gestured for us to precede him down the stairs.

"This is my pride and joy," he said, coming after us and shutting the door. "Just got it finished last fall."

A basement game room. Would you believe it? Knotty-pine walls, acoustical-tile ceiling, green indoor-outdoor rug on the floor. A dartboard. A ping-pong table. A television-radio-record-player console next to a recessed shelf containing about 100 records. And, of course, a bar.

You know the kind of bar I mean, I hope. The kind of bar I mean is the kind of bar that has all those things all over it. A little lamppost with a drunk leaning against it. Electrified beer signs bouncing and bubbling and generally carrying on. Napkins with cartoons on them. Funny stirrers in a container shaped like a keg. Mugs shaped like dwarfs.

"Sit down," Detective Golderman said, going around behind the bar. "What's your pleasure?"

He made our drinks, poured himself a

short brandy, took a sip, made a face, leaned his elbows on the bar and said to me, "Well, now, I believe you're here to tell me something, Chester."

"I'm here to tell you everything," I said, and I did.

He listened quietly, interrupting only once, when I suggested that I'd been shot by the same person who shot Tommy, and added, "Using the same gun."

Then he said, "No, not the same gun. We found that one the same day McKay was killed."

"You did?"

"Yes, in a litter basket just down on the corner. No fingerprints, naturally."

"Naturally."

"And it's a lucky thing for you it wasn't the same gun," he said. He gestured at my wound and said, "It would have made a lot more of a mess than that. It was a .45 automatic. All it would have had to do was brush your head like that and you'd still be looking for the top of your skull."

"Don't talk like that," I said, and put my hand on the top of my skull, glad I knew where it was.

"Anyway," he said. "Go on with it."

So I went on with it, and when I was done he said, "Chester, why didn't you simply come to me in the first place and tell me the truth? You could have saved yourself an awful lot of trouble."

"I suppose so," I said.

"Now you've not only got two complete gangs of racketeers after you," he said, "you've got a pretty violent amateur killer after you as well."

I said, "Amateur?"

"Definitely," he said. "Bears all the earmarks. Undoubtedly fired in anger when he killed McKay. And he used dum-dum bullets. Professionals don't have to do that, their aim is too good. And they prefer to avoid excess mess. Anger again. Some sorehead sitting at his kitchen table, muttering to himself while scoring those bullets, not really sure whether he'd ever use them on anybody or not."

"But how would he know about doing it?"

"How do you know about it?" he asked me.

I shrugged. "I don't know. Movies or television, I suppose."

"Exactly," he said.

"The question is," Abbie said, "can you help us at all?"

"You want the murderer found," he said. "And you want both gangs off your necks."

"Please," I said.

"Let me make a phone call or two. I'll be right back."

Abbie said, "You aren't going to tell your superiors where we are, are you? We don't want police protection, not regular police protection."

He smiled at her. "Worried that somebody could be bought off? You might be

right. Don't worry, I'll take care of you myself."

"Thank you," she said.

"Not at all." Coming out from behind the bar he said, "If you want refills, help yourself. I'll try not to be long."

He left, and Abbie swung around on her stool to look at the length of the basement. "Can you believe this room?" she said.

"I bet you," I said, "if you were to burrow through that wall over there and keep going in a straight line across Long Island, you'd go through a good three hundred basement rooms just exactly like this one before you reached the ocean."

"No bet," she said. "But where do they get the money? Golderman must have put his salary for the next twenty years into this place."

"Fourth mortgage," I said. Then I said, "Good Lord!"

She looked at me. "What's the matter?"

"It seems to me I remember Walter Droble saying something about one of the cops on the case being his man on the scene."

"You mean—Golderman?"

"Maybe he didn't have to take out a fourth mortgage after all," I said.

"Oh," she said.

"Who do you suppose he's calling right now?" I asked.

"Oh, my Lord!" she said, and spun around on the stool. "There's always a beige wall phone in places like this," she said.

"I already looked," I told her. "This is the exception to the rule."

"Unless—" She hopped down off the stool and walked around behind the bar, saying, "Sometimes they put it under— Here it is." She lifted a beige phone and put it on the bar.

"Gently," I said.

"Naturally."

Slowly, inchingly, she lifted the receiver. I could suddenly hear tinny voices. Abbie lifted the phone to her ear, put her hand over the mouthpiece and listened. Gradually her eyes widened, staring at me.

I made urgent hand and head motions at her, demanding to know who it was, what was going on. She made urgent shakes of the head, letting me know I'd have to wait. But I kept it up, and finally, she mouthed, with exaggerated lip movements, *Frank Tar-bok*.

"Oh," I said, aloud, and she frantically shook her head at me. I clapped my hand over my mouth.

Abbie carefully and wincingly hung up the telephone, put it quickly away under the counter and hurried around to sit down beside me at the bar again, saying under her breath, "He doesn't want any trouble here, his wife doesn't know anything about anything. He's supposed to get us out of the house and take us to a rendezvous. A house in Babylon."

"Then what?" I asked, though I didn't really have to.

"Tar-bok started to say something about the waterfront being a handy place," Abbie said, "and Golderman broke in and said he didn't want to know anything about anything like that."

We heard the door open at the head of the stairs. Getting off the stool, I said, "When he's sitting down, you distract him."

"What are you going to do?"

There was no time to answer. Golderman was coming down the stairs. I shook my head and ran around behind the bar. Scotch, Scotch. Here it is, Black & White, a nice brand. A full quart.

Golderman was at the foot of the stairs. I gulped what was left of the Scotch and soda in my glass, and was leisurely pouring myself a fresh drink when Golderman came over to the bar. "Well, well," he said. "You the new barman, Chester?"

"That's me," I said. "What's yours?"

He sat down on a stool. "I'll just take my brandy, if I may."

"Sure thing," I slid his brandy glass over to him. "What's the situation?"

"Well, it's been taken out of my hands," he said. "The captain's going to want to talk to you two. In the morning. In the meantime, he refuses to let me keep you here."

"Oh, boy," I said.

"What does he expect us to do tonight?" Abbie asked him.

"It just so happens," he said, "that my wife's brother isn't home right now. He works for Grumman; they have him and his whole family in Washington for three months. I have the keys to his house, there's no reason you can't stay there tonight."

"Where's the house?"

"In Babylon," he said. "Not very far from here."

"Can you give me directions?"

"Oh, I'll drive you over," he said.

"I have my own car out front," I said.

"You'd better leave that here for tonight. The captain was explicit that I shouldn't give you two the opportunity to change your minds and take off again. I'll run you over there, it won't be any trouble at all."

"I hope there's no hurry," I said, lifting the bottle of Black & White. "I was just about to make myself a second drink."

"Go right ahead," he said.

Abbie got down off the stool and started walking away toward the other end of the room, saying, "Is that a color-television set?"

