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OCTOBER 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

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**PLAYBOY**



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**TOM WICKER ON  
RICHARD NIXON**

**PORNOGRAPHY  
AND THE DANES**

**AN INTERVIEW WITH  
DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
WILLIAM KUNSTLER**

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# PLAYBILL

RUNNING FOR the Presidency two Octobers ago, Richard Nixon offered himself and his brand of "new leadership" to the country's confused and worried voters, and they warily elected him by a slim plurality. Has his conduct in office matched the confidence—and the promises—of his campaign? *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker herein answers that question and many others that have been raised since then about the President and his Administration. Before becoming associate editor of the *Times* in 1968, Wicker covered the White House both as a correspondent and as head of his paper's Washington bureau. He has written two book-length studies of Nixon's predecessors: *Kennedy Without Tears* and *JFK & LBJ: The Influence of Personality upon Politics*. With this portrait, *Nixon's the One—But What?*, Wicker continues his tradition of perspicacious Presidential analyses.

Also in this issue, interviewer Nat Hentoff cross-examines attorney William Kunstler, who shares a profession—but little else—with Nixon. In the months since his flamboyant defense of the Chicago Conspiracy Seven, Kunstler has done anything but mellow—a fact made disturbingly clear in the interview by his advocacy of arson if milder forms of protest fail to achieve the goals he and his fellow radicals espouse. In her short story, *Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!*, Joyce Carol Oates—whose novel *Them* won her the 1969 National Book Award for fiction—explores the human paths behind such revolutionary polemics.

Another aspect of the malaise of contemporary violence—impulse killing—is explored in a revealing and timely article, *The Many Faces of Murder*, by Bruce Porter, associate editor of *Newsweek* magazine. Porter—sobered, perhaps, by the research he did for this piece—maps his personal plans for the future: "Survival, more or less." While aberrant murder has so far remained invulnerable to scientific probes and explanations, researchers have progressed in other fields of deviant behavior—most notably in the sexual area. Pornography, once thought to be a stimulus for sexual crimes, is now regarded by most psychotherapists and sociologists, and the President's Commission on Pornography, as a harmless diversion for healthy adults and even as a safety valve for would-be sex offenders. For these reasons, Denmark recently removed all restrictions on the sale and possession by adults of pornographic material. In five pages of photographs, accompanied by firsthand reportage by John Skow, *PLAYBOY* examines and assesses this unique social experiment.

Cruder pornography—a Tijuana skin flick—is pivotal to a young man's love affair with films in *Cine-Duck*, by Leslie Epstein, a report for and about a generation that has found its medium and its message in the movies. Epstein, an English professor at Queens College, City University of New York, has opted to translate his abiding interest in films into participation and is writing a screenplay. If films are



WICKER



OATES



ELY



UNGERER



RORVIK



SKOW



RUSSELL



FURLONG



PORTER



GREEN



EPSTEIN



UTTERBACK

one passion of this age, sports are certainly another. To some, however, an athletic contest is more than recreation; it's a way to make a living—not only by participating but also by wagering. William Barry Furlong's *Diogenes' Search for an Honest Game* concerns a brilliant man who invests his intelligence—and over \$1,000,000 a week—in predicting the outcome of college football games. Furlong is putting his own mathematical skills to use by creating a game for sports fans that will employ the laws of probability to pick a winner in a board duplicate of football.

David Ely's wry story, *The Language Game*, involves the wager of a commodity more precious than money—love—as two scholars of protean learning do battle on the field of ancient and obscure languages. The obscurities and ambiguities of language also figure in Stan Dryer's blackly comedic *Mushrat Fun for Everyone*, the tale of an innocent who answers an ad in the *Berkeley Barb* and becomes, to his bewilderment, an outcast for his unspeakable perversion. Completing October's fiction fare is *Xong of Xuxan*, by *PLAYBOY* regular Ray Russell—this time, a futuristic tale of the last human on earth.

The future looks anything but bleak to science writer David Rorvik. In *The Transport Revolution*, he explores the engineering breakthroughs that will bring new styles of mobility to the Eighties and beyond. A somewhat more dubious scientific authority, one Dr. Morton Stultifer, according to his résumé a professor of ecology at Southern Hollywood Institute of Technology, argues cogently that the speedy extinction of South America's *Giant Chicken-Eating Frog* would be a boon not only to Latin chickens but to the entire American economy. We bring you Dr. Stultifer's brilliant work in the field of imperiled obscene species with the assistance of free-lance writer Richard Curtis, who gathered the material for Stultifer's *The Case for Extinction: An Answer to Conservationists*, which Dial Press will publish next month and from which our piece is excerpted.

The inspired portrait of the repulsive beast is by Chicago artist William Utterback. Another artist, new *PLAYBOY* Contributing Editor Tomi Ungerer (*On the Scene*, September), instructs readers on *How to Survive in a French Restaurant* and illustrates his own work in the inimitable Ungerer fashion.

Two stars who have not only survived but prospered in the show-business world, Elliott Gould and Lainie Kazan, are featured in this issue: Gould with a bevy of beautiful young stars, Miss Kazan splendidly undraped for the first time in any publication. Regular October features include your *Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll* ballot and *Playboy's Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast*, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green. Thomas Mario's *The Ecumenical Pleasures of Jewish Cookery—Eat! Eat!*—rounds out an issue blessed with a double exposure, on the cover and in the centerfold: the vivacious Collinson girls, *PLAYBOY's* first twin Playmates. We think they'll double your reading—as well as your viewing—pleasure.



# PLAYBOY



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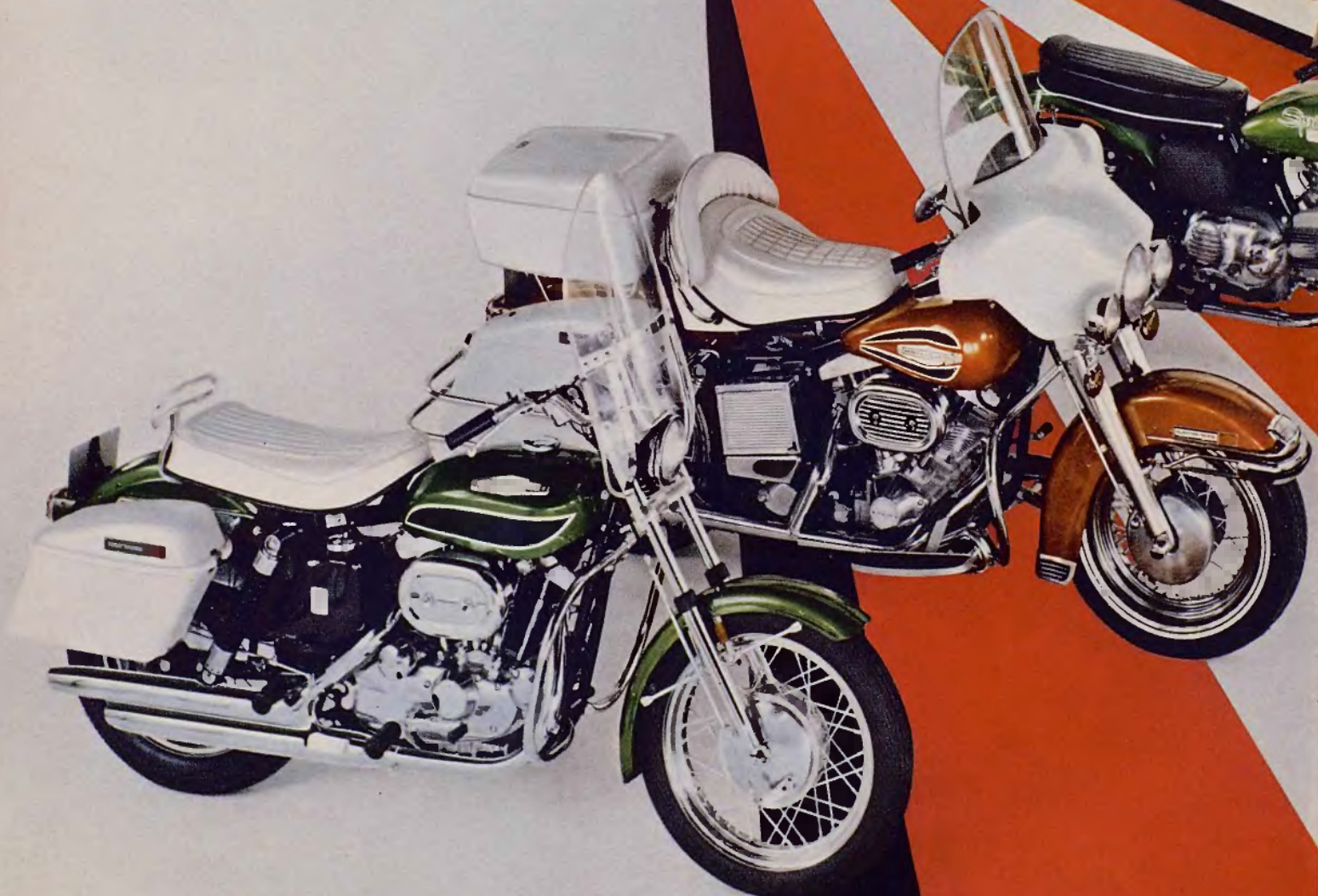
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### MURDER AT MY LAI

I would like to congratulate Jesse Frank Frosch for his *Anatomy of a Massacre* (PLAYBOY, July). Several of the questions he raises are similar to those I raised in a letter mailed to various members of Congress last January. In fact, these same questions could have been raised by anyone who is familiar with U.S. military operations in Vietnam. If I, as a lowly specialist, fourth class, could ask them, then certainly General Westmoreland, who had access to all of the intelligence data available to Frosch—and a good deal more besides—could have.

In this sense, I think it fitting that the article ended with a pointed reference to Westmoreland's seeming lack of curiosity concerning the validity of the afteraction report submitted by Task Force Barker for the operation of March 16, 1968. There is, indeed, some question as to whether Westmoreland suffered from a lack of curiosity or, rather, from an abundance of knowledge. It's an open secret in Washington that the House subcommittee investigating the cover-up believes that General Westmoreland was informed of the incident at My Lai within a matter of days of its occurrence.

I don't mean to suggest that Westmoreland should have to stand in the dock with General Koster and the other defendants in the investigation of the cover-up—unless, of course, the Army produces suitable testimony. And surely it would be unreasonable to demand that every detail of the investigation, including the testimony about Westmoreland, be made public. As Chief of Staff, Westmoreland is the epitome of American military professionalism. It would hardly be reasonable to question the proprieties of American justice and ask equal justice for all—even four-star generals. But by demanding that Westmoreland be held responsible for his actions, just as privates are, I'm afraid that's exactly what we would be doing.

Ronald L. Ridenhour  
Glendale, Arizona

*As a former Army specialist, fourth class, it was Ridenhour who, in March 1969, wrote to the President, the Secretary of Defense and 23 members of Con-*

*gress that something "rather dark and bloody" had happened the previous March in My Lai.*

In regard to *Anatomy of a Massacre*, I would like to point out that if Lieutenant Calley had simply radioed that he was receiving sniper fire from the direction of My Lai, and had requested an aerial strike instead of doing the job himself, nothing would have been said by a sissy like Ronald L. Ridenhour. One hundred and seven dead gooks were well worth the American lives saved from the constant booby-trapping and sniping that the people of My Lai were doing.

L/Cpl. Ross Buchanan  
PFO San Francisco, California

*Thanks for straightening us out, Corporal—and turning our stomach.*

Jesse Frank Frosch's startling article concerning the My Lai massacre forces the reader to see and feel the brutalizing effects of this war. Such barbarous treatment of Vietnamese civilians can destroy any credibility the United States may claim for its presence in Vietnam. Our continued prosecution of this war is draining the moral resources of our people. It must be ended swiftly and completely.

Senator Charles E. Goodell  
United States Senate  
Washington, D. C.

My compliments to Jesse Frank Frosch. As a West Point graduate and a Vietnam veteran, I can bear witness to the American arrogance and ignorance that have marked our descent into barbarism in Vietnam. Confronted with a people's war, we have made war against the people; and all the sanctimonious mythology of outside aggression, self-determination, etc., cannot obscure nor justify the awful price we have both sustained and inflicted.

It is time to face what we have done; but to fix responsibility, we must look beyond the individuals accused of pulling the triggers. As Frosch makes clear, the massacre and subsequent cover-up were the natural outgrowth of a national policy that presupposes our right to inflict on other men a military solution of

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our choice while measuring our success by counting their bodies.

None of us can escape our share of the guilt and dishonor of My Lai. If we do not act to end the larger atrocity this war represents, we will finally have forsaken our common humanity.

Gordon S. Livingston  
Baltimore, Maryland

On behalf of our organization of more than 100 Maryland veterans, many of whom served as officers and enlisted men in Vietnam, I wish to commend your magazine for publishing one of the most timely and meaningful articles on the Vietnam war, *Anatomy of a Massacre*. It is our sincere hope that PLAYBOY will continue to publish such articles that reveal the true nature of our genocidal policies in Vietnam. We believe that when the American people fully understand the realities of the policies our Government is pursuing in Southeast Asia, they will demand—and get—an immediate end to our involvement there.

Leon Shapiro, Commander  
Maryland Veterans for Peace  
Owings Mills, Maryland

I read your article on My Lai with great interest. I will soon be leading a rifle platoon in Vietnam and could conceivably find myself in a situation similar to that which Lieutenant Calley faced in March 1968. This notwithstanding, it is horrendous that tragedies of this magnitude do occur. PLAYBOY is to be congratulated for publishing the entire story behind the headlines. The brave young men fighting in Vietnam today cannot help but benefit from the understanding gained by those who read this outstanding article.

2nd Lt. Douglas N. Paetz, U. S. Army  
Fort Polk, Louisiana

Your article on the My Lai massacre was closer to the truth than our military wishes to admit. As a Vietnam war veteran, I find the way of life and death described by Frosch nothing new; but the courage of your magazine in publishing such an article is new and the service you have rendered the cause of truth is to be commended.

K. Bruce Galloway  
Baltimore, Maryland

*Anatomy of a Massacre* adds considerable depth and detail to the tragic story of the My Lai incident. You are to be congratulated for publishing it.

Senator George McGovern  
United States Senate  
Washington, D. C.

#### MINE FIELD OF THE SPIRIT

Knowing and sharing several of Tim O'Brien's concerns in *Step Lightly* (PLAYBOY, July), I would like to enlarge on his phrase "If legs make me more

of a man, and they surely do, my soul and character and capacity to love notwithstanding. . . ." A mine wreaks its own kind of human destruction, instantly turning a whole soldier into a shattered mass of flesh to be policed up by those who remain behind. But there is another, infinitely more destructive, mine field. War and our dark fascination with violence destroy not only the arms and legs of a man but also his humanity, his *capacity* for human feelings. The violence described in O'Brien's on-the-spot observations forms a horrifying metaphor—a man is wooden and made a toy by the violence seeking to envelop him and finally he is blown apart by it as he marches into the mine field of discarded values. This is a ghastly death, one that awaits us at home as surely as it does the soldier in the field. There can be no safe tread, nothing but a grimly light step, as long as we accept untrammelled violence as our defense.

Robbin S. Johnson  
Hopkins, Minnesota

#### SAINT JOAN

Your interview with Joan Baez (PLAYBOY, July) provides an excellent answer to the question, What can I do about peace? Joan's reply, "To live in such a way that you are not exploiting or damaging anybody else," is a start. More of the answer is furnished by the story of her life, her refusal to pay war taxes and her work with draft resisters.

As a Roman Catholic priest, I would like to draw a parallel between the teachings of Jesus Christ and Joan's central message on how to live one's life. She says that loving people is the purpose of life and that "truth power" (nonviolence) is the means to accomplish that goal. Jesus taught that love and truth power are the way to peace, that killing and the use of militia are not. I think Joan serves as a wonderful example of how to apply the principles of Jesus and Gandhi to the seeking of peace.

The Rev. Richard T. McSorley, S. J.  
Professor of Theology  
Georgetown University  
Washington, D. C.

The combination of Joan Baez' interview and Jesse Frank Frosch's *Anatomy of a Massacre* has to add up to one of the most powerful pleas for sanity, thought and peace published anywhere to date.

Billy Wilson  
Toronto, Ontario

Joan Baez reveals an inexcusable ignorance of history when she suggests that organized nonviolent resistance could have saved Jewish lives from Hitler's predatory SS. It would have been as difficult to fight Reinhard Heydrich's men with nonviolent methods as it

would be to fight cancer with aspirin. I wonder how long Miss Baez would have refused to cooperate if an SS man had simply strangled the nearest baby and said, "I give you one minute to move and, if not, I will kill the next child."

The "police terror" Miss Baez has in mind is based on her own experiences in the United States. As a survivor of Auschwitz, I know that the police-state methods of a Himmler or a Beria have absolutely nothing in common with the methods of the Chicago police nor of any other police group in the U.S. and it is stupid to compare them. Even worse is the fact that she is trying hard to erode the power of the U.S., the only nation that has saved this world from being transformed into a thought-controlled global village. It would be naïve to think that this country could stand up nonviolently to Russia, as naïve as to believe that the U.S. would have to be physically invaded and all the hamburger stands occupied in order to be dominated.

I am afraid that the Good Soldier Schweik knew more about resistance to oppression than Miss Baez will ever know, since she is living free in the U.S.: "Never give in to your enemies, because dying won't get you anywhere."

Herbert Loebel  
Sherman, Connecticut

I was deeply and favorably impressed with the quality of your interview with Joan Baez; I was also impressed with the wisdom and courage of Joan herself. I'm glad to know that there are some people who realize that revolutions that use the same means as the oppressor only succeed in changing oppressors.

Clark S. Hemphill  
Castro Valley, California

#### DRAMA ON THE HIGH SEAS

Irwin Shaw has an ability that few writers can match. His latest story, *Rich Man's Weather* (PLAYBOY, July), was a masterpiece of psychological insight. Shaw is really able to put the reader into the story; like any member of the crew, my feelings for Falconetti went from fear and hatred to pity and finally to indignation over the cruelty and senselessness of his death. I am still amazed at the skill with which the author brought the characters to life, making them a mirror in which I could see my own reactions. I would like to register one vote for Shaw's story as the best fiction of the year.

Steven Wineinger  
Knoxville, Tennessee

#### THE EXPENDABLE EARTH

PLAYBOY is to be commended to the fullest for its excellent article *Project Survival*, by Geoffrey Norman, published in the July issue. The attention now being directed to industrial polluters should not blind us to the glaring fact that the unthinking acts of millions of



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individual Americans are also contributing heavily to the saturation of pollutants. It is nothing less than environmental suicide on a day-to-day basis. As such, every individual must discipline his own life style against the single acts that multiply into mass contamination.

From the standpoint of the legal battle against pollution, there is an old axiom that holds that the enforcement of any law will be as good as the people demand or as bad as they will tolerate. *Project Survival* can only escalate this demand for total abatement of pollution at all levels of life, and for this I am personally most appreciative.

Please continue to speak forcefully and fully on this subject. Powerful persuasion is desperately needed and you have shown that you can supply it.

William J. Scott, Attorney General  
State of Illinois  
Springfield, Illinois

I would like to congratulate the author of *Project Survival*. It's an excellent account of the teach-out and, needless to say, I appreciated your kind words about me.

Paul R. Ehrlich, Professor of Biology  
Stanford University  
Stanford, California

*Project Survival*, which analyzed the teach-out at Northwestern University, is, hopefully, the first of many such articles to be published in your magazine. I have always credited America's young people with making the environment "a full-blown issue, probably the issue." Earth Day and the teach-outs were only indicators of the concern, commitment and growing expertise of the young. Northwestern was typical in some ways, distinctive in others. I and 1200 other Interior representatives participated in 1700 teach-outs. We returned to Washington overwhelmingly enthusiastic for greater student contact and with a new awareness of the national support for policies and programs students have long sought. Certainly, there was some politicking and name-calling. Nevertheless, we found the majority of students interested in what they could do, not in whom they could condemn. They want positive action and they want it now.

The article's discussion of the continuing student dilemma over morality, tactics, strategy and goal attainment was most interesting. This "dilemma" is not necessarily a bad thing and, hopefully, will ultimately result in "getting it together" with the proper mix of idealism and realism. Representatives of SCOPE (Student Council on Pollution and Environment) are meeting regularly with me, with Interior employees at all levels and representatives of other departments. These meetings are tough, no-holds-barred exchanges in which the students speak out strongly. Their motives are





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
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sincere, their efforts often tireless—I hope at least in part because we have begun to prove ourselves deserving of the trust America's young people want to have in their Government.

Walter J. Hickel  
Secretary of the Interior  
Washington, D. C.

#### ON A SIDING

*Last Train to Limbo* (PLAYBOY, July), by Asa Baber, is a classic tale in the Kafka tradition. It's more of a tragedy than a fantasy, though—the story of a man with ready-to-wear beliefs and attitudes, who knows what he *ought* to think and feel but hits his 40s without ever having established contact with the real person inside whose skin he lives. It's not the story of Avery; sadly, it's the story of almost all of us.

Gerald Whitcomb  
Seattle, Washington

#### UP THE ETHOLOGISTS

In *Man and Beast* (PLAYBOY, July), Morton Hunt has written a brilliant rebuttal to Lorenz, Ardrey and Morris, who condemn man because somewhere in his history there lurks a fish, the constant reminder of his unyielding biological inheritance. Hunt has examined much of the research in behavioral development, has understood its meaning and clearly expounded its significance. He is absolutely right in demolishing the innate-*vs.*-acquired dichotomy—a simplistic way of looking at behavior, either through the genes or through learning. Would that it were so simple, then we would merely have to make lists designating one behavior gene determined and another learned.

Although we are biological animals, our capacity for social interaction and cultural concern transcends our animal relatives. Sadly, man has not yet achieved his potential. In understanding his behavior, he is still in the Stone Age; in his capacity to destroy, in the atomic age. It is time to catch up.

Evelyn Shaw, Curator  
The American Museum of  
Natural History  
New York, New York

It was a great satisfaction to read Morton Hunt's article on instinctive behavior, the animals' and our own. It is sane and well balanced and will help correct the impression that our grosser activities, such as war, are excusable because we are the helpless inheritors of aggressiveness. As Hunt says so clearly, that view has to be discarded when a distinction is made between instincts and culturally molded characteristics.

I hope the article will also correct the idea that the new science of ethology is chiefly concerned with the question of what behavior we have acquired from animals. Ethologists study everything

animals do—from the nectar sipping of bees to the tree climbing of monkeys. Thoughts about which of these apply to us can never be anything but speculative. If we inherited our aggressiveness, we should also have inherited the animals' inhibitions against killing one's own kind. How unfortunate that we did not!

Sally Carrighar  
Guernsey, Channel Islands

*Twice winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship, Miss Carrighar is the author of the best seller "Wild Heritage" and other books.*

Morton Hunt's article is interesting and rather provocative; I hope it engenders a number of comments. Animal behavior does shed some light on our own habits and behavior, but its relevance is limited. Animal—and human—behavior depends on an interaction of innate drives (instinct), experience and environmental conditioning. Animals—certainly mammals and birds—have strong emotions and enjoy play for its own sake. I don't think it true, incidentally, that Lorenz put everything down to instinct.

Julian Huxley  
London, England

*Sir Julian Huxley is the noted British biologist, contributor to PLAYBOY and author of "Man in the Modern World" and "New Bottles for New Wine."*

My compliments to Morton Hunt on his provocative and judicious treatment of complex issues in *Man and Beast*.

Irven DeVore  
Professor of Anthropology  
Harvard University  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

#### DOING UNTO OTHERS

So what's so funny about the Ralph Schoenstein article, *Nuke Thy Neighbor* (PLAYBOY, July)? Overage ex-boy scouts are already blowing up banks and dynamiting power lines; and the students are digging trenches in the quadrangle while the professors for peace are manufacturing little surprises in the chemistry lab. None of our dissidents have yet stumbled onto a quick and easy way to make the bomb, but any day now, one of our universities will be missing and then we'll know it's all over but for the chiseling of the epitaph.

Rowland Smith  
San Francisco, California

#### MAD-AVE PARANOIA

Thomas Baum's *On Location* (PLAYBOY, July) was a profound and revealing shocker. The idea of the advertising industry incorporating all dissent as part of itself is terrifying. However, when one realizes how much dissent is absorbed into the prevailing power structure (turning the hippies into a fad by commercializing their





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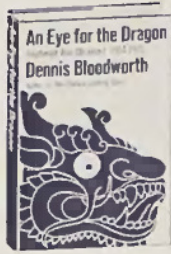
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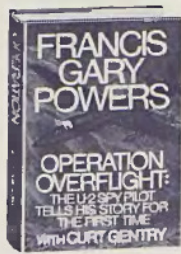
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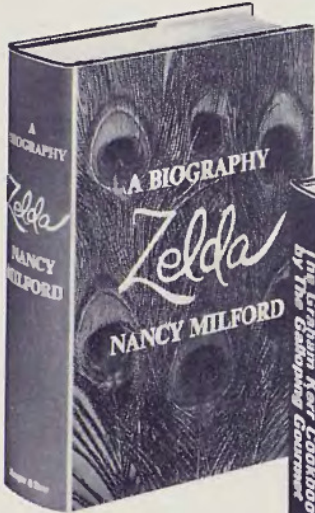
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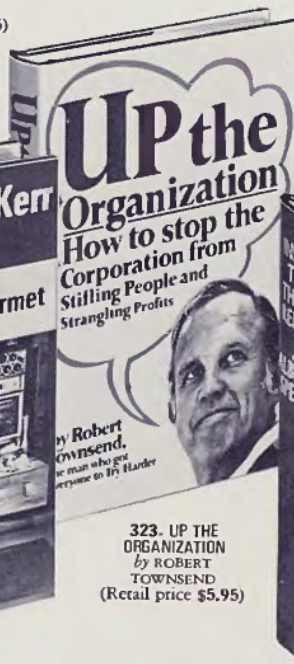
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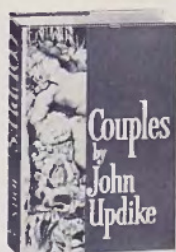
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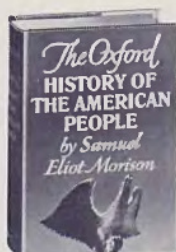
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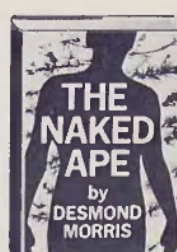
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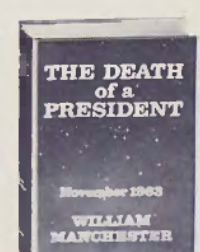
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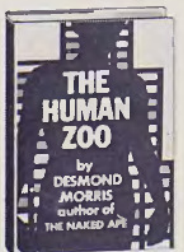
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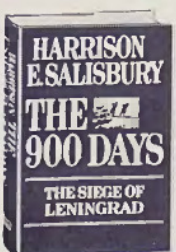
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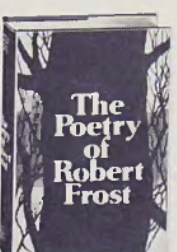
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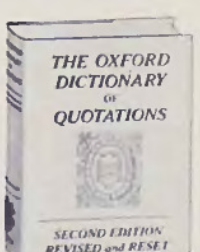
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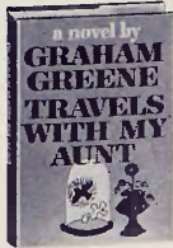
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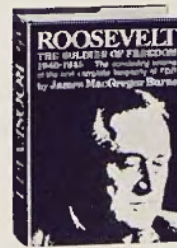
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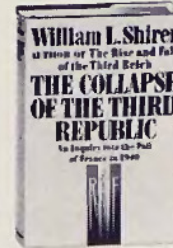
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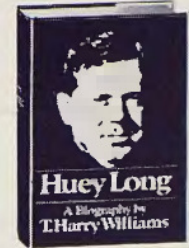
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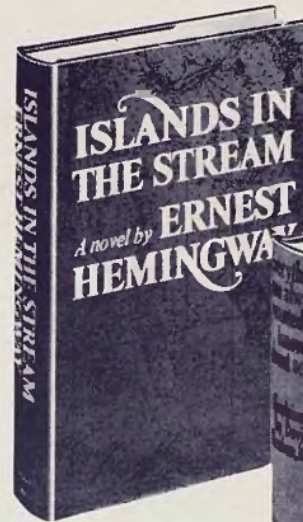
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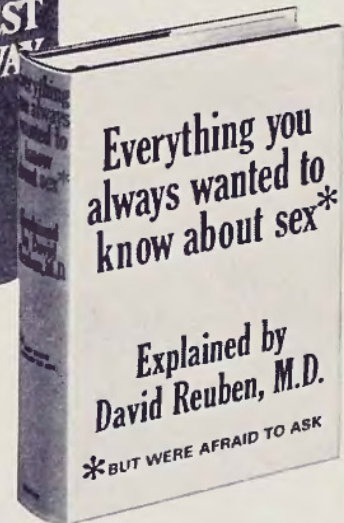
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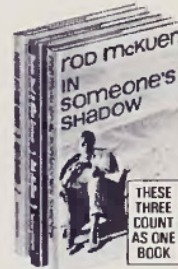


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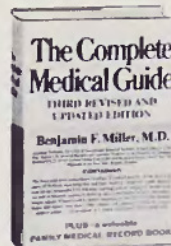
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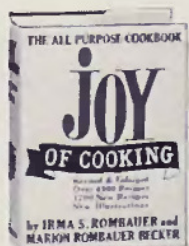
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dress and attitudes, for example), one wonders if Baum has not hit upon an essential part of our present culture. Currently, oil companies are exploiting the concern over ecology and trying to convince motorists they can evade their share of the responsibility and still be anti-pollution if they just buy the right gasoline. Baum's story is only slightly more extreme than that.

Elliot Lilien  
Arlington, Massachusetts

#### STRIPPED FOR ACTING

Your article *Shaping Up for "Oh! Calcutta!"* by C. Robert Jennings (PLAYBOY, July) was interesting photographically and fascinating textually. But it surprises me that those involved were surprised that the nature of the play did not allow for acting. If everybody took off all their clothes at work, it wouldn't allow for working, either. The average person does not live in a nudist camp and if he attends a play where the actors have their genitals on display, it's unlikely that he's going to notice facial expressions or catch all the lines—as unlikely for him as it was, apparently, for the actors themselves, despite the sensitivity sessions they went through.

Thomas Cartwright  
Los Angeles, California

#### THE CHAIRMAN COMMENTS

I did not conceive nor execute *Quotations from Chairman Bill* (PLAYBOY After Hours, July), but I do think your reviewer rather went on about it, especially the business about its sounding like your next-door neighbor (who is your next-door neighbor?). He seemed to be saying that Buckley performs well when he performs for PLAYBOY but not at all otherwise, leaving open the interesting question, why didn't compiler David Franke pluck only *Quotations from Chairman Bill When Writing for Playboy?* Enough said, except that I compliment the reviewer on selecting what I hope is the most jejune selection from the book, the one about Norman Mailer. There was another one at the bottom of the same page that was certainly more appealing. It reads, "Mailer decocts matters of the first philosophical magnitude from an examination of his own ordure, and I am not talking about his books." But that—forgive me—is, once again, such talk as you get from your next-door neighbor. Lucky Chicago. Up Chicago.

William F. Buckley, Jr.  
New York, New York

#### CORPORATE COMMANDMENTS

I'd like to comment in detail on Robert Townsend's masterly article *Further "Up the Organization"* (PLAYBOY, July), but to do so would involve writing a book, so I'll content myself with merely saying a few words about his exposition of "Mercy Mislplaced."

This is what the Peter Principle is all about—the fact that few present-day employers ever fire or demote anyone who has reached his level of incompetence. Such an incompetent is simply left to plug away at the job he cannot do, hampering the work of his colleagues and subordinates, until he develops the Final Placement Syndrome and dies (or, if he's lucky, retires). If he were fired, he would be forced to find some job that he could do competently and would, in consequence, be happier and healthier.

Townsend warns of a possible take-over by Ottoman Turks, who show no misplaced mercy. The take-over is already in progress—by the Mafia, the only organization I know that maintains none of its members at the level of incompetence.

Raymond Hull  
Vancouver, British Columbia

Hull is co-author of the best seller "*The Peter Principle*."

#### SEXY SPORTS CAR

After reading your article *Torrid Italian Beauty* (PLAYBOY, July), I could close my eyes and visualize a beautiful woman with sleek fine lines, full of refinement—but once you get to know her, what a temperament! The Pantera is like that, sexy and refined; but once you drive her, you realize she has temperament.

If the Pantera is a reality, we owe it to Lee Iacocca of Ford, who understood immediately that something really new could result from our cooperation. What he wanted was a new dimension for measuring the authentic sports cars of the Seventies, and that was what he got.

Since PLAYBOY has always made a point of calling attention to examples of excellence in various facets of American life, we at De Tomaso Automobili consider your article a just reward and are proud of it.

Alessandro de Tomaso, President  
De Tomaso Automobili  
Modena, Italy

#### TUNING IN AND TURNING ON

I consider myself a liberal, but there are limits! To open your magazine and find *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Television*, by Ben Masse-link (PLAYBOY, July) unashamedly endorsing TV watching by *groups of married couples, alone, or by members of the same sex* is the kind of endorsement that has given your magazine the notoriety it so richly deserves.

Can a man respect his wife, seeing her brazenly watching TV with his best friend, playing with the controls, changing channels? Is there no shame? I presume Mr. Hefner views TV with several of his Bunnies at the same time and considers it healthy and normal.

I suppose that next you'll tell us it's beneficial for kiddies to view TV together. You might call me old-fashioned, but

I'm not going to allow my kids to fiddle with the controls. There shall be no TV viewing in this house, other than between my wife and myself, alone in our bedroom, with the lights off—and in no fancy heathen positions, either!

Tony van Renterghem  
Malibu, California

#### WORD OF MOUTH

I mentioned *Meaningful Dialog*, by Ray Russell (PLAYBOY, July) to my hairdresser, Freddie, who took it home and read it aloud to his roommate, Maurice, and later that evening they left it at a bar for Harry the bartender, who showed it to his wife, Nancy, and she and her very good friend Susan laughed a lot and recommended it to their laundryman, Ambrose, and when he was through with it, his mistress, Alice, thought it so uproarious she gave it to her hairdresser, Freddie—who got halfway through it before he remembered he had read it the week before. And just incidentally, when I went back to the newsstand to buy more copies, it was sold out.

Patricia Jennings  
St. Louis, Missouri

#### TAKING THE ESSES

Any article about motoring written by Ken W. Purdy has to be of interest and his *A Semester at Superdriver U* (PLAYBOY, July) is no exception. Ken's analysis of and experiences at Bob Bondurant's School of High Performance Driving were tremendously informative. It's only when reading something as well written as Ken's piece that one sits down and thinks, "Jesus, that's true, I'm going to have to give that a try." Many of the principles Ken mentions are important not only to the would-be competitive driver but also to the seasoned warrior.

Bob Bondurant has obviously spent a lot of time and effort laying out theories and methods to help drivers and, typically, PLAYBOY finds the best people to make it sound so simple and right.

Jackie Stewart  
Vaud, Switzerland

I found Ken W. Purdy's article most interesting. I have long advocated teaching people the mechanics of driving on a closed circuit so that they are not bothered with other drivers while learning to master the car. The sort of tests described by Purdy would teach the driver more about himself and the car he is driving; the more knowledge one has in this respect, the safer one becomes.

Graham Hill  
London, England

Stewart, a Scotsman, and Hill, an Englishman, have both reigned as world champion racing drivers of the Formula I Grand Prix series. Hill was also winner of the Indianapolis 500 in 1966.







"Halt, who goes there?"  
"The Keys."  
"Whose Keys?"  
"King Henry's Keys..."



## THE BEEFEATER CHALLENGE



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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The press in America has had to liberate itself repeatedly. The rising cost of publishing has turned many cities into one-newspaper towns and made too many publishers beholden to advertisers and to the status quo. In recent years, the irreverent underground press has acted as a watchdog on the established media while covering the rising hip-youth subculture; but even more recently, the underground press has become addicted to a point of view as doctrinaire—and therefore as unreliable—as the most boneheaded pro-establishment papers, with wishful thinking replacing factual reporting and only two stylistic gears: shrilly hortatory and murkily pseudopoetic. Not long ago, however, two newsletters appeared that may signal the emergence of a third level of the press—one that reports on experimental life styles, radical politics and current events with objectivity, skepticism, brutal candor, factual reliability and, not incidentally, good writing: *Hard Times* and *The Public Life*.

*Hard Times*, which is published weekly in Washington, D. C., was founded by three journalists who had already made names for themselves mining the muck-raking vein—Andrew Kopkind, James Ridgeway and *PLAYBOY* regular Robert Sherrill. Originally called *Mayday*, after the international distress call, the paper changed its name after learning that the title had been copyrighted for a directory of marine signals. It is edited by Ridgeway and Kopkind, with the latter doing most of the signed articles. Kopkind's insights into American life are rigorously radical, his prose merciless to oppressors and their apologists. But he writes without the strident semiliteracy of the underground press. On the 1968 election, for example, he wrote, "The Age of Nixon: The phrase does not exactly seize the mind with a sense of historical moment. It looks to be a sober season. The long march of empire enters dull days after its late triumphs, and the approaching epoch looms comfortably small against the terrible time of god-kings and monster-men now receding. The Age of Johnson—inspiring mainly in its madness—gives

place to a gentler reign: Caligula is succeeded by his horse."

But *Hard Times* offers more than well-wrought writing. One issue exposed the FBI's practice of offering favored newsmen confidential information not legally actionable but damaging to the reputations of progressives and reformers. Another gave details of the protest demonstration—termed by military authorities a "mutiny"—against inhumane conditions at the Army's Presidio stockade in San Francisco. Other subjects incisively uncovered have included the inner workings of the Woodstock Music Festival, the Nixon Administration's persecution of CIA employees who contributed to an anti-ABM report, a labor union's effort to prevent MIT from closing down military-research projects, daily life in North Vietnam and the June 1969 schism in the Students for a Democratic Society. The last story demonstrated that while *Hard Times's* views are radical, it is not uncritically susceptible to any movement that calls itself revolutionary. Witness this description of the Progressive Labor faction of SDS: "PL peoples a Tolkien middle-earth of Marxist-Leninist hobbits and orcs, and speaks in a runic tongue intelligible only to such creatures. It is all completely consistent and utterly logical within its own confines. But that land, at last, is fantasy."

The reformist zeal of *The Public Life* is singularly rooted in America: The philosophy of local democracy enunciated by Thomas Jefferson, who held that most of the political power in the U. S. should be invested in self-governing units of town-meeting size that would be like little republics, forming an indispensable foundation for the American system of government. He believed that such almost-autonomous communities would allow every citizen to participate directly in making the laws that governed his life, would prevent too much power from gravitating to state and Federal governments and would permanently and tightly organize people to resist invasions of their personal rights. The editors of *The Public Life* declare that, "We must resolve to establish Jefferson's

democracy under the conditions set by a rich, technically advanced society."

The biweekly political journal was launched in New York by Walter Karp (who's since left) and political writer H. R. Shapiro, who distrusted the enormous concentration of power in Washington, were anti-racist and anti-militarist, concerned about "the degradation of man in a mass society" and wanted to see poverty and economic insecurity done away with by legislative enactment. They parted company with most liberals and leftists, however, in rejecting centralized planning, be it of the Great Society, Scandinavian or Marxist-Leninist variety, and call, instead, for a restoration of political power to face-to-face democracies in towns and wards. It follows that, like advocates of black power and participatory democracy, *Public Life* believes that current poverty programs are failing because they are not locally controlled.

*The Public Life* was inspired by the bitter controversy that arose in New York City between the community-controlled Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district and the American Federation of Teachers, leading to a city-wide teachers' strike and the exacerbation of racial tensions in New York. Karp and Shapiro felt that racism was obscuring the real problem, which was local democracy *vs.* the efforts of the teachers' union to maintain and increase its power throughout the city, and they started *The Public Life* to explain their views. In subsequent issues, they applied the concept of local democracy to analyzing such phenomena as the "solid South," the urban crisis, labor's lack of political militancy, the ABM controversy, the American public school system, national welfare programs and black anti-Semitism.

Not, as yet, widely known outside of intellectual circles, *The Public Life* has been publicly praised by such *cognoscenti* as W. H. Auden, Murray Kempton and Hannah Arendt. Miss Arendt, a noted political philosopher, wrote, "Its discussion and analysis of the daily affairs of public concern have consistently been on a very high level of insight, intelligence and common sense." We totally



agree. These two newsletters are reassuring evidence that the press in America remains hardy and vital; they raise an intellectual and journalistic standard to which the most enlightened liberals and fastidious radicals can repair and from which nonradicals and nonliberals can acquire fresh perspectives on the urgent issues that receive either biased or inadequate coverage in both the overground and the underground press.

"When a man drinks wine at dinner, he begins to be pleased with himself," wrote Plato—probably in his cups—over 2300 years ago. Multiplying that sensation by 32—the number of gentlemen who assembled at New York's Four Seasons restaurant not long ago to sample some of the world's rarest wines—one can visualize the rosy glow of self-satisfaction that filled the dining room, eclipsing even the flushed faces of the eager bibbers. The occasion was a black-tie dinner hosted by a Manhattan wine merchant, Peter Morrell, who had purchased at auction in London two incredibly rare double magnums of Château Lafite-Rothschild 1865 and 1877 for \$960. "In case anybody is wondering," *The New York Times* commented on this oenological acquisition, "that comes to roughly \$5 an ounce or about \$2.50 a sip." Figured in this manner, the contents of the hand-blown 1865 bottle were probably among the world's most precious consumable commodities.

PLAYBOY was invited to this unique dinner, and we found that we were in excellent, if mixed, company. Baron Roy Andries de Groot, the wine and food writer, Rudolph Stanish, the Omelet King, and William Gaines, the publisher of *Mad Magazine*, were among the guests who came to expose their educated palates to, among other libations, a pre-phylloxera vintage from Bordeaux' most distinguished chateau. While waiting for dinner to be served, we whiled away the time sampling a flute or two of 1898 Moët & Chandon Coronation Cuvée champagne especially bottled for King Edward VII. The thin stream of bubbles ascending from the depths of the glass caused several of the guests to reminisce about the vintage of 1898, a year when new laws divided Bohemia into a Czech, a German and a mixed linguistic district. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," we reflected.

With the first entree, *Selle de Veau Orloff*, came two bottles for comparative tasting, a 1943 Château Lafite-Rothschild and the aforementioned 1877 double magnum. We sipped the 19th Century wine with high anticipation. Others around us spoke of its "huge nose" and its "remarkable robe," and one gentleman suggested that it be drunk "only after dusk on a day when there had been a rainbow, a warm spring rain and the cry of the timber wolf had been heard

across the land." We thought the wine was damn tasty.

With the second entree, *Cailles aux Raisins en Timbale*, we were served a 1929 Château Lafite-Rothschild and the aforementioned 1865 double magnum. A wine that ancient could have died a slow death in the bottle many years ago, leaving Peter Morrell with the world's most expensive bottle of bad vinegar. It hadn't. It was superb. Put your ear to the glass, said one of the sippers, and in that wine's rich depths one could almost hear the history of over a century ago: 1865, just one year after the first importation of native Kanaka laborers into Queensland, Australia. No one, we noticed, actually put his ear to a glass.

Then came a rich *Soufflé Rothschild* and a chilled bottle of 1928 Château Climens, which, we were reminded, sang of the year Britain recognized the Nanking government and Chinese tariff autonomy. And, finally, we happily sipped a snifter of 1818 Cognac Réserve Privée de L'Hôtel de Paris à Monte Carlo, the grapes for which, we were informed, had been pressed in the year Marc Isambard Brunel patented his cast-iron tunnel shield to be used when constructing foundations on marshy ground.

Before leaving, we partook of a Havana (the source of which prefers to remain anonymous), lit up and watched the smoke spiral toward the chandelier. Then we went out into the smog, vintage 1970, a very bad year for Con Edison. The world was, once more, too much with us.

An unemployed youth in Titusville, Florida, was sentenced to 20 days in jail or a \$100 fine for wearing the U. S. flag as a vest, thereby (the court said) defacing the Stars and Stripes. The judge, however, offered an alternative, which the boy accepted—raising the flag at city hall for ten days. Unfortunately, he overslept his first day on the job and was found in contempt. A newspaper reporting the story used this grabby headline: "FLAG RAISER FAILS TO GET IT UP."

In the bookstore at Mt. Holyoke College, according to a campus spy, you will find Homer's *Odyssey* displayed under travel books.

At South Benfleet, England, the Crown pub was renamed the Half-Crown after it was partly demolished by a truck.

After many years of trying, three U. S. Public Health Service workers report that they've finally managed to successfully transfer gonorrhea from humans to chimpanzees.

Our Unorthodox Promotion Scheme of the Month Award goes to the Shur-Valu Food Markets in Albuquerque, New Mexico, who placed an ad in the

local *Tribune* for an upcoming sale on pork chops, spareribs, hams, bacon, sausage and bologna—all under the heading "Kosher Meats."

How's that again? New York's *Daily News* reports that the Vatican has issued "a historical document ordering that student priests be given sex education to prepare them better for a life of celibacy."

A new tactic in the save-the-miniskirt battle has been uncovered in Wisconsin. In an ad placed in *The Milwaukee Journal*, Marvin Glasspiegel declared, "I am not responsible for any midi-length skirts purchased by my wife."

*You Don't Say Department*: In a Seattle suit against proposed poison-gas shipments, one paragraph read: "The quality of chemical agents to be transported is sufficient to extinguish human and animal life in the states of Washington and Oregon. This would be highly detrimental to the environment."

The world's oldest profession is, indeed, just that. Charges of using interstate facilities for prostitution were dropped against a Chicago woman, 75, for reasons of age and health.

Damning with faint praise? According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the Justice Department now avoids hiring high-ranking law school graduates because "those bright guys are all left-wingers."

With the solemn promise that this is the last time we call attention to this particular typographical error—in the foreseeable future, that is—we can't resist commemorating a front-page headline from Baltimore's *News American*: "MAYOR ASSAILS 'CRIMINALS' WHO DISRUPT PUBLIC AFFAIRS."

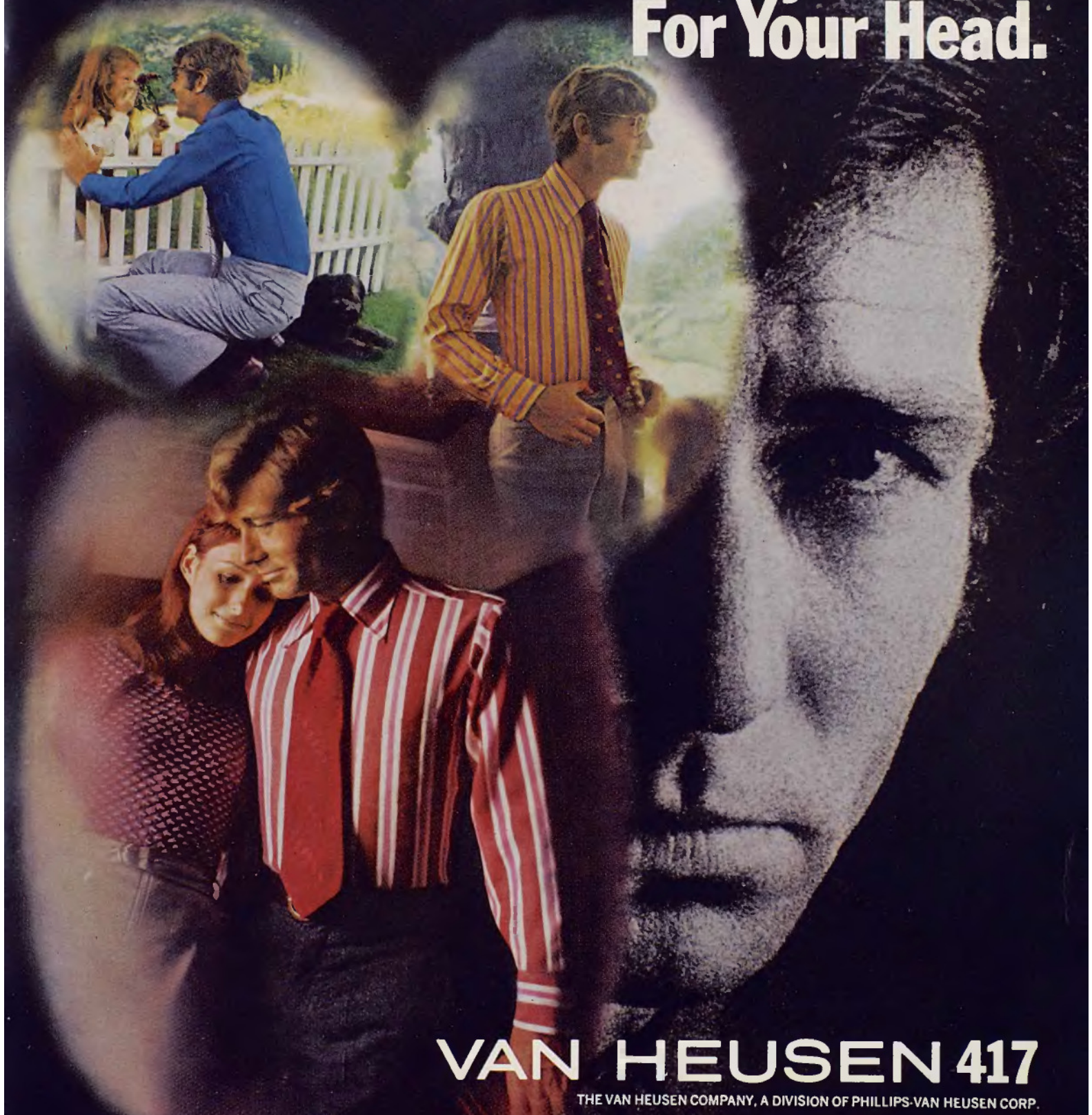
## BOOKS

Generally, when visible agencies of the supernatural are introduced into modern fiction, it's for laughs—but Kingsley Amis is playing for more than laughter in his latest novel, *The Green Man* (Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich). Along with the sardonic social satire and cool sexual comedy that we expect of him is a horror story that, on the way to its freezing climax, presents us with an offbeat incarnation of the Deity and a ghoulish reincarnation of a disciple of the Devil. The protagonist is the middle-aged proprietor of a rural inn in England who owes his periodic hallucinations and bouts of amnesia to the fact that he is never off the bottle. His sexual adventurism, which culminates in a pseudo-orgiastic threesome, and his foolhardy attempt to conjure up the murderous spirit of a 17th Century



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black magician derive as much from sturdy appetite and curiosity in these respective fields as from a stubborn desire to push experience beyond common bounds. Cranky yet personable, and proved courageous in trying to save his daughter from deadly peril, he shows up well against most of his family and friends who offer him the kind of patronizing advice to which alcoholics and oddballs are accustomed. In the course of what is, after all, a genuine, if somewhat bizarre, journey toward self-knowledge, he is able to drip some acid fun upon the erotic mannerisms of his mistress and the incongruous worldliness of a couple of Mod parsons, not to mention the purported charms of rustic life. Whatever Mr. Amis intends the reader to make of his supernatural machinery, the effect of this closely worked and highly readable novel is to give back to life some of the mystery that our know-it-all culture has tended to erode. The special targets of its attack are our numerous life-denying clichés of behavior and thought.

Although there have been a number of articles on underground journalism (including Jacob Brackman's in *PLAYBOY*, August 1967), *The Underground Press in America* (Indiana University) is the first comprehensive book on the phenomenon. The author, Robert J. Glessing, who teaches at Cañada College in Redwood City, California, has clearly steeped himself in subterranean publications and has added to this background by conducting many interviews with editors, writers and distributors of counter-culture papers. The result is a solid history of the evolution of underground journalism during the past 15 years, along with a judicious appraisal of the strengths and weaknesses of the leading exemplars of that new tradition—from *The Village Voice* to the *Berkeley Barb*. There are also informative chapters on the embattled high school and college undergrounders, military and peace papers, the economics of the field, and the shifting split among the papers themselves between cultural and political radicalism. Since "most underground staffers feel little responsibility and seldom conduct business in any way resembling the overground press . . . most underground newspapers have a life span of approximately 12 to 18 months if they attempt weekly publication." The survivors are those papers that adapt conventional business methods to the packaging of dissent. (The *Los Angeles Free Press* has time clocks for its free spirits.) It is, however, extraordinarily easy for new ventures to begin. Thanks to cheap new printing techniques, it's possible to produce 3000 copies of a black-and-white, eight-page tabloid for \$100. Since it's that easy, and since the straight press has little appeal for many young people,

Glessing agrees with occasional underground editor Marvin Garson that "It's going to get bigger all the time. There are going to be more and more papers that will give people coverage they're not getting—and will never get—from the daily papers."

*Mary* (McGraw-Hill) is Vladimir Nabokov's first novel. Its publication in English, 44 years after its appearance in Russian in Berlin, is indisputably an event—but whether it's an event for scholars or for readers is a fine point. In the introduction, Nabokov himself reveals something more like wistfulness than pride in its reappearance. *Mary* (Mashenka, in the original Russian) is a slight work. The hero and the scene are typical of the chrysalis stage of the master's art: A foot-loose young man hopelessly enmeshed in the Russian émigré colony in Berlin spins skeins of nostalgia. Incipient signs of the full-winged Nabokov are here in flutters of gorgeous coloration induced mainly by the memory of first love, but one can also measure the distance from maturity in certain imitative Chekhovian markings. Lev Ganin, the hero, loved Mary in doomed, irrecoverably lovely old Russia. By typical coincidence, she proves to be the imminently arriving wife of Alfyorov, an insignificant boarder at the pension where Ganin is living. Ganin, who is at the moment burdened with an unwanted affair, uses the occasion to end it and to reconstruct the iridescent freshness of his young love. *Mary*, then, is but an early avatar of the theme that was to appear and reappear in all of Nabokov's writings: the ache of pristine love that lives in all subsequent forms, faces and names. On second thought, perhaps *Mary* can be recommended to readers as well as to scholars. Clear portents of what is to come have a special fascination. They remind us of a time when the boundless joys of discovery exceeded the limited pleasures of discrimination.

There are 16 pages filled with Campbell's soup cans in the profusely illustrated *Andy Warhol* (New York Graphic), a plush volume prepared by author John Coplans in connection with a touring exhibit of Warhol works. After exposure to Coplans' crisp and appreciative essay on Andy as the moving spirit of pop art, the most skeptical viewer is apt to look at the soup cans, Brillo boxes, Coke bottles and comic strips in a more receptive fashion. Coplans never shrinks from the fact that Warhol the celebrity has obscured the reputation of Warhol the artist, but he mounts a persuasive defense of him as the man who transformed the soup can into a striking statement about American values—a fact apparent-

ly recognized by those who purchased Andy's painting of a can at a recent sale for the highest price ever paid for a work by a living artist. The sequential portraits of Liz Taylor, Troy Donahue, Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando and Jackie Onassis also shimmer with a certain significance as one thumbs through the book's sharp illustrations; they provide a link between Warhol's experiments in painting and his dubious later career as a film maker. Of two contributors' essays included here, the better is Calvin Tompkins' *Raggedy Andy*, an engaging word portrait that goes far to explain how natural talent, tireless ambition and an uncanny instinct for trends made Warhol a byword of the Sixties.

Donald E. Westlake's *Adios, Scheherazade* (Simon & Schuster) is an aching funny but unleering novel about a pornographer well-named Ed Toppliss, a loser living a humdrum life in Albany who is offered \$1000 a month to turn out porno. The catch is, he must produce one of these steamy books every month. After adding 29 works to the literature—with titles such as *Beachcomber Sin*—his fantasies dry up and his scruples well up. *PLAYBOY* contributor Westlake's novel is loaded with Toppliss' tortured attempts to break through his writer's block; these are hilarious parodies of pornography. At this juncture, his wife (who thought he was a more or less kosher hack) happens to read his work in progress and, assuming it to be autobiographical, leaves him. Worse, her blue-collar brothers come looking for him, with mayhem in mind. Toppliss hides out at the Y and from here on the reader gets a series of forlorn dispatches dated from places such as Macy's and Bloomingdale's. It seems that Toppliss is caught in the grip of some sort of Smith-Corona psychosis, drifting from one demonstration typewriter to another, pecking out passionate self-justifications and repentances to friends, enemies and an admired sister in San Francisco ("Would it be ridiculous to say Hester is my father figure?"). The novel ends with startling abruptness, leaving Toppliss ashamed of writing "glib lies for some retarded geek to masturbate over," sans wife, friends, career and self-respect. A disarming dramatization of *Romans 6:23*—"The wages of sin"—however vicarious.

As Joan Baez says in the introduction to her husband's first book, *Goliath* (Baron), David Harris "is a home-grown, milk-fed, honor-roll, football-playing product of American culture." But the former Eagle Scout and president of the Stanford University student body went on to help found the Resistance, resisted the draft himself and is now in a Federal prison. The transformation of





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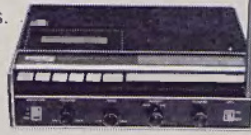
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this all-American boy into a nonviolent revolutionary (in the equally home-grown tradition of Thoreau) could have made an absorbing book. But Harris chooses not to explore his own past except in impressionistic sketches. Instead, he spends most of this rather slight work in constructing a new politics, "the politics of life." Unfortunately, he has little original to say about what is really a venerable tradition of communitarian, radical pacifist thought. (Joan, in her July *Playboy Interview*, was much more insightful and provocative on the same subject.) But when he isn't trying to be a political philosopher, Harris does indicate that he has the eye and imagination of a potentially valuable journalist. He tells, for example, of Vietnam veterans recounting bloody war stories on a domestic flight while getting zonked. With the substitution of what Harris has experienced for what Harris has borrowed from the philosophies of others, *Goliath* could have been as powerfully instructive, in its way, as *Soul on Ice*. Maybe next time.

(David Harris is escorted away by the Feds after the opening scenes of *Carry It On*, a frankly polemical documentary film in which Joan continues her singing tours, has a baby, espouses nonviolent revolution and occasionally visits her husband in prison. These vignettes, which might so easily have become maudlin, are saved by the Baez humor and music. *Carry It On* must be a milestone of sorts—a movie full of young people who discuss revolution without proselytizing for drugs and sex.)

Those who don't happen to be addicted to the novels of C. P. Snow but nevertheless admire such qualities in fiction as firm plot construction, exciting narrative, convincing characterization and sharp observation of the human scene are unlikely to be enticed into the Snow zone by *Last Things* (Scribner's), the 11th and final novel in a series that began 30 years ago with *Strangers and Brothers*. The narrator, as usual, is the affable but unincisive Sir Lewis Eliot, now feeling his age and up against the problem of death. The characters are his family and friends, pale presences doomed for a time to walk the foggy chambers of Sir Lewis' mind and forbidden a real life of their own. The action—despite the promise of a death in the family, eye surgery for Sir Lewis that causes him to suffer a cardiac arrest and the involvement of his son in student disorders at Cambridge—is unrelievedly tame and conducted largely offstage. The weighty utterances of the kind with which any Snow novel abounds ("the impulse for life was organic," "in one's





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solitude one is unique," "behavior was more important than nature") detonate with their customary muffled boom and leave the exacting reader gasping for a little hard meaning. Lord Snow's style has a certain charm and creates an impression of moral fastidiousness; but with its rambling prose, its commonplace vocabulary tricked out here and there with pretentious words such as "acerb," "labile" and "surgent," its general imprecision and failure to hit the *mot juste*, its virtues are more apparent than real. In *Last Things*, as in all its predecessors, Lord Snow narrates, discusses, describes, suggests and orates. The one thing he doesn't do is create.

Readers of PLAYBOY will not be shocked by *Future Shock* (Random House), since sizable sections of Alvin Toffler's provocative report on things to come and their implications for today first appeared in our February and March issues. We are on a collision course with the future, warns Toffler, and it's high time that we took a cool, careful look, before this century is out, at the transformations that will be wrought in such basic areas as housing, transportation, recreation and education, not to mention the structure of the corporation and the functions of corporate executives. Toffler is no nervous Nellie, no nostalgic enemy of technology. On the contrary, he believes that it's in our power to use advanced technological means to make our world a more sensible and decent place to live. In fact, he is convinced that we have little choice between doing that and experiencing mass psychological aberrations. "By making imaginative use of change," writes Toffler, "we can not only spare ourselves the trauma of future shock, we can reach out and humanize distant tomorrows." Godspeed. Students of the future will be interested, too, in *Between Two Ages* (Viking), Zbigniew Brzezinski's study of the impact of America's move beyond the industrial age into what he has named the Technetronic Age.

After David slew Goliath, all was well. David had a fine time reigning and siring, until at length he had created a mighty kingdom and a mighty family. Then David's oldest son, Amnon, spoiled it all by raping David's only daughter, Tamar. This lapse led to Amnon's murder by Absalom, which led to a civil war, which led to Absalom's murder by David. All of which has now led to Dan Jacobson's very funny novel about *The Rape of Tamar* (Macmillan). The story is told by one Yonadab, a self-confessed court flatterer who was witness to the whole bloody affair—nay, more than witness: accomplice. For it was Yonadab—we have his word for it—who encouraged the amorous Amnon to proceed from daydreams to incest; and it was



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Yonadab who helped Absalom kill Amnon. "Yes," notes Yonadab/Jacobson in the book's first lines, "I admit that the whole affair does have the look of a charade or costume drama of some kind. Even to me." Even to us. Yet it is, ultimately, absurdly believable in a bitter sort of way. Certainly, the characters, with all their familiar hang-ups, do not challenge credulity. Amnon is "a soft drunk"; Tamar has "an air of gravity that isn't really accounted for by anything she ever says"; Yonadab's own father has a "flunky's nose for power and esteem." The flunkies and the soft drunks, as well as the kings and the nobles, all strut and swagger toward their fates upon Jacobson's brilliantly lit—and slightly atilt—stage. In its quality of fatefulness, the story is rather like Greek drama—by a Jewish Sophocles.

Charlie Gillett, an English student, began to investigate the development of rock 'n' roll in 1966 as a subject for a master's thesis at Teachers' College, Columbia University. His exhaustive research, including a formidable amount of listening time, has now led to *The Sound of the City: The Rise of Rock and Roll* (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey). It is the most ambitious historical survey so far of the many intersecting changes in American popular music (and British as well) during the past 30 years. Though burdened with a pedestrian writing style, Gillett is knowledgeable on the differences among the many varieties of pop music that have emerged since the mid-Fifties and he traces their evolution in terms of both the performers involved and the shifting priorities of record companies and audiences. Except for a certain lack of perception about the most recent developments—from the Jefferson Airplane to Randy Newman—Gillett is a reliable guide to the intertwining of black and white cultural strains (with much exploitation of the black) in the rise of rock 'n' roll. His study ranges from Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters through the Motown sound to the Rolling Stones. Much of the time, his musical judgments are reasonable, though he underderrates the Beatles and is rather superficial in his understanding of Bob Dylan. The book is outfitted with a judicious discography and bibliography and, most important, is indexed.

With his latest novel, *Blue Movie* (NAL/World), Terry Southern proves himself once again to be the Johnny-One-Note of gag pornography. *Blue Movie* is about the casting, scripting and filming of a multimillion-dollar dirty flick, complete with the world's favorite sex symbols. The production—called *The Faces of Love*—is financed by the tourist-hungry government of Liechten-

stein, and part of the deal is that the film be shown solely in that principality. Needless to say, the plot revolves around various couplings (brother and sister, beauty and beast, black and white, etc.), but most of the details are beyond prurience. A black actor ejaculates prematurely, for example, into the elaborate coil of the blonde sex queen, much to the discomfiture of her hairdresser. Southern, who obviously needs to spend more time in wholesome outdoor activities, makes much of such matters as the slathering of make-up men as they rush in to wipe away the various body fluids that glisten under the klieg lights and threaten to spoil the footage. *Blue Movie* not only degrades love, marriage and sex, it also degrades blue movies.

In 1969, a "newly found" Victorian memoir was published. *Flashman: From the Flashman Papers 1839-42* was billed as the first volume of confessions by Harry Paget Flashman, V. C., K. C. B., soldier, poltroon and indefatigable bedbug. Everyone from Oxford dons to Midwestern drabs enjoyed the tales of Flashman—even though they were soon unmasked as the hoax of "editor" George MacDonald Fraser. Now arrives the Son of Flashman, *Royal Flash* (Knopf), written in the same engaging style. This time, our hero is embroiled in the fiendishly complex Schleswig-Holstein brouhaha, although it takes the book fully one third of its length to state its premise. The "memoir" is peppered with period writhing and moaning I felt as though I had been coupling with a roll of barbed wire"), which is accompanied by such put-on pedantic footnotes as "The 'barbed wire' comparison must have occurred to Flashman at some later date; it was not in common use before the 1870s." Intertwined in the narrative are such names as Palmerston, Cardigan, Lola Montez and Otto von Bismarck, the German chancellor and namer of herrings. Flashman will indubitably be around for years, as new packets of his manuscripts are discovered by the lively Fraser. We can look forward to *Flashman Digs the Suez Canal*, *Harry the Flash at Paris Expo* and possibly an episode laid in *fin-de-siècle Vienna*, *Harry Flashman and His Electric Id.*

In recent years, there has been a spate of popular books on the rich, the well bred and the jet set, which the rest of us can simultaneously mock and savor. The bibliography to Allen Churchill's *The Upper Crust* (Prentice-Hall) lists no fewer than eight books in the past four years that have chronicled the doings and the undoings of the big spenders, the Beautiful People, the right crowd and the international nomads, to list

just some of their generic identifications. Churchill's book differs from these primarily in its attempt to provide an overview of how New York society (is there any other?) started, grew, thrived and eventually deteriorated. Churchill is a veteran impresario of historical compendiums, having celebrated, among other eras and subjects, Broadway, crime, the Twenties, Greenwich Village and World War One. His sure touch is evidenced in the flowing style with which he traces his informal history of high society from Colonial days, through aristocratic and moneyed society, to café society and the jet setters. Basic trends and sweeping panoramas intermix with anecdotes, trivia and descriptions of clothes, furnishings, gems, foods, hairdos. Festooned with illustrations and lavishly packaged, the book makes first-rate coffee-table material, even though many of its tales are familiar. There is even a well-packed index where you can (hopefully) look for your family name. If a conclusion is necessary to this sort of thing, Churchill comes up with one—that society, as New York once knew it, is moribund; the Beautiful People are beautiful, all right, but not quite people.

In *The King God Didn't Save* (Coward-McCann), John A. Williams, black novelist, historian and journalist, has written a profound and perceptive book on Martin Luther King, Jr. Although fully cognizant of King's achievements, Williams notes that his greatest contribution may have come from his greatest failure. His inability to bring about fundamental social changes by appealing to morality "made others see that the gains could only be political." Williams is critical of King's weaknesses. He was a poor long-range strategist; he often vacillated over crucial decisions; and, according to Williams, "During every demonstration in which King participated, at the key moment when he was most acutely needed to lead a mass confrontation, he was absent." Yet, Williams is essentially compassionate in his dissection of King and reserves his anger for the white power he had to confront. The most ominous section of the book concerns the FBI wire tapping of King during his last years—secret surveillance that allegedly came up with some amorous incidents in his private life that led to political blackmail. Williams claims—but doesn't have the hard facts to prove—that some of King's backtracking was directly due to such blackmail. But, finally, King got himself together, intensified his criticism of the Vietnam war, began to see the political implications of black power and looked to the Poor Peoples' March as the beginning of a new Populism. Then he was killed in Memphis. By whom, besides James Earl Ray? Williams



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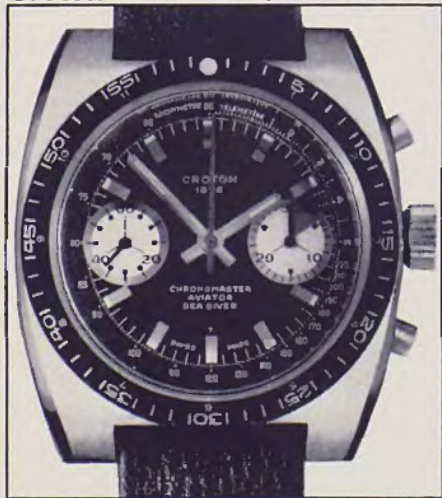


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isn't sure but considers it odd that "all talk of conspiracy in his death seems to have quieted down—even though the man accused of killing him publicly refused to rule out a conspiracy."

"In these pages I offer only my story," announces Peter de Lissovoy at the start of *Feelgood* (Houghton Mifflin). "You may suggest that the historian is also the diligent spinner of a tale." The explanation, in its overblown coyness, is typical of what follows. Is the book fact or fancy, autobiography or autostimulation? Presumably, it is a slightly stoned account of De Lissovoy's days in the student movement, circa 1964. It begins at Harvard, where the lad studies the pleasures of pot—"When I remember Harvard, it's not the ivy. It's the morning-glories"—and soon moves on to Georgia, where he makes a connection with SNCC and settles in for a long daydream. De Lissovoy appears to have spent much of his time seeking kicks from the black community—screwing village maidens and attaching himself, either parasitically or worshipfully, to various shadowy saints and con men. Everyone he meets, and everything that happens to him, turns out to be deeply symbolic. The scraggly Georgia village he adopts as his own is called Meansville; the local bar that blacks patronize, doing their happy thing, is called the Paradise; De Lissovoy's young, heroic black friend, who alone defies the white hegemony, is named Knight; and the wise old man who seems privy to all the secrets of the world is known as Dr. Feelgood. One of the secrets Dr. Feelgood treasures is the exact location of a valley of pot, ever-ripe and ready for harvest. "If you high," the doctor intones murkily, "you feel a volume a the air, that curvin on your shoulders an the topside a trees, but it don weigh on ya, it connect ya. It don matter how you die, if you in your figure." If De Lissovoy's experience was at all typical of the movement's back then, it's a wonder the blacks didn't make common cause with the K. K. K. and together throw the fools out.

Irwin Shaw's big, busy, entertaining new novel, *Rich Man, Poor Man* (Delacorte), takes up the history of the Jordache family at the close of World War Two and progresses cavalcade fashion through the next two decades. Poppa Jordache is a brute by nature and a baker by trade; and Momma is a four-star kvetch. One son is a merchant prince, the other, a malevolent pug; and the daughter is a beauty on the make. The story, large samplings of which appeared in our January, March and July issues, concerns the fortunes of Rudolph, Tom and Gretchen, the Jordache siblings, and there is no lack of incidents to hold the reader's

attention. Rudolph makes it in the world of merchandising; he is, apparently, the originator of the shopping center. (Well, someone had to be.) The other son, Tom, inherits his father's aggressive streak: His world is a punching bag and he swings at practically everything that moves. After a few bad starts, Gretchen discovers that her place in life is at the side and in the bed of a great moviemaker. The years of trial and error are years of separation for the Jordache clan; but blood being as thick as plot, the siblings eventually come together again. Shaw once more displays his gifts as a superlative teller of convoluted tales.

Imagine, if you can, a writer born with a severe form of cerebral palsy, who cannot walk, talk, eat or drink without help, who has the full use of only one limb, his left foot, and with a toe of that foot has typed, a letter at a time, for over 15 years, a book. Imagine, further, that this writer, Christy Brown, has written almost a masterpiece with that left toe—without a day of formal schooling. *Down All the Days* (Stein & Day) gives us Dublin, bedad, with brawling, brogue-bawling characters all over the place: Father, a brute with a fine voice and a ferocious fist; Mother, a suffering breeder who carries the mark of her husband either on her face or in her womb; siblings, with their assorted weaknesses and strengths. And all of them life-poor and language-rich. *Down All the Days* is about nothing but living in Dublin when the *Luftwaffe* was making a shambles of London. It is about people embittered by poverty and the long, sad singing of a lost cause. The eyes that look upon that time and those lives are pitiless in accuracy yet compassionate. Whether it's a gull overhead or clouds reflected in a street puddle, Christy Brown's left toe records the beauty with prose that is sometimes lush, more often lyrical but always worshipful in feeling. If a miracle is whatever faith makes credible, then *Down All the Days* is a miracle.

## MOVIES

Considering the flood of films aimed at moviegoers under 30, one begins to wonder whether the new American cinema (or the old, for that matter) has said anything definitive thus far on the subject of being young and alienated in the restless U. S. A. of 1970. There was a gleam of antisocial significance in *Easy Rider* and a joyous whoop of love and togetherness in *Woodstock*; Frank Perry's *Last Summer* looked with rare objectivity at the upper-class young as disoriented, dangerous animals. Otherwise, youth's cause has been served by such earnest but flawed works as *Alice's Restaurant*, *Medium Cool*, *The Revolutionary*, Antonioni's ill-conceived *Zabriskie*



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Point and *The Strawberry Statement*, a respectable attempt to make cinematic sense of James Simon Kunen's first-person book about student unrest at Columbia. Scratch most other movies that owe their existence to the nation's preoccupation with youth, and chances are that you'll find a film maker merely exploiting the shock potential of indiscriminate drugs, sex and revolutionary confrontation.

Characterizations of the young in too many of today's films are reminiscent of Hollywood's treatment of werewolves, redskins, monsters from outer space and other minority groups. The young are depicted as featureless hordes in fringed leather and soiled denim, virtually all of them turning on, tearing down and making out. They seem congenitally freaky and badly screwed up—all in a social vacuum. Instead of exposing the youth scene to the light of critical perception, moviemakers often opt for outright voyeurism, which helps explain why those obligatory sex sequences seem like leering attempts to excite hard-hats and middle-aged squares with something tantamount to penis envy. The ideas aired would scarcely tax the ingenuity of those who write slogans on the buttons for sale in psychedelic supermarkets.

While optimistic forecasts may be premature, there is evidence that the first wave of youth-cult films has peaked, setting producers, directors and authors free to follow the fashion in any of a dozen new directions. In several current releases, the accent on youth remains, but the movies represent a more serious—if not wholly successful—attempt to find out what contemporary kids are really like and how they got that way. But there's still a long way to go.

One good way to find out what the young are actually thinking is to ask them. In a sad, vivid documentary called *Groupies*, producer Robert Weiner tries this method and finds sheer madness in it, since the subjects of his *cinéma vérité* interviews are stoned and semiliterate teenage camp followers whose only conscious goal in life is to connect sexually with rock musicians, preferably famous ones. One dumpy little swinger testifies, "You get to fuck the prettiest boys, you get to smoke the best dope, you get to meet all the far-out people . . . it's magic." Set to appropriately far-out music collected at Fillmore East and West and all the grooviest places in between, *Groupies* makes little or no effort to dig beneath the sensationalism and squalor, to ask anyone who she is or where she came from, or whether a groupie ever comes face to face with such grim realities as, say, venereal disease. A star-struck pair identified as Brenda and Diane prove to be the Laurel and Hardy of their unique social circle and haven't a



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single inhibition between them. Their standards are simple—witness Brenda's drawling appraisal of her musical favorite: "If he doesn't strum a guitar and sing like a sex maniac, he's nobody." Another attention getter calls herself Miss Cynthia P. Caster, long celebrated in the rock world for making plaster casts of musicians' erect genitals. Many of the greatest have sat (?) for her, and devotees of hard-core pornography should find Cynthia a stone gas when she tells everything they've always wanted to know about Jimi Hendrix.

The way Middle America looks at young people and sees only what it wants to see is the principal issue of *Joe*. The film is a frighteningly funny portrait of an aboriginal hard-hat named Joe Curran, who earns \$160 a week in a factory, collects deadly weapons and harbors a murderous hatred for "those goddamned nigger-lovin' hippies, fuckin' up the music" and degrading everything else he holds dear, from President Nixon to apple pie. Filming on a shoestring that captures the contemporary New York scene with amazing authenticity, producer David Gil and director John G. Avildsen found themselves a brilliant Joe in Peter Boyle, whose barroom bravado and mindless bigotry are apt to give you goose bumps even while you sneer at him as a certified nobody. The problem, of course, is that there are millions like him, and Joe's soul brother turns out to be a \$60,000-a-year Manhattan adman who roars into the East Village to save his daughter and impulsively murders the boy responsible for flipping her out on drugs. Brought together by chance, the day laborer and the advertising executive form a misalliance based on fear, ignorance and mutual hostility. *Joe* would be a far better movie if its disenchanted young people—most of them characterized as thieving whores and junkies—were delineated with even half the humor and mocking insight lavished upon the predatory adults.

Another disenchanted middle-class kid who barely survives a bum trip on speed and acid is the heroine of *The People Next Door*. The problem drama was transplanted from TV by producer Herbert Brodtkin and penned by J. P. Miller, an experienced hand at reducing complex human relationships to simple formulas for home consumption. Eli Wallach (over-acting outrageously) and Julie Harris (excellent, as always) play the indulgent parents, who must learn the hard way that being permissive is no substitute for really caring about their children. It's a message that's been brought home to Dad so often that his restless pacing has worn a path in the wall-to-wall broadloom. Deborah Winters, Stephen McHattie and Don Scardino capably represent the younger generation, but,

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once again, they are less flesh-and-blood creatures than theatrical props dreamed up to serve Miller's thesis. This is the kind of ordered world in which everything that happens moves the players one step closer to a big mother-daughter confrontation scene. Thus, there is no surprise when Father turns away from his evening's quota of Vietnam bloodshed on TV, scowls disapproval at his son, the long-haired rock musician, and comments dimly, "Whatever happened to civilization?"

Most recent movies dealing directly with racial confrontations look slick and facile when measured against the delicate but stubbornly positive humanism of *The Angel Levine*. Derived from a few paragraphs of a Bernard Malamud short story (adaptation by Bill Gunn and Ron Ribman), *Levine* is the first American film by Czech director Jan Kadar, whose memorable *The Shop on Main Street* won a 1965 Oscar and made the world aware that a vital new cinematic force had risen in eastern Europe. Kadar's worldly-wise and wryly humorous European sensibility seems to liberate actors who have languished too long in their customary Hollywood shacks, and he works to marvelous ends with Harry Belafonte—whose first film role in over a decade is that of Levine, a black, Jewish angel and a recently deceased con man on temporary leave in Harlem. The mission of Levine is to make someone, almost anyone, believe in him—if not as a heavenly messenger, then at least as a human being—and his formidable target is an old Jewish tailor named Mishkin (Zero Mostel), who is giving up on both God and man because he's got more troubles than Job, what with his shop burned out and his wife (sensitively played by Ida Kaminska, the grand old lady of *Shop*) at death's door. Though the situation sounds grim, Kadar and his cast lift it beyond realism into a realm of serio-comic, philosophical fantasy that keeps every woebegone truth floating just an inch or two above the ground. Belafonte's easy, rhythmic performance as Levine is a personal triumph, plumbing unexpected emotional depths. In the choreography of close-ups that characterizes the film's style, Mostel is an able partner, playing down the broad comedy bits except where they serve to accent the pathos of his finest movie performance to date. Beneath its apparent argument about religious faith—linked to Mishkin's frail hope that an angry, foulmouthed Jew of another color may somehow perform miracles to save his wife—*The Angel Levine* is primarily concerned with people believing in people. Debate on the subject also involves Milo O'Shea, as a friendly neighborhood doctor, and Gloria Foster, exuding her own earthy magic as Levine's emotionally battered doxy. An exciting, offbeat score by





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Zdeněk Liška, Czechoslovakia's top film composer, suggests the presence of both celestial and terrestrial powers at work—and it all adds up to a rare and subtle feast.

Freely based on a Broadway bill of short plays by Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, *Lovers and Other Strangers* features Gig Young and Anne Jackson as illicit lovers who spend a lot of time hiding in bathroom cubicles and discussing just when he should tell his wife. The toilet approach to humor makes even polished actors look embarrassed and hardly commands respect for director Cy Howard; yet *Lovers* is funny just the same. It is also true and cynical and touching by turn, depending on which members of a precariously balanced cast are called in front of the camera to do their thing. Bonnie Bedelia and Michael Brandon are the bride and groom whose impending marriage puts a strain on family ties. Gig plays the philandering father of the bride, Anne Meara and Harry Guardino play a couple locked in eternal combat over their sexual roles ("I'm more feminine than you'll ever be!" shrieks Anne during one emotional crisis) and Bob Dishy is broadly amusing as a horny usher who can't wait to spill his passion on a bridesmaid (Marian Hailey). But in a comedy clearly written to be confiscated by its performers, the highest marks accrue to Richard Castellano as the groom's inarticulate father—a lovable Italian clod whose eldest son is already getting a divorce. When he falteringly, tenderly tries to brainwash his boy about the virtues of marriage, Castellano sketches a study of lifelong frustration that is at once rib-cracking and heart-breaking.

A man whose young son is the victim of a hit-and-run driver determines to avenge himself for the boy's death and ultimately tracks his quarry to a country home in Brittany. If that plot sounds simple in outline, trust French writer-director Claude Chabrol to transform a straightforward saga of revenge into a cool thriller with remarkably resonant undertones. In *This Man Must Die*, a merely adequate cast glides through a series of effortless scenes that move along with the inevitability of . . . well, *chic* tragedy. Very dry, very French. Once discovered, the hit-and-run driver is shown to be a loathsome sadist whose entire life seems a quest to find his executioner, since nearly everyone wants him dead—his wife, his son, his business associates. The question of whether or not he will be done in soon becomes irrelevant, but Chabrol frames a number of more interesting questions—such as who will do it and why and how? Such suspenseful conundrums are the delight of

younger French directors, who often care little what their movies are about as long as they can be treated in a personal and polished style. Chabrol's method here is to weave figures into a magnificent rural landscape, where petty human affairs are dwarfed—and even resolved, at last—by forces immense and elemental, which could become pretentious, except that Chabrol knows how to get hold of your lapels.

*Darling Lili* offers Julie Andrews as a British music-hall favorite whose blithe songs and dances are a front for her activities as a German spy during World War One. (It's as easy to believe that Julie would join the bad guys on the side of the Kaiser as to imagine Mary Poppins as a madam.) Jeremy Kemp plays the nasty Hun who keeps popping up in the star's dressing room; Rock Hudson is the valiant British-air-squadron commander who mutters military secrets in bed; and several of their encounters with Lili turn out to be surprisingly funny. While such celebrated tunesmiths as Henry Mancini, Johnny Mercer and Michel Legrand add little or nothing to the parade of 1917 song hits, *Lili's* assets become highly visible when Darling Julie blows her buttery charm in a fit of bad temper or puts her freshest foot forward in a down-and-dirty orgy of bumps and grinds. But in the over-all confusion, Julie faces overwhelming competition from bombing raids and spectacular aerial battles, which are so thrillingly photographed that they make every other act look expendable.

The climax of *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* is a kind of double-wedding ritual in which a freaky brother and sister (Harry Andrews and Beryl Reid) arrange to share an amoral young house guest (Peter McEnery) who has just brutally murdered their old dad (Alan Webb). Eccentric roles, e.g., *Sister George*, appear to be Miss Reid's specialty, and she expands her showy repertoire of quirks as a sexed-up senior citizen who hangs around the local cemetery, sucking cherry Popsicles and luring likely chaps home for tea. *Mr. Sloane's* heady mixture of homosexuality, nymphomania and sadism ("a film reflecting our times," according to the blurbs) is based on a London stage hit by the late Joe Orton, whose output of black comedies ended with his murder in 1967. Even disciplined English actors tend to wallow in the juicy parts Orton's plans give them, and the goulash gets pretty gummy after a while.

Forrest Tucker, Ben Johnson, Bruce Cabot, Richard Jaeckel and other familiar fellas in John Wayne's cinematic stock company stoutly support the Duke as *Chisum*. Not that Wayne requires much



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help, for he could slug his way blindfolded through this formula biography of John Simpson Chisum, a cattleman whose name became legend because he bought up a large chunk of New Mexico while the West was being won. As master of all Chisum surveyed, Wayne makes every utterance an endorsement of American free enterprise and rough-and-tumble individualism. Cryptically sizing up the boundaries of his ranch, he draws, "Take a man on a good horse all summer to cover it." The depredations of a rival land baron (Tucker) provide *Chisum* with an excuse for introducing such fast guns as Billy the Kid (Geoffrey Deuel) and lawman Pat Garrett (Glenn Corbett), who aim to displease. Under director Andrew V. McLaglen, a leading interpreter of Wayne's mindless *machismo*, few targets are missed for action fans who relish stampedes, manslaughter and sundry Western sports, all bloody well done.

In a pithy epilog to *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, members of her group-therapy session wonder whether the heroine can be seriously troubled, since she already has a successful husband, a potent lover and an eight-room apartment overlooking Central Park. But, as readers of Sue Kaufman's best seller know, the trim young matron's problems are manifold: Her lawyer-husband is a gauche social climber who pastes wine labels in a scrapbook in order to pass himself off as a connoisseur; her lover is a sadistic satyr who may or may not be driven by homosexual tendencies; her kids are demons; her friends are a drag; and the damned family dog isn't housebroken. Fortunately, the movie—fashioned from author Kaufman's pastiche of domestic woes—is the work of writer Eleanor Perry and producer-director Frank Perry, the husband-and-wife team responsible for *David and Lisa* and *Last Summer*. Though flawed by its effort to be fashionable—through tricky editing and self-conscious references to such "now" topics as women's lib—*Diary* is a pungent contemporary comedy. The Perrys have a way of setting key details of character against the backdrop of an authentic social milieu, bounded at one end by Manhattan "in" places such as Elaine's and at the other by summer spots in East Hampton. Both male roles are caricatures, perceived as if through the heroine's heightened vision; yet within that context, Richard Benjamin limns a mercilessly honest portrait of the husband, while off-Broadway's Frank Langella, as the lover, forcefully projects a new kind of unisexual image in leading men. The Perrys can claim credit for discovering the perfectly mad housewife in movie newcomer Carrie Snodgrass, a blonde sylph with a voice like the finest sandpaper and a beauti-

ful, blank face that reflects everything an audience needs to know.