Golderman swung around on his stool to watch her. "Yes, it is," he said, and I bonked him with the Black & White.

. . .

We were out of the house and halfway to the cab when two cars squealed to a stop in the middle of the street and



"And now, folks—a half hour of uninterrupted music."

burly guys came piling out all the doors. I grabbed Abbie's hand and we took off around the side of the house, heading for the back, snow at once filling my shoes.

There was no shooting, and not even very much shouting. I suppose in a quiet neighborhood like this, they would have preferred to take us without calling a lot of attention to themselves.

It was a cloudy moonless night, but there was enough spill from the back windows of the house to show me a snowy expanse of back yard leading to a bare-branched hedge that looked like a lot of scratched pencil marks dividing this yard from the one on the other side.

There was no choice, and when you have no choice it greatly simplifies things. You don't slow down to think it over at all, you just run through the hedge. It rips your trousers, it gashes your shin, it removes the pocket of your jacket, but you run through it.

I looked back across the hedge, and they were right there, on the other side of it. In fact, one of them made a flying leap over the hedge, arms outstretched, and I just barely leaped clear of his grasping fingers. Fortunately, his toes didn't quite clear the hedge, so the beauty of his leap was marred by a nose-dive finish as he zoomed, forehead first, into the snow. The last I saw of him he was hanging there, feet jammed into the top of the hedge and face jammed into the ground, while his pals, ignoring him, pushed and

shoved through the hedge on both sides of him, trying to catch up with their quarry, which was us.

And which was gone. Hand in hand again, we pelted across the snowy back yard, around the corner of the house and out to a street exactly like the one Detective Golderman's house faced on, except that it didn't have my cab parked on it.

Abbie gasped. "Which way?"

"How do I know?"

"Well, we better decide fast," she said. "Here they come."

Here they came. There we went. I took off to the right for no reason other than that the street light was closer in that direction.

We ran three blocks, and we were beginning to gasp, we were beginning to falter. Fortunately, the mob behind us was in no better shape than we were, and when Abbie finally pulled to a stop and gasped, "I can't run anymore," I looked back and saw them straggled out over the block behind us, and none of them could run anymore, either. The one in front was doing something between a fast walk and a slow trot, but the rest of them were all walking, and the one at the end was absolutely dragging his feet.

So we walked. I had a stitch in my side myself, and I was just as glad to stop running for a while. We walked, and whenever one of them got closer than

half a block away, we trotted for a while. But what a way to escape.

Finally I said, "Doesn't Westbury have a downtown?" We'd traveled six or seven blocks now, three running and the rest walking, and we were still in the same kind of genteel residential area.

"There must be something somewhere," Abbie answered. "Don't talk, just keep walking."

"Right."

So we kept walking, and lo and behold, when we got to the next corner, I looked down to the left and way down there I saw the red of a traffic light and the blue of a neon sign. "Civilization!" I said. "A traffic light and a bar."

"Let's go."

We went. We walked faster than ever, and we'd gone a full block before any of our pursuers limped around the corner. I looked back and saw there were only four of them now, and seven had started after us, so it looked as though we were wearing them away by attrition. I'd seen two quit earlier, falling by the wayside, sitting down on the curb and letting their hands dangle between their knees. Now a third must have done the same thing.

No. All five had been fine before we'd turned the corner, they'd been striding along like a V. F. W. contingent in the Armed Forces Day parade. So where had the fifth one gone?

Could he be circling the block in some other direction, hoping to head us off?

"Oh," I said, and stopped in my tracks.

Abbie stared at me. "Come on, Chet," she said, and tugged.

I came on. I said, "One of them went back for a car."

She glanced over her shoulder at them, and said, "Are you sure?"

"I'm positive. The momentum of the chase kept them going this long, but sooner or later one of them had to remember they had wheels back there in front of Golderman's house. So one of them just went back for a car."

She looked ahead at that distant red light and distant blue light. "How much time do we have?"

"I don't know. He's tired, he'll be walking, it's about seven blocks. But we don't have forever."

"We should have gone zigzag," she said. "Turned a lot of corners. That way maybe they'd be lost by now, and they wouldn't be able to find their way back to the cars."

"Sorry I didn't think of it sooner," I said.

"I'm sorry we don't have my gun," she said bitterly. "We could use it right now."

"Maybe one of them back there has it," I said.

"Where would one of them get it?" she asked. She was being exasperating.

"Out of my pocket," I said.

"None of those people took it," she



"The gods have lost their cool."

said. "It was gone before you got to the apartment."

I actually stopped and stared. "Before?"

She yanked my arm to get me moving again. "Of course," she said. "I searched you in the car, right after you were shot."

"I had it when I got to the game. I remember feeling the weight of it in my pocket when I was going up all those stairs."

"Then it had to be somebody at the game who took it," she said.

"And I'll tell you something else," I said. "It was *your* gun that shot *me* in the head."

"What makes you say that?"

"Golderman told us they found the gun that killed Tommy. He *also* said it was an amateur. So where's an amateur gonna get another gun in a hurry when he decides he'll have to kill again? From the victim!"

"But why do you think it was the same gun?"

"First," I said, "because our gun was stolen the same night. Second, because the job was done by an amateur who wasn't going to have ready access to a whole arsenal of guns. And third, because Golderman told us I was shot by a smaller, lighter gun than the one used on Tommy, which is an accurate description of that gun of yours."

"But my gun always misses to the left, and he just nicked you on what was his right."

"Of course," I said. "It should have been obvious all along."

"What should have been obvious all along?"

"He was shooting at you."

"Now wait a minute!"

"Abbie, think about it. What did we tell the guys at that game? That you were Tommy's sister, and you came to New York because he was dead, and because you didn't have any faith in the police to find your brother's murderer, you were going to look for him yourself. *You*, not me. All I ever said *I* was after was my nine hundred dollars."

She was shaking her head. "I wasn't the one who was shot, Chet, you were."

"Because your goddamn gun shoots crooked."