The young married misfit whose hang-ups and sexual fantasies fill *Move* is a male counterpart to the heroine of *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, though his mental blocks mainly pave the way for trotting out some of the choicer contemporary clichés. As played by Elliott Gould—who else?—he earns his livelihood writing pornography and walking people's dogs in Central Park. He hates cops because a mounted policeman keeps giving him summonses. He hates marriage because his wife (Paula Prentiss) cools his ardor by prattling about a baby and parroting the jargon she picks up on her job in a psychiatrist's office. And, of course, he hates The System as represented by mysterious phone calls from a moving-and-storage outfit that is supposed to come and transport all the couple's worldly goods to a new apartment. Hence the *Move* of the title, which seems to stand—but none too firmly—as a symbol for the unsettled quality of urban life in 20th Century America. After such fashionable misadventures as bedding down with a kinky model (pert Genevieve Waite, well remembered as *Joanna*), mister and missus enjoy an implausibly happy reunion in the bathtub, where they celebrate her (fortunately) not yet conspicuous pregnancy. Though it's a sexy scene, in a sudsy sort of way—as you can see for yourself on page 100 of this issue—you may get the feeling you're being soft-soaped by the scriptwriter. If so, don't blame Gould, who adds another engagingly quirky performance to his rapidly multiplying list of screen credits. Too bad this particular outing wasn't worthy of his talents.

The year is 1930, the city is Marseilles, the setting a pool hall in the slums, where two smalltime mobsters (Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo) are breaking furniture over each other's heads for love of a girl named Lola (Catherine Rouvel). Lola is the kind of girl who used to be referred to as a downhearted frail, and that should indicate the style of *Borsalino*, a comedy-drama heavily indebted to Hollywood's vintage gangland sagas starring James Cagney and George Raft. Delon and Belmondo man their tommy guns with delightful flippancy as they take over the Marseilles rackets through shady deals involving stolen race horses, fixed prize fights, gambling, prostitution, the meat business and the waterfront. To the accompaniment of razzmatazz music by Claude Bolling, most of which sounds like a tango played in ragtime, *Borsalino* scores as superior parody for the first 40 minutes or so. Then, alas, the heretouglhs become self-critical and contemplative about the value of ill-gotten

gains. The thrills subside, until there is nothing left to admire but the Thirties decor—all black-enameled Chinese interiors aswam with men wearing brilliantine and baggy trousers.

The decline and fall of Hollywood can be traced in part to the fast-buck psychology that produces a lamentable movie sequel such as "*They Call Me Mister Tibbs!*," a melodrama based on some hack's conviction that more box-office cash might be coined by signing Sidney Poitier for a return engagement as the black police lieutenant of *In the Heat of the Night*. As Virgil Tibbs, Poitier ranks a cut or two below Charlie Chan. He is assigned to a murder case involving a high-priced hustler (Linda Towne) whose former clients include, worse luck, one of Tibbs's boyhood friends—a preacher and social crusader (TV's Martin Landau) with any number of good works in progress in the ghetto. Scrumptious Barbara McNair plays the policeman's steadfast wife, who waits at home with the kiddies, where dinners get cold, discipline breaks down and evidence piles up that middle-class black folk may also find their lives as dull as dishwater. Because Poitier is a star, director Gordon Douglas keeps him on camera most of the time, registering his trademarked charm in reaction shots at the end of nearly every scene. Despite a complicated plot and an air of bogus realism (the cops discuss semen stains on a carpet in the murdered girl's room, and you never got *that* from Charlie Chan), the movie generates no suspense whatever. Turns out that the principal suspect was guilty all the time.

As movie titles go, *The Things of Life* suffers in literal translation from the French *Les Choses de la Vie*. But the film itself is something special—a sad, romantic and suspenseful drama about a 40ish architect (played impressively by Michel Piccoli) who doesn't know where he's going until he slams his car into a tree. Brilliantly constructed from flashbacks in a graceful stream-of-consciousness style, *Things* is top-drawer subjective cinema, beginning with the accident at the split second of impact and going confidently into reverse: The tree straightens up, the twisted wreckage becomes whole, the hero's sedan backs onto the road and carries him swiftly through time and space into the several emotional messes he had left behind. His problems center on a loving mistress (Romy Schneider, finally with a role she can sink her pretty teeth into) whom he can't quite bring himself to marry, because, as she says, he belongs to his own past, which consists of "islands, old friends, a boat" as well as an attractive divorced wife and a teenage son. While the hang-ups of unlucky Pierre are





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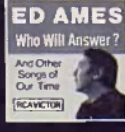
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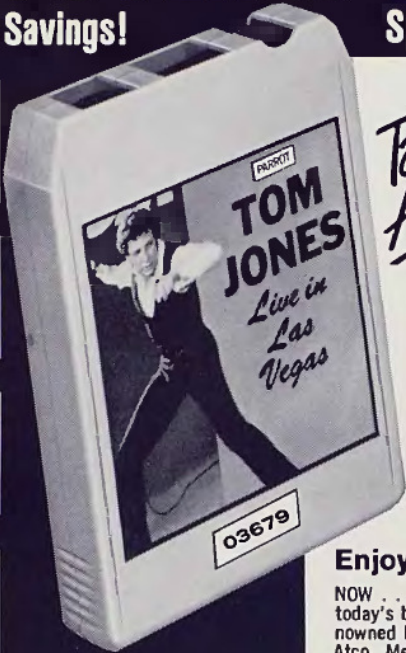


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fairly commonplace, *Things of Life* invests them with urgency as the injured man lies in a field beside a heap of burning metal, stirring to consciousness, seeing himself clearly at last when physical pain and the threat of imminent death put his emotional wounds into perspective. This totally adult movie represents a considerable achievement for author-director Claude Sautet, a 46-year-old superprofessional who spent many long, anonymous years doctoring the work of other directors before *Things*, his third film, became the thing to see in Paris.

Tony Curtis teams up with Charles Bronson to tour the land of mosques and minarets in *You Can't Win 'Em All*, directed by Peter Collinson as if he were trying to parody one of those wryly exotic adventure dramas Humphrey Bogart used to do. But Curtis and Bronson together are no match for Bogart. The story concerns two rascally American mercenaries who get involved with a Turkish revolution in 1922—on the side of the sultan. The producers must have spent a great deal of money filming *You Can't Win* on location, and there are plenty of sand-colored villages, cerulean-blue seascapes and such folkloric dividends as wedding parties and belly dances. "What's a nice belly like you doing in a place like this?" Curtis inquires of one undulant navel, while native actors stick to *Arabian Nights* dialog in the vein of, "The wise hare does not carry tales to a hungry fox." Out of purdah as one of the sultan's favorites, Michele Mercier is compelled to say, "Many of our women have given up the veil." But mere words hardly convey the effect of ineptitude on so grand a scale. All hands ought to face Mecca and implore Allah for forgiveness.

Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones co-stars with James Fox in *Performance*, Jagger portraying a pop idol who has retired from show business to a psychedelic dream house in London. To Fox, who is wanted for murder both by the police and by his treacherous associates in the underworld, the goings on at the rock singer's pad are morally offensive. "A freak show . . . drug addicts, free love," he confides in a disgusted phone call. Jagger looks good in his far-out incarnation as a pop swami, like the hip world's answer to Dracula, and is oddly effective when he appears with short hair and a business suit, singing the role of a gang lord in his house guest's drug-induced hallucinations. The rest of the time, *Performance* is irritating and erratic. Filmed in garish colors more appropriate to an underground multimedia show, the movie opens a new

frontier in affected artiness, with camera-work that never stops calling attention to itself, which may explain why the direction is credited as a joint effort by cinematographer Nicolas Roeg and scenarist Donald Cammell. Author Cammell's dialog is a marvel of obfuscation, very ho-hum and is littered with *non sequiturs* and utter nonsense, as if to duplicate the rhythmic meaninglessness of so many pop lyrics. As the inevitable birds in Jagger's refuge for wildlife, Anita Palenberg and Michele Breton turn on and put out according to time-honored custom.

## RECORDINGS

**Bob Dylan Self Portrait** (Columbia), a double album, might well be called "Bob Dylan and Friends," the personnel on the recording numbering an even 50, including Cajun fiddler-singer Doug Kershaw and Robbie Robertson, guitarist of The Band. Producer Bob Johnston has made full use of all hands without slipping into overproduction. Highlights of this new chapter in Dylan's "get-back" period include *Blue Moon*, featuring some fine fiddlework by Kershaw, and Dylan's version of *Quinn the Eskimo*—which, as *The Mighty Quinn*, was a hit for Manfred Mann some years back. Fans of Kershaw, incidentally, will be delighted with *Spanish Moss* (Warner Bros.), a foot-stomping, howling celebration of life from start to finish, enhanced on two tunes by the presence of Mama Rita, Kershaw's triangle- and guitar-playing mother.

Music to open up heart and mind and fill one's home with subtle happenings—that's the fare on Albert Ayler's *Music Is the Healing Force of the Universe* and Pharoah Sanders' *Jewels of Thought* (both Impulse!). Assisted by a sympathetic aggregation that includes Canned Heat's guitarist Harry Veltone and transcendentalist soulful vocalist-lyricist Mary Maria, Ayler offers six brightly colored, lucid tapestries of sound that maintain rhythmic intensity despite the absence of a beat. The Sanders LP is comprised of *Hum-Allah-Hum-Allah-Hum-Allah*, a hymn with a stately mien, and *Sun in Aquarius*, an extended, mood-switching jam in the Cecil Taylor manner. The unique yodeling style of vocalist Leon Thomas and the piano of the ubiquitous Lonnie L. Smith, Jr., are prominent throughout.

Never one to let too much grass grow under his feet, Andy Williams has gotten into the "now" milieu with a vengeance on *Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head* (Columbia). Songs by Mason Williams, Paul Simon, John Hartford and Randy Sparks, Tim Hardin, and Joni Mitchell, along

with Bacharach and David's Academy Award-winning title ode, fill the album with mellifluous sounds. Al Capps's charts contribute much to the proceedings.

With each new LP, flutist Jeremy Steig adds further dimension to his stature as an artist. *Legwork* (Solid State) is his best effort to date. Backed by bassist Eddie Gomez, guitarist Sam Brown and drummer Don Alias, Steig freewheels through a half-dozen items (Miles Davis' *Nardis* is the only one that isn't an original), ranging from nitty-gritty blues to beautiful balladic moments to technical tours de force. A virtuoso performance.

**J. J. Jackson's Dilemma** (Perception) is that he isn't widely recognized for what he is: the leader of one of the most exciting big bands around. *Indian Thing* typifies the far-reaching but funky Jackson approach: a bit of every kind of groove and tonality, perfectly fused, with tight ensemble work and good solos. J. J.'s growling vocals, as on *Let the Sunshine In*, give the set an extra touch of soul.

**Alegria!** (Blue Thumb) is an engaging introduction to Bossa Rio, a Brazilian sextet that's been nurtured under the wing of Brasil '66's Sergio Mendes. The structuring resembles that of the Mendes group; however, there are differences. Gracinha, Bossa Rio's vocalist-leader, either solos or shares the vocal spotlight with Pery Ribeiro, and the outfit boasts an organist, but its choice of material shows a marked '66 influence. *Eleanor Rigby*, *Spinning Wheel* and works by Brazilian greats Jorge Ben, Marcos Valle and Dorival Caymmi reflect the senior organization's repertoire, but Bossa Rio still retains enough sparkling individuality to make this a fine LP.

Chuck Berry is *Back Home* on Chess Records with his most vital sounds in years. There's lots of down-home harmonica and straight-ahead bass—all of it vividly recorded—as Chuck wails the blues on *Have Mercy Judge*, cooks instrumentally on *Flyin' Home*, makes an eloquent statement of class struggle on *Some People* and gets into a catchy love bag on *Fish & Chips*.

The flirtation of rock with country continues. It's somewhat disconcerting at first to hear the Grateful Dead come on like Nashville on *Workingman's Dead* (Warner Bros.), but their harmonies and acoustic-guitar sounds on such items as *Uncle John's Band* and *Casey Jones*, a musical eight-wheeler, will eventually get to you. Meanwhile, *The Jerry Hahn Brotherhood* (Columbia), a quartet led by Gary Burton's former guitarist, presents an





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intriguing mixture of jazz (*Comin' Down*), hard rock (*Captain Bobby Stout*) and country rock (*Time's Caught Up with You*).

Baroque buffs will be intrigued by *The Sound of the Early Harpsichord* (Victrola), in this case a 1640 Ruckers, on which Gustav Leonhardt plays a selection of pieces by Johann Jacob Froberger. Unlike most antique harpsichords, this one still functions well, and its plangent tone is appropriately attuned to the keyboard musings of the 17th Century Froberger. Another collection, ineptly titled *The "Now" Sound of the Old Harpsichord* (RCA), introduces a talented young American named William Read in works by Bach, Handel and Rameau. The instrument he uses is not old, nor is the sound conspicuously contemporary, but the performances themselves are first-rate, particularly a dazzlingly embellished rendition of Handel's *Harmonious Blacksmith* variations.

Sax man for all seasons Lee Konitz has put together quite a quintet for *Peacemeal* (Milestone). Joining him on a session that is a marvel of eclecticism (three Bartók pieces, *Lester Leaps In*, *Body and Soul*, et al.) are Marshall Brown on valve trombone and baritone horn, Dick Katz on piano and electric piano, bassist Eddie Gomez and that marvelous drummer, Jack De Johnette. Konitz plays alto, tenor and Multivider saxes and displays the imagination, technique and sensitivity that have kept him active on the jazz scene for so long.

The British blues find their artistic roots on *Blues Jam in Chicago* and Otis Spann's *The Biggest Thing Since Colossus* (both Blue Horizon). The jam has members of the British group Fleetwood Mac playing with veterans such as Willie Dixon and Walter Horton; the results are predictably unpredictable but generally refreshing. The Spann LP finds the late singer-pianist and his longtime drummer, S. P. Leary, also getting assistance from F. Mac. It would have been a fine session if Spann had been recorded higher and the guitar sounds kept to a minimum.

Mellow is the word for Mr. Eddie Floyd, who's never gotten the press he deserves as an accomplished songwriter and vocalist. He spent a full year, however, working on *California Girl* (Stax), and the set may help him break through to stardom. The title tune is the best California surf song we've heard; *Why Is the Wine Sweeter (On the Other Side)* is an eminently soulful ballad; *I Feel Good*

effectively alternates between a rubato passage and a big-beat section; and the familiar *Rainy Night in Georgia* and *Didn't I (Blow Your Mind This Time)* also get superb readings.

John Mayall's reed man, Johnny Almond, has a fine jazz LP in *Hollywood Blues* (Deram), thanks largely to coproducer Leonard Feather, who put together a boss rhythm section, including guitarist Joe Pass and organist Charles Kynard, and found a healthy selection of horn players—Vi Redd, Curtis Amy, Hadley Caliman—to test Almond. The young Briton acquits himself well, but what makes the record worth having is the smooth approach and the unpretentious blowing that mark every track.

*Mason Proffit* (Happy Tiger) is an exceptionally fine Chicago-based country-rock quintet whose recording debut is a balanced blend of old standards (*Stewball*) and right-on revolutionary originals, such as *Two Hangmen*. The sounds are groovy enough to make any tiger smile.

*Phil Woods and His European Rhythm Machine at the Montreux Jazz Festival* (MGM) is a whole lot of record. Expatriate reed luminary Woods, pianist George Gruntz, bassist Henri Texier and drummer Daniel Humair (of Swingle Singers fame) find themselves in perfect accord as they stretch out through pieces by Carla Bley, Herbie Hancock, Leonard Feather and Gruntz. The concert is, *in toto*, a thorough delight, due in part to the conducive environs of the Swiss music center, and to the undeniable fact that Woods, a masterful musician, has never sounded better.

We don't believe there's a more self-assured singer than Eydie Gormé. The fact that she always seems to know exactly what she's doing detracts not one whit from the excitement she generates on a recording stint. *Tonight I'll Say a Prayer* (RCA) is a perfect case in point. With one exception (*Knowing When to Leave*), the arrangements are by Don Costa, who's right in Eydie's bag. Among the goodies are *A Time for Us*, from *Romeo and Juliet*, Jim Webb's *Didn't We* and Aznavour's admirable *Yesterday When I Was Young*. Chalk up another great one for Miss Gormé.

**THEATER**

As Bruce Jay Friedman sees Him in *Steambath*, God is a Puerto Rican steam-bath attendant named Morty, a not entirely frivolous notion that leads the playwright into some comic contemplations on the state of mortality. Into



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JOY...



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PERFUME  
IN THE  
WORLD

Morty's place of business, an astonishing duplication of a steam bath by David Mitchell, come an assortment of recently deceased "neurotics and freaks," waiting their turn to move on (Friedman doesn't say to where) and regaling their master with tales of their demise. There are a much-traveled old-timer, a flop stock-broker, two fags, one naked girl (a nicely unabashed performance by the comely Annie Rachel) and a writer named Tandy. Tandy, deftly underplayed by director Anthony Perkins, is the hero of the comedy and the only one to challenge God on His own turf. Even though he admits that Morty is a "pretty interesting guy—for a Puerto Rican," he simply can't believe that he is God. Morty is Friedman's cleverest invention and, as acted by Hector Elizondo, he is the most fully realized and funniest person onstage. Elizondo's is a theatrical Puerto Rican to rival Alan Arkin's in the old Second City days. Morty at first tries to prove his godliness with two-bit magic tricks ("Pick a card, any card"). Then, as he mops up the bath, he turns on a TV set and offhandedly orders and disorders the world, wishing woes and occasional beneficences on mankind. Unfortunately, except for Morty and Tandy, the characters are only characteristics, and some, such as the fags, are nonentities. In the end, the author runs out of steam. Even so, as it stands, *Steambath* is still very funny and, in a way, convincing. What makes you so sure God *isn't* a Puerto Rican steam-bath attendant named Morty? At the Truck and Warehouse, 79 East Fourth Street.

Tom Egan is one of the more overproduced underground playwrights. Over 75 of his plays have appeared off-off-Broadway for runs ranging from one hour to months of Saturdays and Sundays. *The Dirtiest Show in Town* is more of the same anything-goes vaudeville, only this one is Very Commercial. Egan will probably now become one of the more overproduced *overground* playwrights. As a playwright, Egan is one of the cleverest title writers in the business (his other works include *Gertrude Stein and Other Great Men*). But *The Dirtiest Show in Town* is not the dirtiest show in town. Almost everybody sheds his clothes, but not all the time, and, despite a variety of sexual indulgences (boys and girls, boys and boys, girls and girls), there isn't much novelty. As a matter of fact, sex is not the only, nor even the main, subject of the show. Neither is ecology, although the entertainment is billed as "a documentary of the destructive effects of air, water and mind pollution in New York City—not to mention *The*

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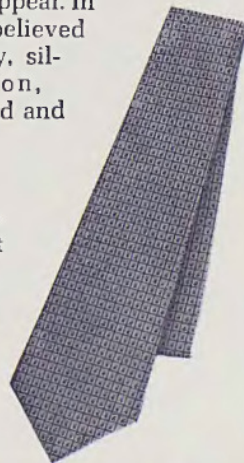
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*Village Voice.* There are a couple of smog gags, some perfunctory cracks about dirty wars and a few digs at the *Voice*, but a greater share of the show consists of "in" jokes and black-outs about old movies, old camp and old friends of the author, all stylishly directed by Eyen—nonstop, no intermissions, full of razzle-dazzle lighting. The climax, an orgy scene, offers the most sustained display of skin and humor in the show. It's a game of marital switch, a buffet-style sex party. Last to arrive, accidentally, are a raging momma's boy and his momma. The boy is Jeffrey Herman, a Brillo-haired clown who gives the evening's funniest performance. The most provocative portrayal, however, is given by Madeleine Le Roux, a slinky blonde who sheds her clothes with icy cool and tosses off four-letter insults like Wildean bons mots. She's something to keep your Eyen. At the Astor Place, 434 Lafayette Street.

Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage celebrates its 20th anniversary this fall with a salute to its future in the form of a new \$2,000,000 wing. An old moviehouse was the Arena's first home; an abandoned brewery, promptly rechristened The Old Vat, was its second. In 1961, the Arena took over its present home, a handsome brick-and-glass structure in southwest Washington, where its first production was the well-received American premiere of Bertolt Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. The 1970-1971 season opens this month with *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail*, a new play by *Inherit the Wind* collaborators Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, staged in the main theater, whose 800 steeply banked seats surround a platform stage. The high point of the anniversary year will be the December unveiling of the fan-shaped, 500-seat Kreeger Theater with another American premiere, British playwright Peter Barnes's *The Ruling Class*. The dynamic force behind the Arena's upward mobility is brainy and attractive Zelda Fichandler, who was a young Cornell grad when she decided to do something about the capital's "dismal theater situation." Her early efforts were received, she reports, "with instant apathy." She made waves, however, by averaging about one world premiere a season (Howard Sackler's *The Great White Hope* was the most noteworthy) and a succession of American premieres, ranging from Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* to Jean Anouilh's *Thieves' Carnival*. There were, of course, a fair share of flops, including a pallid production of *The Threepenny Opera*. Yet, the Arena is rated as one of the finest ensembles around.



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# TORA! TORA! TORA!

## ONCE UPON A TIME, AMERICA LOST.

Think back to your classes in American history. They were like TV shows, with the good guys always winning. Right? And who were the good guys? Us. The white-hatted, clean-living, two-fisted hombre who never blew it.

But, on December 7, 1941, we blew it. But good. "The Day of Infamy" Remember Pearl Harbor?

Remember how the sun rose that day? How the planes came up, and the bombs came down. And down went the Pacific Fleet, down went the thousands of American fighting men. Remember?

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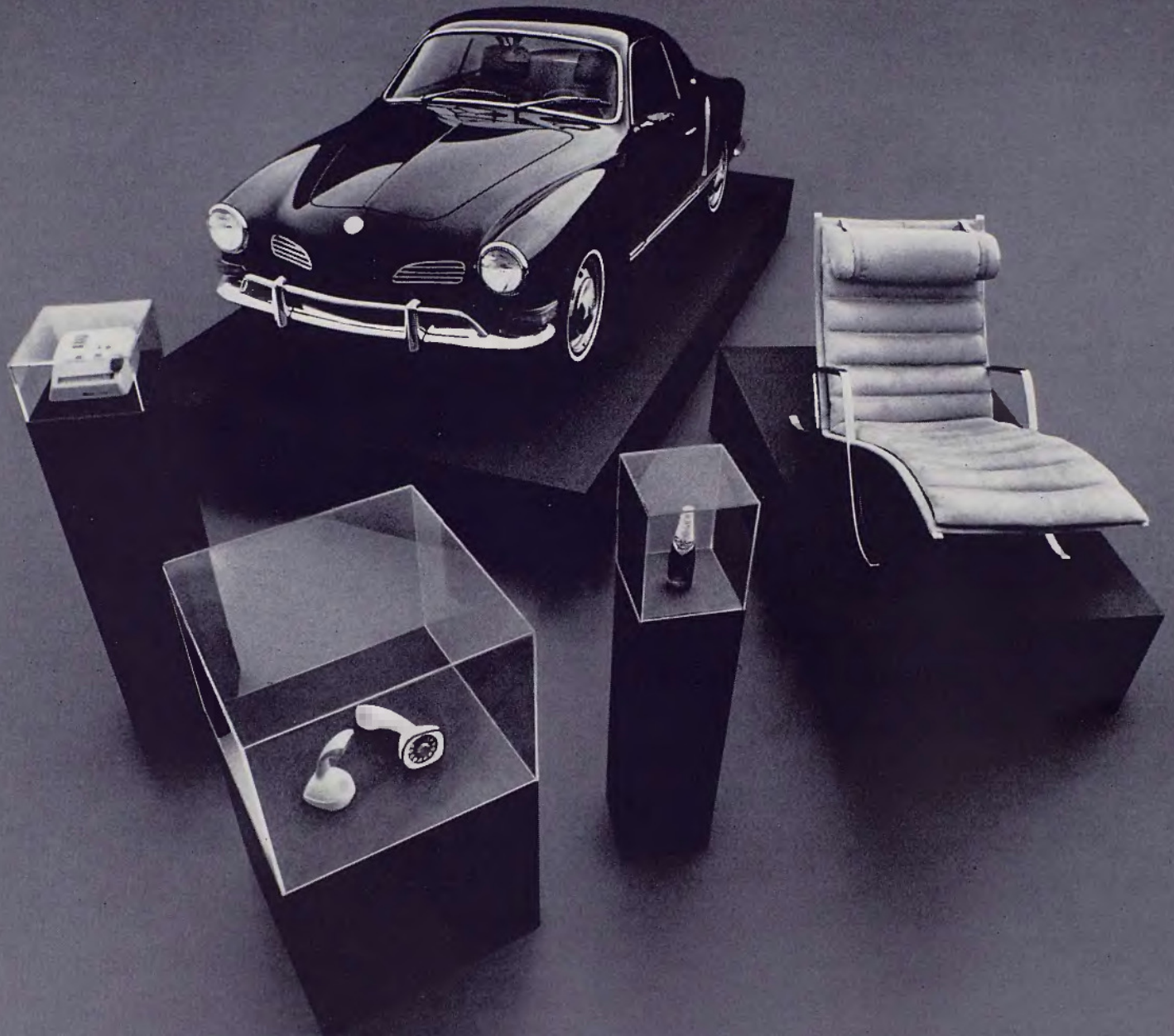
The fact is that this attack, which marked our entry into World War II, was brought on by incredible bungles. A series of errors that you will not believe—until you see Twentieth Century-Fox's "TORA! TORA! TORA!"

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"TORA! TORA! TORA!" The day the man in the white hat got his horse shot out from under him.







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Bless you, Mr. Teague.

Bless you.





# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**W**hat is tantric yoga?—W. D., Chicago, Illinois.

*It's a form of yoga in which a man and a woman meditate together. Both assume a version of the lotus position facing each other and with the man's penis in the woman's vagina. They meditate with their arms about each other and allow orgasm to happen while they remain in their passive embrace. Various gurus give different explanations of this phenomenon. They do agree that if sexual movements occur, they are involuntary.*

**A**mong the souvenirs of my misspent youth is an old Mickey Mouse watch—the kind that used to be a favorite present for six-year-olds. I understand they are now quite valuable. Can you tell me how much mine might be worth and how the originals can be distinguished from the current models?—R. R., New York, New York.

*Collectors have paid up to \$125 for an original Mickey Mouse watch. Current models are manufactured by Timex, but the first ones were made by Waterbury, from 1933 to 1940, when production was halted by the War. Characteristics of the original models are a small second-hand dial in place of the six and a face about the size of a 50-cent piece, or a rectangular face. These days, of course, Mickey Mouse has been displaced on the dial by Spiro Agnew.*

**W**hy is it that a girl seldom asks a fellow out or invariably waits for him to call her up first? For that matter, why is it that you never read about a guy getting raped?—F. B., Seattle, Washington.

*In most of straight society, girls seldom ask guys out because they've been trained to be passive in the courtship game. This doesn't mean that they've never taken the initiative in the past, nor that passivity is rigorously observed in all social circles today. Society's notions of what is appropriate for men and women are constantly changing and, although the man is still expected to take the lead in courting, this will undoubtedly change as women achieve greater equality. Male rape, incidentally, is not unheard of, though it's far more difficult to accomplish than female rape, since a man cannot attain an erection on command. You can't spike paper without a paper spike.*

**I** have finally met the woman I love and we have decided to marry—though it's not quite that simple, since she's black and I'm white. We've discussed the

personal and social problems we will face as a mixed couple, and though there are undoubtedly some we have not anticipated, we think we can handle most of them. We are, however, curious as to PLAYBOY's prognosis for mixed marriages and advice on the crucial question of where we can live together and where I can practice my profession—engineering—with at least minimal acceptance.—S. D., Austin, Texas.

*Our prognosis for a mixed marriage today is not the same as it would have been ten years ago nor—we hope—what it may be ten years from now. Society is still essentially segregated, though there are few public places that will deny you admission and in many cities, you have effective legal recourse if you're refused rental on the basis of color. Unfortunately, many predominantly white areas will be hostile to you, as will some that are primarily black. Most college communities are relatively enlightened and friendly, as are those sections of large cities that have become enclaves of the hip and the creative. It's true that your marriage will require more than the average amount of love, courage and patience—but it's also true that your grandchildren may well live in a world in which a man's skin color has no more significance than his hair color.*

**M**y college roommate thinks he is God's gift to the human race—and he may be right. He is the son of a minister, plays organ in church on Sunday, doesn't drink or smoke, is in the honors program, was student-body president in high school, is a star athlete on the track team and makes excellent grades with little or no studying. In some respects, he is a great guy, but he's also the most conceited slob I know. What can I say to put him in his place when I think he's trying to make me feel inferior?—C. T., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Tell him how grateful you are that he's your roommate—that when he becomes President, you can always say you knew him when. You might also stop being so jealous. Everybody in this world is unique and has superior qualities all his own; perhaps you've been so busy concentrating on your roommate's that you've ignored what you have.*

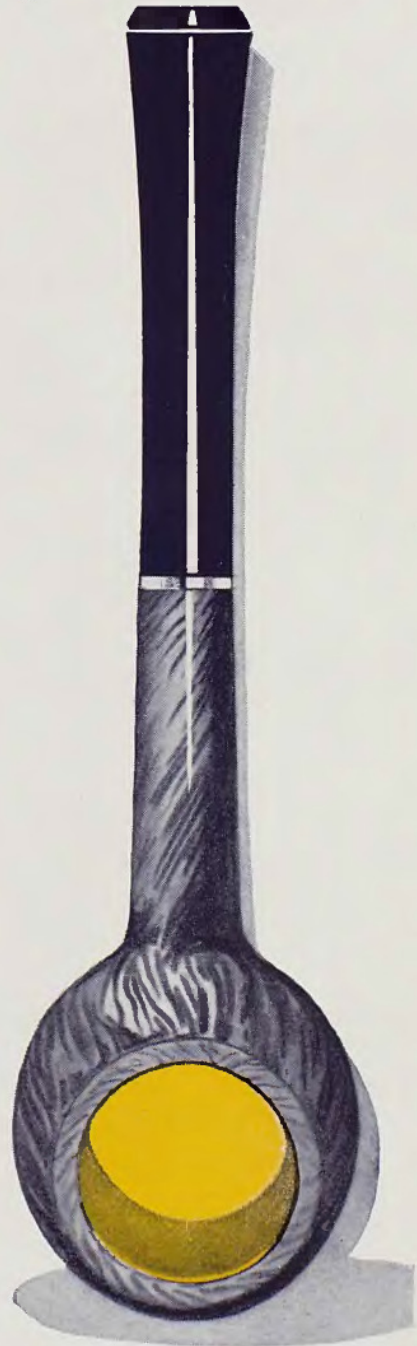
**O**n a blind date arranged by a buddy, I met an understanding and passionate young lady. We hit it off rather well and soon began to date steadily. One night when I called, her roommate told me she was not home but had, in fact, gone out with an old boyfriend. I tried to think calmly about the matter and finally

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concluded she had done me a great injustice. I realized also that I genuinely cared for her and still do, but her actions speak louder than words. I cannot understand why she risked what might have been a beautiful and meaningful relationship. Should I wait for an explanation or show her to the exit?—R. S., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

*You didn't say that you were going steady, only that you were dating steadily. You didn't say she stood you up, only that she had gone out with an old boyfriend—a date that might well have been on a strictly friendly basis. You say you really care for her, but you are willing to break up over a trivial incident, the actual nature of which you haven't even asked her about. Sorry, but it's your actions that speak louder than words. If you really want an explanation, why not ask her for one?*

**I** am a student and would like to go to Europe next summer. I'm afraid, however, that the fare will be too much for me, although any number of people seem to be making it over and back on very little money. What's the secret of their success?—A. R., Tucson, Arizona.

*The most inexpensive way to get to Europe next summer is to join an organization that sponsors charter flights. During the off-season, a round-trip charter flight from New York to Paris may run as low as \$150 (peak-season charter, during the summer months, may average \$70 more), as opposed to approximately \$800 first-class. Seating is usually economy throughout, but other services, including free drinks, may well be first-class. There is, of course, a catch—in fact, several of them. You must leave and return with the charter group; you usually have to pay the full fare several months in advance; the chartering group itself must be a bona fide organization existing for some reason other than chartering flights to Europe and you have to have been a member of it for at least six months prior to departure. So you'd better join now if you plan to travel next summer. If charter flights are too restrictive for you, look into the 28- and 45-day excursion fares, which average less than half the first-class rates. It's also possible that youth stand-by fares will be approved in the near future; if so, as little as \$100 may get you from New York to as far away as Rome, one way. Special fares, incidentally, are possible because the average scheduled flight across the Atlantic is only 40 to 60 percent filled, depending on the season. Charter fares (the flights are offered by both nonscheduled and scheduled airlines) are based on a fully loaded plane.*

**M**y girl and I have been dating each other for almost two years. Recently, when we began to consider marriage, we

decided we should each go out with others for a while—both for the added experience and to make sure of our basic mutual interest. Now, whenever I take her to a new restaurant or supper club, she asks me how I discovered it and if I've ever taken anyone else there. She is haunted by fears that I may still be fond of some of the girls I've dated, and nothing I can say or do seems to allay her concern. What can I do to make her forget the past and love me like she used to?—G. M., Los Altos, California.

*It's doubtful that any explanation will satisfy her, and silence may only provide additional fuel for her anxieties. Show by your actions and concern that she outrates any possible competition. If her fears continue, you might think twice about a marriage in which the hours spent alone with your wife will be filled with minor jealousies and bickering over past events. If she can't agree that forgiving is divine, then it's obvious you've erred in dating her for so long.*

**T**here's supposed to be a new rifle available for police use against snipers. I believe it's called a Stoner rifle and reportedly can shoot through a brick wall. Can you provide further information?—K. F., Springfield, Illinois.

*The Stoner Weapons System isn't a single weapon but a basic receiver group that can be modified by different feeding systems, barrels and accessories to function variously as a rifle, a carbine or a belt-fed machine gun. The Stoner rifle—which has no special anti-sniper role—is chambered for the 5.56-mm or .223-caliber round, which has a muzzle velocity of 3300 feet per second. A single shot would hardly penetrate a brick wall. But the Stoner machine gun, firing bursts of armor-piercing ammunition, could bore a hole through such a wall.*

**M**y 22-year-old girlfriend feels that anything more than a kiss before marriage is immoral—but her actions have little to do with her feelings. Our kissing usually produces a mutually frantic intoxication that leads to more intimate endeavors; and once we approach the bed, she takes the initiative. However, afterward, she weeps uncontrollably and asks me why I do those things to her. My attempts to convince her that she should feel neither fear nor guilt have been unsuccessful, as has my trying to adhere to her "just-kissing" resolves. When I try to hold back, she begs me to cooperate and then, after I comply, the tears start to fall and recriminations begin all over again. I love the girl and want very much to help her. How can I?—M. B., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

*You might start by not playing the reluctant lover and throwing all the burden of sexual guilt directly on her. Going to bed with you apparently conflicts*



with her sense of morality, but having to play the masculine role as well certainly doesn't help. Be positive and firm—either you go to bed or you don't; but, in either case, you take the initiative. If your full participation in what you do together doesn't lead her to a greater valuation of herself and those activities that give her pleasure, then she should be encouraged to seek professional help.

In the June *Playboy Advisor*, you state that quarter horses are not raced much anymore. That is hardly correct. More than 6000 recognized races for quarter horses are held annually and the world's largest purse for a horse race is the amount paid for the All American Futurity at New Mexico's Ruidoso Downs on Labor Day; last year, the purse totaled \$600,000. In addition, more than \$90,000,000 was wagered on quarter-horse races in 1969. The American quarter horse is still foremost in use by cowboys in ranch work, rodeos and Western events at horse shows, but its quiet disposition has also made it the outstanding pleasure horse, and its dragsterlike speed is winning additional fans every year.—Don Jones, Executive Secretary, American Quarter Horse Association, Amarillo, Texas.

The many readers who wrote in to correct us on our erroneous "Advisor" answer will be delighted to know that our quarter-horse expert has been permanently put out to pasture.

After making love recently, during which an abundance of lubricant secreted by my girl afforded easy penetration, a second try an hour later proved impossible without the aid of a generous amount of cold cream. As this has never happened to us before, it was unnerving, especially for my girl. Can you provide an explanation, as well as some hints for preventing a recurrence?—M. W., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Recovery time following coitus varies greatly among, and within, individuals, and no abnormality is necessarily indicated by your girl's lack of secretion during your second session. Neither of you should worry if the circumstances occasionally repeat themselves. But substitute a sterile lubricant, such as K-Y jelly, for the cold cream.

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



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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## PORNOGRAPHY REPORT

PLAYBOY, among other enlightened voices, has been saying for years that pornography is essentially harmless. But such enlightened voices, it seems, belong to a minority in these United States. Most makers and enforcers of our laws treat sexually arousing books, pictures, movies, etc., as if they were as deadly to the consumer as potassium cyanide.

Now a ray of sanity has penetrated the clouds of national neurosis, with the news of a draft report by the President's Commission on Pornography. The report states:

Research indicates that erotic materials do not contribute to the development of character defects, nor operate as a significant factor in antisocial behavior or in crime and delinquency causation.

The important thing about this statement is that it does not spring from superstition nor wishful thinking but is a conclusion based on extensive scientific testing. For example, a group of 23 college men were exposed to 15 sessions of stag-movie watching, each 90 minutes long. Eventually, the men became bored. With a budget of \$2,000,000, the commission conducted 11 other experiments of a similar nature. This is the most extensive study of the effects of pornography ever conducted under scientific auspices. What these findings mean is that laws against pornography have no basis in reality and should be removed from the books.

John Ward  
New York, New York

## LIVING RELIGION

As a seminarian and a PLAYBOY reader, I would like to share my thoughts on religion. Many adults in the organized church have lost sight of the values they should be seeking to preserve. For example, instead of providing young people with opportunities to discuss current issues, to have fun in the name and with the approval of their religion and to have some stable entity to hold onto when times are rough, councilmen or church fathers sit around, holding once-a-week meetings, playing their parliamentary games. Building funds, committee reports, gossip and the date of the next meeting use up all available time, and the crucial topic of youth's involvement in the church is regularly tabled. These

good men are the first to wonder how they failed when their children's behavior does not conform to the status quo.

Religion does not consist of dogmatic church policy administered by apathetic adults. It lives in the hearts and minds of men. When the organized church begins to invest time and money in hearts and minds instead of in building funds, perhaps the current decline of religion will cease. If not, there will soon be a massive funeral for the constitutions of the church. Maybe the young could cremate these papers and use the occasion to roast marshmallows, sing, dance and feel a joy they may otherwise never know. For Christ once said, "Something greater than the temple is here."

Gary M. Solomonson  
Luther Theological Seminary  
St. Paul, Minnesota

## OUR MORAL FIBER

As you know, the political right is forever claiming that the new morality is a Communist plot aimed at destroying the moral fiber of our youth.

The Communists are atheists and generally regard religion as a superstition. It follows that they would see strict adherence to conservative Judaeo-Christian morality as a handicap to America in its competition with communism. If the Communists really want to bring about America's downfall, they would do everything they could to encourage more of our people to become as guilt-ridden, frustrated and irrational as the average Bircher. Once we had regressed to the level of superstitious primitives, it would be relatively easy to take over the country. Is the old morality a Communist plot?

Ronald V. Jensen  
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

## RAPE AND HIGH HEMLINES

According to a United Press International story, a survey of police officers by Hollywood Social Studies found that 91 percent of the respondents believed that a woman in a miniskirt is more likely to be a victim of rape or some other sex crime than is a more conservatively dressed female. Furthermore, 98 percent of the policemen believed that normal males, as well as mentally twisted ones, can be goaded into rape by ladies in revealing dresses.

I find this hard to believe, since I see girls in miniskirts every day and frequently dine in night clubs that employ



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time about burning.





topless waitresses and have never had the slightest impulse of a violent nature toward any of them. It seems to me that wanting to combine sex with pain and brutality (which is the definition of rape) is always a symptom of sexual disturbance and that a normal man, however provocatively dressed a woman may be, always thinks in terms of gentle and mutually satisfactory intercourse.

Is this difference of opinion caused by the fact that I'm a pacifist and most policemen are not? What do psychiatrists say on the subject?

Joseph Adams  
San Francisco, California

Psychiatrists generally agree that rape is exclusively the act of disturbed individuals. After a review of all relevant studies, the late Dr. Benjamin Karpman, in his "The Sexual Offender and His Offenses," offered the following portrait:

Rapists show distrust and misogyny. . . . In forceful rape or assault, sadistic impulses are compensation for feelings of sexual inadequacy. . . .

There are three types of rapists: (1) Those in whom assault is an explosive expression of pent-up sexual impulse: this is the true sex offender; (2) sadistic rapists . . . and (3) the aggressive criminal, not a true sex offender, who is out to pillage and rob and for whom rape is just another act of plunder.

Clifford Allen, M. D., in his "A Textbook of Psychosexual Disorders," adds a fourth type, whom he calls "the apparently normal man" who commits rape while under the influence of alcohol. He adds, however:

Are we to consider such men normal, as the definition suggests? This is improbable. The fact that symptoms, for example, in neurosis or in homosexuality, appear only under the influence of alcohol does not mean that the man is psychologically healthy, but merely that his illness is capable of suppression. The same is true of this form of rape.

Kinsey's successors, in "Sex Offenders," generalizing from 1356 case histories, categorize this group as follows:

There is a strong sadistic element in these men and they often feel pronounced hostility to women. . . . The man usually has a past history of violence; he seemingly selects his victim with less than normal regard for her age, appearance and deportment. Lastly, there is a tendency for the offense to be accompanied by bizarre behavior, including unnecessary and trivial theft. . . . In some instances, the violence seems to substitute for coitus or at least render the need for it less. In other cases, there appears

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### BILL BAIRD VICTORIOUS

BOSTON—Massachusetts' "crimes against chastity" law, forbidding the sale of contraceptives (except by prescription to married couples), has been ruled unconstitutional by a U.S. Court of Appeals. The court found that the law served no purpose other than to regulate private morals and "conflicts with fundamental human rights."

The decision vacated the conviction of William R. Baird, who challenged the 125-year-old law in 1967 by giving a contraceptive to an unmarried coed during a lecture on birth control at Boston University. The state will appeal.

With the support of the Playboy Foundation (which assisted him in his Massachusetts appeal), Baird is currently preparing to challenge the constitutionality of the Wisconsin birth-control statute.

### THE CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE

Different churches are responding to contemporary social, legal and moral issues in sharply varying ways:

- In Los Angeles, Archbishop Timothy Manning has warned Catholics, especially physicians, nurses, social workers and similar professionals, that they face excommunication if they help a woman obtain an abortion or even recommend it.

- In Minneapolis, the convention of the Lutheran Church in America officially approved abortion "responsibly sought by a woman or a couple" and changed the church's constitution and bylaws to permit the ordination of women.

- In Denver, the General Association of Regular Baptist Churches attributed youthful "lawlessness and rebellion" to permissiveness and denounced "social activists who, in the name of religion, are promoting various schemes of social revolution."

- In Seattle, the Unitarian Universalist Association passed resolutions condoning private homosexual relations between consenting adults and calling for the legalization of marijuana on the grounds that present laws are "being used as political weapons against those people . . . who dissent in politics or life style from the accepted norms." A resolution that lost, by a vote of 221 to 214, was the proposal that the Vietnam war be contracted out to the lowest bidder.

### SOVIET SEX

A Kinseylike survey of 620 Soviet youths in Leningrad found that they have sexual attitudes far more liberal than their parents' and that they practice what they preach: A majority of both

the men and the women reported having premarital sex before the age of 21 and many of the others attributed their virginity to a "lack of occasion." The survey was conducted by social scientists S. I. Golod and A. G. Kharchev, who believe Russia's rising divorce rate is partly due to the great discrepancy between the government's puritanical codes and the people's behavior. Their report called for sex education in Soviet schools and for an end to the sexual double standard.

### GOOD GUYS FINISH LAST

DETROIT—Two Roman Catholic priests, protesting the increase in sexy movies, opened their own theater featuring nothing but good, clean films suitable for family viewing. The theater was closed after two months for lack of patronage.

### SEXY ROAD SIGNS

SALT LAKE CITY—The Sea & Ski suntan lotion company has come under attack from a local group called Citizens for Decency, which considers the company's billboards too sexy for public viewing. The organization announced that its 500 members will buy no more Sea & Ski until the billboards come down or the girls in the pictures start wearing bigger bathing suits. A company spokesman agreed to consider the Citizens' viewpoint in designing future billboards but noted that public response to the bikini-clad models has generally been "favorable."

### STICKS AND STONES

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—"Stun guns" and "broomstick bullets" are being tested by Berkeley police in an effort to find a nonlethal weapon for use against unruly demonstrators. Wooden plugs, resembling sections of broom handles and fired from a special gas-powered rifle, cause a painful bruise with relatively little chance of death or serious injury. Even safer, police claim, is a new stunning device—a half-pound bag of BBs fired from an M-79 grenade launcher.

### FREE SPEECH FOR ALL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A coalition of Democrats and Republicans, both liberal and conservative, has proposed a new Federal law that would prohibit both citizens and officials—not just the Government—from interfering with anyone's free speech or right of assembly. Called the First Amendment Freedoms Act, the bill, if passed by Congress, would permit college administrators to seek Federal court injunctions against students who seize buildings or disrupt classes or



meetings. But it could also be used against school administrators or others who try to prevent or disrupt orderly protest demonstrations. Anyone who violated such an injunction would face a fine of up to \$300 and a jail sentence of up to six months. Even in the absence of a court injunction, a violator of any citizen's First Amendment rights could be sued for damages.

#### ADVENTURES OF THE IRS

Agents of the Internal Revenue Service, whose duties include the enforcement of Federal firearms and explosives laws, stirred up a hornet's nest when they tried to examine public-library records in several cities to find out who was reading books on bomb making and subversion. Some librarians ran the agents off, others bristled and called the local newspapers. The American Library Association issued a strong denunciation of "efforts of the Federal Government to convert library circulation records into suspect lists."

Having endeared itself to the nation's librarians, the IRS next zeroed in on the country's book reviewers by ruling that books received from publishers must be declared as gross income unless they are returned. The Wall Street Journal reported the plight of one newspaper's book editor, who calculated that he can end up owing the Government \$11,000—\$2000 above his current salary—if he has to declare the "fair market value" of the free books he receives each year.

But at least one champion of the people has arisen to harry the foe from the rear. New Yorker Alan Abel (chairman of Taxpayers Anonymous and author of "The Confessions of a Hoaxer") is suing the IRS to compel the Government to open its books for his inspection. Having had his own tax returns audited several times, he wants to examine personally the records of the Treasury Department—on behalf of his fellow citizens and as permitted under Section 7602 of the Internal Revenue Code—to make certain that the United States is not padding its expenses or frittering away the taxpayers' money on nonessential purchases.

#### "GUNG HO" DEFICIENCY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Navy has given early but honorable discharges to three young officers who attempted to establish what they called "the limits of responsible dissent" that the Service would tolerate. A Navy spokesman said the discharges were "not solely" based on the officers' membership in a new anti-war group, the Concerned Officers Movement, but conceded that their beliefs gave them a higher priority for release from active duty: "If a boy is not with the program, his potential is not as great as somebody who's gung ho."

#### THE ALIENATED AMERICANS

A sense of alienation—once the special problem of underprivileged minorities and maladjusted individuals—seems to be spreading through the entire American social structure.

• A nationwide Harris Poll of college students found that half the respondents do not trust the Nixon Administration, do not believe that militants and dissenters can obtain fair trials and consider the nation "highly repressive" and "intolerant." Three out of four see a need for "basic changes" in the American system and one out of five male college students has considered leaving the country. A similar study, by psychologists Kenneth and Mary Gergen of Swarthmore College, reports that U. S. involvement in Vietnam has greatly changed college-student attitudes toward careers, parents, religion, politics and the country itself, reducing their respect for authority and their sense of personal security. Of the 5000 students surveyed, 93 percent were found to be more "liberal, radical or disillusioned with party politics" as a direct result of the Indochina war.

A PLAYBOY survey of 7300 college students, published in last month's issue, confirmed the Harris and Swarthmore studies but found that 73 percent of the respondents are still confident that defects in the U. S. system of government can be remedied through nonviolent, democratic means. Twelve percent see no need for change and 15 percent consider violence the only means of achieving the complete political overhaul they feel is necessary.

• A study by the Purdue Opinion Panel found that a substantial minority of high school students have developed radical attitudes and that more than 30 percent characterize schools as repressive, education as an assembly-line process and society as decaying and abandoning its ideals.

• In a New York City Chamber of Commerce survey of 50 major metropolitan firms, 45 reported increasing use of illegal drugs by employees, including executives, to the extent that such drugs now rival alcohol as a cause of absenteeism and poor work performance.

• A Fortune-magazine study of blue-collar workers found a substantial decrease in the reliability and quality of the national labor force, increased pot smoking, absenteeism and quitting rates, and a widespread sense of frustration regardless of pay or working conditions.

Despite the many signs of youthful disenchantment, the so-called generation gap seems to be one of means, not ends. One Harris survey found students predictably more militant than their elders, but the two groups closely resembled each other in their list of priorities for action by the Federal Government.

to have been a conflict between sexual desire and hostility, resulting in some measure of erectile (less often ejaculatory) impotence.

The women raped and murdered by the Boston Strangler illustrate the rapist's "less than normal regard" for what ordinary men consider attractive: Two were over 70 years of age, six between 50 and 70, only four between 20 and 50 and one under 20.

Clearly, then, there is no reason to believe that a miniskirt alone will drive a normal male to rape, and little reason to think that such factors play an important role in the psychology of rapists. Rape is much more an act of hostility appearing in sexual guise than it is an act of sex appearing in the form of hostility.

#### THE HAPPY TIME

After 13 years of marriage, my wife and I drifted into an intimate relationship with a neighbor couple who had been our dearest friends for the previous two years. That was five years ago, and the four of us agree that this has been a very happy time for all of us. We have no doubt our relationship will endure for years to come.

I believe that uptight couples who demand lifetime sexual fidelity of their mates do so because of childish jealousy and selfish possessiveness rather than—as they usually claim—out of love. They are also denying themselves an exhilarating and rewarding experience.

(Name withheld by request)  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

#### DIVORCE DILEMMA

An anonymous letter writer in the April *Playboy Forum* wrote, "Divorce laws should guarantee child support and, perhaps, money for the extra help needed to care for the children while the ex-wife is at work earning her living. But a divorced woman, unless there are mitigating circumstances, should be expected to support herself."

This is an enlightened view and, by and large, most fair-minded people will agree with it. But, like all abstract formulas, it often doesn't work in the real world, where many men don't have enough money to make a just settlement possible.

I have ten years' experience organizing and doing casework among divorced men and the following is a true and typical story: The circuit court of St. Louis awarded a divorced woman child support of \$12.50 per week for each of her four children. Certainly, this is not pampering her; on the contrary, no woman can decently support four children on that budget in today's inflationary world. Furthermore, the woman suffered from a chronic illness, which seriously affected



her ability to earn an adequate income for herself. Should the ex-husband, therefore, be ordered to pay a bit more?

Judge for yourself: The man actually took home \$300 per month after taxes. Take out, on an average, \$217 per month for child support (since there are, financially speaking, four-and-one-third weeks per month) and he is now supposed to live on \$83 per month. Then, allow for the cost of getting to work every day, lunch money, rent, etc., and where is he? Can he possibly pay a penny more in child support? The answer, emphatically, is no: The man of whom I write is presently in jail for falling behind in his child-support payments.

Your letter writer also says that a divorced man should have enough money left after child-support payments to provide "a new wife and family with the necessities they deserve." A laudable sentiment—but the man in this case could never afford another wife and family. He is fated to perpetual bachelorhood, whether he wants it or not. In fact, since fornication is a crime in most states, he is theoretically doomed to everlasting abstinence. And yet, his ex-wife, trying to raise four children on \$217 per month, is scarcely anyone's image of the idle divorcee, living in luxury on money looted from a helpless victim. What is justice in such a case?

Eugene Austin, Chairman  
Missouri Council on Family Law  
St. Louis, Missouri

#### SEXY SALOON SIGN

You keep thinking you've seen all the stupidity of which people are capable, when someone comes along with a top-per. Recently, the owners of a bar in South Daytona applied for permission to change the name of their establishment from the Rocket Lounge to the He and She Scene. The city council rejected the request, the mayor declaring that such a name on a sign would attract an "uninhibited and sordid clientele."

Can you imagine what agonies this city council goes through when they see HIS and HERS signs on rest rooms?

G. Garrison  
Daytona Beach, Florida

#### MARYLAND ABORTION ISSUE

I am the sponsor of the bill that would have repealed Maryland's abortion law. Though the bill passed both houses of the Maryland legislature, Governor Mandel vetoed it, stating that there should have been more safeguards in the law. If there are to be any safeguards in laws dealing with medicine, it is the medical profession and not the legislature that should set these safeguards. There is no operation other than abortion regulated by state law. Abortion is a question that should be decided between

a woman and her doctor, and I as a legislator should not intervene.

The three other arguments raised against the bill by the governor were: (1) *There should be a residency requirement so that Maryland does not become an abortion mill.* My answer to this is that New York State has already passed an abortion law that would deflect many patients from Maryland. Furthermore, in my opinion it is unconstitutional to set up residency requirements that affect the public welfare and restrict interstate travel by citizens. Also, if a medical practice is sound, why should it be restricted to the residents of a particular state? Abortion has been established as a legitimate procedure and it is as absurd to be concerned about a state's becoming an "abortion mill" as it is to worry about its being an "appendectomy mill."

(2) *The husband should have a say in the decision to have an abortion.* My response is that if full-term pregnancy could be fatal, a husband could, in effect, be signing his wife's death warrant. Besides, if a husband and wife cannot agree on this point, the marriage is in trouble anyway, and the woman, to obtain the abortion, might be forced to sue for divorce.

(3) *The law should set a time limit within which the abortion may be performed.* I would reply that we cannot legislate medical practice; it is up to doctors to decide what the safe limitations for an abortion are.

The issue is not whether abortion is right or wrong or whether or not the operation should be performed. It is estimated that a million women seek abortions each year, regardless of their illegality. So the real issue is how the abortion is to be performed, whether by a competent doctor or a back-alley quack.

I am leaving the House of Delegates of Maryland and am running for the state senate. If elected, I will again introduce an abortion-law-repeal bill with the hope and expectation that next year, being the year following—rather than preceding—an election, will be a more opportune time for the passage of such a bill.

Allen B. Spector  
House of Delegates  
Annapolis, Maryland

#### ABORTION COUNSELING

Since many states are still struggling with restrictive abortion laws, we are writing to inform you of the help we offer in California to women seeking to terminate unwanted pregnancies. The Therapeutic Abortion Act of 1967 permits legal abortions within the following general guidelines: (1) Abortion may be performed up through the 20th week of pregnancy. (2) It must be performed by a licensed physician in an accredited hospital. (3) The operation must be

approved in advance by a committee of physicians on the hospital staff. (4) The committee must find that one of the following conditions exists: (a) the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest or (b) continuing the pregnancy would seriously threaten the physical health of the pregnant woman or (c) terminating the pregnancy is necessary to preserve the mental health of the pregnant woman.

The California law is extremely liberal. About 98 percent of the women seeking abortions qualify under the mental-health clause.

Consent of a woman's husband or of the alleged father is not required by California law. Consent of parents for abortions on minors of any age is not required. If the woman is a California resident, it is possible for her to receive financial assistance through the State of California Medi-Cal health program. If the woman is unwed (working or a student) or married and the sole support of the family, she may qualify with Medi-Cal paying part or the entire cost of doctor, surgery and hospital.

In addition to abortion counseling, we help women who wish to carry their pregnancy to term and need maternity-home, adoption and welfare assistance. We also provide birth-control counseling. There is no charge for our service. We are more than pleased to help women from any area. Women from outside California should call me person-to-person at the counseling center, 213-233-5169. If I'm not available, the woman should leave her number with my answering service and I will return the call. If you would like additional information or help, please feel free to call or write.

Mrs. Bobbie Anker, Director  
California Abortion Counseling  
Service  
P. O. Box 73260  
Los Angeles, California

I was glad to see your listing of Clergy Counseling Services across the nation (*The Playboy Forum*, July). We have just opened a new center to expedite applications for abortion under the California therapeutic-abortion act. The new number of the California service is 213-737-7988.

The Rev. J. Hugh Anwyll, Chairman  
The Clergy Counseling Service  
for Problem Pregnancies  
Los Angeles, California

Thank you for publishing the list of abortion-counseling services. If it weren't for the Clergy Counseling Service and the contacts it provided, which led to a safe and legal abortion, I might have fallen into the hands of the quacks and butchers. Let the women's lib crowd denounce PLAYBOY as much as it will; I am



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(Name withheld by request)  
Newark, New Jersey

#### SOULS AND TEST TUBES

In the June *Playboy Forum*, you stated, "The first baby ever conceived in a test tube may be born by the end of 1970." *Newsweek* of February 6, 1961, reported that Dr. Daniele Petrucci and two colleagues in Bologna, Italy, brought together a human egg and sperm in a test tube and kept the fertilized egg growing for 29 days. The embryo was given conditional baptism and extreme unction and then destroyed. The same experiment had been conducted for shorter periods, with little reaction from the Roman Catholic Church. But the 29-day experiment brought forth quite a response. The Jesuit weekly *America* observed: "The spirit of Frankenstein did not die with the Third Reich. His blood brothers often wear the garb of Dr. Kildare and regard a human being as an expendable microbe."

Citing Saint Thomas Aquinas, Dr. Petrucci argued that it was illogical to assume that God would put a soul into a human cell group or an incipient embryo that did not have the chance of being completely formed. Aquinas notwithstanding, the Reverend Giuseppe Bosio, a biologist who is also a Jesuit, replied that one could also assume that the embryo had a soul from the beginning and that, in any case, Petrucci had no right to destroy it.

Larry A. Gardner, Th.D.  
Department of Religion  
Capital University  
Columbus, Ohio

#### HOMOSEXUAL PERSECUTION

As a heterosexual male, a father of eight children and a physician who has professionally treated many homosexuals, I think continued enforcement of our archaic anti-homosexual laws is stupid, unfair, unrealistic and wasteful of the talent and energy of the police. I also think it is absurd to bar homosexuals from military service. These men would fit into military life excellently, just as they often adjust to prison life easier than do heterosexuals, and for the same reasons. It's naïve to fear that they would "convert" the other soldiers to their sexual preference; a normal heterosexual adult never becomes permanently homosexual because of simple seduction. The position of the military (and of our civilian courts) is unscientific.

John R. Brown, M. D.  
Honolulu, Hawaii

Personally, I can't get too concerned about the "rights" of homosexuals, when every form of heterosexual lovemaking

except one is still illegal in many states of the Union.

E. R. Barnett  
New York, New York

#### GAY GENERATION GAP

Young homosexuals, building on the work of older ones, have begun to do "liberated" things. They have openly organized clubs on college campuses, demonstrated, rioted, told Selective Service that they are homosexual and formed alliances with other liberation-oriented groups.

While shouting from the housetops that they are free, they seek the approval of established institutions; for example, they ask the churches to recognize homosexual marriages. A small number of young homosexuals have adopted a Marxist orientation, blinding themselves to the fact that Communist countries are probably the worst places on earth for them to live. Some young homosexuals go about at night, spraying slogans such as "Gay Power" on people's private property, slapping GAY LIBERATION stickers on car windows and defacing public property. These acts can work both ways. I wonder how these liberated types would feel if their neighbors painted the word "Queer" on their houses and cars.

It is the older homosexuals who had the courage to make themselves known publicly who have won much of the battle for homosexual freedom. Self-respecting homosexuals respect other people's opinions and property, speak in daylight and don't force their sex lives and ideas on others. Homosexuals will never be able to achieve first-class citizenship if they shift now to irrational, unethical and illegal tactics.

W. E. Glover  
Los Angeles, California

#### THE WAY OF TAO

Daniel Brendan Presley's letter (*Playboy Forum*, July) was a very eloquent statement of how many transsexuals feel, but it does not represent all of us. One can see how our culture created Presley's male-chauvinist attitudes, but many of us have gotten over that hang-up. The Transvestite-transsexual Action Organization (TAO) supports both gay liberation and women's liberation; we believe that all victims of prejudice and discrimination must work together to change this society. Presley's letter was valuable, however, in describing female-to-male sex-change operations, since the public is not very aware of this and tends to think of transsexualism only in terms of male-to-female surgery.

TAO is a street-action organization and our members have participated in several demonstrations. More demonstrations are planned.

Angela Douglas  
Hollywood, California

#### SEX-EDUCATION PANIC

The Louisiana state legislature has passed a bill that would ban sex education in all schools, both public and private, without exemption for classes in biology, religion or health, for all students under the age of 17. Part of the expert testimony heard by the committee that sponsored the bill was that of a Baptist minister, who proclaimed, "The purpose of the enemy is to capture our youth and make us a permissive society." But the clincher was provided by a lady physician, who assured the legislators that sex education leads to promiscuity, alcoholism, drug use, illegitimacy and suicide. The committee, not wishing to sponsor these evils, has asked the legislature to stamp out all forms of sexual instruction before it's too late.

Barry Johnson  
New Orleans, Louisiana

#### LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

Louisiana legislators, who passed a bill banning sex education in all schools, are still functioning at the same exalted mental level. One day, I picked up the local paper and read:

Louisiana House lawmakers laughed and snickered Sunday, then voted 61-29 against a bill which would have allowed state-prison inmates to entertain their spouses in private on prison grounds.

"If this bill passes, won't it be something like a summer resort out there at Angola?" asked representative Archie Davis of Bush, Louisiana. As the snickering died away . . . Davis jumped in again.

"I have two other questions. Are the rooms going to be air conditioned? And the last question is what's going to happen if your girlfriend and your wife both show up there?" [The] answer was lost in the laughter.

This would be contemptible enough if conjugal visiting for prisoners were practiced only in foreign lands such as Israel, Sweden and Canada, but, in fact, it has been customary in the neighboring state of Mississippi for over 40 years.

And here's another bit of strictly black humor from the same great white brains in Baton Rouge:

The Louisiana House of Representatives rejected an appeal from its only Negro member Tuesday and voted to retain racial labels on blood supplies in state hospitals.

"I would see my family die and go to eternity before I would see them have a drop of nigger blood in them," said representative Archie Davis.

"It's nothing but a Communist Party, that [Department of Health,



Education and Welfare] is, from the ground floor up," Davis said. "They want to change our blood and give you four pints of nigger blood and give the nigger four pints of white blood. And I'm against it."

The story adds that Louisiana could lose up to \$50,000,000 annually in Federal funds for refusing to comply with national law on blood labels, but enlightened self-interest does not pierce the armor of Louisiana bigotry. The legislature followed the eloquent Mr. Davis (who subsequently did apologize for using the word nigger) and voted to retain racial labels.

Please withhold my name. Some of the locals have advanced to the stage at which they can make crude implements and even create fire. I don't want them coming around to my house at night.

(Name and address withheld)

#### BLACK STUDIES

I am neither black nor a student, but I can still respond to the glaring inadequacies of the arguments for black studies presented by Dr. William D. Smith (*The Playboy Forum*, June).

Dr. Smith says black-studies graduates can teach the next generation. What good does that do, except to perpetuate the illusion that soul can be learned? He goes on to claim that black studies equip people to work in black communities. For what institutions will they work? Social-work agencies, the courts, the legal profession, poverty programs, commercial enterprises, educational and research facilities, community organizations—all are designed by the white ruling class to exploit black people, keep them in their place and reap monetary gain. All of these organizations are racist, including the universities and colleges in which black studies are taught. How can a racist organization undermine itself? What I've written goes double for the Y. M. C. A.

The Rev. Robert Alexander  
Program Director  
University of Wisconsin Y. M. C. A.  
Madison, Wisconsin

The letter from Dr. William Smith in the June *Playboy Forum* defending the concept of black studies was quite interesting to me as an American of African descent. The attitude that soul courses are of no use in the real world strikes me as a typical example of white Western chauvinism.

Some time ago, I received a liberal-arts degree from a college in New York. Our four years of study were given the thematic title "The Heritage of Western Civilization," and we were required to take courses in Western philosophy, literature, history and fine arts. Most of the electives also involved the study of vari-

ous aspects of European culture. At that time—to my shame—I wasn't even aware that African culture existed, but I did ask occasionally why we never got into the philosophy, history, arts, etc., of the Orient. I usually received one of two answers—that we live within Western civilization and, therefore, should study it, or that Western civilization is more advanced than that of the Orient and, therefore, more worth studying. In any case, we all felt that we received a good education at that college. Everyone admitted that what we learned had no obvious vocational application, but we felt that we were being trained for leadership, for creativity, to be well-rounded men or some such thing.

It seems to me that if it is valid for accredited colleges to give degrees to students who spend four years studying the achievements of the white race, it is equally valid for students to earn degrees by studying the achievements of any other race—black, red or yellow. True, we blacks are now, like it or not, in Western civilization, but that does not mean we are totally of it; for our roots are in Africa, and the story of our captivity and wanderings in the New World is an epic that is uniquely our own. The assertion that one civilization is more advanced than another is false. The technological breakthroughs of the past few hundred years may have given Europe and the U.S. temporary military and economic power, but that does not indicate that white Western arts, philosophy and literature are superior, nor that the white man's history is more significant.

Perhaps the university of the future will teach an appreciation of the works of all the races of man. Until that time—and as a preparation for it—I think it worth while for some young scholars to devote themselves to the study of the black man in Africa and America.

John Love  
New York, New York

#### PIG PINS

An ugly blotch on the behavior of young radical members of the counter-culture is their habit of calling policemen pigs. To deny the humanity of any group and to use the rhetoric of hatred against it is to sink to the same emotionally and intellectually screwed-up level as a silent-majority bigot. It means you've become part of the problem, rather than part of the solution.

Therefore, I'm glad to see that some policemen in Long Beach, California, have struck a co-optive blow against this nasty appellation. They wear gold tie pins in the shape of pigs with their uniforms and, when they're off duty, T-shirts and sweat shirts imprinted with a pig and the slogan, "Pigs are beautiful." The shirts and pins are spreading to police forces elsewhere.

If the nation's cops generally respond with humor to this childishly vicious taunt, instead of hitting out with their clubs, I'm willing to agree that pigs are beautiful.

George Ward  
San Diego, California

#### CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

While visiting Mobile, Alabama, on business recently, I chanced to look at the court records of the previous day, printed in *The Mobile Press*. Aside from several people who were fined for "parading without a permit" and one who was nol-prossed for allowing a dog to run at large, this is the complete docket: one case of manslaughter, one case of grand larceny and receiving stolen property, one case of burglary, one case of receiving stolen property, one case of assault with intent to murder, one case of five separate counts of receiving stolen property and one case of "violation of marijuana law" and possession of marijuana.

All of the sentences imposed, except for the marijuana offense, were suspended; but the pothead got five years in prison. The killers, would-be killers, burglars and receivers of stolen property walked out into the streets, perhaps to prey again upon the citizens of Mobile, but that poor marijuana-law violator will be sitting in a cell until 1975.

William Robinson  
New Orleans, Louisiana

#### I'M MAD, THAT'S WHY

In 1958, at the age of 22, I was sentenced to two prison terms of five years to life for possession of two marijuana cigarettes, a felony at the time. (Under present California law, that so-called crime is a misdemeanor-felony, meaning that, for first offense, the judge can make the sentence less than a year—in many cases, 60 to 90 days—but such legal reforms are not retroactive.) In San Quentin, where I served 11 years, I became a writer, doing a column for the prison newspaper and selling over 60 articles to various popular magazines. I finally acquired enough skill to sell a piece to the prestigious *Saturday Review*. Toward the end of my term, I was allowed to participate in the outside work program and, when I had only 28 days left to serve, I failed to return to prison after work one evening, wishing to visit my father, who was near death in a Ventura hospital.

After that mistake, I compounded my folly. Not wanting to receive a longer sentence for violating the terms of the work program, I went into hiding. During that time, I wrote a semi-autobiographical novel about prison; I guess I was attempting to express symbolically why a man with only 28 days to serve would run away. Then, after five months, I was





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arrested again for possession of marijuana. As a second offender and parole violator, I now face a minimum sentence of 15 years to life, with no possibility of parole until I have served 14 years and nine months. Thus, the state has taken 11 years of my life and now threatens to take approximately 15 more, for possession of a drug that most authorities agree is less harmful than alcohol or tobacco. Until and unless I sell my novel, I will have no money to hire an attorney and will have to accept the defender provided by the court.

The title of my novel is *I'm Mad, That's Why*. A friend wrote to me recently, "The real criminals in our society are in high positions and putting the others in prison. I'm mad, too, and that's why."

I am a fool, but the people who maintain these laws are *damned* fools.

David A. Dunham  
San Diego County Jail  
San Diego, California

#### POT ON PATROL

I wish now to make a public announcement that if I am sent to Vietnam and someone smokes pot while on patrol with me, I will put a bullet in his head. I am not going to allow some messed-up GI to jeopardize my life.

Jim Kimbrell  
Pensacola, Florida

#### MILITARY JUSTICE

On June 6, 1970, my living area was searched by a party of commissioned and noncommissioned officers, who alleged that they found 2.04 grams of marijuana and one barbiturate tablet of the Binoc-tal variety. I am now about to receive a general court-martial, which is traditionally reserved only for offenses like rape and murder.

Since joining the Marine Corps, I have never kept any sort of illegal drugs on my person, in my personal belongings or even near my living area. I do not know if these things were, in fact, in my living area, or, if they were, who put them there; but I know the drugs were not mine. And I know why I am being court-martialed: because I have spoken out against this illegal, immoral and unconstitutional war.

My case is not untypical or special. In two years in the Marines, I have never seen so many arrests and courts-martial as in the past few months, since anti-war sentiment has spread through the ranks.

Michael J. Howard  
FPO San Francisco, California

It was unfortunate that Robert Sherrill's *Justice, Military Style* (PLAYBOY, February) coupled the subjects of military justice and military prisons. Law and penology deserve separate and equal treatment. However, regarding the prisons,

neither are all stockades and brigades as bad as pictured in the article nor is cruelty and discomfiture to prisoners an American military policy, as it was under the Nazis. Sherrill implies that our military is sadistically motivated, makes a policy of persecution and harassment of the incarcerated and that the inflicting of penal cruelties by American military officers is the order of the day. This is dead wrong. I know of stockades (some in Vietnam) that, because of the transient exigencies of wartime, are overcrowded and some that, because of the use of ancient facilities (such as the Presidio of San Francisco), are substandard. I also know of some jailers—both in civilian and in military life—who are substandard in mentality and in their treatment of prisoners. But you can take my word for it, as one who's been around and as a knowledgeable, impudent and controversial defense lawyer of long standing, that the mothers and fathers of American Servicemen don't have to fear that, should their sons be tossed into the bucket, they'll be treated like the inmates of Dachau or anything close to that.

Recently, I defended five Marines at Treasure Island for alleged cruelty to their sailor prisoners in the brig aboard the U. S. S. Hancock. So concerned and careful have our military custodians of errant personnel become that these men were charged with so-called cruelty for treatment that I would have considered minimal hazing for any college fraternity.

Military justice is the system of law that is most protective of the individual of any in the civilized world. If I were to be tried on a criminal charge and had my choice of forum, I'd pick a military court, a military judge and a military jury of officers. The protective rules of *Escobedo* and *Miranda* (whereby an accused must be given a Fifth Amendment warning before he is interrogated) came from the military and were orders of the day long before these procedures were used in U. S. civilian courts.

No one likes being thrown into jail. Maybe Sherrill was writing about what our military law was *before* the new code of 1952. I've tried military court cases all over the world since that code was enacted. Several years ago, I was VIP'd through the Pentagon and spent one month in Vietnam, from Hué to the Mekong Delta, examining summary, special and general courts-martial under every possible wartime condition. I found the type of justice painstaking and excellent, without exception. Command influence was rare, and it's rarer today, with the new amendments making the presiding law officer a truly independent Federal judge.

I'm proud of our new system of military law. It's as different from what it used to be as today's trial by jury is

different from medieval England's trial by ordeal.

Melvin M. Belli  
San Francisco, California

Robert Sherrill replies:


*I find no substantive rebuttal to my article in the letter by the celebrated Mr. Belli. I was fascinated by his use of the statement "You can take my word for it." Having no facts to support his defense of the military penal system, our renowned solicitor falls back on the military's own hackneyed line, "You can take our word for it," and even goes as far as to throw in the rest of the military public-relations handout—"that the mothers and fathers of American Servicemen don't have to fear," etc. I believe that most adult Americans are through taking the military's word for anything or taking the word of lawyers who take the word of the military.*

*I am grateful to Belli for his analogy between military justice and hazing conducted by college fraternities. If readers recall the thousands of reported instances in which frats initiated their members with extreme physical and mental cruelty that was occasionally fatal and sometimes caused severe injury, they will understand why Belli should liken the mentality of frat bullies to the minds of those who run military courts and stockades.*

*As I reported in my article, men who must defend themselves before military courts are guaranteed no bail, are permitted neither trial by peers nor indictment by grand jury—all being constitutional guarantees that civilians take for granted. The Bill of Rights does not apply to military law. The military especially abhors the First Amendment guarantees of free speech, free press and free assembly. Command influence that creates kangaroo courts is the custom, not the exception; the commanding officer, whose whims dominate the proceedings, oversees the preliminary investigation, signs the charges, picks the jury from men under his control, selects the prosecuting attorney and the military defense attorney, and finally reviews the jury's verdict and the punishment it hands down. This is the system Belli says he prefers to civilian courts.*

*As might be expected, he mentions the military's requirement of warning before interrogation as being the forerunner of the "Miranda" decision by the U. S. Supreme Court. Apologists for military law always trot this out to prove its great instinct for libertarianism. Edward Sherman, Indiana University professor of law and, without question,*





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the foremost expert on military law in this country, puts this claim in proper perspective when he says, "The lead of the military" in connection with the "Miranda" decision "has long been lost."

Belli suggests that I must have been writing about "what our military law was before the new code of 1952." I am not only familiar with the new code, I am also aware that it went into effect in 1950, not in 1952; and I am also aware that more recent modifications of the code were passed in 1968, that they went into effect in 1969 and that the military claims these new changes have wrought the miracle of perfection. To quote Mr. Sherman again, the act of 1968 "made only a few reforms of a relatively uncontroversial nature and did not address itself to the most highly criticized areas, such as command control, court-martial structure and administrative discharges." PLAYBOY's readers would be misled if they believed Belli's statement that since 1969, the military judge has been independent; he is still in the military and he is selected by the Judge Advocate General's office, which itself is rife with the corruption of command influences.

When Belli writes this sort of stuff, he doesn't have to tell us that he was "VIP'd through the Pentagon." The source of his information was evident enough without the confession.

#### DESERTER'S FRIEND

I went through basic training with William W. Sipple, who wrote the letter titled "A Deserter Speaks" in the June *Playboy Forum*. Our first week of basic training was more or less an orientation period, including lectures and films glorifying war. At the end of these, Sipple used the question period to contradict the notion that America had never been an aggressor by calling attention to the Mexican and Spanish-American wars. At one point he got into a heated argument with a lieutenant, who refuted Sipple's logic by ordering him to sit down and remain silent. From that time on, Sipple was not recognized during any question period at any lecture.

Our drill sergeant gave him the nickname Simple, and he became a target for harassment and ridicule by the training cadre. During one drill ceremony, Sipple refused to carry a weapon. The drill sergeant evicted Sipple from his platoon and made him march by himself. Shortly thereafter, Sipple was recycled and transferred to another company. That was the last I saw of him. I know very little of his life history except that he earned a degree in government. I do

know that he is a very intelligent, peace-loving individual.

I am presently on active duty in Vietnam, and my only regret is that I didn't have the courage to desert, as William W. Sipple did.

(Name withheld by request)  
APO San Francisco, California

#### DISSENT IN THE SERVICE

A group of us at the Marine Corps Air Station in Iwakuni, Japan, got together and began publishing *Semper Fi*, a newspaper by and for GIs that publicized some of the legitimate grievances of GIs at Iwakuni, nearly all of which the command ignored. The local brass pronounced *Semper Fi* illegal and said that anyone connected with it was courting charges of mutiny and sedition. These statements were false: *Semper Fi* was and is perfectly legitimate within the guidelines for dissent set forth in Department of Defense Directive 1325.6, signed by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird.

Failing in their attempts to frighten the paper's publishers, the brass resorted to a method frequently used to deal with dissident GIs—the punitive transfer. In less than two months, five of us suspected ringleaders were transferred. Three of us had exactly an hour and a half's notice to pack and be on the plane. We were under guard at all times and were kept completely incommunicado. On reaching Okinawa, we were not even allowed to telephone our families. Three were sent on to the U.S., one remained on Okinawa and I was sent to Vietnam.

This episode is by no means unique. Countless GI organizers have received similar treatment. The military brass seems to think that by transferring us, it will halt GI movement activities. It's wrong. To paraphrase a current saying: They may transfer a revolutionary, but they can't transfer a revolution.

Cpl. George Bacon, U. S. M. C.  
FPO San Francisco, California

I am a Vietnam veteran, wounded nine times on Hamburger Hill, and I am now being prosecuted by the Army for exercising the freedoms I was allegedly fighting for over there. Technically, I am charged with failing to salute a general; but I swear to you that this is just a trumped-up excuse to punish me for my views. The general was in a staff car that passed me rapidly while I was looking in another direction; no soldier who hadn't already made himself unpopular with the brass would be court-martialed for failure to salute under such circumstances. The general is not God and there were no trumpets or supernatural phenomena to announce his passing.

My real offenses are that I work for *Fed-Up*, an anti-war paper, and that I was among a group of 35 GIs who met in a Service club to quietly discuss our gripes against the Army and what we

could do about them. None of us was charged with any crime after that meeting, but we are all marked men. This persecution (and other actions of the Army and the Government) merely increases my sense of anger and rebellion. For instance, Jane Fonda was thrown off this base for talking to GIs about peace. I wonder about the legality of that act. Bob Hope, who supports the war, claims that killing enough Asians will eventually produce peace; so, in a sense, he is also talking about peace. (As President Nixon says, we all have the same goals.) So why shouldn't Bob Hope be thrown off Army bases, too? Or do those who say peace and mean killing have rights denied to those who say peace and really mean peace?

How long are we going to continue this illegal and immoral war, marching deeper into one nation after another? Why are the numbers of A. W. O. L.s and deserters increasing? Why are American exile colonies growing in Sweden and Canada? Why are these countries more attractive to many of our youth than the land of our birth? For God's sake, you of the silent majority, ask yourself some of these questions, and then get to work to make this country what it is supposed to be—a nation of the people, by the people, for the people.

Bruce Whitver  
Fort Lewis, Washington

#### PERPETUAL WARFARE

Having served in the U.S. Army for over 11 years, I was taken aback by Lee Rubini's vehement denunciation of the military profession (*The Playboy Forum*, June). He says the draft "ruins young men by turning them into robots" and an all-volunteer Army "would destroy us by establishing a state-sanctioned body of professional killers in our midst." His solution: The American people should "renounce war as an instrument of policy."

In the first place, military men are not monsters and the military life is not as destructive as Rubini imagines. I have seen much more brainwashing, brutality and mistreatment of people in civilian life than I ever did in the Army. In the second place, America cannot renounce war until men can reason together and abandon the selfish pursuit of their own interests. The past is a great teacher and it has shown that men will not change. Peace is a nice thing, but there is no peace among men. And I doubt that there will be peace for our children, unto the umpteenth generation.

Ervin E. Rhodes  
Galliano, Louisiana

#### THE MY LAI MENTALITY

The continuing furor over the My Lai tragedy and reports of other massacres bring to mind a large sign I saw during



my basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, in 1968. It hung in the building used for hand-to-hand-combat classes, through which impressionable trainees passed daily: NO WAR WAS EVER WON WITH CONSCIENCE OR COMPASSION. . . . KILL!

Patrick Sajdak  
Washington, D. C.

#### BLACK SERVICEMEN'S MESSAGE

We have written to the President of the United States about the killing of blacks, especially at Jackson State College. We're also sending *PLAYBOY* a copy of our letter, because we want to make sure people know that we are concerned.

We, black Servicemen at Kelly Air Force Base, are writing to you, not because of the war in Vietnam or in Cambodia but because of the war against our people here in America. We are specifically referring to our black brothers killed at Jackson State in Mississippi. Black men can still be killed at will in America. Medgar Evers was killed in Mississippi and the man who killed him was set free. When will it be a crime to kill black people in Mississippi and all over America? The first man to die in the American Revolution was black and black men are still dying for America. When we attempt to protect ourselves from racist violence we are called militants and accused of wanting to break the law. Many young blacks identify with the Black Panther Party because the Panther aim is to protect black communities. When will America protect all communities, black and white?

America demands a lot from us and we have answered her demands. Will you, as President, protect our mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, while we are protecting America?

Concerned Black Servicemen  
Kelly Air Force Base.  
San Antonio, Texas

#### OCCUPIED ALCATRAZ

I am a Chippewa Indian serving in Vietnam and I wish to express my solidarity with my brothers and sisters occupying Alcatraz. I also wish to protest the vindictiveness of the Government in turning off the water supply before the legality of the occupation has been settled; and *PLAYBOY*, with its wide circulation, should let the public know about the water being denied. There is no point in my protesting against this to the Bureau of Indian Affairs—that would be just a waste of paper and ink. The BIA has no sympathy with Indian efforts to bring attention to our problems, regain those things stolen from us and secure our rightful place in the social, economic and political lives of America.

(continued on page 202)

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM KUNSTLER

*a candid conversation with the embattled defense attorney for Chicago's "conspiracy seven"*

If Abbie Hoffman, Stokely Carmichael, Jack Ruby, Tom Hayden, Martin Luther King, Father Daniel Berrigan, Adam Clayton Powell and Dave Dellinger have anything in common, it's the attorney they've shared over the past decade: William Kunstler. Nothing in his early life indicated that Kunstler would find himself in such controversial company. The son of a physician, he attended Yale, where he swam on the varsity team and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa; he then went on to serve in the Army during World War Two, attaining the rank of major and earning a Bronze Star. After discharge, he took a law degree from Columbia University and became what he now calls "a legal tradesman" in commercial and divorce cases. He practiced law, wrote books, raised a family and generally prospered, until the civil rights movement of the early Sixties began to capture more and more of his time and attention. Kunstler's transformation from defender to advocate seemed complete when he defended the Chicago Conspiracy Seven this year in a trial that critic Dwight MacDonald has said set the pattern for "new-style radical courtroom tactics" intended to create "a head-on collision, a public confrontation between the extremes of American politics and life styles, the radicalized, alienated youth versus the bourgeois establishment."

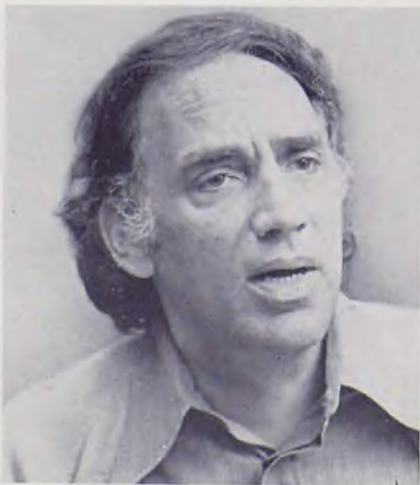
The Chicago trial was so abrasive and Kunstler's tactics so contentious that he lost a large measure of the liberal support he had won during his civil rights

days. The New York Times accused the Chicago defendants, "with the apparent acquiescence and encouragement of their lawyers," of deliberately trying to destroy the judicial establishment itself. But what support Kunstler lost in liberal circles, he more than made up for among members of the young radical left. Following the trial, he was enthusiastically greeted by students on campuses throughout the country, and the welcomes were so vociferous that officials at many colleges tried to deny Kunstler a forum, on the grounds that his speeches were incendiary. Following one appearance at the University of California in Santa Barbara, angry students and police fought for several days, and the violence resulted in the death of one student and the burning of a branch of the Bank of America—an event that has assumed heroic proportions in the mythology of the New Left. There were calls for the prosecution of Kunstler on, ironically, the same charge that was brought against the Conspiracy Seven: violation of the so-called Rap Brown anti-riot statute, which makes it a Federal offense to cross state lines with the intent to incite a riot. No action was taken against Kunstler as a result of the episode, but feelings about him were further polarized.

His reputation as a defender of radicals and their causes, while gaining him favor with student activists, has not won him friends even among those who share his legal philosophy. Many civil rights and civil liberties lawyers agree with the attorney who told a reporter that Kunst-

ler "brings cases on page one and the NAACP Legal Defense Fund wins them on page 68." The reporter added: "There are countless stories of meetings he has missed, deadlines he has overlooked, details he has ignored, commitments he failed, client bonds that have been forfeited, papers he hasn't filed." Whatever professional failings he may be guilty of, Kunstler cannot be accused of lacking a sense of commitment to those he defends. During his pleas on behalf of the Milwaukee 14—a group of Catholic activists and Christian Brothers who burned the I-A files of several Milwaukee draft boards—Kunstler became so personally involved that he offered his house, car and bank account as surety for his clients' bail.