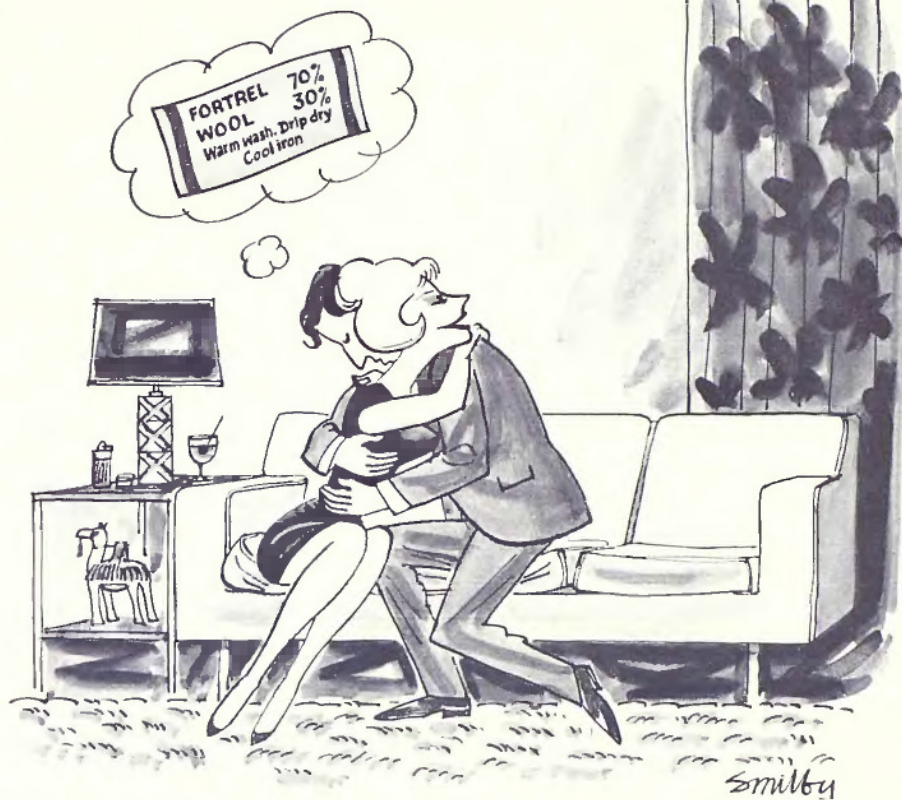
"We aren't even *sure* it was my gun."

"I am," I said. "I'll tell you what I'm sure of. I'm sure I was shot with your gun. I'm sure the bullet was meant for you instead of me. And I'm one hundred percent positive that Tommy's murderer is one of the guys at that poker game. You don't know what a relief it is to know it isn't *me* that guy is after."

"That's nice," she said. "It's a relief to know he's after me instead, is that it?"

"I know how that sounded——"

"Well, what I've got after me," she said, "is one poorly armed amateur, but



what you've got after you, buddy, is an army."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," I said. "We've been forgetting." I looked over my shoulder and said, "Time for us to run."

"Are they close?"

"One is," I said, and it was true, one of them was less than half a block back. About three houses away, in fact, so close that when we began to stagger into a sort of falling weaving half trot, we could clearly make out the words he spoke, even though he was gasping while saying them.

We ran to the next intersection, and across, and I looked back, and he was walking again, holding his side. He shook his fist at me.

Abbie said, "Did you hear what he said he was going to do to us?"

"He didn't mean it," I said. "Just a quick bullet in the head, that's all we'll get."

"Well, that's sure a relief," she said, and when I looked at her to see if she was being sarcastic, I saw that she was.

How far were those blasted lights? Maybe four blocks away. Thank God it was all level flat ground. I don't know about the mob behind me, but a hill would have finished me for good and all.

We went a block more and came suddenly to railroad tracks. Automatic gates stood open on either side. I said, "Hey! Railroad tracks!" I stopped.

Abbie pulled on me. "So what? Come on, Chet."

"Where there's railroad tracks," I said, "there's a railroad station. And trains. And people."

"There's a *bar* right down there, Chet," she said.

"And there's five guys behind us. They might just decide to take us out of a bar. But a railroad station should be too much for them." I looked both ways, and the track simply extended away into darkness to left and right, with no station showing at all.

"Which way?" Abbie said. "I suppose we have to do this, even though I think it's wrong."

"This way," I said, and turned left.

There was an eruption of hollering behind us when we made our move. We hurried, spurred on by all that noise, but it was tricky going on railroad ties and we just couldn't make as good time as before. We tried walking on the gravel beside the tracks, but it had too much of a slant to it and we kept tending to slide down into the knee-deep snow in the ditch, so it was the ties for us.

Abbie, looking over her shoulder, gasped. "Here they come."

"I never doubted it for a minute."

It was getting darker, away from the street. There should be another cross street up ahead, but so far, I didn't see it. And in the darkness, it was increasingly difficult to walk on the ties.

Abbie fell, almost dragging me down with her.

I bent over her, heavily aware of the 211

hoods inching along in our wake. "What happened?"

"Damn," she said.

"Yeah, but what happened?"

"I turned my ankle."

"Oh, boy," I said. "Can you walk?"

"I don't know."

Light far away made me look in the direction we'd come from. "You better try," I said. "Here comes a train."

I saw the engineer of the train looking at us in open-mouthed bewilderment. His big diesel engine trundled by, and he looked down at the top of our heads, and I'm sure he kept looking back at us after he'd gone on by. I'm sure of it, but I didn't look to check. I saw a chrome railing coming toward us, and farther on I saw the first of the hoods, hitching a ride, just the way I wanted us to.

I had one arm around Abbie's waist, holding tight. She had both arms around my neck. I was about as nimble as a man in ankle chains wearing a strait jacket, but if I didn't connect right with that chrome railing, it was all over.

Here it came. Here it was.

I stuck my free hand out, grabbed that bar and held on.

The train took us away.

Funny how fast it was going all of a sudden. And my feet were dragging in the gravel, while simultaneously my arm was being pulled out of its socket. I pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and Abbie babbled a million things in my ear, and I finally got my right foot up onto that narrow ledge of platform, and then it was possible to get the rest of me up onto the train, and there I stood, with

Abbie hanging onto me as I held onto the train by one hand and one foot.

Something went *zzzt*.

That louse hanging onto the next car was shooting at us!

"Abbie!" I shouted. "They're shooting at us! Get in between the cars!"

"How?"

"I don't know! Just *do it!*"

So she did it, I don't know how. It involved putting her elbows in my nose, one at a time, and spending several hours standing on my foot—the one foot I had attached to the train—but eventually she was standing on something or other between the cars, gasping and panting but alive.

So was I, for the moment. There'd been several more *zzzts* and a *ping* or two, but the train was rocking back and forth so much it would have been a miracle if he'd hit me. I was a moving target and he was a moving shooter, and since we were on different cars, our movements were not exactly synchronized.

Still, I wasn't all that happy to be out there in the open with somebody shooting bullets at me, no matter how much the odds were in my favor. Some gambles I'd rather not take. So I swung around the edge of the car and joined Abbie amidstships.

It was very strange in there. We had three walls and no floor. A sort of accordion-pleated thing connected the end doorways of the two cars, so we couldn't get inside, but, fortunately, the ends of the cars were full of handles and wheels and ladder rungs to hold onto, and there was a narrow lip along the bottom edge of each car to stand on, so it was possible to survive, but very scary to look down

between your legs and see railroad ties going by at 20 or 30 miles an hour under your heels. I spent little time looking down.

In fact, I spent more time looking up. A metal ladder ran up the back of the car, and I wondered if we'd be safer on top than here. I called to Abbie, "Wait here! I'm going up!"