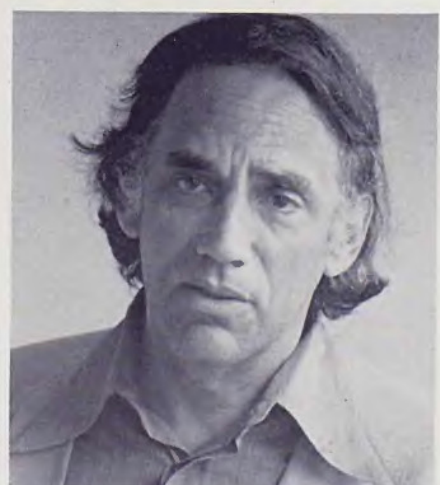
Kunstler, 51, puts in an 18-hour day and, even when he's not traveling, he's usually up at dawn and spends most of his "free" nights on the telephone and in meetings with his clients. He and his wife, Lotte, live in Mamaroneck, a suburb of New York City, in an 11-room house purchased when the one best seller among his books, "The Minister and the Choir Singer" (an account of the Hall-Mills murder case of the Twenties), was sold to the movies. Since he now accepts no fees for the political cases that consume most of his time, the Kunstlers rent the top floor of their home, for additional income, to an interracial couple. Kunstler's two daughters, both grown, no longer live at home. Karin, a former Peace Corps worker in Africa, spent a year at Tougaloo Southern



"When I went out to the Chicago trial, I was well on the way to my conviction that it is the role of the left to resist rather than merely protest the things in this society that tend to degrade people."



"If I were a black man in the ghetto—particularly if I were a Black Panther—I would amass every bit of hardware I could get my hands on. For self-defense. That's a traditional American right."



"In terms of real violence to human beings, one B-52 raid over South Vietnam makes it offensive to apply the word violence to what some of the more militant factions of the movement have done."



Christian College, a predominantly black school in Mississippi, and is now married to a New York lawyer. The other daughter, Jane, was recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Both are deeply involved in "movement" work.

Because of his peripatetic activities as the one lawyer whom nearly all segments of white-radical and black-activist groups appear to trust, Kunstler admits he no longer has a private life. And there is little possibility that the demands on his time will lessen in the years ahead—particularly if, as he predicts, the Seventies prove to be a decade of escalation by the left from protest to "resistance." "It was exceedingly difficult," says Nat Hentoff—who conducted this "Playboy Interview," the most wide-ranging Kunstler has ever given—"for him to fit our conversation into his schedule. There was also the question of deciding on a place where he could be insulated from telephone calls during the lengthy period this detailed an interview would require. Having finally freed an afternoon, Kunstler agreed to my suggestion that we tape the interview in my apartment in Greenwich Village.

"He came out of the elevator," Hentoff continues, "looking gaunt, weary, his suit rumpled, as usual. We hadn't seen each other for some time, but he immediately placed an arm around my shoulders as we entered the apartment and then disengaged himself to kiss my wife, whom he had never met before. I exiled my children to another part of the apartment and took Kunstler into a back room. He sank heavily into an armchair and I wondered briefly if he could muster the stamina that a long interview would require. But as soon as we began talking, first about the Chicago trial and then about his dark vision of America's political climate in the Seventies, Kunstler's weariness disappeared and he spoke well into the evening with unflagging energy and passion. I began by asking him, now that he had been able to contemplate the Chicago trial in retrospect, to distill the significance of that seminal event."

**PLAYBOY:** At the start of the Chicago trial, Rennie Davis, one of the defendants, charged that "in choosing the eight of us, the Government has lumped together all the strands of dissent in the Sixties. . . . The movement of the past decade is on trial here." Do you agree with his assessment?

**KUNSTLER:** Yes. This was a conscious effort by the Government to use what it considers legal processes to attempt to kill a movement. And each of the defendants was chosen for specific reasons. Dave Dellinger was selected to represent both the middle-aged left and the old-line pacifists who regard him as the

leader of that part of the movement since the death of A. J. Muste. Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden served several functions. Both were in at the origin of Students for a Democratic Society and both had deep connections in the ghettos—Tom in Newark and Rennie in Chicago. Furthermore, they were meant to represent the young people allied with Dellinger. The Government's theory was eventually to be that Dellinger was the architect of the alleged conspiracy and that these two were his young lieutenants who furthered the purpose of causing a riot at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, of course, were chosen as representatives of the revolutionary youth culture in the United States.

**PLAYBOY:** But why were the virtually unknown John Froines and Lee Weiner included?

**KUNSTLER:** For two reasons. They represented the dissenting academic community. Froines was a professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon and Weiner was a graduate student of sociology at Northwestern. One professor, one student. Furthermore, they were also there specifically because they were *not* leaders. Through them, the Government's intent was to intimidate those who follow radical leaders. Their being prosecuted meant that anyone in the movement, however unknown, is vulnerable. And Bobby Seale—though he was in Chicago during these events for only 16 hours—was brought into the case as a representative of black militancy. So Rennie's point that the movement of the past decade was on trial is entirely correct.

**PLAYBOY:** Your clients and Bobby Seale were charged with conspiracy; would you claim that there was a Government conspiracy against them?

**KUNSTLER:** I can't say with any certainty that at a given time and place, people met to plan the course that led to the trial and its particular roster of defendants. But this is what I think happened: On September 6, 1968, Mayor Daley issued a white paper in an attempt to show that the city, its officialdom and police were free from blame and that all the trouble at the convention had been provoked by the demonstrators. Three days later, Federal District Judge William Campbell—a man who I've been told refers to Mayor Daley as "Chief"—convened a grand jury and instructed it to look specifically for violations of the new Federal anti-riot statute. He did this despite the fact that United States Attorney Thomas Foran had received orders from Ramsey Clark, then the Attorney General of the United States, *not* to convene a grand jury but merely to investigate the situation in Chicago through the use of routine investigators, with particular emphasis on certain police activities. But, a grand jury having been

convened, Mr. Foran—who owed his appointment, it should be noted, directly to Mr. Daley—did come up, through the grand-jury process, with "supporting evidence." I believe, therefore, that the trial of the eight defendants originated as an effort to clear Mayor Daley of any responsibility for what had gone on during the Democratic Convention.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom Hayden and several of the other defendants said at the time of the investigations that they doubted a trial would actually take place.

**KUNSTLER:** The national Administration changed while the grand jury was sitting, and there were a few months of doubt as to whether any indictments would be returned, in view of the fact that a certain amount of wire tapping of exceedingly doubtful legality had been perpetrated on at least five of the potential defendants. But in March 1969, the grand jury finally did return indictments against the eight alleged conspirators, as well as against eight policemen accused of violating the civil rights of certain demonstrators and newsmen. As you know, all the policemen were acquitted in Chicago. But by this time, I think the latter part of the grand-jury investigation was certainly under the scrutiny of John Mitchell, the new Attorney General. And it was Mitchell, I believe, who decided that it would be politically useful to the Nixon Administration to proceed with the indictments against the alleged conspirators.

From a Republican viewpoint, these seemed to be very safe indictments politically. Everything at issue had occurred during a Democratic National Convention in a city controlled by a Democratic machine. If the Republican Administration convicted the defendants, it would get the resultant political benefits. But just to be on the safe side, Mitchell didn't use a Republican prosecutor. Instead, he used Foran, the holdover Democratic-appointed U. S. Attorney in Chicago. So if things didn't go right, the Nixon Administration could say, "Well, we tried; but after all, this is between Democrats, including the prosecutor, and we Republicans did our best to have justice done." I wasn't privy to any of the discussions, so I can't prove any of this, but it does seem to me the logical chain of events.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite the fact that the trial received enormous publicity, are you satisfied that most people fully understand the significance of the charges brought against the defendants and the implications they hold for the future of political dissent in this country?

**KUNSTLER:** I'm not at all certain that the citizenry at large recognizes the danger of the weapons used by the Government, and I think it vital that they be examined. To begin with, the trial was the first application of the insidious anti-riot



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statute that is part of the 1968 Civil Rights Act. The main reason it appears in that Civil Rights Act is that Strom Thurmond, who shepherded the anti-riot measure through the Senate, made it clear to the liberals in that body that the forces he controlled could filibuster the Civil Rights Act to death unless it included the anti-riot provision. This provision had been introduced in the House of Representatives by William Cramer of Florida in 1967, after a disturbance in Cambridge, Maryland, following a speech there in July of that year by Rap Brown. Cramer had proposed that statute as a method of prosecuting, on a Federal level, "outside agitators" who traveled from state to state giving speeches that were followed by disturbances. Thurmond succeeded, as I've noted, in black-mailing the Senate into passing this dangerous legislation in 1968 as part of the Civil Rights Act.

Another factor is that while Thurmond was maneuvering in the Senate, Dr. King was assassinated, with resulting disturbances around the country. So in addition to Thurmond's pressure, the liberals in Congress were stampeded by the necessity to produce some sort of legislation in reaction to the violence that followed that tragedy. Accordingly, they were all the more ready to compromise with Thurmond. The subsequent bill, including the anti-riot provision, was signed by President Johnson on April 11, 1968. And it's significant to note that the first overt act attributed to the alleged Chicago conspirators was a speech that took place the next day, April 12.

**PLAYBOY:** You stress that the anti-riot statute is dangerous. Why?

**KUNSTLER:** The measure, from the moment it was introduced, was shrouded in uncertainty as to its constitutionality. Ramsey Clark himself had said it was unconstitutional, and he testified against it during hearings of the judiciary committees of the House and Senate. Consider what this statute actually does: It makes it a Federal offense with penalties of up to five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine to cross state lines—or to use any interstate facility, such as the telephone or the mails—with the *intention* of promoting, encouraging or participating in a riot. And a riot is defined as a disturbance in which three or more people are involved that causes injury to persons or property, or even threatens to do so.

It's not generally known, incidentally, that the labor unions quickly recognized, as the bill was being debated, that this anti-riot statute could put an end to most strike activities of the various unions in the country. All you needed was a situation in which an interstate facility was used—say a telephone—to call for money in aid of a strike or to call for

supporters on a picket line. People would then come in from out of state, a disturbance involving three or more people could easily take place, some property damage might result, and then the Government would have all the ingredients necessary to prosecute.

So, under pressure from labor, the House and Senate added a provision that nothing in the anti-riot statute should apply to the lawful activities of labor unions. But the rest of the citizenry is not protected against this vague, uncertain, indefinite statute, which is wholly aimed at free speech. And I wonder how many people also realize that under this statute, the "riot" that takes place can refer to a disturbance in which defendants who allegedly crossed state lines with the "intent" to promote it are not even directly involved. It can happen miles from where they are. And, furthermore, such a "riot" can be caused by undercover policemen acting as *agents provocateurs*.

**PLAYBOY:** In the Chicago trial, each of the defendants was not only individually charged with crossing state lines with intent to incite to riot, but also charged with *conspiring* with one another to commit that offense. The jury didn't convict on the latter count, although it found Dellinger, Hayden, Hoffman, Rubin and Davis guilty of individually violating the anti-riot statute. Are you encouraged by the fact that at least the conspiracy count didn't stick?

**KUNSTLER:** Encouraged would hardly be the word. The fact that the jury rejected the conspiracy charge in this case hardly guarantees that the Government won't use it again, as it has so often in the past. Here, too, I believe it vital that people understand how dangerous the charge of conspiracy can be as a tool of the Government. In fact, Judge Learned Hand once described it as the darling of the prosecutor's nursery, because it requires so little proof.

Under a conspiracy charge, it becomes possible to convict defendants not for what they did but for what they may have been *thinking* when they performed certain acts. It doesn't require proof of any criminal act having been performed at all. It doesn't put the Government to the test that a particular defendant committed acts A, B and C and then let the jury decide if those were criminal acts. What it does do is let the jury look at those acts, which in themselves might be entirely lawful, and *infer* from them that the defendant, and anyone associated with him in a "criminal conspiracy," was *thinking* of committing a crime, and these thoughts led to acts—again, not necessarily illegal acts—that were part of a chain intended to advance the perpetration of that crime.

The making of a speech or the writing of an article could be such an act, result-

ing from an "intention" to later commit a crime. An illustration of how this works was the Government's ability to obtain convictions in the Smith Act case of 1949. Certain alleged Communists were charged with conspiracy to advocate the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force and violence. What the prosecution showed in that case were speeches and writings of the defendants to indicate that they must have had the "intent" of advocating the overthrow of the Government by force and violence. A conspiracy charge is a very deadly business when people can be convicted for making a speech or writing a book or an article.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you think it's possible to surmise intent from speech?

**KUNSTLER:** Yes, I do. A man can say, "I'm going to burn down that building." And the building burns down. But at issue here—and this is the core of my objection to the anti-riot statute—is that no criminal act has to be proved. In every other comparable statute, Federal or state, that I've come across, either a criminal act or an attempt to commit a criminal act must be proved if the Government is to win a conviction. Under the language of this statute, however, there is no such requirement. And that's why I say that in the Chicago trial, speech and speech only was punished. And that's a clear violation of the First Amendment.

**PLAYBOY:** But criminal acts did follow some of the speeches by the defendants. There were demonstrations that led to property damage. Couldn't it be argued, as it was, that this constitutes a chain of illegal behavior—from speech with intent to incite a riot to the subsequent demonstrations that were, indeed, followed by riots?

**KUNSTLER:** Actually, most of the speeches at issue occurred months before the convention. But in any case, there is, first of all, a serious question as to whether riots were provoked not by the speeches of the defendants but by the behavior of the police. And there is a state of Illinois incitement-to-riot law already on the books that could have been used if there were evidence directly tying the defendants to riotous behavior that involved the destruction of property. But by using the Federal anti-riot statute, and I keep underlining this, the Government could punish speech itself—along with the amorphous charge of "intent." And that's what was done. Five of the defendants were convicted for making speeches. Nothing else was proved against them.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the other convictions in the trial—the sentences levied against you and the others for contempt of court? Why did you open yourself to these charges by defying courtroom protocol?

**KUNSTLER:** All of the outbursts in the





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courtroom and all of the protests made by both the lawyers and the clients were provoked by the court. I think it's impossible to divorce the lawyer or the defendant from the human being; and when there are ultimate outrages committed in the courtroom by the judge, he must anticipate a human reaction. And that's exactly what happened in Chicago. These were human reactions by ten people—two of them lawyers, eight of them defendants—when provoked by a court that lacked all sensibility, all sense of fair play and due process. It was a court acting on the premise that it would do *anything* to convict the defendants—even sacrificing the Constitution in the process.

**PLAYBOY:** Contradicting the impression given by many reporters. I. F. Stone, in his biweekly newsletter, contends that "It was not until the fifth week of the trial that disruptive protest began. This was when Bobby Seale's effort to represent himself—as he had a legal right to do—culminated in his being bound and gagged and then sentenced to four years for contempt, while his case was severed for separate trial." Was it really only at this point that your "human reactions" to the court's provocation began?

**KUNSTLER:** I think Stone's analysis is essentially correct. There were really no disruptions of any consequence up to that point. And I would also emphasize that throughout the trial, the periods of disruption were quite slight in terms of the total amount of time involved. The trial lasted nearly five months and proceeded quite expeditiously. The total number of disruptions, if added together, didn't consume more than perhaps three hours of court time. But it's true that the judge's treatment of Bobby Seale contributed greatly to the cumulative frustrations of all of us that led to the subsequent outbursts. At the start, Judge Hoffman had refused to grant a seven-week adjournment so that Charles Garry, who was to have been Bobby's counsel in this case, could recover from a gall-bladder operation and come to Chicago. This is the same judge who, only recently, granted a six-week adjournment to a lawyer who wanted to go to the Caribbean for a holiday. A trial doesn't start until the first witness takes the stand. But Bobby had been asserting his right to have Charles Garry as his counsel even before the jury was chosen.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from Seale's subsequent insistence on his right to conduct his own defense, wasn't there a decided disagreement about tactics among some of the other defendants?

**KUNSTLER:** No, the divisions among the defendants were not great. Since they were such highly political people, there were, of course, many discussions as to logistics, the form of testimony, the types of witnesses to be called. But all

disagreements were ironed out among us. From the very beginning, this was a team defense. We had a sort of majority rule in effect, and I don't think any of the defendants felt that his own defense had been harmed in any way by the decisions reached by the team.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't your claim that this was a team defense, and that you were doing your clients' bidding, an abdication of your responsibility as an attorney and an officer of the court?

**KUNSTLER:** Not necessarily. This was very clearly a political trial. The obligation of a lawyer for a defendant in a political trial is merely to explain to the client what the law is and what penalties he may suffer for certain political actions he may take in the courtroom. Once that's explained and the defendant decides on a political defense, the lawyer's responsibility is to help him do just that. In sentencing me for contempt, Judge Hoffman pointed out that I had never publicly admonished the defendants nor in any way called them to task for what they were doing in the courtroom. He was right. I hadn't. But as I told him then, and I tell you now, I don't think it is my responsibility in a political trial to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** But as an attorney, did you advise them privately of the possible consequences of their courtroom behavior, so that they knew what they were letting themselves in for?

**KUNSTLER:** We were all aware of possible contempt citations, as you can see by reading what Len Weinglass, the other defense attorney, and I often said during the trial. We did talk with the defendants after outbursts took place as to what the consequences might be. But they agreed that they wouldn't try to suppress their natural reactions as human beings to outrages against them and their families and friends in the courtroom. And I certainly wasn't about to advise them to try to prevent themselves from reacting spontaneously to those outrages. If a lawyer feels that certain tactics by a defendant violate his own principles, he is free to resign from the case. But if a lawyer—and I refer to myself in Chicago—feels that what the defendant is doing is morally and ethically right, he should remain in the case, without urging one course or another.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it the duty of a lawyer to maintain a certain independence from his client, rather than to totally identify himself with him?

**KUNSTLER:** Again, I must emphasize that in a political trial, where the intent is to punish a defendant for his thoughts, my conception of a lawyer's obligation is that he must join with his client in presenting a political defense; that he should, in effect, be the political agent of his client in the courtroom. This is not to say that I kept all my own opinions to

myself during the case. I took part in the debates with the defendants. I had qualms about certain witnesses they wanted to call, feeling they might have an extremely adverse effect on the jury. But the majority wanted them, and those witnesses were called. In retrospect, I now believe the defendants were right in putting on every witness they called. You see, in the beginning, I didn't think it was possible to educate a jury from middle America about the legitimacy of life styles so different from their own. I didn't think it was possible to sway them by utilizing witnesses who would talk about sex and drugs and the like. But as a result of the trial, I now see that it is possible. Four members of that jury—although they eventually compromised their views—were evidently educated enough by these witnesses to find the defendants innocent of all the charges against them.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it the life styles of these witnesses—and of the defendants—that impressed those four jurors? Couldn't they simply have felt there was insufficient evidence to find the defendants guilty?

**KUNSTLER:** I think it was a combination of both factors. Those four jurors were impressed, it seemed to me, by the honesty of the defendants in not trying to mute or conceal their life styles, and they also found the prosecution's case very weak. But I do believe that the life styles of the defendants—and of such witnesses as Tim Leary and Allen Ginsberg—were vital factors in the trial. The jury was exposed to wholly new ways of life, which included "forbidden" words, drugs, sex outside of marriage. Four jurors—and who knows how many other people following the trial at home?—began to sense that there was a wider world than they had ever conceived of before.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the other eight jurors?

**KUNSTLER:** Well, some of them hated the defendants from the beginning and must have been increasingly turned off the more they found out about this wider world. But we did reach four, and that's a pretty good percentage; 33⅓ percent of the jury was educated to that point and, I think, came through the trial with a new respect for types of life styles other than their own. I think we did educate that part of the jury and, through the media, a large segment of the American population as well.

**PLAYBOY:** Though you emphasize your "conversion" of a third of the jury, five of the seven defendants were unanimously convicted on counts serious enough to bring them sentences of five years in jail and fines of \$5000 each. That's hardly an effective conversion.

**KUNSTLER:** The foreman of the jury epitomized what happened when he said the jury had compromised. After all, that's





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the American way of doing things. By contrast, the defendants *refused* to compromise. They laid it all out for the jury—their life styles, their politics, everything about themselves. The jury resorted to the American desire not to stand on principle but to blur principles so that they become indistinguishable. Here were four jurors believing the defendants innocent of all charges and eight believing they were guilty of all charges. So the 12 men and women bartered their own dignity and their principles for the sake of a compromise.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom Hayden said afterward, "If we had had a jury of our peers, we would have walked out free." Doesn't that imply that the defendants would have had to be tried by a jury of young revolutionaries?

**KUNSTLER:** I don't think Tom's point can be handled that simplistically. In my view, a judgment by your peers means a jury composed of people with some affinity to you by age, by occupation, by background. In this situation, that would mean not just young revolutionaries. The law, in any case, has never interpreted "peers" in the way I've just described. It says, in essence, that peers means a jury drawn from the community in which the crime is supposed to have taken place; and it's only recently that the courts have added that such a jury should include at least a representative cross section of that community. Unfortunately, despite the courts' pronouncement on this, juries never do include a representative cross section of a community. The process of selection is such that if the telephone book or the voting rolls are used, people who don't have a telephone or don't vote are excluded. Furthermore, you rarely—if ever—see Yippies on a jury. And black representation is very small. In our case, we had a panel of 300 prospective jurors, all of whom looked pretty much alike and all of whom probably *thought* pretty much alike on basic issues. With that narrow a choice, we could only have gotten the kind of people we finally obtained.

**PLAYBOY:** In all the speeches you've made about the trial, your main target has been not the jury but Judge Hoffman. And in this interview, you've accused him of being responsible for provoking the outbursts in the courtroom. In your estimation, if there had been a judge who had acted less provocatively than Judge Hoffman, would the trial have taken a different course?

**KUNSTLER:** I think the trial might have taken a *very* different turn if there had been another kind of judge. But from the point of view of the political education that we intended as a vital part of the trial, Hoffman was the best judge we could have had. His total lack of sensibility, his total lack of a sense of public relations, his total commitment to the

conviction of the defendants all made him commit not only legal errors but also errors in the area of public opinion. And it was these errors which helped gain the defendants so much public support, particularly among the young. Another judge—let us assume a much fairer judge—would perhaps not have enabled the defendants to present as dramatic and convincing a case as they did to the general public. But no matter who the judge was, the defendants would have tried to focus on the war in Vietnam, on the issues of racism, poverty and youth culture. And they would have run right into the terribly binding strictures of rules of evidence, which were not made for political trials but rather for such crimes as, let us say, supermarket robberies.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any way what you call a political trial could be a fair trial?

**KUNSTLER:** We might follow the example of an experiment going on in one of the Scandinavian countries, where, if a defendant believes he has been charged with a crime solely because he's active politically or has certain dissenting thoughts about government policy, he's tried in a separate court, where he may put into evidence all the reasons he has for believing he's being politically prosecuted. The government may respond by trying to prove that it's not prosecuting him for his politics but solely for the commission of a crime. If the court finds the government's proof convincing, the defendant is then tried on a criminal charge. A problem with this concept, of course, is that the court appointed to hear whether the crimes are actually political is appointed by the same system that brought charges against the defendant in the first place. But this innovation is at least a recognition of the fact that true political trials cannot be conducted within the strictures that apply to ordinary criminal trials.

**PLAYBOY:** In handling the Chicago trial as a political trial, as you admit you did, weren't you doing a disservice to your clients by allowing the legal questions in the case to be blurred by the political questions?

**KUNSTLER:** It would have been possible to narrow the defense to the legalities. I could have taken the traditional civil liberties approach that my purpose as an attorney was to prove that the statutes under which the defendants were indicted are unconstitutional and that some of the procedures involved in the trial itself were also unconstitutional. We could have ignored the political aspects of the case and trusted the appellate courts to eventually overthrow the anti-riot statute and overturn some of Judge Hoffman's rulings in the trial. But if we had taken that approach, we would have demonstrated our ignorance of the fact that this was a political trial.

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever the nature of the trial, isn't the point to *win*? Or, in this case, could you win only by losing?

**KUNSTLER:** If you can win, you ought to win. But in view of the nature of the defendants and the political issues they felt it essential to bring into the case, the decision had to be made as to what kind of defense ought to be conducted to most clearly expose the trial for what it was and to most clearly illuminate what the defendants stood for. At the beginning of the trial, the defendants, Len Weinglass and I discussed three possible courses of action. We could conduct a straight criminal defense, doing everything to win, including having the defendants cut their hair, wear suits, act decorously at the defense table and avoid any speech or action that might antagonize the jury. A second possibility was for the defendants to remain themselves, try to convey their philosophy and try to get into the underlying issues of the case. The third possible course of action was to forget about winning entirely—to act as uproariously as possible and to deliberately make a farce of the judicial process. Despite the fact that we've been accused of following the third course, the defendants actually chose—and pursued—the second.

They did want to win, but they also wanted to make clear the essential reasons they had come to Chicago in August 1968: to protest the war, racism and poverty and to affirm their own life styles. If you read the transcript, you'll see that we did try to make these reasons clear without overlooking the strictly legal defenses open to us. The defendants remained true to themselves and we, the lawyers, did attack the constitutionality of the anti-riot statute and the conspiracy charge. We did attack the wire tapping by the Government. We did attack the rulings of the judge. We made many motions for a mistrial. And we were trying to build a record for the appellate courts that could make it possible someday for the convictions to be set aside. We did feel, however, that convictions, or at best a hung jury, were likely, because this was a middle-class jury.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you virtually ensure that this middle-class jury would be alienated and would find the defendants guilty because of the way you and they acted in the courtroom?

**KUNSTLER:** We didn't *try* to alienate the jury. Our intent was to educate them, but without giving up our own integrity of belief and of life styles. That was an important element of the trial. These men were not ashamed of their beliefs nor of their life styles. Quite the contrary. Convinced that they were being persecuted—as well as prosecuted—for their political beliefs, they were determined to stand and fight. In Dave Dellinger's phrase, they were not going to go quietly





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to the gas chambers. And although victory seemed unlikely before that jury, the defendants didn't abandon all hope of it. They were trying to win. They weren't trying to antagonize the jury.

**PLAYBOY:** Even *New York Times* reporter Anthony Lukas, who was quite evidently sympathetic to your side, noted that, despite your assertion that neither the defense counsel nor the defendants violated courtroom procedures, "Some of the sentences were undoubtedly deserved: five days to Abbie Hoffman for shouting at the judge: 'You're a disgrace to the Jews, runt,' and four days to Dave Dellinger for saying: 'You're acting like a fascist court.'"

**KUNSTLER:** I'm going to go out on a limb and say that I don't think *any* of the contempt sentences were deserved. These defendants are articulate, easily moved by events around them and enormously concerned with the fate of their fellow men. Accordingly, Judge Hoffman, by creating so repressive an atmosphere in the courtroom, laid himself open to even those comments that Tony Lukas felt were deserving of punishment. It was hard to sit in that atmosphere day in and day out and not react as the defendants did.

Dave Dellinger, for example, was given a sentence of *five months* for using a "barnyard epithet" in the courtroom. He said, "Bullshit." Now, ordinarily, no lawyer would say that "bullshit" is a proper thing for a defendant to say in a courtroom. But let's put that event in its proper perspective. Here is Dave, a lifelong pacifist, a man used to controlling his emotions in many tight situations. But at this trial, for a whole month before he exploded, Dave had heard Government witness after Government witness take the stand and lie. On this particular day, he was listening to a witness tell a demonstrably gross falsehood, and his response was proper. It was not part of a plan of "disruption"; it came from Dave Dellinger's gut.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't it have been more effective—and less harmful to your client—if you had raised an objection to that testimony or cross-examined the witness?

**KUNSTLER:** We did cross-examine the witness. And we would have done that even if Dave hadn't reacted as he did. But my point is that his reaction was from the gut; it was spontaneous. I understand that the tapes of the trial are being made into a set of records, and anyone who listens to the complete testimony in the courtroom will have a much clearer sense of what went on. Actually, this was a case that should have been televised.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you agree with Jack Gould, *The New York Times's* television critic, who commented: "One certainly need not argue with the contention of Jerry Rubin . . . that if the Chicago trial

had been televised live, the reaction might well have been inflammatory."

**KUNSTLER:** Exactly. So often, Judge Hoffman's inflections ridiculed the defense or would support a Government point in an approving tone that cannot be sensed through the cold print of an appellate record. He would ask the court reporter to repeat words like "vomit" or "erotic" that could hardly help the defendants. If we failed anywhere, it was in not pointing out every single incident of that nature. One thing we did point out so that it would get into the appellate record was the judge's method of reading the indictment to the prospective jurors. I compared it to Orson Welles reading the Declaration of Independence. And some of the jurors who were later questioned confirmed that they had been completely turned against the defendants by the judge's inflections in his reading of the indictment.

There were other examples of his behavior which television would have documented clearly. When we were summing up for the jury, for instance, he would appear to be sleeping or, at best, uninterested. But when the prosecution was summing up, the judge was perched on the edge of his chair, leaning over, listening intently to every word, so as to give the impression that what the prosecution was saying was much more important than anything the defense attorneys had said. This type of behavior occurred throughout the trial, and I believe it had a dramatic effect on the jurors in terms of the way they reacted to the defendants and to the merits of their case.

**PLAYBOY:** One would think that kind of behavior would have reflected on Judge Hoffman rather than on the defense. Was the jury so gullible as not to have seen what appears to have been the judge's clear bias?

**KUNSTLER:** I think the four jurors who turned out to be more favorable to our side did see it. As for the others, as some said after the trial, they started with the viewpoint that it was unthinkable that a Federal judge, being a man in a very high position, could be unfair. But I wouldn't be surprised if even some of them had doubts as to his fairness by the end.

**PLAYBOY:** So far, you have implied that all virtue in the Chicago trial was manifested by the defendants and their counsel, while the other side was invariably and perniciously unfair. Yet a *New York Times* editorial claims that you and the defendants chose "to turn the trial into a chaos of deliberate insults and purposeful disruption."

**KUNSTLER:** With this trial, as it does with most issues, *The New York Times* consistently adopted what I term the half-loaf theory. On the one hand, it condemned as an ultimate outrage the failure of Judge Hoffman to allow Ram-

sey Clark to testify in the case. Yet it condemned the defendants for creating what it called chaos. Like most Americans, *The New York Times* lives in a dreamworld. It's somehow able to see in what is so obviously a political trial an opportunity to create legal precedents while, at the same time, it denies these defendants the very human quality of responding to provocation. It's not enough to say that the judge is a terrible judge but that if you trust the judicial system, you will eventually be vindicated.

**PLAYBOY:** On what basis do you draw that conclusion? What about the Warren Court and its series of decisions that showed the judicial system *can* be trusted?

**KUNSTLER:** We are, first of all, no longer in the time of the Warren Court. The present Supreme Court is moving in a conservative direction, and it's likely to become even more so as more Nixon appointees join the Court. Furthermore, the system feels especially attacked and threatened now, and in such a time the judiciary—which represents the system—reacts with hostility to political defendants. It's only when the contradiction between official action and the law is especially gross that the courts can still be trusted. But when more subtle issues are involved—like the prosecution of people for political reasons under the anti-riot statute—the courts cannot be counted upon. So the defendants in Chicago didn't believe it was their obligation to remain silent and decorous on the assumption that the Supreme Court would eventually declare the anti-riot statute unconstitutional. The defendants didn't see it that way.

**PLAYBOY:** But by appearing for trial and conducting a defense, you submitted to the judicial system. And now you may well wind up in jail, without having tested the constitutionality of the anti-riot statute.

**KUNSTLER:** But we *did* attack the constitutionality of the anti-riot statute, and that's one of the main points of our appeal. Admittedly, there is no guarantee that the higher courts will address themselves to the constitutionality of the statute, but our arguments against it are very much part of the record. We weren't there just to get ourselves incarcerated. Since the Government, by bringing this case to trial, was trying to intimidate free speech and those who hold political and social views similar to the defendants', they felt it was their responsibility to make people aware of the political issues involved, to expose the vindictiveness of the system, rather than merely to lay the groundwork for the testing of a patently unconstitutional law.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think they succeeded in that goal, or did they alienate more people than they politicalized?

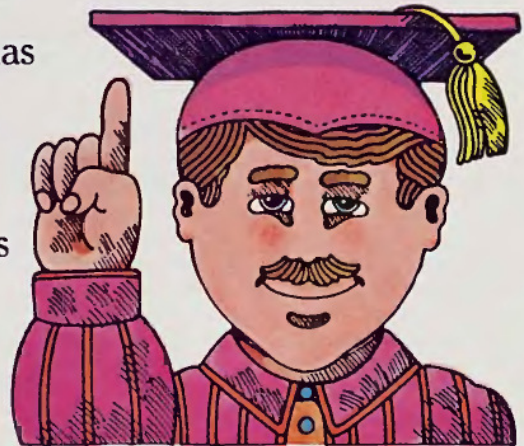
**KUNSTLER:** There's no question in my



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mind that many, many people were politicalized by the trial. The response that the defendants and I have had at colleges throughout the country since then attests to that. And not only the young have been politicalized. I've addressed many groups of older people who were clearly stimulated by the trial to look more deeply into the underlying forces for repression in Government that led to the trial.

**PLAYBOY:** On one hand, you've been saying that the defendants were reacting spontaneously to provocation. But a moment ago, you said that their purpose was to "expose" the system. Which was it?

**KUNSTLER:** As I. F. Stone said, it wasn't until the trial was five weeks old that the defendants began to react, because by then it was so utterly clear how political a trial this was. And even then, their reactions were natural, human responses. I don't remember a single instance in which any defendant castigated the judge merely for the sake of doing that as part of some plan. Each outburst was related to a specific occurrence in the court at the time. It's simply untrue to say—as many, particularly newspaper editorial writers, have—that they coldly and without provocation tried to force judicial error.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that those editorial writers were lying or just stupid?

**KUNSTLER:** Editorial writers are an interesting breed. They write from second- and thirdhand knowledge. As far as I know, the men who wrote those editorials never spent any time in the courtroom. As for the *Times*, Tony Lukas has complained that most of what he wrote never saw print, and the editorial writers on that paper admitted to Jack Newfield of *The Village Voice* that they don't read the raw files of their reporters. They base their editorial comment only on what's published in their newspaper, and I think that's a very unfair way to write editorials. I think editorial writers have a great deal to learn about how to translate into a newspaper's official voice what goes on in areas where they have to rely on the reports of other men—particularly when they don't use, or even see, the full reports of those other men. In a way, the newspaper editorials were predictable, because most of the press is part of the establishment and much of what went on in that courtroom was a clash between the free and open youth culture and the rigid "respectability" of the establishment.

**PLAYBOY:** In that connection, Lukas wrote that the defense and the prosecution tables "seemed locked in a battle between 'sex and sterility'—the struggle did have its sexual overtones." Do you think that was true?

**KUNSTLER:** It's a valid point. The two tables—defense and prosecution—were

two worlds, near each other but not touching and probably not understanding each other. The prosecution table was always manned by four men dressed like those lugubrious gentlemen in funeral parlors who wear dark suits, dark ties and white shirts. All looked as if they had their hair cut twice a week. They were the personification of what you would expect of Government prosecutors, FBI agents and the like. Their table was always neat. Their documents were wheeled in on a little coaster every day. Nothing was out of place. Not a hair, not a paper and, I presume—if you looked into their minds—not a thought. They presented an air of somber sterility. When the jury entered the room, the gentlemen at the prosecution table would all stand as if in unison, facing exactly the same way, looking for all the world like a small coterie of soldiers as a commanding general entered. Our table, however, was a symbol of joy, life, clutter. It looked as if it needed a good housekeeper every day. At one time, you might find jelly beans sprawled on it, or marijuana sent by admirers and delivered through the courtesy of the judge's bailiff.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't it occur to you that if the marijuana you were keeping on your table in the courtroom were discovered, you could all have been sent to prison on a drug charge? Wasn't that a juvenile abrogation of responsibility on your part as defense counsel—making yourself and the defendants vulnerable to arrest for possession of marijuana while serious issues were at stake in the trial itself?

**KUNSTLER:** I don't think the situation was nearly as grave or as dangerous as you put it. We did keep the marijuana hidden under a copy of the *Berkeley Barb*, though not entirely hidden. It was there to emphasize the ridiculousness of the marijuana laws themselves. The defendants don't believe that these laws make sense, so having the marijuana there was another expression of their life style. It was also a burlesque, a way of laughing at what was going on in the courtroom. You can be serious about serious issues and still laugh once in a while. It was all part of the *ambiance* of our table. There was also, for instance, hair sent in response to a plea at the beginning of the trial for hair for Jerry and for Julius Hoffman—to Jerry because his hair had been cut in jail, and to the judge because age had taken whatever top covering he ever had. Also on our table were newspapers, both underground and overground, a Viet Cong flag, an American flag, articles of clothing, books.

It was the only defense table in the history of American justice where there was daily mail call both in the morning and in the afternoon, and where the

letters and the comments in reaction to the trial were left sprawled all over the table. Our table was an unholy mess, but it certainly represented a different approach to life than the prosecution's table did. It was surrounded by two lawyers and eight defendants—until Bobby was removed—all of whom dressed in a different style. There was Jerry in a sweater, Abbie in black judicial robes, John Froines in boots and an open shirt, Tom Hayden in a polo shirt, Lee Weiner in sandals and beads, Dave Dellinger always in a sports coat and a light-colored shirt. And Leonard Weinglass and I dressed somewhat more flamboyantly than our Government counterparts. **PLAYBOY:** But there was a substantial difference between you and Weinglass. According to one account of the trial, "Bill Kunstler was decidedly the 'Yippie lawyer,' a naturally flamboyant man who was generally willing to carry through the most outlandish courtroom gambits. Leonard Weinglass, on the other hand, was the intense work horse of the defense, meticulous in his legal research and preparation, reluctant to be cast in a theatrical role."

**KUNSTLER:** There is some truth to that. I didn't, however, look upon myself as a "Yippie lawyer," although I did begin to let my hair grow during the trial and have since become accustomed to its remaining long. As it turned out, I handled most of the Yippie witnesses during the trial, while Len was usually more identified with the New Mobilization witnesses, the more political witnesses. I must say that Len was the law man behind the case. He was deeply involved with the fact finding and with applying various elements of the law to the facts we uncovered. He prepared the case and he knew the facts of what happened in Chicago more thoroughly than any other man in the courtroom. My role was different.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**KUNSTLER:** While Len did the fact finding, he and I split the cross-examination work and I also was involved in the legal work on the various motions we made. In terms of our presence in the courtroom, we complemented each other. For instance, in the summation for the defense, Len did the factual part and I did the more emotional part, in which the defendants were placed in the context of the present crises in the country, as well as in the context of history.

**PLAYBOY:** While no one questions your sincerity or dedication, some lawyers have questioned the degree of your competence as an attorney. Your arguments have been characterized by your critics as being more facile than profound; you have been accused of insufficient preparation of your cases and of not being a first-rate cross-examiner. What's your



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own self-appraisal? Do you think you did the best job possible for your clients in Chicago?

**KUNSTLER:** Well, as far as my being prepared is concerned, I like to be as prepared as I can. But there are moments when I realize that because of the pressure of time or the shortage of research facilities, I don't have everything I'd like to have with me for a particular argument, for the filing of a motion or for other aspects of conducting a case. With regard to my skill at cross-examination, that's hard for me to judge. I don't think it would be very dignified of me to presume to assess the quality of my own work in that respect. I'll have to let the transcripts of this and other trials in which I've been involved speak for themselves. I do think I did the best I could in Chicago. But, again, I couldn't have done it without a colleague of the quality of Len Weinglass and without the scores of young people who did so much of the necessary research.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your impressions of the lawyers on the other side—United States Attorney Thomas Foran and Assistant U. S. Attorney Richard Schultz?

**KUNSTLER:** In the beginning, I didn't know what to expect of either. I remember speaking to Mr. Schultz on the telephone and having a very hard time with him arranging a date of arraignment, so that we could get all the defendants together. Then I observed him during the trial. He's a young man out of law school, I would guess, only six or seven years. I quickly realized that he saw in this case an opportunity to make a name for himself and to use that reputation as the basis for a rapid rise in whatever area of the law he prefers. I had a different assessment of Mr. Foran. For him, I think the case represented a juicy plum from Mayor Daley. He had worked for the mayor for many years and I think he saw a way to secure his future by his performance in this trial. He's an older man than Schultz, and I expect that his ambition is to secure something quite substantial. At a fund-raising dinner after the trial—where he was photographed with his arm around Judge Hoffman—he announced that he was thinking of running for governor of Illinois, a post he couldn't possibly win without Daley's enthusiastic support.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction to the post-trial speech Foran made before the Loyola Academy Boosters Club, the speech in which he said that all but one of the defendants—Bobby Seale—were fags and that "We have lost our kids to the freaking fag revolution"?

**KUNSTLER:** I thought he was either drunk or that he was carried away by his audience. Another possibility, and I regard it as a serious one, is that Foran was deeply hurt by the outcome of the case. That is,

he was so disturbed by the apparent success of the defendants in reaching large numbers of the American people that he lost all perspective and wanted to destroy the defendants by what he considered the most horrible of charges—that they were homosexuals.

**PLAYBOY:** Your exchanges with Judge Hoffman were even less cordial than those with Foran. And yet, at the very end of the trial, you said, "Your Honor, I suddenly feel nothing but compassion for you. Everything else has dropped away." What aroused this sudden feeling of pity for your chief adversary?

**KUNSTLER:** That feeling came to me as I listened to him discuss why he was going to sentence me to such a long term for contempt. He said he thought that the increasing crime rate in the United States—if it is, indeed, increasing—is a result of there being lawyers like myself. These were his exact words: "It is due in large part to the fact that waiting in the wings are lawyers who are willing to go beyond, to go beyond professional responsibility, professional rights and professional duty in their defense of a defendant, and the fact that a defendant or some defendants know that such a lawyer is waiting in the wings, I think, has a rather stimulating effect on the increase in crime." Hearing this, I recognized that he was trying desperately to justify and sustain his actions by resorting to an argument that was incomprehensible to anyone inside or outside the courtroom. And it was then that I realized that this was just an old man talking, an old man whose time had passed.

**PLAYBOY:** For all your conflicts with Judge Hoffman, there were times during the trial when you actually seemed to enjoy bantering with him.

**KUNSTLER:** I agreed with Dave Dellinger that Judge Hoffman had a certain spunkiness to him. And speaking of him as a man, he did react with a certain amount of spark; and, accordingly, I tried to respond to his quips in ways that would top him if I could. I knew he enjoyed this type of intellectual badinage in the courtroom and considered himself a master at it, so I found it interesting to cross swords with him when it was convenient and feasible to do that. For example, at one time I was questioning a witness about the odor of a stink bomb—actually, it was a bit of Kleenex soaked with some butyric acid—in the Palmer House during the convention. As I recall, I asked the witness whether it smelled like Chanel No. 5. The judge turned to me and asked, "Is that what you use, Mr. Kunstler?" It was apparently an allusion to the homosexual allegations Mr. Foran was making about our table as a whole. I thought for a moment and said, "No, your Honor, I'm a Brut man." I had just received a

bottle of Brut after-shave lotion from my wife. Well, that topped him. It was a good riposte and I enjoyed doing that. I did that sort of thing many times. Occasionally, the judge would come out on top, because he's a bright man and has a certain amount of wit and at times even a certain amount of charm.

**PLAYBOY:** Rennie Davis wasn't talking about his charm when he said, "Judge Hoffman presides in every court in this country." Do you think there's any truth to that bit of hyperbole?

**KUNSTLER:** That is similar to the slogan on one of the buttons Jules Feiffer created for the trial. Under a caricature of Judge Hoffman was the line, WHEN YOU'VE SEEN ONE JUDGE, YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL. While I don't believe Hoffman is the prototype of every Federal or state judge in the country, I recognize what Jules and Rennie were driving at. When the system is being attacked, even the most liberal judge feels that he must defend it—a system which, of course, creates and nurtures all the judges. So when a judge feels that the system is being seriously threatened, he sometimes takes drastic methods in the courtroom that violate either the Constitution or certain moral principles. Rennie's statement and Jules's slogan mean that under these circumstances, when the system feels beleaguered, the court—in the person of the judge—will respond in a manner divorced of all sensibility and of all the traditional maxims and shibboleths which supposedly regulate the administration of criminal law. In that sense, all judges are alike, even though they may have personalities far different from Judge Hoffman's and be far wiser and more humane men.

**PLAYBOY:** Judge Hoffman was called a "fascist," a "racist" and a "pig," among other things, by Bobby Seale. Do you think another judge would have been more likely to allow such attacks on himself without taking punitive measures, as Hoffman finally did against Seale?

**KUNSTLER:** Even in those specific instances, I don't think it inevitable that all other judges would have provoked the situation in which Seale found himself. So, in that sense, all judges are not necessarily alike. Another judge might have said, "All right, Mr. Seale, you may defend yourself." What happened in the Chicago trial was that Judge Hoffman constantly refused to permit Bobby to defend himself, because he was afraid that if he did, Bobby's techniques—because of his unfamiliarity with the law—would have put error into the record that would have eventually caused a reversal of the convictions of the defendants. I think, as I've said, that Judge Hoffman was predisposed to have the Government win this case, and allowing Bobby Seale to defend himself might





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have posed an obstacle to that goal. If, however, Judge Hoffman had allowed Bobby to defend himself, a lot of the disruptions would never have taken place and he would never have been put in the position of calling the judge the names he did. If you look at the record of the trial, whenever Bobby Seale used such words as "fascist," "racist," "pig," he always preceded them with the word "if." For instance, "If you don't let me defend myself, you are a fascist, racist, pig," and so on. I think it's very important to remember that Bobby wasn't using these epithets out of the blue but was specifically relating them to the refusal of the judge to allow him to defend himself. And that, I think, is a considerable distinction to keep in mind.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was Bobby Seale so opposed to letting *you* defend him. Did he doubt your adequacy?

**KUNSTLER:** His refusal to have anyone but Charles Garry as his counsel was based on a very strong matter of principle. Garry was the lawyer he knew and trusted and wanted, and he felt it was his right to have the counsel of his choice.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why did you file a notice of appearance for Seale as his attorney?

**KUNSTLER:** It was the only way I could get to see him before the trial began. Garry had asked me to see Bobby, who had been held incommunicado for seven or eight days while he was being taken by car from California to Chicago. It was necessary for someone to get to see Bobby. As a lawyer, and in response to Garry's request, I therefore filed a notice of appearance in order to talk to him. I saw him two days before the trial opened and then again when it began. Bobby made it very clear that he didn't want to go with any lawyer but Garry, and I thereupon informed the court that I was not Mr. Seale's lawyer. Bobby then made a motion to have himself declared his own attorney. The judge denied that motion and kept insisting throughout the trial—on the basis of the technicality that I had filed a notice of appearance—that I was Bobby's lawyer even though Bobby had, in fact, discharged me. And it was this insistence by the judge that led to Bobby Seale's persistent speaking out for his rights in court until he was bound and gagged.

**PLAYBOY:** A number of radicals, particularly black militants, have criticized you and the defendants for going on with the trial after Seale had been bound and gagged.

**KUNSTLER:** Well, I think if we had that to do over again, perhaps we would refuse to participate any further in the trial. In that sense, we may well have failed Bobby Seale. When he was bound and gagged in front of us—with the terrible symbolic implications of that act being perpetrated on a black man, when you

recall the chains used on the slave ships that originally brought black men from the coast of Africa to the colonies—I think at that point, none of us should have gone ahead. The lawyers should have brooked contempt and the clients should have chanced the revocation of their bail and the imposition of contempt sentences. I think that was one of those crucial moments in the lives of all of us when we didn't live up to what history demanded of us. Ever since then, I've regretted the fact that I didn't say I wouldn't continue the trial until the gag was removed and the chains were taken off. And I believe the defendants feel that way, too. Our only justification is that Bobby insisted that we continue.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your justification for continuing after Seale was removed from the trial?

**KUNSTLER:** That was another situation. That decision by the judge wasn't as strong a provocation as the ultimate indignity of the gag and the chains. I still agree with the tactic we did take upon Bobby's removal from the case. We went ahead, because by doing that, we felt we would be helping Bobby by winning what we could in the trial. And we did win a very important point, because no conspiracy was proved among the seven defendants. That count was thrown out by the jury. So now it would be difficult to imagine Bobby Seale being tried for having engaged in a conspiracy with himself.

**PLAYBOY:** But he can be tried on the charge for which five of the defendants were convicted—the intent to incite a riot.

**KUNSTLER:** Again, I maintain that charge is an attempt to punish the exercise of free speech. And I think we ought to go more fully into the whole question of free speech as it pertained to the Chicago trial. The trial, for one example, was replete with police informers, undercover agents who dressed as Yippies in Lincoln Park and elsewhere. There was also the use of paid FBI informers, some of whom came from the media, such as a San Diego television reporter and a New York photographer. The introduction of testimony by these undercover agents and informers, in this and other Government trials, is a direct assault on free speech.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that all testimony by undercover agents is an assault on free speech?

**KUNSTLER:** The use of such testimony is not only an assault on free speech—the First Amendment; it's also an assault on the right of privacy—the Fourth Amendment. My position in that regard is justified on the face of those two sections of the Bill of Rights. If your exercise of free speech is later to be used against you by a man who hasn't identified himself ini-

tially as a police agent, that's a clear violation of your First Amendment rights. Obviously, it has a chilling effect on the expression of speech. And, furthermore, when an undercover agent is slipped in ostensibly to work with any organization—from the Yippies to the Elks—he's clearly invading the privacy of everyone else concerned. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who called it a dirty business for any government to slip people into organizations and have them later report on those who have trusted them as real members of those organizations. In the Chicago trial, we had several people of this kind, and they were the most despicable of witnesses. First of all, in terms of the evidence they give, they cannot be trusted, because they're saying what their employer wants to hear. And there is no effective way to refute them. All you can say is that they are liars. But they're speaking with the authority of the Government, and few jurors will believe that spokesmen for the Government are liars.

**PLAYBOY:** You say that no testimony by undercover agents should be admitted as evidence. But in Chicago, some of these witnesses simply testified as to what they heard during public speeches by the defendants. How does that involve invasion of privacy? And how does that affect the exercise of First Amendment rights?

**KUNSTLER:** I agree that invasion of privacy is not involved when an undercover agent testifies as to what he heard in a public speech. But the First Amendment definitely is involved. To have undercover agents, unbeknownst to the speaker, attend a public meeting for the purpose of using what the speaker says against him in a possible trial violates every principle of free speech. And its effect will be to make people so inhibited that they won't exercise their rights to public expression, because they'll be afraid that sitting somewhere in the audience is someone who will later mount a witness stand and testify against them.

**PLAYBOY:** If people are really serious about their beliefs, shouldn't they be willing to state them—and defend them—whatever the cost?

**KUNSTLER:** The First Amendment is meant to protect the timid as well as the courageous. The whole point of the First Amendment is the right of everyone to express his ideas freely, whether in public or in private. It is not intended to force braver people to pay a higher cost for the exercise of that right. It applies to *everyone*.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it your belief that First Amendment rights to free speech are absolute?

**KUNSTLER:** They certainly are. No exercise of speech whatever—whether written,



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oral or in any other form—should be the source of a criminal prosecution.

**PLAYBOY:** What of Justice Holmes's classic assertion that the First Amendment doesn't protect a man who shouts "Fire!" in a crowded theater?

**KUNSTLER:** Let me clarify what I mean by free speech. I don't think anyone would criticize the criminal conviction of a man who shouted fire falsely in a crowded theater and caused a panic that either injured or killed people. The exercise of free speech, to me, means the communication of an idea with enough time left for a person to act rationally on that idea or not, as he sees fit. Let's take the case, for example, of a black militant standing on a soapbox and saying, "I think the police intend to break into our homes tonight and I want every man to go home and get his piece and go out to kill a policeman before they can attack us." His saying that is not in itself grounds for criminal prosecution. There is time for his listeners to say, "I don't know if he's right or if he's wrong. I'll make up my mind for myself. If I think he's wrong, I'm not going to get my gun." But there is time between the speech and any action that follows it. There is time for rational thinking as to whether or not to act on what has been said.

**PLAYBOY:** How much time is sufficient time? Ten minutes? Thirty minutes? An hour?

**KUNSTLER:** That would depend on the situation. It would be impossible to set an exact period of time in advance. But there is a difference between creating instantaneous panic—as in the fire-in-a-theater example—and communicating an idea that calls for action but gives the listener time to reflect. Suppose I were to tell you right now that the police commissioner of New York should be attacked. You have time to decide whether or not you want to act on what I'm telling you.

**PLAYBOY:** If there is time for reflection, even if it's very brief, do you think it should be all right for one to urge the overthrow of the Government?

**KUNSTLER:** It's the right of Government to protect itself against the possibility of such action. If a speaker says, "Get your guns and go down and take over city hall," the Government has the right to station police around city hall to protect it. But it doesn't have the right to get the speaker who made that remark, because then it's too easy for the Government to use that occasion to attack free speech. It does have the right, of course, to go after those who act on what the speaker says. If the Government fails to conquer those who take that action, you have a revolution. I don't think people like Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams and the others who were

part of the American Revolution would have countenanced such a concept as the "clear and present danger" doctrine, which holds that if someone speaks in such a manner that there is a clear and present danger that criminal acts will result—including acts of sedition—then the man speaking is himself guilty of a criminal act. The founding fathers operated on the premise that all speech—even seditious speech—was free. Consider the type of speech in which they themselves engaged in those days. Patrick Henry said, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." He was talking in very heavy terms, and it's that kind of speech that should be protected.

**PLAYBOY:** Turning the term around, many civil libertarians feel that there is a clear and present danger to the exercise of free speech in the growing use by Government agents of wire tapping and bugging. What was your experience in that regard before and during the Chicago trial?

**KUNSTLER:** I assume from all the strange occurrences connected with the case—and from the Government's consistency in stooping to conquer—that our phones were bugged, that letters to us were opened, that we were subjected to all kinds of secret surveillance in our offices in Chicago and New York, in our homes and elsewhere. At one point in the trial, for example, Thomas Foran asked one of our witnesses, Carl Oglesby, about a telephone conversation he had had with Rennie Davis. Len Weinglass got up and pointed out that the only way the Government could have known about that call was through illegal wire tapping. Very early in the trial, in fact, it became clear that the Government had wire-tapped the phones of at least five of the defendants. They had done this under the doctrine of Attorney General John Mitchell that the Government, on its own decision, without obtaining court permission and without having to disclose the transcripts to the defendants, has the right to eavesdrop on individuals and organizations when it feels that a matter of "national security" is involved.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think this Mitchell doctrine will be overturned by the higher courts?

**KUNSTLER:** I'm not sure that it's going to be overturned, with the Supreme Court increasingly loaded with conservatives. This doctrine—that the Government has the right to wire-tap if it feels such action is essential to protect national security—can be a compelling theory for judges who don't want to see the system jeopardized in any way. So the Mitchell doctrine might well be sustained, even though it flies in the face of so much past constitutional law. In other words,

I can no longer rely on waiting for the courts to come to their senses. I think we're in a period during which not only the Supreme Court but all Federal courts are going to be increasingly stampeded into positions which, years ago, all civil libertarians would have thought it impossible for them to take.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you predict that there will be more political trials?

**KUNSTLER:** All the signs are that there will be more political trials.

**PLAYBOY:** Hasn't the Supreme Court, by its decision of March 31, 1970, made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the defense in any future political trial to act as you and your clients did in Chicago? This decision maintains that a trial judge can have disruptive defendants bound and gagged, jailed for contempt of court or even expelled from the courtroom if such measures are necessary to maintain order.

**KUNSTLER:** I think you have to look closely at the circumstances of the case on which the Supreme Court ruled in making that decision. The defendant in question had been accused of a tavern holdup. He pleaded insanity and he not only interrupted the examination of prospective jurors but also tore up his file and threatened the judge with death. The judge ordered him removed from the courtroom, the trial went on without him and he was convicted and sentenced to 10 to 30 years in prison. When that defendant appealed his having been taken from the courtroom, the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago—which happens to be the same circuit court before which our appeal is pending now—ruled that you cannot remove a defendant from the courtroom under such circumstances. You have to keep him in the courtroom, but you *can* bind and gag him. Now, however, the Supreme Court has overruled that decision and said: "No, you don't have to keep him in the courtroom. You may bind and gag him or take him out of the courtroom altogether." But that decision was based on the actions of an irrational defendant who was not asserting a gross violation of constitutional rights, as Bobby Seale was: Seale was not allowed the lawyer of his choice. And the Panthers in New York who were being "unruly" in court reacted in that manner because they had been kept under horrendous bail bonds of \$100,000 each, solely because they were Panthers.

**PLAYBOY:** With regard to the trials of the Panthers in New York, as well as in New Haven, and the inclusion of Bobby Seale as one of the Chicago defendants, do you see this as part of a national conspiracy against the Panthers?

**KUNSTLER:** I agree with Cecil Poole, a former United States Attorney for the Northern District of California, who



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stated publicly earlier this year that he believes there is a national conspiracy to destroy the Black Panther Party. I don't mean that every local police chief and every state attorney general sits down in Washington with the President and John Mitchell to work out a plan to destroy the Black Panthers. I think what generally happens is that a way of conduct is outlined by somebody—whether it be the President or the Attorney General—on how to deal with the Panthers. And the national Government helps this campaign along by having J. Edgar Hoover, for example, issue a statement calling the Panthers the most dangerous subversive organization in the United States. It doesn't require much imagination for a local police chief to read such a statement and realize that he has a national imprimatur for sending a squad to break into a Black Panther headquarters or a Black Panther's apartment and kill the occupants.

**PLAYBOY:** You're referring to the Chicago police raid that resulted in the deaths of Panther leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. A Federal grand-jury report on May 15 found that despite police claims of a fierce gun battle, only *one* shot might possibly have been attributed to the Panthers. The report also severely criticized not only the police action itself but also the subsequent police investigation of that action. Yet the grand jury didn't indict any of the 14 policemen who took part in the raid, nor was anyone who participated in the investigation indicted. All that happened was the demotion by the Chicago police superintendent of three top-ranking police officers who had been criticized in the grand-jury report. What's your reaction to this?

**KUNSTLER:** First of all, the fact that two Panthers were killed but no police officer involved was punished—despite the Federal grand-jury report—proves that the Panthers are unable to be assured justice under the present system. I agree with *The Washington Post*: "With this kind of conduct by law-enforcement officials—it is not hard to see in it a deliberate plot to convict the surviving Panthers of attempted murder on false evidence—how much more does a militant who thinks the American system is oppressive need to decide that he has no chance for justice and equality as long as that system exists?" Not only were two people murdered in Chicago, but seven of the surviving Panthers were kept in jail for five months without bail, when there was no evidence against them.

To me, the significance of the failure of that Federal grand jury to indict *anyone*—the police involved in the raid, their superiors and State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan, who tried to cover up

what had actually happened during the raid—is that the old English conception of "outlawry" has been re-established in this country. Under the old common law, from the 12th to the 14th Centuries, a man who had committed certain crimes, or who had been accused of committing them, was placed outside the law. He became an outlaw in the sense that you could do anything you wanted to him with impunity; you could cheat him, rob him, beat him, kill him. Obviously, the two Panthers who were killed were considered outlaws in this sense. They have been murdered, and none of the murderers will be punished.

**PLAYBOY:** Even if what you say is true, wouldn't critics of the Panthers reply that they provoked police harassment by stockpiling weapons and threatening to use them against the police?

**KUNSTLER:** If I were a black man living in the ghetto—particularly if I were a Black Panther—I would amass every bit of hardware I could get my hands on. For self-defense. That's a traditional American right, and you can go through homes all over the South and the Midwest and see all sorts of armaments. I've seen them in many white homes as well as black homes in all parts of the country. Caches of arms in black homes frighten the white community, because it's afraid the slaves are revolting again. There's nothing, in fact, that frightens whites more than black people manifesting the power to defend themselves. But black people do have the right to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Police, however, claim there have been many instances of armed Panther aggression.

**KUNSTLER:** Those claims are myths. Like the "mysterious snipers" whom only police and National Guardsmen heard at Kent State and Jackson State. In those cases, the police claimed they were reacting to armed aggression, but nobody else saw or heard any gunfire from the students. There is no proof that the Panthers are marauders—except for the claims of the police. And I would say that the level of police credibility gets lower all the time—the Federal grand-jury report in Chicago being a case in point.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you say that the Minutemen, who also collect caches of arms, are similarly exercising a traditional American right?

**KUNSTLER:** The Minutemen have a quite different intent. Their purpose is to promulgate a totalitarian system of government, even though they may be hazy as to the details of that system. Accordingly, they collect arms with the goal of attacking people with political views different from their own. With the Minutemen, obtaining arms isn't a question of self-defense.

**PLAYBOY:** You clearly identify yourself

with the cause of the black man—and many have been your clients. Yet when Ralph Featherstone, the former SNCC leader, was blown up in a car in Maryland this past March, you said, "I lost a friend, a friend I had known for ten years. And because of the polarization in which we live, I could not even attend his funeral, because it was so separate." How long do you think this polarization of black and white will last?

**KUNSTLER:** I think polarization of black and white will be the way of life for a long time to come. As to my reaction to having been excluded from Ralph Featherstone's funeral, I must say that I initially reacted in a very human way. I was terribly angered by not being permitted to attend the funeral of a man I had known so long and whose life had been inextricably tied in with that of my own family. But after some reflection, I recognized that I hadn't taken into consideration the facts of life in America today. The black people who ran that funeral were operating on the conviction that Ralph belonged to the black world and not to the white world.

**PLAYBOY:** But do you really belong to the white world in that sense? You've certainly shown your identification with the black world by the cases you've taken and the statements you've made.

**KUNSTLER:** Oh, yes, I belong to the white world. And it's not only on the basis of skin color but also on the basis of my background. It's impossible for any white man to comprehend fully what it's like to live every day as a black man in this country—to comprehend the rage, the lack of fulfillment, the destruction of potential. Black men may think of some whites as friends but not as *black* men. I guess I want desperately to be part of that black world for many reasons—some of which are probably deeply psychological. I will continue increasingly to resist, personally and as an attorney, much of what the white world represents and what it does—but as a white man.

**PLAYBOY:** Your increasing resistance, as you put it, has led to a practice that consists almost entirely of political cases. How can you continue to support yourself and your family economically as this kind of attorney? It was reported, for instance, that you were getting only \$100 a week as co-counsel for the defense in the Chicago trial.

**KUNSTLER:** Yes, I was getting \$100 a week; that was for expenses and it came from the Center for Constitutional Rights. But I'm not worried about my financial future. My standard of values has changed, particularly since the Chicago trial. I had already begun to have strong feelings that there was something terribly wrong with the existence of private property. Although I'm not an economist and

(continued on page 170)





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## SAUL BIRD SAYS: RELATE! COMMUNICATE! LIBERATE!

*he inspired his students to open rebellion—but  
at what point does charisma become chimera?*

**fiction By JOYCE CAROL OATES** WANDA BARNETT, born in 1945, received her bachelor's degree at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in 1965, as class valedictorian, received a fellowship from the University of Michigan for graduate studies in English in the fall of that year and, in the spring of 1969, accepted a temporary lectureship at Hilberry University, a school in southern Ontario with an enrollment of about 5000 students. On September 9, 1969, she met Saul Bird; someone appeared in the doorway of her office at the university, rapping his knuckles loudly against the door. Wanda had been carrying a heavy box of books, which she set down at once.

"How do you do, my name is Saul Bird," he said. He shook hands briskly with her. His voice was wonderfully energetic; it filled the narrow room and bounced off the empty walls, surrounding her. Wanda introduced herself, still out of breath from carrying the books; she smiled shyly. She leaned forward attentively, listening to Saul Bird, trying to understand what he was saying. He talked theatrically, elegantly. His voice wound about her like fine ribbon. She found herself stooping slightly so that she might seem less obviously taller than he.

"What are your values? Your standards? Everything in you will be questioned, eroded here, every gesture of spontaneity—if you love teaching, if you love working with young people, you've certainly come to the wrong university. Are you a Canadian? Where are you from? Have you found an apartment? I can help you find one if you haven't."

"I have to look for an apartment today——"

"The economy is maniacal here. Are you a Canadian?"

"No, I'm from New York."

"Oh, New York." His voice went flat. He took time to light a cigarette and Wanda stared at him, bewildered. He had blond hair that was bunched and kinky about his face, like a cap; his face had looked young at first—the eyebrows that rose and fell dramatically, the expressive little mouth, the nose that twitched slightly with enthusiasm—but, really, it was the face of a 40-year-old, with fine, straight lines on the forehead and around the mouth. His complexion was both dark and pale—darkish pale, an olive hue, difficult to describe. He had a hot, busy, charming face. "I'm from New York, too. I don't actually approve—I want to state this clearly—of this university's persistent policy of hiring Americans to fill positions that could be filled by Canadians, though I myself am an American, but I hope not contaminated by that country's madness. I am going to form a committee, incidentally, to investigate the depth of the Americanization of this university. Do you have a Ph.D.?"

"I'm writing my dissertation now," Wanda said quickly.

"On what?"

"Landor."

"Landor," he said flatly. The set of his face was now negative. He did not approve. Wanda nervously wiped her hands on her









skirt. With one foot, Saul Bird turned a box of books around to read their titles. "All this is dead. Dried crap."

She stared at him in dismay.

His eyes darted quickly about her office. His profile was stern, prompt, oddly morose; the lines deepened about the small mouth. "These books. This office. The desk you've innocently inherited—from Jerry Renling, whom you will never meet, since they fired him last spring for taking too much interest in his students. All this is dead, finished. Where is your telephone?"

He turned back abruptly to her, as if impatient with her slowness. She came awake and said, "Here, it's here, let me move all this. . . ." She tried to pick up another box of books, but the box gave way and some books fell onto the floor. She was very embarrassed. She cleared a space for him. He sat on the edge of her desk and dialed a number.

Wanda waited awkwardly. Should she leave her office while he telephoned? But he seemed to take no notice of her. His blond hair appeared to vibrate with electricity. On the bony ridge of his nose, his black-rimmed glasses were balanced as if by an act of fierce will. . . . Why was her heart pounding so absurdly? It was the abrasive charge of his voice—that demanding, investigative air—it put her in mind of men she had admired, public men she had known only from a distance, a meek participant in a crowd. Saul Bird had a delicate frame, but there was something powerful in the set of his shoulders and the precise, impatient way he dialed the telephone.

"Any messages there?" he said, without introducing himself. "What? Who? When will he call back?" He paused for a moment. Wanda brushed her short hair back nervously from her face. Was he talking to his wife? "We have four more signatures on the petition. Yes. I told you to forget about that. It's twelve-ten now; can you get down here at one and pick me up? Why not? There's someone here looking for an apartment—"

Wanda stared at him. At that moment, Saul Bird turned and smiled—fond, friendly, an intimate smile—or was she imagining it? He looked like a child in his dark turtleneck sweater and brown trousers. He wore sandals; the grimy straps looked gnawed. Wanda, in her stockings and new shoes, in her shapeless dress of dark cotton, felt foolishly tall in his sight: *Why* had she grown so tall?

When he hung up, he said, "My wife's coming. We'll find you an apartment."

"But I really don't—"

Someone appeared in the doorway, leaning in. "Saul?" He was a young man in a soiled trench coat.

"Come in. I've been waiting for you," Saul Bird said. He introduced Wanda to the young man. "Wanda, this is Morris Kaye in psychology, my friend 'K.' This is Wanda Barnett. Susannah and I are

going to find her an apartment this afternoon."

"Something has come up. Can I talk to you?"

"Talk."

"But it's about—I mean—" The young man glanced nervously at Wanda. He was about 23, very tall, wearing a white T-shirt and shorts under his trench coat. His knees were pale beneath tufts of black hair. His face, dotted with small blemishes that were like cracked veins, had a strange glow, an almost luminous pallor. Wanda could feel his nervousness and shied away from meeting his eyes.

"We may as well introduce Wanda to the high style of this place," Saul Bird said. "I was given notice of nonrenewal for next year. Which is to say, I've been fired. Why do you look so surprised?"

Wanda had not known she looked surprised—but now her face twitched as if eager to show these men that she was surprised, yes. "But what? Why?"

"Because they're terrified of me," Saul Bird said with a cold smile.

. . .

Susannah Aptheker Bird, born in 1929, earned doctoral degrees in both history and French from Columbia University. In the fall of 1958, she met and married Saul Bird. Their child, Philip, and Susannah's formidable book on Proust both appeared in 1959. The next year, Susannah taught at Brandeis, while Saul Bird taught at a small experimental college in California; the following year, they moved to Baton Rouge, where Susannah worked on her second book. When Saul Bird was dismissed from Louisiana State University, Susannah accepted an appointment at Smith College. The following year, however, she received a Frazer Foundation grant to complete her second book—*The Radical Politics of Absurd Theater*—and decided to take a year's leave from teaching. Saul Bird had been offered a last-minute appointment from a small Canadian university on the American border. The two of them flew up to Hilberly University to look it over: They noted the ordinary, soot-specked buildings, the torn-up campus, the two or three "modern" buildings under construction, the amiable, innocuous student faces. They noted the grayness of the sky, which was the same sky that arched over Buffalo, New York, and which was fragrant with gaseous odors and ominous, as if the particles of soot were somehow charged with energy, with electricity; not speaking, not needing to speak, the Birds felt a certain promise in the very dismalness of the setting, as if it were not yet in existence, hardly yet imagined.

They could bring it into existence.

On September ninth, after Saul Bird called, Susannah changed her clothes, taking off her pajama bottoms and putting on a pair of blue jeans. The pajama top looked like a shirt—it was striped

green and white—so she did not bother to change it. "Get dressed, your father wants us to pick him up at the university," she said to the boy, Philip. "I'm not leaving you here alone."

"Why not?" the boy said cheerfully. "Think I'd kill myself or something?"

"To spite your father and me."

The boy snickered.

She drove to the university. Saul was standing with a small group—K and a few students, Doris and David and Homer, and a young woman whom Susannah did not recognize. Saul introduced them: "This is Wanda Barnett, who is anxious to get an apartment." Everyone piled into the car. Wanda, demure and homely, seemed not to know what to do with her hands. She squeezed in next to Susannah. She smiled shyly; Susannah did not smile at all.

That was at one o'clock. By five that afternoon, they had located an apartment—not exactly within walking distance of the university—but a fairly good apartment, just the same, though quite expensive. "Someone will have to wash these walls," Saul Bird declared to the manager. "You don't expect this young woman to sign a lease for such filth, do you? This city is still in the Nineteenth Century! Well, Wanda, are you pleased with this?"

He turned to face her. She was exhausted, her stomach upset from the day's activity. Anxious not to disappoint Saul Bird, she could only nod mutely. She felt how the others in the room—everyone except the child had come up—were waiting for her reaction, watching her keenly.

"Yes," she said shakily, "yes, it's perfect."

Saul Bird smiled. "I'm on my way to a private conference with Hubben, I must leave, but we want you to have dinner with us tonight. I might be stopping at T. W.'s apartment to see what they've heard. Wanda, you're not busy tonight?"

"I really can't—"

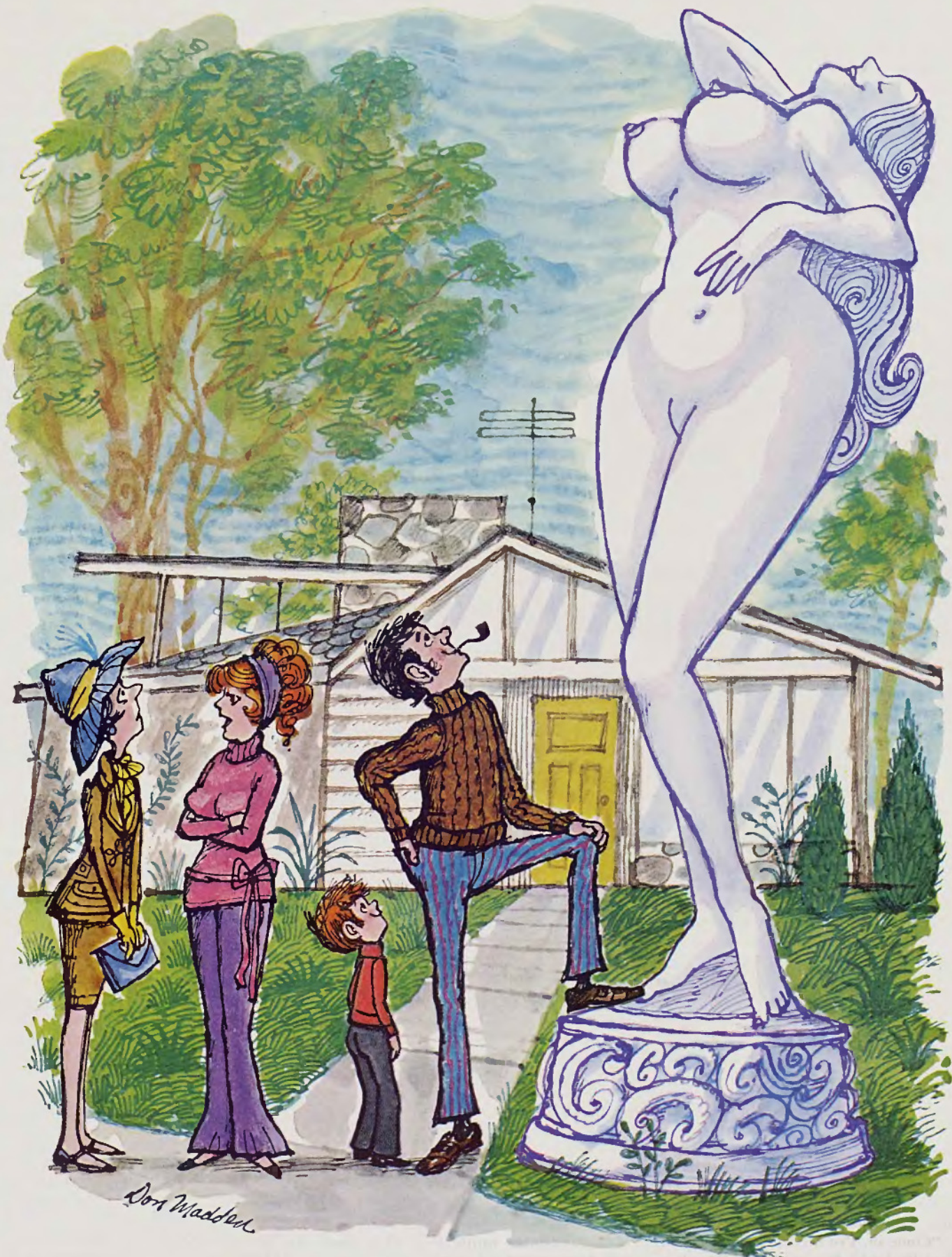
"Why not?" Saul Bird frowned. He put out his arms and a cigarette burned eloquently in his fingers. Wanda felt the others watching her, waiting. Susannah Bird stood with her arms folded over the striped, sporty shirt she wore.

"I have work to do of my own, and I can't intrude upon you," Wanda said miserably.

"Relax. You take yourself too seriously," Saul Bird said. "You must reassess yourself. You may be on the verge of a new life. You are in Canada, a country not free of bourgeois prostitution but relatively innocent, free, at any rate, of a foreign policy, a country that is a *possibility*. You grant me Canada's a possibility?"

Wanda glanced at the others. Saul Bird's wife had a thin, ravaged, shrewd face; it was set like stone, with patches of black hair like moss about it. A blank. K





*"I wanted a birdbath."*



was staring at Wanda's shoes, as if waiting painfully for her response. The students—Homer McCrea and David Rose—eyed her suspiciously. Their young nostrils widened with the rapidity of their breathing. Clearly, they did not trust her. Both were very thin. Their faces were eaglelike and intense; in imitation of Saul Bird, perhaps, they wore turtleneck sweaters that emphasized their thinness, and blue jeans and sandals. Their feet were grimy. Their toes were in perpetual movement, wiggling, appearing to signal the unbearable tension of the moment. David Rose wore a floppy orange-felt hat that was pulled down upon his head; his untidy hair stuck out around it. Homer McCrea, hatless, had a head of black curly hair and wore several rings on his fingers.

Wanda thought: *I must get away from these people.*

But Saul Bird said swiftly, as if he had heard her thoughts, "Why are you so nervous, Wanda? You look very tired. You look a little sick. Your problem is obvious to me—you do not relax. Always your mind is working and always you're thinking, planning, you're on guard, you're about to put up your hands to shield your private parts from us—why must you be so private? Why are you so terrified?"

"I—I don't know what you—"

"Come, we must leave. Susannah will make us all stuffed breast of veal."

A wave of nausea rose in Wanda.

• • •

Erasmus Hubben, born in Toronto in 1930, completed his doctoral work in 1955 with an 800-page study called "The Classical Epistemological Relativism of Ernst Cassirer." Every summer, Hubben traveled in Europe and northern Africa; friends back in Canada received postcards scribbled over with his fine, enigmatic prose—sprinkled with exclamation points and generally self-critical, as if Hubben were embarrassed for himself. He was conscious of himself, always: Students could not quite understand his nervous jokes, the facial tics and twitches that were meant to undercut the gravity of his pronouncements, the kind of baggy shuffling dance he did when lecturing. His face, seen in repose, was rather sorrowful, the eyebrows scanty, accenting the hard bone of his brow, the nose long and pale as wax, the lips thin and colorless; in company, his face seemed to flesh out, to become muscular with the drama of conversation, the pupils of the eyes blackening, the lips moving rapidly, so that tiny flecks of saliva gathered in the corners of his mouth. He was a good, generous man, and the somewhat clownish look of his clothes (seedy, baggy trousers with fallen seats; coats with elbows worn thin; shoes splotted with old mud) was half deliberate, perhaps—while Hubben suggested to his colleagues, evasively and shyly, that they

must play Monopoly with him sometime (he had invented a more complicated game of Monopoly), at the same time he waved away their pity for his loneliness by the jokes, the puns, the difficult allusions, the jolly cast of his face and dress alike . . . and he carried in his wallet the snapshot of a smiling, beefy young woman, which he took out often to show people as if to assure them that he had someone, yes, there was someone back in Toronto, someone existed somewhere who cared for Erasmus Hubben.

He came to Hilberry University in 1967, having resigned from another university for reasons of health. He taught logic, but his real love was poetry, and he had arranged for a private printing of a book of his poems. They were always short, often ending with queries.

*Actual adversaries  
are not as prominent as quivering  
speculations*

*When you think of me, my dear,  
do you think of  
anything?*

He took teaching very seriously. He liked students, though he did not understand them; he liked their energy, their youth, their *foreignness*. During his first year at Hilberry, he prepared for as many as 20 hours for a single lecture. But his teaching was not successful. He could not understand why. So he worked harder on his lectures, taking notes by hand so as not to disturb the family he lived with. (He boarded with a colleague and his family.) Late in the winter of 1968, a student named David Rose came to see him. This student did not attend class very often and he was receiving a failing grade, but when he sat in class with his arms folded, his face taut and contemptuous beneath a floppy orange-felt hat, he impressed Hubben as a superior young man. Wasn't that probably a sign of superiority, his contempt? Erasmus Hubben shook hands with him, delighted that a student should seek him out, and made a joke about not seeing him very often. David Rose smiled slowly, as if not getting the joke. He was very thin and intense. "Dr. Hubben," he said, "I have been designated to approach you with this question—would you like your class liberated?" Hubben was leaning forward with an attentive smile—*liberated?* "Yes. Your course is obviously a failure. Your subject is not entirely hopeless, but you are unable to make it relevant. Your teaching methods are dead, dried up, finished. Of course, as a human being, you have potential," the boy said. Hubben blinked. He could not believe what he was hearing. The boy went on to explain that a certain professor in English, Saul Bird, was conducting experimental classes and that the other Hilberry professors would do well to learn from him before it was too late. Saul—everyone called him

Saul—did not teach classes formally at all; he had "liberated" his students; he met with them at his apartment or in the coffee shop or elsewhere, usually at night; his students read and did anything they wanted, and some skipped all sessions, since in any case, they were going to be allowed to grade themselves at the end of the year. "The old-fashioned grading system," David Rose said angrily, "is only imperialistic sadism!"

Hubben stared at the boy. He had been hearing about Saul Bird for a long time, and he had seen the man at a distance—hurrying across campus, usually dressed badly, with a few students running along with him—but he had never spoken to him. Something about Saul Bird's intense, urbane, theatrical manner had frightened Hubben off. And then there was the matter of his being a Jew, his being from New York. . . . Hubben's family was a little prejudiced, and though Hubben himself was free of such nonsense, he did not exactly seek out people like Saul Bird. So he told David Rose, with a gracious smile, that he would be delighted to talk with "Saul" sometime. He hoped he wasn't too old to learn how to teach! David Rose did not catch this joke but gravely and politely nodded. "Yes, the whole university better learn. It better learn from Saul or go under," he said.

Soon, Hubben began to hear of little else except Saul Bird. Bird had been fired and would fulfill only the next year's contract. His department—English—and the dean of arts and sciences had voted to dismiss him. Now, it seemed that many of Hubben's students were also "Saul's" students. They sat together in the classroom, when they came to class, their arms folded, their eyes beady and undefeated, though Hubben's finely wrought lectures obviously bored them. David Rose had enrolled for another course, still wearing his orange hat; a girl named Doris had joined him, perhaps his girlfriend—Doris, all angles and jutting lines, very thin, with stringy blonde hair and sweaters pulled down to her bony hips as if they were men's sweaters, her voice sometimes rising in a sarcastic whine that startled the other students. "Professor Hubben, doesn't this entirely contradict what you said the other day?" Another boy, Homer McCrea, had black curly hair and a dramatic manner that put Hubben in mind of Saul Bird. Sometimes he took notes all period long (were these lecture notes going to be used against him?—Hubben wondered), sometimes he sat with his arms folded, his expression distant and critical. Hubben began to talk faster and faster, he spiced up his lectures with ironic little jokes of the sort that superior students would appreciate, but nothing worked—nothing worked.

Saul Bird came to see him the first  
*(continued on page 217)*



# THE MANY FACES OF MURDER

EVEN IF YOU PRESS HIM HARD, Jim Mc-Brair still isn't sure which one he shot first. In court, the police said it must have been his 15-year-old sister-in-law, Barbie. But all Jim remembers is being dressed in his tan-plaid hunting parka, holding the .22-caliber semi-automatic rifle he'd picked up back at the house and standing in the darkened kitchen, not quite knowing why he was there. Suddenly, he spotted a shadowy figure

article **By BRUCE PORTER**  
*on percentage, it's your  
girlfriend or the guy sitting next  
to you at the bar who's likely  
to do you in—but the homicides  
that make the headlines  
don't follow the percentages*

moving toward him from the living room and he shot at it. He heard a scream and the kitchen filled with light and someone was coming through the door and Jim wheeled and fired again. Then he fired again and again, the bullets punching the figure back over the telephone table. The tiny cabin exploded. People were running about, wailing and yelling, trying to get away from the man with the gun. And as if it were one of those





little shooting galleries in a penny arcade, where a bear with the light in his shoulder lurches in and out of cardboard trees, Jim automatically pulled the trigger every time something came into view. Finally, his 15-shot magazine spent, he walked out the kitchen door into the chilled winter night, jamming fresh rounds into his rifle as he went.

That's when his wife, Carol, came to him, sobbing. "Please, Jim," she said, "let me get you some help." McBrair slipped and fell on the ice in the driveway. Still pleading, Carol grabbed the gun barrel and began wrestling with her husband.

"Every time I pulled on it," Jim remembers, "it seemed like the gun was going off. She said, 'You've hit me,' and she put her hands on top of her head and kneeled down and she said to finish her off." Instead, Jim went back toward his car. But as he watched Carol limp into the cabin, he remembered a rule his father had laid down on their first hunting trips: Never leave a wounded animal to suffer. So Jim returned to the cabin, where he found Carol leaning on an ironing board, her back to him, and it all began again. This time, he didn't stop shooting until he felt something tugging at his hunting pants.

He looked down and saw his seven-year-old daughter, Kristie. "Daddy, Daddy," she said, "please don't shoot any more." At that, Jim McBrair finally quit, tucked his two children into bed and went to tell his father what he'd done.

The only sound then was from the wind as it swept across the frozen lake into the trees. In the cabin, four people were dead: Jim's 24-year-old wife, Carol; her father, Marv, who ran the Pontiac agency in town; her sister, Barbie; and a fourth girl police couldn't identify until they took Jim back to look. She was Cheryl Oleson, a 15-year-old baby sitter. She was found lying face down in one of the beds, her head cradled in her arm. Beside her, where Jim had put them before he'd left, were the children, Kristie and Kathy, who was five. They were unharmed and fast asleep when the police arrived.

The bodies were barely cold that March Sunday in 1967 when the news began rolling out into the tiny farm community of Wautoma, Wisconsin. Bodie Severins, who knew Jim as well as anyone, said that he and the rest of the fellows were at a roadhouse called Camp Waushara that afternoon, drinking beer and watching a television set behind the bar. It was there they'd last seen Jim the night before. He was standing in front of the picture window that looks out over Silver Lake and he seemed then as if nothing were wrong. Bob Leitz remembers talking to him about a dog Leitz had sold him and Severins remem-

bers asking Jim if he planned to stop off for a party at a place called the Coop after the bar closed. The jukebox was blaring with the usual Saturday-night din of rock 'n' roll and the place was filled with shouts and great whoops of laughter. The only untoward thing was an incident with Carol's brother, who came in around midnight and poked Jim hard in the shoulder. There were some angry words, but nobody heard what was said. Severins remembers someone remarking, "Oh, oh, looks like we got somethin' goin' here." But Carol's brother left and Jim went back to listening to his friends talk.