She nodded. She looked bushed, and no wonder.

I clambered up the ladder, my arms and legs feeling very heavy, and at the top, I discovered that the top of a railroad car sways a lot more than the bottom does. It was impossible for me to stand, impossible to walk. So I inched along on my belly, and no matter how cold and windy it was, no matter how icy and wet my feet were, no matter how I ached all over, no matter how many people were after me with guns, I must say it did feel good to lie down.

Still, I was there for more than that. I crawled along the top of the car for a little way, and it did seem safe up there, so I edged back and called down to Abbie to come on up. She did, slowly, with me helping her at the top, and when she was sprawled out on the roof, I yelled in her ear, "I'm going exploring! Don't move!"

"Don't worry." She shut her eyes and let her head rest on her folded arms.

I put my mouth close to her ear. "Don't fall asleep and roll off!"

She nodded, but I wasn't entirely convinced. I patted her shoulder doubtfully and then took off.

It didn't take long to get to the other end of the car, and when I did, there was the potshooter, resting now between the cars. Waiting for the train to pull in at a station, no doubt. Then he and the others could just run along the platform to where we were, shoot us and disappear.

Well, maybe and, on the other hand, maybe not. I pushed back from the edge and slowly sat up. I didn't want to take my shoe off, wet and cold though it was, but I didn't have much choice. So I took it off, and my foot promptly went numb. I wasn't sure that was a good sign, but it was better than the stinging ache I'd been feeling up till now.

I lay on my belly again and inched back to the end of the car. He was still there, feet straddling the open space as he faced outward. At the moment, his head was bent a bit because he was trying to light a cigarette.

Perfect. I put one hand on the top rung of the ladder to support me, took careful aim and swung the heel of my shoe around in a great big arc that started in outer space and ended on the back of his head.

Lovely. He popped out like a grape seed out of a grape and landed in a snowbank. The last I saw of him was his



"No doubt about it, Darlene, grass courts sure have it all over clay courts!"

feet kicking in the air, black against the gray of the snow.

One down. Three to go.

Sure.

I put my shoe back on and looked across at the next car, trying to figure out how to get over there, and a head popped into view two cars away. And after the head, an arm. And on the end of the arm, a gun. It flashed, the gun did, and I faintly heard the sound of the shot. It missed me, but I wasn't encouraged, I quickly hunched around and started crawling back the other way.

Something went *p-tiyng* beside my right elbow. I looked, and saw a new scratch in the roof there.

He was getting too close. I hurriedly crawled back to the pile of laundry I knew was Abbie and shook her shoulder. "We've got to go down again!"

"Wha? Wha?" She lifted a shaky head and showed me bleary eyes.

"One of them came up! Back there! He's shooting!"

"Oh, Chet, I'm so tired."

"Come on, honey. Come on."

I herded her onto the ladder, with her about to fall twice, but the more she moved, the more she woke up; and when she finally put her weight on the bad ankle, she woke up completely. She also let out a healthy yowl.

"That's right," I said. "Now get down and let me down."

"Oh, *wow*, that hurt."

"I'm sure it did. Go down, go down."

She went down and I followed her. As my head was going down past the level of the roof, I saw that guy back there on his feet. I stayed where I was, just high enough to see him. Now what?

He braced himself. He thought it over. He shook his head and got down on his knees. He shook his fist at himself and got up again. He braced himself. He ran forward. He leaped from the front of his car to the back of the next car. He made it, and the car he'd landed on jounced. He teetered way to the left, his arms pinwheeling. The car jounced again, and he teetered way to the right, his arms pinwheeling. The car wiggled, and he teetered every which way, arms and one leg pinwheeling. He got down on one knee, down on hands and knees. He'd made it. And the car waggled, and he rolled over onto his side and fell off the train.

"Well, I'll be darned," I said.

We were on an overpass now, a deserted street below us. Beyond, the land fell away in a steep slope down from the tracks, with the rears of supermarkets and gas stations at the bottom.

"Up ahead," I said. "It's a snow-covered slope, it should be good for us. If there isn't a lot of old tin cans under the snow. When I give the word, you jump. And remember to jump at an angle,

jump as much as possible in the same direction the train is going. And stay loose when you hit. And roll. You got that?"

She nodded. She was sound asleep.

Here came the slope. "Jump!" I shouted, and pushed her off the train. Then I leaped after her.

I must admit it was exhilarating out there for a second or two. In mid-air, sailing along high above the world, the cold wind whistling around my head, a very Jules Verne feeling to it. And then the feeling became more physical as my feet touched the snowy slope and I discovered I was running at 30 miles an hour.

I can't run at 30 miles an hour, nobody can. I did the only thing I could do instead, I fell over on my face, did several loop-the-loops, and rolled madly down the hill, bringing up against somebody's trash barrel at the bottom. *Bvroommm*, it went, and I raised myself up a little, and Abbie crashed into me. And I crashed into the barrel again.

"Oh, come on, honey," I said. "Watch where you're careening."

"Growl," he said, and wrapped his hand around my neck.

It wasn't Abbie.

His hand was on my throat. My hand was on what I took to be his throat. My other hand was on what I took to be the wrist of his other hand, the hand in which he would be holding his gun if he was holding a gun. My head was buried under his chest somewhere, being ground into the snow. My feet thrashed around. We rolled and rolled, this way and that, gasping and panting, trying with only partial success to cut off each other's breathing, and from time to time, we would bong one or another part of our bodies into that stinking rotten trash barrel. It got so I hated the trash barrel more than the guy trying to kill me. It got so what I really wanted to throttle was that trash barrel.

In the meantime, who was really getting throttled was me. We seemed to have stabilized at last, no more rolling, and unfortunately we'd stabilized with him on top. With his hand squeezing my jugular and my face mashed into his armpit, it looked as though I wasn't going to be getting much air from now on. About all I could do was kick my heels into the snow, which I did a lot of. I also tried squirming, but with very little success.

My strength was failing. I was passing out, and I knew it. I kicked my heels into the snow as hard as I could, but he just wouldn't let go. My head was filling with a rushing sound, like a waterfall. A black waterfall, roaring down over me, carrying me away, washing me away into oblivion and forgetfulness,

dragging me down into the whirlpool, the black whirlpool.

He sagged.

His grip eased on my throat.

His weight doubled on my head.

Now what? I squirmed experimentally and he rolled off me, and suddenly I could breathe again. I could move again. I could see again, and what I saw was Abbie standing there with a shovel in her hands.

"Don't bury me," I said. "I'm still alive."

"I hit him with it," she said.

"That's a good girl," I said.

• • •

I won't say climbing the stairs at Jerry Allen's place was the worst thing I went through that weekend, but it comes close. We'd spent a good 45 minutes sitting in the back of a cab, relaxing on our way to the city, and we got out of it in front of Jerry's place feeling pretty good. Then we climbed all those stairs up to the fifth floor and we were dead again.

Abbie more than me, of course, because of her ankle. I'd had the cab stop in front of an all-night drugstore and I'd gone in and bought an Ace bandage, and I'd wrapped it around her ankle so that now she could walk on it at least, but it still slowed her down and drained her energy.

In the cab, I'd offered to drop her off somewhere safe and go on to the game alone, but she'd said, "Not on your life, Charley. I want to be in at the finish." So here she was, hobbling up the stairs with me.

I wondered if they'd all be there. We'd discussed them on the way in, of course, the four of them, the four regulars, trying to figure out which one it could be, and we'd decided if one of them was missing tonight, that was tantamount to a confession of guilt. But we'd thought it more likely the killer would try to act as normal as possible now, and so would more than likely show up.

So which one would it be? Jerry Allen. Sid Falco. Fred Stehl. Doug Hallman. There was also Leo Morgenthauser, of course, the irregular who'd been at the game last Wednesday and who surely wouldn't be here tonight. He'd known Tommy, in a business way, but very slightly. Maybe because he wasn't a regular in the game I just didn't think he was our man. But if everybody else proved out clean tonight, I'd certainly make a call on him.

In the meantime, it left four, and the most obvious was Sid Falco. But both Abbie and I had rejected him right away. In the first place, he wasn't an amateur, and Golderman had told us Tommy's killing had been the work of an amateur. In the second place, Sid wouldn't have had to steal Abbie's gun from me in order to have something to shoot me with. And



in the third place, we just didn't like him for the job.

Then there was Jerry Allen, our host. Part owner of a florist shop, a possible homosexual, a steady loser at the game, full of sad embarrassed laughter whenever one of his many bad bluffs was called. So far as I knew, he'd never met Tommy, I couldn't think of a motive for him and I couldn't see him shooting anybody anyway. I particularly couldn't see him sitting at his kitchen table and carving dum dum bullets.

Of course, the same was true of Fred Stehl. He was the one with the wife, Cora, who called once or twice every week, sometimes every night there was a game for months, trying to prove Fred was there. What excuses Fred gave her a hundred and four times a year I don't know, but she obviously never believed any of them. Fred was a loser at the game, but not badly, and his laundromat had to be making pretty good money. He made bets with Tommy a lot, but where was his motive?

Of all of them, the only one I could see getting teed off enough at anybody to sit at a kitchen table and make dum dum bullets was Doug Hallman, our cigar-smoking gas station man. But I couldn't see Doug actually shooting anybody. His hollering and blustering and loudness usually covered a bluff of one kind or another. When he was serious he was a

lot quieter. If he ever decided to shoot somebody, it would be a simple, clean, well-planned job, using one perfectly placed bullet that wasn't a dum dum at all. At least that's the way it seemed to me.

So, I'd wound up eliminating them all, if you'll notice. But doggone it, one of those guys had stolen Abbie's gun from me. It couldn't have been anyone else, that was the one fact we had for sure. The idea that I'd been shot by the same gun was an inference, but it was based on a lot of circumstantial evidence. The amateur standing of the killer, for instance, combined with the cops having found the weapon with which Tommy was killed. And the fact that its aim was off, so that the shot that had hit me had probably been intended for Abbie, was another inference, but it followed logically out of the first one. And finally, that the person who shot at me—Abbie—us—whoever—was the same person who killed Tommy was yet another inference, but one I had no hesitation at all in making. So, with one fact and three inferences, we wound up with the conviction that one of the guys present at last Wednesday's poker game was the murderer. And then we went over them one at a time and eliminated them all.

Hell.

. . .

Jerry himself opened the door. "Well, look at you! We thought you weren't

coming. And you brought the pro, too, how lucky. Come on in."

I looked at Jerry and I just couldn't see it. Not Jerry. Jerry wouldn't kill anybody, not in a million years. Scratch one. Again.

We all went into the living room, where Fred Stehl took one look, went, "Yip!" and threw his cards in the air.

"No applause," I said. "No demonstrations."

He put his hand to his heart. "I thought it was Cora," he said.

"After what she did the last time?" Jerry said. "And you thought I'd open the door for her?"

"I know," Fred said. "I know. But boy, just for a second there, wow. And Abbie, you don't look a bit like Cora, honest to God."

"I hope that's a compliment," she said.

"Oh, it is," Jerry told her, and Fred nodded solemnly.

Fred? Fred Stehl the henpecked laundromat man with his glasses and his balding head? No. In his own beer-and-undershirt way, Fred was an even less likely candidate for murderer than Jerry.

I looked around and all the regulars were here tonight, Doug and Sid also sitting there, and besides them there was a fifth man, Leo Morgentauser.

Leo? I frowned at him. What was he doing here, twice in one week? He'd never done that before. That was suspicious, very suspicious. I said, "Leo, what a surprise. I didn't expect you around for a couple of months."

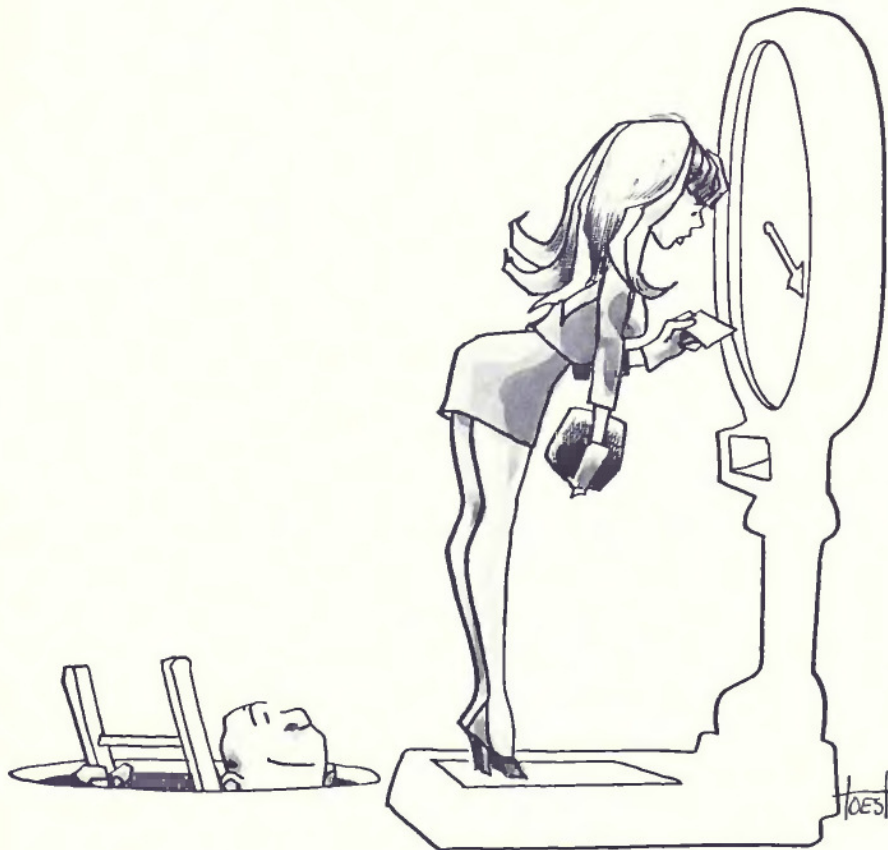
"I called him," Jerry said. "When you didn't show up, I called a couple of guys, and Leo could make it."