Now, the next day, Sheriff Virgil Batteredman had let just enough news seep out, so that as the fellows drifted in to watch the game, they could add their own special pieces to the story. "Everyone," said Severins, "was just sitting around, and one guy would come in and say this and another, that. No one really knew all about it, only the part about Carol. We just stood around, shaking our heads; that's all we did. The first reaction, I would say, was just shock."

At the time, shock seemed the most logical reaction to the crimes of 27-year-old James Dennis McBrair. Blond, straight, fairly tall, with close-cropped hair—his mother called him Butchie—he had the good looks of a Kirk Douglas but with a softer gaze and gentle blue eyes. He came from strong Scotch-Irish stock; his father's family had been farming in the central part of Wisconsin for 100 years. As a boy, he worked hard, helping his father and mother till the family's 400 acres of cucumbers, which they sold for pickles. Jim, his mother said, "could plow like a charm." And often he'd work from four in the morning until ten at night, especially when his father was drunk and couldn't do his share of the work. No one in town held it against Jim, Sr., that he drank. He was a hard man and a good one, people thought, but he had a rage in him and sometimes, when he was drinking, he would abuse his family. Jim remembers getting mad at his father, but only once or twice, when he was "hurting Mom." But he never struck his father, he is quick to add—not once.

If life was grueling on the farm, it was eased by the hunting and fishing trips Jim would take with his father and by his daytime escape to Tri-County High School nearby. His high school coach, Chet Schraeder, who thought highly of him, recalled that the only unusual thing about Jim was that he had no particular goals in life. And he had no abiding interests other than hunting, which he thought he might be able to indulge in by getting into conservation work. One thing he was good at was being popular and in this he excelled—a B student all four years, vice-president of his class each

year and king of the junior prom. In his junior year, he sang the lead in a Forties-style high school play about going to college and wearing beanies and raccoon coats. It was called *The Singing Freshman* and Jim was the freshman.

He was also a football hero, a basketball hero and a baseball hero. This is what Wautoma remembers best about Jim McBrair. And, as he sits in his cell in the Wisconsin State Prison at Wau-pun, Jim remembers fondly the time in high school he scored 36 points in the 1958 basketball play-off with Winneconne High but saw victory snatched from his team in the last three seconds of the game, when a Winneconne player in desperation hurled the ball from center court and scored a miraculous winning basket. And he remembers the time, during the fall of his last year in high school as all-conference right end on the football team, that Johnny McAlpin, the Blatz Beer distributor, came over after a game and offered to help pay Jim's way through the state university.

Johnny McAlpin was the last nice thing to happen to Jim McBrair. From the girl he got pregnant and married that year, canceling his hope of going to college, through his quick divorce the following fall, the jobs he couldn't seem to keep, an Army stint he hated so much his mother had to get him a discharge with a hardship plea and, finally, to his marriage to Carol, he seemed caught in a chaotic downdraft that swept him, relentlessly, to the final tragedy.

Now, three years after the murders, while Wautoma is still puzzling over the question of how the high school hero next door could commit such an atrocity, the Jim McBrairs of this country are becoming increasingly and depressingly familiar to a growing number of researchers who are looking into the puzzling phenomenon of multiple murders committed coldly and methodically by seemingly average persons who one day go berserk. From prom king to football star, from altar boy to eagle scout, there isn't an icon in the American success story that doesn't seem to provide camouflage for such a killer.

Only the most spectacular make the national headlines. In 1949, a well-mannered, Bible-reading war veteran named Howard Unruh walked out of his house in Camden, New Jersey, and one by one shot 13 people during a 12-minute rampage. In 1965, it was Duane Earl Pope, 22, a quiet-spoken star athlete at McPherson College in Kansas and former president of his high school class, who one day walked into the Farmers State Bank in Big Springs, Nebraska, made three employees lie down on the floor and shot each of them with a pistol as casually as he might have filled out a

(continued on page 209)



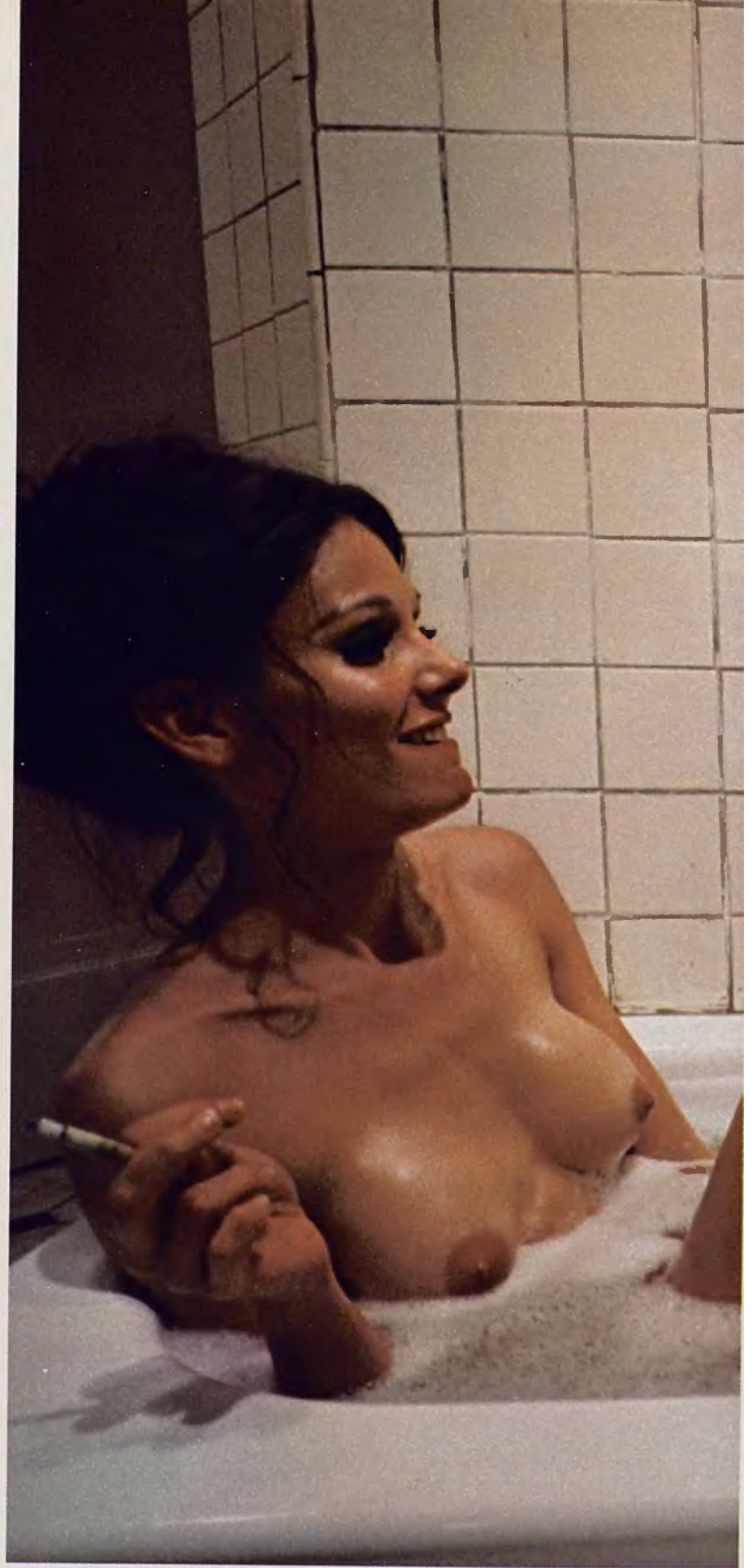


## SOLID GOULD

*in his latest film,  
hollywood's hottest star  
shares bed and bath with  
a brace of sensational dolls*

THESE DAYS, at the box office, all that glitters seems to be Gould. Elliott the omnipresent has come a long way since his Broadway debut 14 years ago as a chorus boy in a short-lived musical called *Rumple*. His first wide recognition followed a role in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, a hit Broadway show that also featured a young singer-turned-actress named Barbra Streisand. As everyone knows, Elliott and Barbra were married (in 1963); when they separated six years later, Streisand was a superstar and Gould was still





Move is a comedy with a moral—that irresponsibility is an attitude difficult to maintain amid the pressures of this world and, moreover, is a rather joyless condition. But the point is made lightheartedly and sexily and, in the manner of contemporary moviemakers, it mixes the everyday life of its protagonist, Hiram Jaffe (Gould), with his fantasies—leaving the viewer, in some instances, to separate reality from illusion. In the story, Gauld is an unsuccessful New York playwright who walks dogs and writes pornography to supplement the earnings of his attractive and practical wife, Dolly (Paula Prentiss), a psychiatrist's receptionist. In the sudsy scenes shown here, Hiram and Dolly frolic in the bathtub, while Murphy, their 200-pound Saint Bernard, seems content with his role as a canine voyeur.





a promising actor with a long list of credits. After *Wholesale*, he starred in the London production of *On the Town*, then returned to tour the U.S. in *The Fantasticks*. He next demonstrated his versatility as an actor, singer and dancer in *Once Upon a Mattress* (on television) and starred in *Drat the Cat*, a musical spoof of old-time melodrama, which—despite great reviews—closed after one week. He followed this with another near

flop, Jules Feiffer's Broadway play *Little Murders*. While the show was not a commercial success in its first incarnation, Elliott's performance won high praise. (He recently formed a production company that owns the film rights to *Murders* as well as to Bernard Malamud's *The Assistant*.) After touring the summer-theater circuit with Shelley Winters in *Luv*, he was signed for his first movie, *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, then returned to

New York for what proved to be another ill-starred stage venture, *A Way of Life*. Hollywood again beckoned Elliott for *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, in which he played (as he puts it) "one quarter of the title role." His performance earned him more than fractional acclaim, however: He was nominated for an Academy Award as best supporting actor. His second screen role completed, he reported to 20th Century-Fox for *M. A. S. H.* From





his s.m.a.s.h.i.n.g. portrayal of a wild Army surgeon with total disdain for military protocol, he went into *Getting Straight* as a close-to-30, uptight graduate student. When *Move* is released this fall, it will be the fourth film Elliott has made in little more than a year. (In yet another starring role, he'll be the subject of next month's *Playboy Interview*.) *Move* is probably his most physically demanding movie to date: He's in over 90 percent of the scenes, one of which has him leaping onto the back of a policeman's horse. Herein we present some of the more physically rewarding scenes from the film to commemorate the advent of Hollywood's Goulden Age.

As the movie unfolds, Hiram's ability to relate to others rapidly deteriorates and he reacts to the situation petulantly and often by retreating into a dreamworld (or is it?), usually of a highly sexual nature. In the erotic sequence above, a young woman known only as "the girl" (Genevieve Waite) tells Hiram a bizarre tale while bedded down with him in her apartment, the walls of which are lined with enlarged photographs of various portions of her very delightful anatomy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER







**T**WO YEARS AGO this month, Americans were in the final stages of choosing a new President; and a lot of Democrats, liberals, moderates, independents and doves of all stripes thought there were excellent reasons for electing the conservative Republican candidate, Richard Milhous Nixon. So they helped put him in office and most of them are holding their heads today.

It is not just that the Nixon Administration has generally been more conservative and less Republican than expected, nor that Mr. Nixon, in the White House at last, sometimes suggests a glorified Captain Queeg (one could all but hear the little steel balls clicking in his hand as he piously confided that he would rather be a one-term President than countenance America's "first defeat"). It is more nearly that, in sober reflection on the 1968 campaign, there still seem to have been excellent reasons to elect a Republican conservative who talked as Nixon did then. There were concrete achievements to be expected of such a President; so that, as much as any other sentiment, a sense of opportunity gone glimmering pervades an assessment of the Nixon Administration today.

It had been easy, in Washington's political jargon, to "write a script" in 1968 in which a hard-liner could best settle the war in Vietnam. Witness General Eisenhower and Korea, General De Gaulle and Algeria. If a bona fide hawk with the anti-Communist credentials possessed by Richard Nixon reached the considered judgment that the war in Vietnam had been altogether too costly

in lives, dollars and domestic disharmony, he could, with impunity, make the necessary compromises to bring peace. He could placate the right wing, not least by rightfully heaping the blame on L. B. J. and the Democrats for plunging America into the Asian morass. And if a President with that kind of base among the Cold Warriors happened also to have sensitive political antennae, as nobody then doubted Nixon's were, he could hardly fail to see that ending a divisive and debilitating war would enable him to redirect the nation's energies toward more rewarding programs here at home. Surely, he would not even require antennae to know that any other course would sooner or later convert Johnson's war to Nixon's war.

Or so the liberals' hopeful script went, as Nixon set his stately pace around the country, while the kids that fall unmercifully heckled Hubert Humphrey. In part because George Wallace of Alabama also was prominent in the race, another rather similar line of moderate-to-liberal thought held that Nixon was not only by far the more acceptable of the two candidates on the right but perhaps also the *only* candidate who could significantly ease race tensions. Again, it was a function of credibility—Nixon, it was reasoned, was not identified as a liberal on the black question, quite the opposite; hence, his election would reassure the white backslashers, the ethnic groups, the union men, the low-income property owners, the old folks in the pepper-salt neighborhoods, even many white Southerners. On the other hand, just as Hubert Humphrey would be saddled with Lyndon Johnson's war and the automatic suspicion of the anti-Communists, the election of another liberal Democrat (and Humphrey, of all people) would scare the backslashers into even greater animosity toward the blacks.

As for the economy, through which inflation was already galloping in 1968, it seemed only natural to suppose that a hardheaded Republican business Administration could and would restore faith in the dollar and take the tough retrenching steps needed to cool off the boom. (This reinforced the end-the-war script, because if Nixon aimed to curb inflation, he would have to cut back in Vietnam, wouldn't he?) That Nixon remained obviously reluctant to make a nuclear-arms accommodation with the Soviet Union could also be partially rationalized. He did, after all, keep saying it was time to move to an era of negotiation after the era of confrontation; and, here again, maybe the Cold Warrior who had stuck his finger in Khrushchev's chest just conceivably was the one to bring to an arms deal the acquiescence of Goldwater voters and other big-bomb advocates.

Moreover, in his long campaign back from oblivion, Nixon had said some things that suggested greater insight and

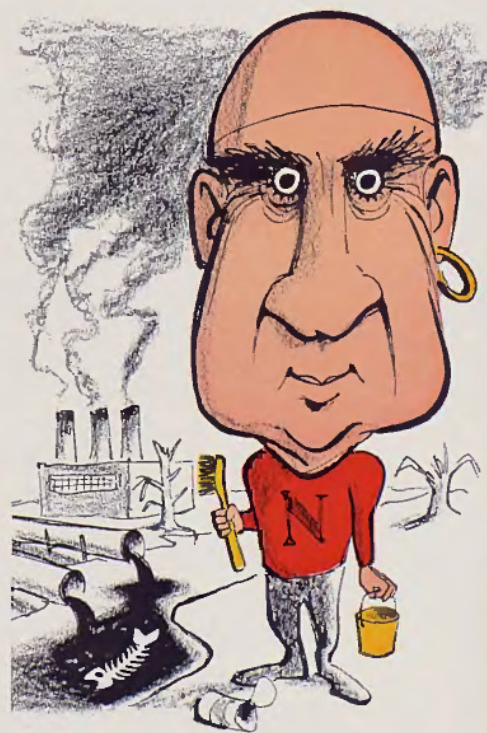
compassion than had ever been credited to Eisenhower's gut fighter. When he talked of decentralizing Government, for instance, he did not sound as if he were merely maintaining the old Republican feud with F. D. R. In one radio speech, he had talked of a "new alignment" of modern Republicans, "new liberals" anxious for more local participation and less Federal dominance, progressive Southerners restive in the one-party system and black militants seeking "dignity and self-respect," rather than "giant welfare programs." Such statements interested many moderates and liberals after eight years of the Kennedy-Johnson Administrations and 28 years of New Deal liberalism, with war raging in Asia, American cities both strangling and blowing up, young people rampaging in the streets and colleges, the races poised in hostility, taxes going up, the Government seemingly muscle-bound and the entire political system in disrepute.

What did Hubert Humphrey offer but more of the same? And if Nixon achieved only part of what seemed possible to him, wouldn't that go a long way toward restoring the diminished credibility of the Presidency as an instrument of political leadership? So Election Day came and went, the transition passed and there was President Nixon at his Inauguration, promising to bring us together. As so often before, he had peaked too soon.

"I have been through it all," Uncle Joe Cannon, the legendary House Speaker,



*The Strategist*



*Mr. Clean*





# Nixon's The One— But What?

*the president, determined to go down in history, has yet to rise up to the critical issues of the day*

article  
By **TOM WICKER**

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PLAYBOY BY BILL MAULDIN

once observed. "Rain don't always follow the thunder." Today the Nixon antennae appear to be made of tin; the Nixon conservative base seems to keep him nervously leaping to protect it. The hard-headed business Administration quickly developed a case of political butterflies. And the Administration's greatest effort has been directed at putting a splendid face on its five-o'clock shadow.

The cruelest disappointments have flowed from the Administration's policies toward the war in Vietnam (30,991 Americans killed by the time Nixon was inaugurated—actually, January 18, 1969, the nearest date for which an official Pentagon total is available—43,212 by August 1, 1970), which at one point actually had the bombers flying again against North Vietnam. Indeed, one of the men Nixon had been most praised for bringing to Washington, Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, denounced the President's Vietnam policies and was forced to resign.

At the outset of Nixon's term, setting the tone for much of what was to follow, the new President refused to have his peace negotiators in Paris enter private talks, for which the outgoing negotiator, W. Averell Harriman, claimed to have laid the groundwork. Nixon also shied away from considering a North Vietnamese military pullback at that time as an overture toward negotiation, rather than as rest-and-refit for a new offensive; as a result, American military pressure was increased. The President may have been militarily correct—it still is not clear at press time—but (continued on page 221)



*The Healer*









# The Ecumenical Pleasures of Jewish Cookery

*food*

By THOMAS MARIO

*a richly varied cuisine*

*attracts hearty trencherman*

*and venturesome gourmet alike*

THANKS to such raconteurs as Buddy Hackett and Myron Cohen, many trusting souls have been led to believe that Jewish cooking is the shortest distance between matzoh balls (leaden) and heartburn (chronic). This may be a boon to the stand-up comic's repertoire, but it hardly does justice to a cuisine as tempting as any in the world—one with culinary delights as diverse as that first bite of cold gefüllte fish, with its sharp deep-red horseradish, or hot stuffed-to-bursting cabbage simmered in a sauce of honey and lemon juice.

From the outset, the odds would seem to have been stacked against Jewish cooking. First of all, the kosher kitchen abides by its own self-imposed restrictions against shellfish, pork, the hind-quarter of any meat carcass, and against the use of cream, butter or other dairy food with meat or fowl. And, until recent years, Jewish cuisine lacked a native land. Despite these handicaps, however, Jewish cooks developed one of the major cuisines of the world. As proof of this, one need only cite those Jewish dishes that lend themselves so well to partying everywhere. [For another type of Jewish dish, sample our photo essay on Lainie Kazan, elsewhere in this issue.] Among many shining examples are *latkes*, or pancakes, made with matzoh meal, a stand-in for flour during the Passover holiday. The feathery-light, egg-rich *latkes*, when correctly made, can only be described by the Jewish phrase *tam gan Eden*, or taste of paradise. There are other *latkes*, such as potato pancakes, which might seem just as much German as Jewish except that the Jews, concentrating on potato pancakesmanship for centuries, adopted *latkes* for the Hanukkah festival or mid-winter feast of (continued on page 192)

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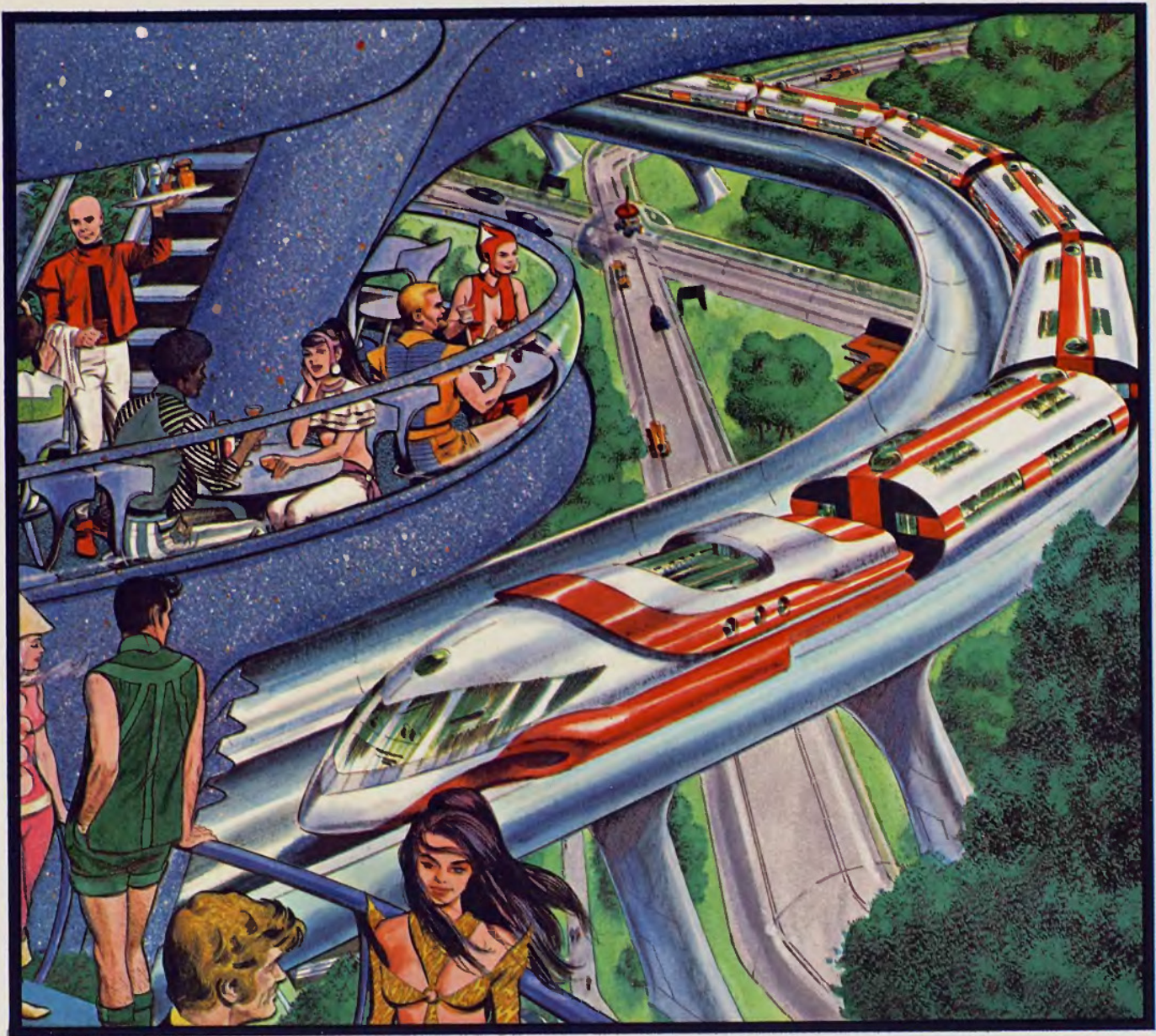
article **By David Rorvik**

*by the mid-1980s, automated autos, noiseless pneumatic subways and luxury-liner hovercraft will have radically restructured our surface mobility*

# the transport revolution

Automated guideways are elevated highways upon which remote-controlled automobiles will safely travel at speeds in excess of 100 mph. To use the system, a motorist will head for the nearest check-in station in an electrically powered guideway car; after driving onto an access ramp, he will then switch off his engine and push a button, causing a mechanical arm to hook onto a guideway power rail. Seconds after the driver dials where he wants to go, a computer will calculate the routing and the car will be guided by electromagnetic waves to its destination, where it will be shunted out of the system.





**1985.** THE SUBURBS. You get up at 9:30, enjoy a leisurely breakfast from your computerized kitchen and read the morning paper (which feeds out of a teleprinter attached to your phone). In the headlines this morning, you notice that the A. M. A. says it is no longer necessary to carry recyclable bottled air in the central city—even if you must spend many hours outdoors or in unsealed buildings. Likewise, the story goes on, the surgically implanted “noise rectifiers” previously recommended by the National Institute of Mental Health are no longer needed. Finally, you note that noise and air pollution are rapidly receding to the low levels of the early 1940s.

You skip the tranquilizers that used to be part of the precommute routine, make sure you have your magnetized credit card and then proceed to your garage, where there are two cars. One is the latest Detroit dragon, a beauty marred only by the little message stamped (under industry protest) on the chassis over the left rear wheel: WARNING: INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE EMISSIONS MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. (This “warning,” you understand, will be removed in a few years, when Detroit begins to hybridize some of its i.c.e.s with electric motors.)

The other car—the one you will be using today—is a sleek fiberglass compact. Its exterior bears no markings, save for the decorative imprint of the guideway authority. You enter the car, without bending, by lifting its transparent plastic dome. The floor inside is perfectly flat and nearly two feet separate a pair of bucket seats. Although the small electric motor that propels the car has a range of only 20 miles, it is more than adequate to get you to the nearest guideway entrance—only a

By 1985, tracked air-cushion vehicles (TACVs) will have revolutionized long-distance train travel. France has already built a prototype, the Aeratrain, which, powered by an aircraft piston engine and propeller, has been clocked at 215 mph; work on England’s Hovertrain is rapidly nearing completion. America’s tracked air-cushion vehicles (above) will resemble, according to author Rorvik, “a cross between a spaceship and a Batmobile.” Futuristic rail travel in America is well on its way: Our nation’s first TACVs will be fully operative—and ready for Government testing—within a few years.





couple of blocks from your home. The guideway itself is an elevated, fully automated highway that winds through the suburbs and into the central city. At the check-in station, you insert your credit card in a roadside meter and a central computer instantly checks your credit and the status of your vehicle; if you are delinquent in your toll payments or driving a vehicle that has not been recently inspected, you will be automatically shunted off the guideway.

Having passed muster, you drive onto the access ramp. There you cut your engine and push a dashboard button that activates a small retractable arm, which emerges from a hidden chamber in the side of the car and clamps onto one of the guideway's two side rails. Once attached, the arm ties into communications and control links that power, steer and completely take over the operation of your car. Next, you use the dashboard telephone to dial your destination and, in seconds, the central computer calculates the quickest routing under present traffic conditions—and reserves space for you all the way to your terminus. Moments later, the car accelerates and merges into high-speed traffic on the main guideway, locking onto an electromagnetic guidance wave.

Only one thing resembles the bad old days: Traffic is nearly bumper to bumper; but you don't mind, because you're moving at a steady 100 miles an hour or more. As you soundlessly speed along, you are now free to lean back in your seat and sleep, shave, play solitaire on a table that drops down in front of you, watch television, read, make phone calls, dictate, go over business memos or simply enjoy the scenery. A buzzer sounds a minute or two before you reach your exit station, where

Subways of the future will be almost noiseless and will make present subterranean transport systems seem snail-slow. Pneumatically propelled "gravity vacuum tube" capsules will run underground at 240 mph. The earliest working model will probably be in service by 1978, carrying travelers between midtown Manhattan and John F. Kennedy International Airport—in four minutes. By the mid-Eighties, underground shuttles will link major cities in the Northeast, Midwest and West. Faster than their urban counterparts, intercity gravity-vacuum-tube capsules will reach a speed of 600 mph.





ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAY MORROW

you simply abandon the car (if it's a rental) or (if it's your own) turn it over to a hostess, who routes it—unoccupied—to a parking area.

The automated guideway, now under intensive study by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Federal Government and private industry, is only one of several "systems engineering" concepts expected to revolutionize transportation—and urban America—in the next three decades. Systems engineering, which evolved primarily out of the aerospace industry, combines computer technology with humanistic philosophy: Systems engineers want to know not only whether a piece of hardware can work but also what its effects on society will be. Thus, had systems engineers been in positions of power at the beginning of this century, the internal-combustion engine might never have been unleashed on the public, even though it provided a remarkably convenient means of personal door-to-door transportation. Systems engineers might have anticipated the gargantuan appetite for real estate that the automobile and its supporting highway system would develop, the blight of advertising signs that would crop up along our roadways, the industry's planned obsolescence that would result in auto junk yards from coast to coast, the resulting air and noise pollution, the devastating highway fatality rate, the time-consuming traffic jams, the expensive theft and vandalism associated with the private car—in short, the whole Pandora's box of today's all-too-familiar automotive horrors. Nor would systems engineers have been swayed by the argument that the internal-combustion engine would serve until something better came along. They might even have foreseen that once entrenched—no matter *how* bad it turned out to be—it would be too costly for its

Air-cushion vehicles will displace conventional seacraft transportation. Already being produced in ten nations, air-cushion vehicles are lifted above the waves by giant fans; not having to plow through water, they travel several times faster than screw-driven ships. Currently, British Hovercraft Corporation's car ferry from Dover to Boulogne crosses the English Channel in 35 minutes, in contrast with the usual 90-minute run. In the U. S., Bell Aerospace is working on a 4000-ton hoverfreighter that, by the late Seventies, will cruise at 100 mph—and will cross the Atlantic in less than two days.



manufacturers to give up without a long and bitter struggle.

Despite transportation's grim past and grimmer present, systems engineers such as Dr. Richard Barber, deputy assistant secretary for policy and international affairs in the U. S. Department of Transportation, believe there is considerable hope for the future. The establishment of the department three years ago, he says, was a substantial beginning, "a recognition of the fact that the movement of people and goods—no matter by what diverse means—is really *one* problem." Hence, the D.O.T. has brought under its purview a variety of agencies, ranging from the Coast Guard to the Federal Aviation Administration. "I believe," says Dr. Barber, "that transportation is one of the most powerful influences in our society today; it literally shapes the sort of world that we live in. If it has the power to wreak havoc, it also has the power to strengthen and reinvigorate."

If and when implemented, possibly beginning as early as 1975, the automated-guideway system will prove a tremendous boon to the environment—and our lives. MIT's Highway Transportation Program has already received grants totaling \$1,000,000 (from the D.O.T. and General Motors) to conduct automated-guideway feasibility studies; to date, findings have been decidedly positive. Dr. Siegfried Breuning, former director of the MIT program, believes that the automated-guideway system will be infinitely superior to present-day motor travel. He says, "The first advantage of a guideway would be to relieve road congestion. Most urban arterial highways have capabilities of 1500–2000 vehicles per hour per 12-foot-wide lane. We feel that an automated highway with eight-foot-wide lanes could accommodate up to 10,000 vehicles per hour per lane. The eight-foot lane, of course, would also allow the nation to reclaim a considerable amount of land given over to highway use—or at least devote less land to future transportation use." Three other points raised by Dr. Breuning in advocating the automated-guideway system: Air and noise pollution would be significantly reduced, due to the employment of electronic propulsion (air pollution from the rural power plant feeding the system would not be difficult to control); parking problems would be virtually eliminated, since most of the guideway vehicles would be rentals in constant circulation; and the automated guideway would preclude driving errors that are the main cause of fatal accidents. Additionally, Dr. Breuning lists such humanistic benefits as more leisure time provided for millions of urban commuters and high-quality service priced low enough so that its benefits could be enjoyed by the less affluent.

We already possess the technology necessary to build and maintain a national guideway system and, if funded, construction could begin almost immediately. (Even advanced battery packs and fuel cells are not necessary, since power will be applied to guideway cars through external rails.) And though there is no single computer presently available that can handle an automated guideway servicing a city the size of New York, a number of integrated computers could be employed in the interim. The elevated guideway structure itself, Dr. Breuning says, will be relatively inexpensive, since it can be prefabricated. Cost per individual user, Dr. Breuning believes, may be only half the present rate on conventional highways.

As for aesthetics, MIT engineers believe the guideways, narrow and clean in concept, can be attractively integrated into the urban scene. In downtown areas, guideway structures will hug the sides of buildings—and probably pass right through others—at approximately the fourth-story level. "In the suburbs," Dr. Breuning observes, "they may be obscured from view among the trees—20 or 30 feet up." Little noise will be generated and people will be able to pass freely underneath. "In many ways," he adds, "guideways should be far less objectionable than streets and certainly less of an eyesore than bulky freeways."

Implementation, he concedes, may pose something of a problem. "The more we look into this, however, the more opportunities we see for a gradual evolution of the system." The first guideways will be built in large airports and will be used to shuttle passengers to and from terminals. Then the system will be expanded to help ease traffic in bottleneck situations. As drivers begin to grasp the virtues of the system, Dr. Breuning says, some will have their cars fitted with accessories (which may cost as little as \$200 when mass-produced) that will allow them to use the short guideways. The speed and ease with which these "pioneers" navigate through heavily congested areas will serve as persuasive advertisements, indeed, and nonusers, the MIT team believes, will come over rapidly and in large numbers. "Before long," says Dr. Breuning, "the demand for automated guideways will be at least as great as it was for roads in the Twenties."

Ultimately, the guideways, run by a public or semi-public corporation, will spread out to the suburbs, and dual-mode electric vehicles capable of being driven off the guideway as well as on (where they can be automatically recharged) will be produced on a large scale. The Alden Self-Transit Systems Corporation of Westborough, Massachusetts, has already developed a number of highly successful

prototypes called staRRcars, which, even in this early stage of evolution, are capable of 60 mph. Eventually, most guideway cars will be compact, "captive" capsules owned by the authority for use only on the system. By the late 1980s, it should be possible to dial a car (or bus) and have it stop at the guideway close to your house in the suburbs. By this time, intercity guideways should also be in full operation.

Since conventional automobiles will be completely banned from the central city, probably by 1985, the guideway system will have exits situated adjacent to smaller transportation systems designed to move people over short distances in downtown areas. Among the most prevalent of these will be personalized capsules that run along the streets or on their own narrow elevated tracks (like the minirail used so successfully at Expo 67 in Montreal) and enclosed moving sidewalks, complete with air conditioning in the summer and heat in the winter. These systems will link office buildings, apartment houses, terminals and shops; they will go in and out of doors, above and below ground, becoming, in effect, unobtrusive parts of buildings and arcades.

By the time guideway systems are constructed to ease the intracity traffic crunch, another new transportation mode will be similarly solving the intercity variety: By the mid-1980s, underground gravity vacuum tubes will shelter capsules that flash eerily along without motors (and almost noiselessly) at speeds possibly as high as 600 mph. Underground shuttle service is expected to be in full operation by 1985, by which time it will routinely link cities in the Northeastern urban corridor (Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington) and, going west, New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis-St. Paul. On the West Coast, it will connect San Diego, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Glendale and Pasadena and, farther north, San Jose, Palo Alto, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Sacramento.

"Almost too good to be true" is the way the prestigious Regional Plan Association of New York describes—and endorses—the gravity vacuum transit concept. The system, developed and patented by Lawrence K. Edwards, president of Tube Transit Corporation of Palo Alto, relies on gravity and pneumatics for propulsion. It will operate in the following manner: Visualize a train in an underground tube (accessible by escalators) surrounded by air at normal atmospheric pressure. Once passengers have boarded and the train is ready to roll, an air valve at the end of the station (valve A) and one at the beginning of the next





*"I thought you were with General Custer."*



station (valve B) are closed; air is then pumped out until the pressure is only about 1/40th of normal atmospheric conditions. Valve A is opened and the train is pushed by atmospheric pressure into the near vacuum ahead. When the desired amount of pneumatic (air-pressure) energy has been imparted to the train, a computer will automatically shut valve A. Traveling along a downward slope, the train will continue to accelerate until, just before the next station, it will reach an upward grade, slowing it down; it will be slowed down further when air pressure from valve B ahead exceeds the pressure from behind.

The advantages of the gravity-vacuum-tube system are considerable. In the first place, as inventor Edwards notes, "Gravity costs nothing, is 100 percent efficient, universally available and absolutely reliable." Moreover, experiments have proved that passengers in a gravity-propelled vehicle scarcely perceive any acceleration or deceleration, permitting very high average speeds even over short runs. The system is nonpolluting and, because it is below ground, uses no surface real estate. In addition, it is free of complex moving parts and has no potentially dangerous on-board propulsion units. Speed, however, is probably its biggest selling point. Urban gravity-tube capsules, Edwards says, will shoot around suburbs, downtown areas and airports at 240 mph. Intercity versions will reach a speed of 420 mph and may eventually hit 600—even with a wheeled suspension.

The earliest intercity gravity capsules, which could become a reality in as few as six to eight years, will carry passengers from midtown Manhattan to midtown Washington (with 12 intermediate stops) in 75 minutes and from New York City to Boston in 73 minutes. (Currently, the total elapsed train time to go from midtown New York to midtown Washington is something over 170 minutes.) In the city area, Edwards estimates that the earliest urban gravity tubes will be built to transport travelers from Manhattan's Times Square to John F. Kennedy International Airport in under four minutes. By the 1990s, when we will have hypersonic jet planes going from New York City to Sydney in a little over an hour, people may reasonably feel they should have to spend no more than a minute or two covering the 10 or 20 miles to the airport; of all urban transit systems now envisioned, only the gravity tubes could meet this demand.

Some engineers, however, doubt that even the best wheel-rail suspension system will adequately support tube trains moving in excess of 300 mph. (Air cushions won't work, either, they point out, since the purpose of the gravity-tube concept is to free the moving vehicle

from aerodynamic drag.) Hence, a third and far more exotic possibility has emerged: electromagnetic suspension. At first, this would appear to be unreasonably expensive, considering the amounts of electricity necessary to create magnetic cushions powerful enough to support the immense weight of a large train. Superconductivity, however, is expected to solve the problem. Certain metals, when cooled to temperatures near absolute zero (—460 degrees Fahrenheit), can be transformed into superconductors through which electric current passes at zero resistance, providing the ultimate in electrical economy. (At present, resistance losses in high-voltage transmission lines in this country amount to more than \$350,000,000 annually; if superconducting lines were used—as they will be in another 20 or 30 years—losses would be under \$5,000,000 a year.)

J. R. Powell and G. T. Danby, scientists at the Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, New York, have proposed an ingenious system in which superconducting magnets support a train that, due to huge magnetic counterfields, never touches the tracks. The concept has received considerable attention from D.O.T., and Powell and Danby claim that their system is "technically and economically feasible with present materials." Such a train, pushed by an airplane propeller, has been proposed for surface use.

At the moment, however, tracked air-cushion vehicles are being more seriously considered for high-speed transportation above the ground. The prototype French Aerotrain is already in existence and will soon go into full-scale operation. The British, too, are well on the way to completing their version—the Hovertrain. The Aerotrain, which uses an aircraft piston engine and propeller, has been clocked at 215 mph. This substantially outstrips the best "rolling support" system now in existence—Japan's New Tokkaido Line train, linking Tokyo and Osaka, which averages 110 mph with a top speed of about 190 mph. Though currently far behind the British and the French, the United States may yet come up with the best tracked air-cushion vehicle in the world. The French system runs along an inverted T-rail configuration and the British runs on an inverted U; U.S. prototypes will be supported by a noninverted U-rail configuration, which, after extensive testing, has been shown to provide greater stability at lower costs than the upside-down T track. On the basis of these findings, General Electric and Grumman Aircraft have come up with preliminary vehicle designs. Both trains resemble a cross between a spaceship and a Batmobile. The Office of High Speed Ground Transportation hopes to

test a full-scale research model before the end of 1973.

British and American tracked air-cushion vehicles will be powered by linear-induction motors. Although it is still somewhat of an untested quantity, the linear-induction motor is expected to totally revolutionize surface travel and will also be employed to propel guideway automobiles and, where digging for gravity tubes becomes too difficult, tube transit systems. (The highly technical linear induction motor resembles a rotary electric motor that has been sliced open, unpeeled and laid out flat. The seemingly miraculous effect of this unwinding job is to convert the nature of the motor's force from torque to thrust.) Garrett Corporation is presently developing a 2500-horsepower linear-induction motor for the American tracked air-cushion vehicle program. Final evaluation of all the new high-speed ground vehicles will have to await construction of a \$12,000,000 test facility at a yet unselected site. Tests of a tracked air-cushion vehicle could start next year and a tube train could be put through its pneumatic paces at this same facility as early as 1974.

The future of personal transit is far less predictable than mass-transport systems. For example, private vehicles—capable of guideway and contemporary-road usage—may be constructed of materials more radical than their propulsion systems. High-impact-absorbing plastics and fiberglass will probably be standard materials in another 25 years, but auto bodies may also be constructed of nylon and other synthetic fibers. Several new metallic alloys also show promise. None is more amazing than Nitinol-55, a nonmagnetic nickel-titanium alloy with the astonishing ability to reconstruct itself from "memory" into complex shapes and forms—even after it has been crumpled into a wad. Fabricated into auto bodies (or simply into the most vulnerable parts of them), this superalloy could take the bite out of a few billion dollars' worth of dents and bashes each year. Whether your Nitinol chariot has just one irritating little dent or is a wretched lump of wreckage, help will be only a few minutes and a few volts away. All you'll have to do is drive (or be towed) into a garage, where electric current can be pulsed through what's left of your car; almost magically, the dents, crumples and creases will unfold and your car will be like new again. (And if you're short of electric current, hot water may be able to do the trick.) The metallurgical physics underlying this phenomenon are not yet clearly understood, though it's apparent that above a certain temperature, Nitinol atoms always revert

(continued on page 188)



article By WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

*how one anonymous gentleman,  
tucked away in a quiet  
corner of the world,  
bets over a million dollars  
a week on college  
football and turns a tidy  
profit, thank you*

THEY CALL HIM Diogenes, the seeker after truth. In truth, he has been one of the biggest bettors on college football in the nation, customarily wagering between \$550,000 and \$1,100,000 a week on the game.

In recent years, there have been only a half dozen men in the world who would bet on this level—\$11,000, \$22,000, perhaps \$99,000 on the kick of a point. (The odds in football betting are 11 to 10, so the bets—on this somewhat arcane level—are in multiples of \$11,000.) One was a Texas billionaire who hired a battery of tipsters and handicappers to work with IBM machines to help him pick points. Another was an oil-lease operator who now has a piece of a safari club in Africa; he wouldn't give a tout money for a tip on a game, but he would put down a \$550 bet for him, on the theory that if the tip was any good, the tout could sweat out his own pay-off. Another is the man called Diogenes and he's the latest—and, considering the Federal injunctions now in force against gambling, perhaps the last—of the men who have brought style, success and a certain candor to the field.

As such, Diogenes represents an almost seminal change in the approach to the game. In the past, there was a baroque elegance about big-time betting, a rococo extravagance that exulted in diamond-laden men winning and losing fortunes with a boisterous grandeur. But since the beginning of this century, big-money betting on sports has become less an extravaganza



## DIOGENES' SEARCH FOR AN HONEST GAME

than a clandestine art shrouded by law and custom from the *bourgeoisie*. This was due to the excessive puritanism that swept the country, a puritanism whose ultimate expression was Prohibition. For as drinking went underground, so did big-money betting on sports. But betting did not come back with the same fervor as did drinking. Indeed, it might be said that betting on sports was further corrupted in the Thirties by an influx of satchel-eyed losers in soiled shirts—technologically unemployed by Repeal—who went into betting with no more qualification for it than an ability to lick a pencil point and circle "6" for the six-point spread. In this tarnished atmosphere, even the virtuosos of the art found they had to combine several eclectic assets in order to survive: brains, guts, money and a gift for the inconspicuous.