"I won last time," Leo said, "and I still have some of it left, so I thought I'd give you guys a chance to get it back."

"Well, that's good," I said, and it stopped being suspicious that he was here. Naturally, the boys didn't want to play four handed—that's a terrible game—and naturally, Leo was one of the people they'd call, and since he had won last Wednesday, it wasn't unusual for him to say yes tonight. Besides, what was a poor but honest vocational high school teacher going to shoot a smalltime bookie for? Leo had made his rare two-dollar bets with Tommy, but I knew Tommy would never have let him run up a big tab or anything like that; he wouldn't let anyone run up a tab too big to handle; and why would Leo shoot him? Why would Leo shoot anybody? No, not Leo.

There were two spaces next to each other at the table, so Abbie and I sat down there, Abbie on my left, and that put Doug Hallman on my right. He said, "What've you been up to, buddy? You look like you been mugged."

"I slipped on the ice," I said. "How you doing tonight?"



"You have a secret admirer."

He had his inevitable rotten cigar in his face, and he puffed a lot of foul smoke in answer to my question, then amplified with, "Beautiful cards. Great cards. If we'd been playing low ball, I'd own New York State by now."

I grinned at him, and tried to visualize him shooting Tommy. He knew Tommy the same way the rest of us did, but that was all. Because he played at being mean all the time—the tough grimy garage-man, big and hairy, chewing his cigar—it was possible to imagine him with a gun in his hand, going bang, but it was not at all possible to imagine why he'd do such a thing. Very unlikely. I put a great big check next to his name in my head, with a little teeny question mark next to it.

The other side of Doug was Leo, and the other side of Leo was Sid Falco. Sid hadn't looked at anybody since we'd walked in, but had sat there studying the small stack of chips in front of him. Now, though, when Leo picked up the cards and said, "We ready to play?" Sid suddenly said, "Deal me out," and got to his feet. "I'll be back in a minute," he said, still not looking at anybody.

"Hold it, Sid," I said.

He did look at me, then, and I was surprised to see he was scared. He said, "What's the matter, Chet?"

"Sit down, Sid," I said.

He said, "I got to go to the bathroom."

I said, "You mean to go into the kitchen and use Jerry's other phone to call Napoli and tell him Abbie and I are here so he can have some people waiting outside for us when we leave."

Shaking his head from side to side, looking very nervous and embarrassed, blinking a lot, doing all the things he always does when he's trying one of his the-book-says-to-do-it bluffs, he said, "You got me absolutely wrong, Chet. I just got to go to the bathroom."

"Sit down, Sid," I said. "You can make your phone call in a few minutes, but right now, sit down." I felt everybody else staring at me. Everybody but Abbie, who seemed to have fallen asleep again. "I'll tell you everything, Sid, and then you can go to the bathroom all you want."

Sid sat down.

I said, "The reason I'm here, Sid, is because somebody in this room killed Tommy McKay."

Sid stopped blinking. He looked at me cold-eyed. Everybody else went into shock for a second, and then I got a chorus of what? and you're putting us on, and things like that. I waited for it to settle down, and then I said, "Sid, when you do go to the bathroom, you're going to have a lot more to tell your boss than just where he can find Abbie and me. You're going to tell him who killed Tommy McKay, and you're going to tell him about the lawyer I went to see on



*"If they're having so much fun,
how come they're not smiling?"*

my way to town, and you're going to tell him about the letter I dictated to that lawyer, and you're going to tell him why both his boys and Droble's boys should lay off both Abbie and me permanently and forever. This is all going to be very interesting, Sid."

"Maybe it is," Sid said. He was very businesslike now, not doing a bluff at all.

I said, "All right. We'll start with Tommy's murderer. He's in this room."

Jerry Allen said, "Chet, what nonsense. For heaven's sake, what are you talking about?"

I stopped talking to Sid, and talked to Jerry instead. "When I came here last Wednesday night," I said, "I had a gun in my coat pocket. It was Abbie's, she'd given it to me to hold for her that afternoon."

"You took it," Abbie said sleepily.

"All right," I said. "I took it. The point is, I had it when I came here. When I left here, it was gone. I didn't notice it until later, but the only place it could have been taken from my pocket was in this apartment, while my coat was hanging in the hall closet. Somebody took my gun. Abbie's gun. Somebody in this room took it."

Doug said, "Chet, is this on the level?"

"Absolutely on the level," I told him, and I pointed at the wound on the side of my head. "You see that? I was shot at with that same gun."

Sid said, "You've got something wrong."

I looked at him. "I do? What?"

"I took the gun out of your coat," he said. "I was supposed to turn you over to a couple of guys after the game, and I was supposed to make sure you were clean. They told me they wanted to ask you some questions; they didn't say anything about bumping you off."

"That's what they wanted, though," I said.

"I found that out later," he said. "They told me the other at first because they didn't know how close friends we were."

"Not very close," I said.

He shrugged. "Anyway, you took off with the girl. I followed you, because maybe you were going to her place or something, but you gave me the slip. So I phoned my boss and he said they'd set things up another way and I gave him your home address."

"That was thoughtful," I said.

"He wanted to know. But the point is, I thought you'd got the gun back. I took

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it out of your coat pocket and put it in my coat pocket, and when I checked after the game, it was gone. So I thought you took it back."

"I didn't," I said. I looked around, and everybody was staring at Sid now. So long as I was the only one who'd been talking crazy, they could all remain astonished spectators, but now that Sid had entered into a dialog with me, the thing was turning real and they were beginning to realize they were in the middle of it. I said, "It looks as though this place was full of pickpockets last Wednesday night. Anybody got any ideas?"

Leo said, "I have the idea I should have stayed home tonight." He still had the cards in his hand, and he looked at them now, smiled grimly and put them down.

Doug said to me, "Let me try and get this straight. You got yourself mixed up in Tommy's murder somehow, and got shot at yourself. And you say it was with a gun that was stolen off you while you were here at the game last Wednesday."

"Right."

"Why wasn't it with the same gun that killed Tommy? Maybe somebody here copped your gun, but didn't have anything to do with shooting at you."

"They found the gun that killed Tommy two days before I was shot at," I said.

"The cops found it?"

"Yes."

"So much for that," Doug said. He shook his head. "I pass. It wasn't me and I don't know who it was."

Jerry said, "It wasn't you, Doug? You have a pretty mean temper sometimes. And you did know this man Tommy, I believe. You couldn't have gotten angry at him over something—"

"I could get angry at you," Doug told him. "I could get angry, Jerry, and pull your head off, but I couldn't go shoot people." He held up his hands, saying, "If I ever kill anybody, Jerry, this is what I'll use. And you'll be the first to know."

Leo said, "Doug's right, Jerry. You're much more the revolver type than he is. You might get into a pet and blast somebody with a gun."

"Me?" Jerry absolutely squeaked. "I don't even own a gun! I didn't even know the man who was killed! You knew him!"

Doug said, "Hold it. Let's not go pointing the finger at each other. That won't get us anywhere, it'll just get us mad."

"I disagree," I said. "Maybe it will get us somewhere. Why don't we all say what we think and argue it out and see if we can come up with something? Because, I'll tell you the truth, I have absolutely no way to narrow it down. I know it has to be somebody in this room, I know it can't be anybody not in this room, but that's as close as I've been

able to get it. Except I've eliminated Sid. But the rest of you—"

Sid smiled thinly and everybody else objected at once. Leo succeeded in getting the floor at last, and said, "Why eliminate Sid? From the way you two have been talking, you and Sid, he knows as much about this as you do. And he's apparently connected with some underworld figures some way; I get that much from the conversation. Why wouldn't that make him your prime suspect, ahead of the rest of us?"

"He didn't have to shoot at me," I said. "No matter what he says now, he knew his boss was sending people to kill me. Professionals. So why should he bother to shoot me? Also, it made his boss very unhappy when Tommy was killed, and Sid wouldn't have dared do anything to make his boss unhappy. Right, Sid?"

"Close enough," Sid said.

Jerry said, "Instead of coming here disrupting things, why not go to the police? Tell them what you think, what you know. Let *them* work it out."

It was Abbie who answered this time. "We can't go to the police," she said.

Doug said, "Why not?"

"Because," she said, "there are two gangs of crooks after us. Not one gang, two gangs. If one of them doesn't get us, the other one will. Neither Chet nor I can live a normal life while they're still after us. And part of the reason they're all excited and upset is because of Tommy McKay's murder. If we could solve that for them, and also this business about the lawyer Chet mentioned,"—I was glad she'd picked up on that, since I'd just made it up and we hadn't discussed it in the cab—"they'd leave us alone."

Fred, leaning forward with a worried expression on his face, said, "You mean your lives are in danger?"

"That's putting it mildly," I said. "We've been shot at, strangled, threatened, chased, I don't know what all. There are people out in the world with guns right now, and they're looking for Abbie and me, and they want to kill us. And Sid there wants to go make a phone call and tell one bunch of them where they can find us."

Fred shook his head. "I can't understand that," he said. "How did you get so involved?"

"I was trying to get that nine hundred thirty dollars I was owed," I said, "and Abbie wanted to do something to avenge her brother, since he was her last living relative."

Doug said, "Did you get the money?" He held one of my markers.

"No," I said. "They refused to pay off, in fact."

"That's too bad," Doug said.

Fred said, "How can you think about

money at a time like this, Doug? Chet, do they really want to kill you?" He couldn't seem to get it into his head.

"Yes," I said. "They really want to kill me, Abbie, too. Ask Sid."

Fred turned his head and looked at Sid, who said, "Chet's right."

Fred said to him, "And it would help him if he found out who killed Tommy McKay?"

Sid shrugged, "It's possible. I wouldn't know about that."

I said, "The funny thing is, I think I know who it is. And yet, I don't believe it."

Everybody looked at me. Abbie said, "Who?"

Leo said, "Why don't you believe it?"

I answered Leo. I said, "One of the things I wanted to do here was throw this mess on the table and just watch reactions, see how different people acted. I figured maybe the killer would act different from everybody else, and I'd be able to spot him."

Leo said, "And did he? Have you spotted somebody?"

"Yeah," I said. "But I don't believe it. There's something wrong somewhere."

Abbie said, "For Pete's sake, Chet, who is it?"

"It's Fred," I said.

Nobody said anything. Fred frowned, looking troubled and worried and sad but somehow not like a murderer, and everybody else looked alternately at him and at me.

Leo broke the silence at last. He said, "Why do you think it's Fred?"

I said, "Because he jumped a mile when we came in here, and then covered it up by saying he thought Abbie was Cora. But Abbie doesn't look at all like Cora, and Fred just saw Abbie four days ago and knew she might be coming back tonight. And because Cora didn't call last Wednesday and I bet she doesn't call tonight, and that's because she knows what happened and she's agreed to let Fred go on with his normal life as though nothing had happened, to cover up."

Leo said, "That isn't very much, Chet."

"I don't have very much," I said. "I admit that. But I have a little more. When I started talking, everybody got excited. Everybody but Fred. Jerry accused Doug, Leo accused Jerry. Doug got mad. Leo accused Sid, everybody was full of questions and excitement and disbelief. Everybody but Fred. He just sat there and didn't say anything for a long while. Until I made it clear that Abbie and I were now murder targets ourselves and the one who'd killed Tommy was indirectly responsible. Then he asked questions, hoping to get answers that would make it less tough. All he is is worried and troubled and sad, and everybody else is excited and irritated and surprised."

Abbie said, "But why do you say it doesn't seem right?"

"I don't know," I said. "There's something that just doesn't jibe. Fred's reactions are wrong for him to be innocent, but somehow they're wrong for him to be guilty, too. He should be tougher if he's guilty. I don't understand."

Fred gave me a wani smile and said, "You're pretty good, Chet. I don't know how you did that, but you're pretty dog-gone good."

Jerry gaped at him. "You mean you *did* do it?"

"No," Fred said. "I didn't shoot Tommy. But I did shoot you, Chet, and God, I'm sorry. I didn't want to hit anybody, I aimed between you and Abbie. When I saw I'd hit you, I almost died myself. Christ, I've always been a pretty good shot, I don't know what went wrong."

"That gun shoots off to the left," I said. "You should have taken it out on a practice range for a while."

"It must shoot way the *hell* to the left," he said.

"It does," Abbie said.

Sid asked him, "You took the gun out of my pocket?"

Fred nodded. "I was going through Chet's and Abbie's pockets," he said. "I wanted to see if they had any clues or evidence or anything about the murder they weren't telling us about. I felt the heavy thing in your pocket, and took a look, and there was the gun. I knew you had something to do with the underworld, so I figured it was your gun, and I swiped it. I didn't know it belonged to you, Chet."

"To me," Abbie said. "Where is it?"

"In the Harlem River," Fred said. "I thought I'd killed Chet for sure, so I got rid of that gun right away."

I said, "But you didn't kill Tommy."

He shook his head. "No, I didn't."

"Then why do all this other stuff? To cover up for the real killer? But who?"

Fred just smiled sadly at me.

We all stared at him and it hit all of us simultaneously, and six voices raised as one to cry, "CORA!"

Fred nodded. "Cora," he said. "Chet,



BRIAN KOPPELMAN

"Guess I'm just a kid at heart, but I still like the clowns."

you saw her right after she did it."

I said, "I did not."

"Sure you did. She was coming out of the building when you were going in."

I frowned, drawing a blank, and suddenly remembered. "The woman with the baby carriage!"

"Sure," he said. "Cora's a smart woman, Chet. She saw you through the glass, and she didn't want to be recognized, and there was a baby carriage in the hallway, so she figured that would make a good disguise, and with the two of you meeting in the doorway, you holding the door and the baby carriage in the way and all, her keeping her head down, she got away with it. She went right through and you never even noticed."

I said, "A day or two later, I saw a sign in the entranceway about a stolen baby carriage, and I never connected it at all."

Abbie, in an outraged tone, said, "Cora? I don't even know who she is!" "She's Fred's wife," I said.

"But that isn't fair," she said. "How can I solve the murder if I don't even know the murderer, if I never even met her? The woman never even put in an appearance!"

"Sure she did," I said. "She walked right by me with a baby carriage."

"Well, she never walked by *me*," she insisted. "I say it isn't fair. You wouldn't get away with that in a detective story."

I said, "Why not? Remember the story about the dog who didn't bark in the night? Well, this is the same thing. The wife who didn't phone in the night."

"Oh, foo," Abbie said, and folded her arms. "I say it isn't fair, and I won't have any more to do with it."

Jerry said, "Never mind all that. Fred, why on earth would Cora *do* a thing like that?"

"You're the one she punched in the nose," Fred reminded him. "She's a very violent woman, Cora. She'd been on Tommy's back not to take any bets from me, and she found out we were still doing business, and she went down there to really let him have it, and she took the gun along to scare him. She wasn't even sure she'd show it to him. But he apparently had something on his mind—"

"That's an understatement," I said. "His wife was running around with another man, and he was running around with another boss."

"Well, anyway," Fred said, "she showed him the gun. Then, instead of getting scared, he made a jump for her, and she started shooting." To me he said, "It's an old gun of mine. I've had it since I was in the Army. I do potshooting with it sometimes. That's why I didn't believe it when I saw I'd hit you the other night, because I knew I was a better shot than that."

"Why did you do it?" I said.

"I wanted to convince you it was a gang thing," he said. "I was afraid you two would find out the truth if you kept poking around. If you kept thinking about the case, Chet, you might suddenly remember the woman with the baby carriage. I didn't know. I figured if I took a shot at you and missed, it might scare you into laying off. Or anyway, convince you the mob was behind the killing."

Nobody said anything for a minute or two, and then Leo said, "Where's your wife now, Fred?"

Fred looked embarrassed. "You won't believe this," he said.

Doug said, "Try us."

"She's in a convent," Fred said.

Everybody said, "What?"

"It preyed on her mind," he said. "So Friday night, she packed her things and went to a convent. She says she's going in for good."

Abbie, returning to us after all, said, "Why didn't she go to the police if she felt so bad?"

"I didn't want her to," Fred said. "I feel responsible for the whole thing, god-damn it. I knew Cora hated my gambling, but I went right ahead and did it. So, finally, she blew her top and your brother got killed, but I'm just as much to blame as she is, and I just couldn't stand to see her go to jail for it."

Abbie said, "A convent's better?"

"Yes," he said. "And believe me, I hated the idea of coming here the last two times, but I figured I had to, to keep up appearances. I figure this is my last game." He looked at me. "Whatever you want me to do, Chet," he said, "that's what I'll do. You want me to go make a statement to the police? I don't want you and Abbie getting killed over this. Enough has happened already."

"More than enough," I said. I looked at Abbie. "What do you think? Is a convent punishment enough?"

"It would be for me," she said.

I said, "We don't care about the cops anyway. It's the mobs that worry us. Just so they know the story, that should satisfy us. OK, Abbie?"

She hesitated, but I knew she couldn't retain the white-hot desire for vengeance against a woman who'd already turned herself in at a convent. "OK," she said.

"Good." I turned to Sid. "You've got the story straight?"

"I've got it," he said.

"OK. You go make your phone call now. And first you tell them what really happened to Tommy McKay. And then you tell them about the lawyer I stopped off to see on my way in here, and you tell them I dictated a long letter to that lawyer to be opened in the event of either my or Abbie's death, and you tell them that lawyer went to school with John Lindsay, and you tell them we want to be left one hundred percent alone from now on. You tell them we

don't intend to make any waves and we don't want any waves making on us, if you get what I mean."

"I've got it," he said.

"And you also tell them," I said, "to be sure things are squared with Golderman."

He frowned. "I don't know Golderman."

"You don't have to. Just tell them. And tell them to pass the word to Droble and his clowns before they screw things up. And tell them I want my doggone nine hundred thirty dollars."

Was he grinning behind that poker face? I didn't know. "I'll tell them," he said.

"Let me think," I said. "Oh, yeah. And get word to Golderman to go outside and see if I left the meter running, and if I did to turn it off, and I'll be out tomorrow for the cab."

"You'll be out tomorrow for the cab."

"Can you remember all that?"

"Of course," he said.

"And I'll tell you something *I'm* going to remember," I told him. "*I'm* going to remember that you were willing to turn me over to people to murder me."

He shook his head. "What would have happened if I said no, Chet? They would have killed me instead. You're a nice guy and I like you, but I can get along without you. I can't get along without me for a minute." He got to his feet. "I'll make that call now," he said, and he left.

There was a little silence, and then Fred said, "What about me, Chet?"

"You can do what you want, Fred." I said, "I don't hold a grudge against you. I'm glad your aim wasn't any worse than it was, that's all. But I'm not going to turn you over to the police. You can go or stay, it's up to you."

"Then I believe I'll go," he said, and got wearily to his feet. "I don't have many chips here," he said. "Just toss these in the next pot." He walked around the table and stood in front of me. "I'm sorry, Chet," he said. "I honestly am."

"I know you are."

Hesitantly, he stuck out his hand. Hesitantly, I took it. Then he nodded to Abbie, nodded to the table at large and left, very slope-shouldered.

Leo had the cards in his hand again. He said, "I know momentous things are happening all around me, but I don't get to play poker that often. Are we ready?"

"We're ready," I said.

"Good," he said. "Five-card stud, in the lady's honor," he said, and started to deal. When he got to Sid's chair he said, "What about Sid?"

"Deal him out," I said.

This is the conclusion of a new novel by Donald E. Westlake.





"And to think that I advised him to take up a relaxing hobby like painting."

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