Diogenes didn't change all this; he merely gave it his own life style. He is not the raffish type; he has a master's degree in economics from the University of Chicago. He is not baffled by figures: "I was making up calendars in my head for three years in advance when I was five years old." He is not obsessed with the money aspect of betting alone: He can discuss the art form in terms of Aristotle, Adam Smith and Rainer Maria Rilke ("Works of art are, indeed, always products of having been in danger, of having gone to the very end in an experience, to where man can go no further"). His



somewhat Socratic mind, and a persuasive personality, once led an admirer to comment that—had he wanted to—he might have become President of the United States. "I would rather," he said, in the tone of a man who knows the ultimate levers of power, "have been Secretary of State."

He resists categorizing. On one hand, he is instinctively a conservative. ("I'm the last of what Roosevelt used to call the 'economic royalists.'") On the other hand, he is an iconoclast. He does not, for instance, believe a great deal of what college coaches say about the game or their teams. "If you follow the coach," he told me one day not long ago, "he'll break you." For a long moment, his look was deep and interior, like a man chewing mentally on the bones of a hundred dead foes. He has been tempted in the past to believe the coaches: "My character is flawed in that respect," he says. But by now, he has learned to disdain their hollow cant, their pharisaical insistence that the world is flat, exactly 100 yards long and bounded at both ends by goal posts. "Nowhere as much as in coaching and politics do you encounter the feeling that truth is merely relative, that the lie made public must be regarded as Biblical fact," he says. He is especially sensitive to the statements made by coaches about the physical health of their teams. He recalls one October day a number of years ago, when he picked Missouri to beat Air Force Academy by three points. Then he read of a dreadful plague of injuries that hit Missouri. Missouri coach Dan Devine seemed to have doubt that there were enough able-bodied boys in the entire state to replace the men on the injured list. So persistent and so melancholy was coach Devine that the point spread began shifting—as the public and the bettors came to believe him—until Air Force became a one-point favorite. Diogenes read and reacted; he couldn't resist hedging his bets. On Saturday, Missouri turned up with a team that had recovered spectacularly from its injuries—"Saint Francis should have been so lucky with birds," says Dio dryly—and Missouri rolled to a 34-8 victory. "I did the worst thing you can do in sports," laments Diogenes. "I believed the coach."

He tries strenuously to maintain an objectivity. Of course, he has his favorites in football, but he regards them all with the fishy-eyed skepticism of a bank-loan officer. "Loyalty can make only one thing out of you," he says. "A loser." Many people in betting feel that his objectivity is not to be believed. Some years ago, he was approached by a shill—a man fronting for certain bookmakers—seeking Dio's views on the upcoming Northwestern-Notre Dame game. Dio was known to like Northwestern personally;

his own school—Chicago—had no team, so he'd transferred his affection to Northwestern. He was also known not to possess the same high regard for Notre Dame—"I just never cared much for the Notre Dame crowd," he says. But he told the shill exactly what he thought: "Notre Dame to win by five." The shill flashed the word to his clients and the next day, Notre Dame went up on the boards as a 13-point favorite. The reasoning was this: If Diogenes—with all his prejudices—liked Notre Dame by five, then the Irish must *really* be a two-touchdown favorite. At first, Dio was deeply angered by what the shill had done. Dio had already laid a bundle on Notre Dame to win by five and when word got around that he'd tipped the shill, it might look to people in the business as if he were giving them that celebrated calisthenic: the double shuffle. When he calmed down, he decided to exploit the situation: He went back into the betting marts and put a bundle on Northwestern, taking the 13 points. Moreover, he made a point of patronizing those bookmakers who used the shill, hoping—by the sheer magnitude of his bets—to put them in a position where they couldn't do anything but lose. As he'd originally predicted, Notre Dame won by five points, 12-7. So Dio won both sides of his bets—and the shill's clients took a bath. "That," says Dio, "was something I enjoyed."

Perhaps his most remarkable attitude is toward the tensions of the game. He does not agonize that a game—and a bet—may go against him. A while back, he picked Florida to win by a point over Baylor in the Gator Bowl. He was watching the game on TV and Florida had a 13-6 lead, with Baylor muddling around mid-field. Suddenly, Baylor clicked on a 47-yard pass play and got a touchdown that reduced the deficit to one point. As Baylor lined up for the extra point, Diogenes observed that there was \$42,000 riding on that single play—" \$22,000 of my money and \$20,000 of the bookmaker's." Yet he seemed as calm as a Colchester oyster. A successful kick would mean a tie game and \$22,000 in losses for Diogenes—but Baylor didn't kick. Instead, it tried to go for two points and the win, by throwing a pass. The pass was incomplete, Florida won the game 13-12 and Diogenes won the bet. "Why worry?" he said coolly. "You *know* you're going to lose sometimes."

Dio reached this controlled status in the usual maladroit way. He was completely absorbed by both mathematics—"the theory of probabilities"—and sports. The trouble was that he couldn't make a living at either. So he turned his talent to economics. After getting his master's degree, he took a close look at himself and concluded that he really wasn't fit

for anything. So he became a securities analyst in a bank. "It's simply a business of picking winners," he says. The action whetted his desire for picking winners in football—as he had done in college—and it so happened that the city he lived in then harbored "business establishments" that catered to such ambitions. (New York City has recently resumed the tradition, at least with respect to horse racing.) At lunch one day, he walked into such an establishment and decided to invest in his favorite team.

"For how much?" asked one of the investment counselors.

"Fifty," said Dio. He'd noticed this seemed to be the figure most frequently used in the investment atmosphere.

"Fifty *what*?"

"Fifty cents," said Dio. After all, he'd had a lot of experience betting on parlay cards.

The investment counselor gave him a sour look. "The minimum, buddy, is fifty *bucks*."

Dio went back to the bank. He worked hard and long and he saved his money and in two years, he'd saved \$50.

"Then I went right back to that same joint and took my team again—it was an underdog—and I put the \$50 on it." The house took his money wordlessly; he won and just as wordlessly it paid him off on the following Monday.

What would he have done if he'd lost that first bet?

"I would have gone back to the bank and worked for two more years and gotten another 50 bucks to put on that team."

He might not have had the chance. For back at the bank, he had a little action going on the side: He was making book on who would get fired next. It was a flourishing side line until the day the president of the bank learned that Dio was carrying that illustrious gentleman as a three-to-one choice to get fired. He fired Dio instead. "I had myself at eight to one," says Dio. He is still bothered by the overlay. "I should have had myself at no better than even money."

Having escaped the stifling embrace of commerce, Diogenes decided to devote himself entirely to art. At first, he felt that something had been lost—perhaps the bloody but beautiful amateur standing of it all. But he adjusted quickly and gradually began to move up the money ladder. "You can bet only what your rating is good for," he says. "If you're a ten-dollar bettor and suddenly you come up with \$1000 on a game, the bookmaker is going to want to know why." It isn't only that bookmakers are afraid of "unnatural" money; it's that few bettors can stand the tensions of moving up to a big-money bet. Dio not only could take the tension but he was

(continued on page 242)



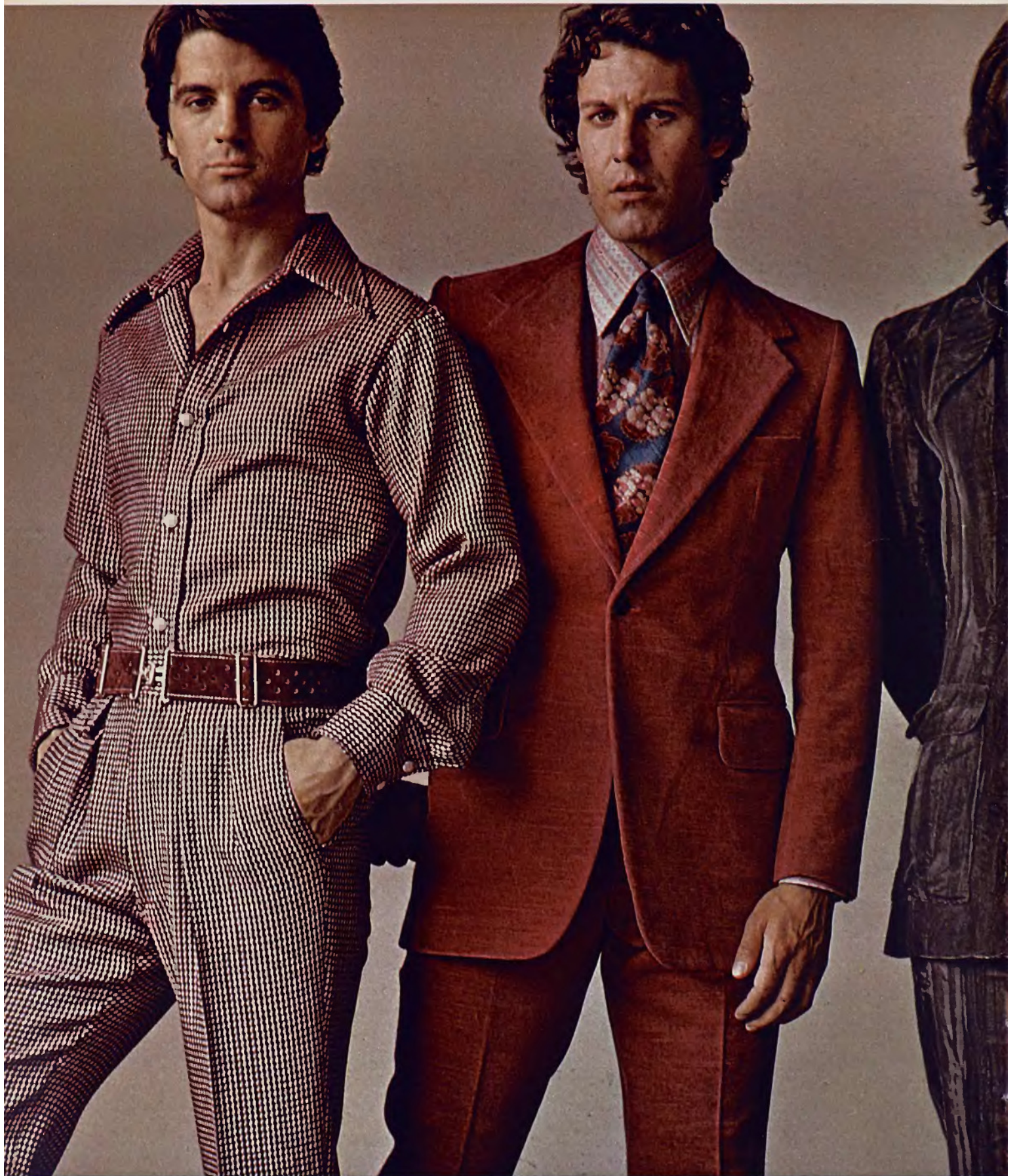


## PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*attire* By **ROBERT L. GREEN** A BEAU BRUMMELLISH preoccupation with elegance, we predict, will be the dominant trend in men's fashions during the next six months. Suit lapels, both notched and peaked, are certain to continue to expand, thus providing an increasingly broad frame for ties of four- to five-inch widths. Woven *the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories*

Two for the two-button. Left: Subtle geometric-weave single-breasted, by Botany 500, \$110, worn with cotton and polyester shirt, by Manhattan, \$9, and cotton and rayon wide tie, by Ditz, \$5. Right: Wool flannel two-button, by Franklin Bober for Clinton Swan, \$120, broadcloth shirt with long-pointed collar, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, \$16.50, and silk twill tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$12.50.





Well suited for the season. Above left: Checked lamb's-wool shirt suit with long-pointed collar, straight-cut pleated-front trousers and suede belt, by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear, \$103. Above center: Velour one-button single-breasted that features flap pockets, side vents and flared-leg trousers with extension waistband, by Ray Bufort for Fox Hunt, \$100, printed stripe and all-over-pattern cotton broadcloth jacquard-weave shirt, by Hathaway, \$16, and floral-design Indian silk tie, by Ditz, \$8. Above right: Rayon-panne velvet shirt suit with long-pointed collar, large flap pockets and barrel cuffs, by Gilbert Feruch for Delton, \$200, and multicolor print silk square, by Handcraft, \$7.50.





The perennial peacoat. Right: Long melton jacket with two-way collar, two flap breast pockets, two slash side pockets with vertical flaps, double-welt seaming and a deep center vent, by Philippe Venet for Barney's, \$175.



patterned cravats will have a lush Renaissance look designed to complement the lean, almost tubular lines that will mark the near-future shape of suits and jackets.

This past summer, the easy suit—a term coined to describe a lightweight, loosely constructed garment with no shoulder padding or interlinings—was introduced and became an instant best seller, because it combined the function of a business suit with the comfort of casualwear. You can expect easy suits (some manufacturers call them free or relaxed suits) to reappear early in the fall—in heftier fabrics.

Outerwear is going to continue to lengthen this winter, with leather maintaining its position as the favored cold-weather trapping. Supple glove suedes and glove kid leathers, brushed pigskins, goatskins and calf suedes are currently being cut into long coats with an A-line shape that features a slim chest, high armholes and a slight flare from the waist. Raincoats will also be midi length and *(text concluded on page 123)*





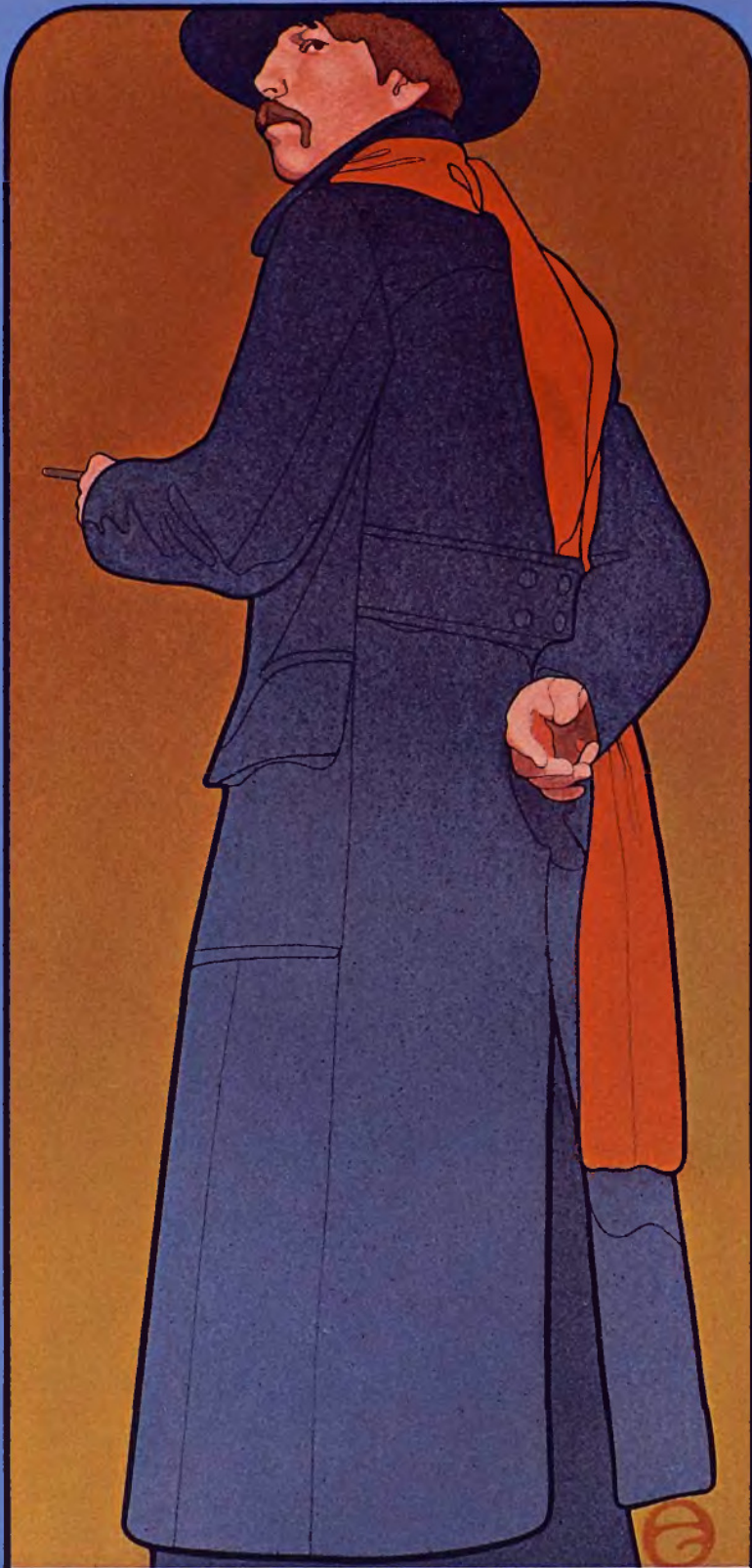
Outerwear with flair. Above: Geometric-patterned double-breasted wool greatcoat with extra-wide lapels, by Pierre Cardin, \$235. Right: Wool double-knit zip-front suit, by Bijou de Bruestle for Rafael, \$180, and cotton knit sweater, by Robert Bruce, \$7. For right, top: Sueded-calfskin midi-length belted coat (left), by Jon Stephone-Bidermann, \$260; cotton rayon polyurethane midi-length raincoat, by Jupiter of Paris, \$100, wool tweed floppy cop, by Tenderfoot, \$8, and canvas shoulder bag, by Hunting World, \$25. Far right, bottom: Sheepskin coat with roomy canvas patch pockets, full collar and bone buttons, by Stanley Blocker, \$140, cotton knit shirt, by Michael Mileo/Peter Sinclair, \$17, herringbone wool slacks, by Viceroy, \$25, fur felt hat, by Rafael, \$35, and patent-leather belt, by Solvotori, \$7.50.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD NOBLE







The elegant touch. Above: Wool and polyester double-breasted mid-length coat, by Jupiter of Paris, \$80, worn with fur felt wide-brimmed hat, by Rofael, \$35, and long wool scarf, by Hondcraft, \$7.50. Center left: Cotton velvet dinner jacket, by The Earl of Lichfield, \$150, wool trousers, by Carlo Giovonnelli, \$40, silk evening shirt, by Hathoway, \$30, and silk bow tie, by After Six, \$6. Center right: Mohair and worsted one-piece formol jump suit, \$110, silk ruffled-front evening shirt, \$30, both by Oscar de la Renta for After Six, and silk satin butterfly bow tie, by After Six, \$6. Far right: Double-breasted horsehair greatcoat, \$600, and sueded-calfskin slacks, \$165, both by Pierre Cardin, and a ribbed Trevira and cotton knit turtleneck, by Forum, \$12.







highlighted by such details as patch bellows pockets and belted backs.

Striped dress shirts in a bright new spectrum of color combinations, including cream and sky blue and red and pink, should soon be appearing in your local men's store. And the white dress shirt, we predict, will stage a comeback; styles will have full collars, deep cuffs and interesting surface treatments—white satin stripings and white Jacquard-weave accents, for example. That's the latest word on this fall and winter's fashion scene—make your move while the selections are plentiful. 123







opinion

By LESLIE EPSTEIN

*a young film freak—lamenting the current cinema's lack of imagination—celebrates past revelations of delight and terror in moviehouses from tijuana to verona*

THE MOST SATISFYING aesthetic experience I've had, the one in which reality and the work of art most immediately and thoroughly interpenetrated—an eyeful of shadows stuffing my arms, a magic-lantern genie, black-haired, shoeless, asking, "What is your desire?"—occurred midway in my moviegoing career and cost \$3.50.

"Three-fifty!" cried the Penguin, flapping his arms. "For a flick? For nothing but a flick?"

"Si. You want gurls, you got to pay another ten dollars more."

"No girls, no girls," said the Pumpkin out loud, and then, growling into my ear, "Tell him, Duck. Tell him to buzz off. We're not interested. It's too soon. It'll ruin the plan."

"How much is the ride out there?" asked the cautious Penguin. "An arm and a leg?"

"One dollar and fifty cents," said the driver as the back door of his taxi—white with a blue top and a blue stripe down the side, a fabled Blue cab, Charon's notorious Dodge, ferrying the children of Los Angeles to hell and night—swung open and sucked us in.

"That makes five each and no nooky," the Pumpkin said.

"Get it out now," whispered the Penguin. "Don't let them see your wallet."

"Move your ass," I told the Pumpkin, afraid he would feel the trembling of my leg through the corduroy on his sturdy thigh. The cab shot forward, made a U-turn on Tijuana's main street and careened onto an unlit, unpaved road.

"Jesus!" the Penguin groaned. "What are we doing here?"

The driver began to sing. "La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la."

"Quit shaking, Duck. You act like you've never gone to the movies be—" The words died on my friend's lips. Without slowing down, without any warning at all, the taxi swerved across the road to the left and climbed a dirt embankment. It hung for a moment at the top, its headlights casting a last, cross-eyed look in the direction of heaven, then slammed down and began burrowing across a rutted field toward a distant cluster of tar-paper shacks that, even as we watched, lit up, bare bulbs winking welcome at the Blue, lurching and heaving along, *tri-tri-la-la-la*, with its barnyard of innocents.

The Penguin, the Pumpkin and I had been friends for years and were now drifting apart. I had returned from my first year of college in the East and it was almost clear to me how much time we had wasted in one another's company—set after set of tennis, endless cruising for girls on Hollywood Boulevard, weekends at the beach, lying in the sand, rising occasionally to catch a wave on the prow of our rubber rafts. I think it was because we sensed there could not be much more of this that we decided to seal our summers, and our shamelessness, with what in Southern California had become a traditional rite of passage: the trip to T. J., the defloration of the freshman. (continued on page 136)

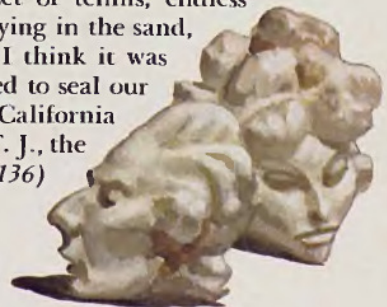


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK



TWICE  
BLESSED





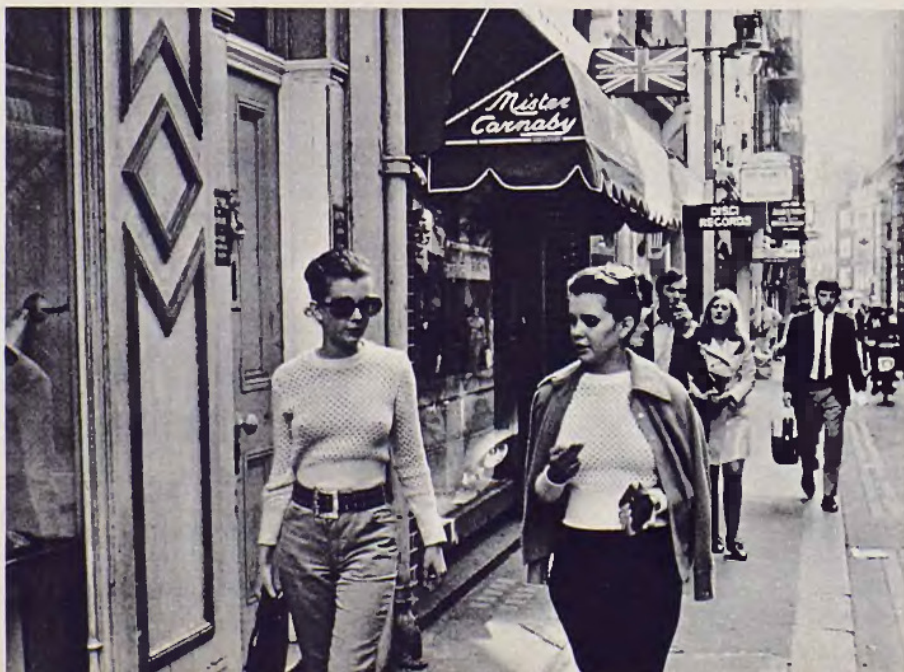


*at work or play,  
our first twin playmates  
lead a lively double life*

Though they're based in London, the twins often travel out of town on modeling assignments. Above: Their photographer meets them at Ipswich Station for a rural mini-midi shooting.



Next day, the girls visit their Carnaby Street modeling agency to go over their portfolio. Later, en route home and oblivious of the street's boutiques, they discuss a new assignment.



**I**DENTICAL TWINS have been a perennial theme of folklore and literature since Romulus and Remus shrewdly picked up some real estate in what turned out to be Rome. After a look at our October Playmates—18-year-old Mary and Madeleine Collinson—it's easy to understand why Shakespeare, Thornton Wilder and Lewis Carroll, to name a few, felt compelled to express their fascination for this unusual sibling relationship. Although these brown-eyed beauties agree that being look-alikes is great fun, their biological uniqueness can be a problem. "Sometimes people treat us differently from other kids just because we're twins," says Madeleine. In an uncannily similar voice, Mary concurs: "They think we're special, but we don't like the distinction. This is one of the reasons we left home." Home for the Collinson girls—the second pair of twins in their family—is Malta, the tiny former British island in the Mediterranean whose inhabitants speak an exotic blend of Arabic and Italian dialects. Over a year and a half ago—when they both decided life there was too orthodox and insular—the pair migrated to London to embark on a career in fashion modeling. "At first it was a difficult adjustment," recalls Mary, "since we had no close friends or relatives to help us. We didn't know how to manage a career and we had to learn the hard way. Some people tried to take advantage of us because of our inexperience and often promised us jobs we never got." Happily, things have changed for this free-spirited twosome. Because of the enthusiasm they share for almost everything they do (and with a little help from each other), their disappointments were short-lived. "I don't think age has anything to do with a person's ability to get along," says Mary's alter ego. "We were capable of taking care of ourselves and we did." With more modeling jobs coming their way—the most recent on location in Spain—the twins find that their hectic schedules leave them little leisure time. Since most of their assignments are *à deux*, they make their daily rounds together, visiting photographers, taking test shots and going over their picture layouts. "Modeling is like a continuous holiday—wearing pretty clothes and getting paid for it," they echo, but Madeleine confesses it's not an easy life. "The competition is tremendous. There's always





Preparing to leave for the United States, Madeleine (far left) and Mary mirror each other's thoughts on what outfits to pack for the trip.

going to be someone who's better or prettier than you are, so you have to be in tiptop shape all the time, and it's very tiring." Her counterpart nods approval, remembering periods of utter exhaustion after working seven days a week. "But I have to be doing something," says Madeleine. "I couldn't stay home for very long. Modeling keeps me busy and the pay is good." True to their genetic make-up, the girls not only look alike but mirror each other's thoughts and opinions on subjects that run the gamut from career and marriage to politics and pastimes. "Talking to one of us is like talking to the other," Madeleine says. "There's really little difference in the way we think and in the things we like to do." So it's not surprising that the two spend their free time as well as their working hours together. If they aren't reading (they prefer fiction) or listening to music (Johann Strauss is a favorite), you might find them testing their expertise on the slopes in Gstaad, Switzerland (they plan to become expert skiers). A recent junket was a tour of Austria, Germany, Belgium and Italy by car with a group of friends. Although they like the gaiety of London's *discothèques* and pubs, M and M's idea of a perfect day is a stroll through Hyde Park, where they enjoy rowing on the Serpentine, or visiting the Regent's Park zoo. With so few vacations and such long and unpredictable working hours, however, the girls find it difficult to date and almost impossible to have steady boyfriends; but it's an occupational hazard they accept willingly—for the present. As Madeleine explains, "When we have to break dates because of an assignment, men just don't understand. But if we have to choose between our social life and a job, our work is more important. We just don't want to be involved with anyone—at least for now." Even though both of them claim impatience as one of their vices, neither is in a hurry to give up her independence for matrimony. With predictable agreement, they plan to work for at least five more years "to earn enough money to be independent, even after marriage." Self-sufficient though they may be, a trip home—four hours by air from London—to be with family and friends is a welcome relief for this hard-working team. They take maximum advantage of Malta's salubrious climate by going sailing and taking moonlight





As the hour of departure for Chicago rapidly approaches, the twins get ready on the double. Below: After arriving at O'Hare Airport, they tour the famous Rush Street area by limo before leaving their bags at the Playboy Mansion and setting off on foot for further explorations.



Part of the afternoon is spent browsing in the many shops along Michigan Avenue. After visiting the Playboy Building, the girls are overwhelmed by the John Hancock Center (below); from the observation deck, 94 stories high, they get a dizzy aerial view of the central city.







PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH

MISSSES OCTOBER



swims on their favorite beaches. Malta's blend of Old World and New is alluringly tranquil, but the girls prefer the "freedom and excitement" of London. Ideally, they'd like to own a retreat on Malta where they could vacation two months every year, but both agree that they'll never return to stay. "It's too backward and parochial," explains Madeleine (or is it Mary this time?). "The ideas, freedoms and even the fashions of young people aren't readily accepted. Each generation is the same and the Maltese want to keep it that way. Once you've traveled, you feel trapped there,

and we're too free-thinking to conform to its customs and traditions." Although the twins have spent a lot of time traveling, a recent visit to the States—highlighted by a stay in Chicago for their Playmate assignment—has been the most exciting adventure to date for this nomadic pair. In fact, they were so impressed with what they saw that they've considered the possibility of moving here. "We'd probably live in California, but we'll have to give it serious thought before moving so far from our family and friends." It would be quite a step for the twins, but we hope they take it.

In search of unusual gifts to surprise their family and friends, the twins peer into a candle shop in Old Town's Piper's Alley.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After he entered a packed subway train, the young man was crushed against a shapely blonde. Several stations later, as he started to get off, she kicked him in the shin. "What the hell did you do that for?" he asked.

"Next time," the indignant girl whispered, "don't start something you can't finish."

We know a happily married philanderer who justifies his amours with the comment, "My wife doesn't care where I get my appetite, as long as I eat at home."



The young mother skeptically examined a new educational toy. "Isn't it rather complicated for a small boy?" she asked the salesclerk.

"It's designed to adjust the tot to live in today's world, madam," the shop assistant replied. "Any way he tries to put it together is wrong."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *artificial insemination* as inoculate conception.

Stopping to pay a call on some of his suburban constituents, the Congressman found that they were having a party and volunteered to return at a more convenient time. "Don't go," the host begged. "We're playing a game that you might enjoy. We blindfold the women and then they try to guess the identity of the men by feeling their genitals."

"How dare you suggest such a thing to a man of my dignity and stature?" the politician roared.

"You might as well play," the host urged. "Your name's already been guessed three times."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prostitution* as the only business in which the profits go up when the assets go down.

While passionately making love, the couple was interrupted by the phone ringing. The girl answered it, returning to bed a few seconds later. "Who was that?" her companion questioned.

"My husband," the curvaceous young thing sighed, snuggling up against her bed partner. "He wanted to tell me he'll be out late because he's playing poker with you and some of the other fellows."

I sent my boy to college to get an education," complained one father to another, "but all he seems to do is shack up with coeds, smoke pot and have a good time."

"Most college students do that today," replied his friend.

"That's the trouble," snapped the first chap. "I should have kept him home and gone to college myself."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masseurs* as people who knead people.

And, of course, you've heard about the 80-year-old man accused of rape but later acquitted because the evidence wouldn't stand up in court.

The worried bachelor consulted a psychiatrist about his nymphomaniac girlfriend. "Doctor," he exclaimed in a shaky voice, "she'll stop at nothing to satisfy her bizarre sexual desires and unholy cravings—"

"I've heard enough," interrupted the psychiatrist. "Does she have a friend?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as doing your own thing.

The head of a large advertising firm reluctantly agreed to take on the son of a wealthy former classmate and teach him the ad game. At the first executive meeting the lad attended, a discussion came up about the proper time slot for a prospective television commercial.

"I'd suggest three o'clock on Sunday," submitted one vice-president.

"Three o'clock on Sunday?" cried the budding executive. "Why *nobody* would be watching then—everybody's out playing polo."



Sounds drifting from the honeymoon suite kept the bellboy glued to the door. Between gasps, a male voice was saying, "Now will you let me?"

Throughout the night, this same exchange held the bellboy with his ear at the keyhole. As he was about to give up, he heard the man, in a plaintive voice, say, "Honey, it's almost dawn. Now will you let me?"

"Oh, all right," sighed a sweet voice. "Go ahead and take it out."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





**SOKOL**

*"Get my shotgun and go fetch the parson, Maw. Looks like that traveling salesman is fixing to seduce our Cindy Lou."*



## CINE-DUCK (continued from page 125)

Near La Jolla, we pulled off the road and ran down to the deserted sea. It was not a perfect day; the sun hid behind a hazy milk-white vault, missing pupil of a blinded eye, beneath which we dawdled, the Pumpkin and I discussing the mechanics of pleasure, while the Penguin—aptly named, for he was a dour little man, worried and formal, who moved stiffly about the tennis court, slapping at the ball—waddled near the surf.

"It's all tension and release," the Pumpkin was saying. "That's the only known source of human pleasure. Think about it. Isn't that right? Can you think of any other examples?"

"What about beauty?" I replied.

"Come on. Be serious."

"I am serious. What about the pleasure you feel when you see something beautiful?"

"Would you maintain that the most beautiful thing you ever saw—a Rembrandt or a flower or a sunset—came anywhere near a good shit? Give your opinion and not what they told you to say at Yale."

"The shit wins hands down."

"Of course it does. That's because of the pressure on the colon and the sphincter. And the greater the tension, the greater the release."

"So, according to you, we should go around constipated."

"Spare your wit, Duck. Most people most of the time settle for a little pleasure because they can take only a little pain. But we're in a once-in-a-lifetime situation here and, believe me, the frustration will pay off in all-time thrills. So stick to the plan. A few drinks, a flick starring a burro and a girl, and then, Long Bar! We have to sit right up next to the runway. The Cow said this girl actually dropped her panties on his head! Think of the tension! And she made him smell the juice on her hand!"

"Do you believe that?"

"Take a whiff," he said, holding out his fingers. "Ambrosia!" Then he got to his feet, hooked his thumbs into the brown-and-yellow swim trunks in which he had won every major tournament in California and pulled them down around his knees. He hid his penis between his legs, leaving only a triangular patch of Pumpkin hair to dazzle the eye, and remained that way, in *September Morn's* awkward S—ridiculed mercilessly by Fisher, my instructor in Art 10—one hand behind his head, the other on his hip.

"Wool Wool!" cried the Penguin, charging up the beach. "Darling! Throw me a hump!"

The border between the United States and Mexico split the sky; as soon as we crossed it, the thin haze of California gave way to heavy brown clouds that sat

like fat riders on the horses that grazed on nearby hills, cracking their backs. Now and then, the late sunlight would radiate upward like spikes of a crown or break through to make the fields greener, browner. Four or five enormous raindrops spread over the windshield and silent lightning raced horizontally in the clouds. *Don't touch anything metal*, I thought, part cowed by the ominousness of the landscape, into which Tijuana huddled gray as El Greco's Toledo (much praise from Mr. Fisher), part condescending toward the corniness of the spectacle, this nephological drum roll before the Fatal Step. I switched on the wipers and the entire scene disappeared in concentric streaks of dust and, peer as I might to find the road, I saw only myself, cardboard cacti to either side, high atop a downtown donkey, smiling with wide duckling lips for a cameraman whose head is buried in a hood of time, underexposed memory of a childhood trip, on which I also acquired a large brass ring in the shape of a skull with ruby eyes; it left a green band on my finger that would not fade.

"It's a trick!" warned the Pumpkin. "Look at all those girls!" The room was full of them, lounging about on chairs and sofas against the four walls.

"Look at him! That one for me!" a pretty girl cried out, causing me to stumble in my tracks, so inconceivable was it that she could have meant either my dour or my cucurbitaceous friend.

"Don't get excited, Duck," the Penguin spat back from the side of his mouth. "She wasn't looking at you."

"She's wild about you, is that it? Lost her heart to the gentleman in the tux, I suppose?"

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" the Penguin retorted and drowsy ladies sat upright all over the house.

The cabdriver led us to a small windowless room with a few chairs and an 8mm projector on a table, which he immediately turned on. A woman of perhaps 40, with dark hair and surprisingly light skin, suddenly appeared on the wall, where she paced to and fro, stamping her high heels in nervous anticipation of what the Cow had led us to believe would be a burro but what, in fact, turned out to be a perfectly ordinary fellow who kept his head turned away from the camera out of a shyness so acute it actually caused the film to snap three times in the act of oral intercourse. Many of that movie's images—a hand pulling a breast out of a dress, sweat flying from the impact of lovers' bellies, a woman kissing her own breast and shoulder, the complexities of genitalia—have been impressed forever on my mind. This has not occurred because the images themselves were for-

bidden, mysterious, exciting, but because the way in which they reached us—usually dim, often blurred, occasionally trembling off the sprocket or halting entirely, once expanding into a mottled butterfly, motes in a beam of light, flickers, shadows, nothing—was and is itself symbolic of the repressed unconscious working its way toward full exposure. The form and content of the medium and of the psyche that apprehended it had become, each of the other, indelible proofs.

Halfway through the film, the girl who had called out to me ran through the projector's beam and began bouncing up and down on the astounded Pumpkin's lap. "The minute I see you, I say, this one, this one, this one for me!" She was followed a moment later by a redhead who put her arms around the Penguin's neck and began coughing into his ear. My own girl, a woman, really, roughly the same age as the actress on the wall, with the same dark hair and light skin, sat in my lap, too, put her hand between my legs and murmured over and over again, "What kind of job you like? I do any job on you." A fair amount of time passed in such bouncing, coughing, murmuring, accompanied by the soft humming of the driver and the whir of the old equipment, until, abruptly, the Pumpkin stood up, one of his pockets turned inside out, and began to sway back and forth with the bouncer in his arms.

"Pumpkin!" I cried. "What about the plan? What about the tension? The panties at Long Bar?" But he only stood there, the chipped tooth in his smile making him look like a demented jack-o'-lantern, then stumbled forward and tottered out of the room.

"I guess this is it," the Penguin said.

"I guess so," I replied, and we separated, each to his cubicle: a bed, a condom, a piece of toilet paper, a whore. It cost five dollars extra to take off her clothes and my budget was tight; but, barefoot, her dress thrown up over her hips, she looked like a flower and the flower's stalk, with, at the center of the arrangement, an orchid, petals glistening with ambrosia. When I sought to touch it, she cried, "Loco, you loco, you," and she continued to chant, keeping to the rhythm of our intercourse, drowning, nearly, the hacking cough and strange thumping that came over the partition, *youlocoyoulocoyoulocoyouloco*, while countless dreams came true.

"Duck! Duck! I'm itching! I think I've got the crabs!" the Pumpkin declared.

"What about me?" the Penguin cut in. "I know I've got t.b."

But my pleasure had not ceased. It kept growing to include the girl who had

(continued on page 174)





# THE GIANT CHICKEN-EATING FROG WILL SOON BE EXTINCT UNLESS WE TAKE ACTION NOW!

*...so, for god's sake, let's not do anything*

humor By **PROFESSOR MORTON STULTIFER, PH.D.**

OF ALL THE AMPHIBIANS, the Salientia, or Benevolent and Protective Order of Frogs, has most often been immortalized in story and song. Frogs appear in such widely diverse songs as *The Merry Widow Waltz*, *Camptown Races* and *Tara's Theme* from *Gone with the Wind*. The full extent of the part played by a Colorado River toad in inspiring the Chilean national anthem will probably never be known. Aeschylus, Mark Twain, Jane Austen, Balzac and Jack E. Leonard are among the beloved storytellers who have paid tribute to the frog, and Henry James's novels are replete with frog imagery, occasioning William Dean Howells' remark that James's prose "literally leaps off every page."

It should be stated before we go any further that the word frog is actually a misnomer. The correct word is *forg*. The transposition of the middle letters is due to a typo in a medieval illuminated manuscript by Fra Risus Sardonicus, and a more devastating comment on medieval illumination you couldn't ask for. The goof was never picked up



by his editor at the monastery and even his reprinters let the error ride. Pretty soon, the whole Holy Roman Empire was calling a *forg* a *frog*. For clarity's sake, however, we will refer to the corrupt but generally accepted *frog* throughout this work.

The ancestors of frogs appeared in the Rachitic Period about 200,000,000 years ago; but modern frogs, by which we mean those with tail fins and recessed dashboards, appeared about 40,000,000 years later, during the Funicular Era, when the Northern Hemisphere was ankle-deep in yellow, viscous funicles.

Like most amphibians, including salamanders, newts, efts, defts, delfts, elves and guelphs, the frog breathes through its skin, lays eggs in water and undergoes a metamorphosis from soft egg (no more than three minutes) to monowog, polliwog, multiwog and megawog, until at last its *w* drops away, an *fr* takes its place and you have a frog.

Frogs are extremely well adapted to their environment. Their primary physiological response to natural enemies over the ages has been the development of an anatomical structure suited to jumping. This includes elaboration of the pelvic girdle, enlargement of the rear limbs, a tumbler spring for tumbling, a bolt-guide pin for bolting, a flip-flop gate, shoulder pads, an N. F. L. official helmet with face guard and a supply of Ace bandages.

Another adaptation is cold-bloodedness, the ability to adjust body temperature to that of the environment. In an experiment conducted in Oslo by Squamus and Lipid, 100 Peruvian horned frogs, accustomed to temperatures in the high 80s, 95 percent humidity and a 40 percent chance of thunderstorms, were thrust into a chamber in which the temperature was then lowered to five degrees Kelvin, just a fraction above absolute zero. When the frogs' blood temperature was measured, it, too, was five degrees Kelvin! Of course, the frogs were stone-dead, but you have to take your hat off to anyone who would risk flying from Peru to Norway just to take part in a moronic experiment.

All frogs give you warts, but there is only one that can give you multiple fractures, and that is *Leptodactylus Pentadactylus*, the Giant Chicken-Eating Frog. This behemoth inhabits the rain forests of Central and South America, and if it knows what's good for it, it will stay there. *Leptodactylus* begs superlatives. It is about a foot longer than most frogs can leap and it comes up to your thighs. It doesn't come up to my thighs, however, because the moment I hear that a Giant Chicken-Eating Frog is around, my thighs convey the balance of my person at top speed to high ground. Its belly is the size of a basketball, its

hind legs thick and tough as electric cable and it possesses superpowerful forelegs with long, grasping claws. Its sinister black and gold tiger-striped eyes bulge atop its immense head like the machine-gun turrets of Flying Fortresses. It's little wonder that destruction by Giant Chicken-Eating Frog is considered an act of God by most insurance companies and is the subject of a specific exclusion clause in all major-medical policies. You can look it up.

This monstrous animal spends most of its time squatting in foul-smelling muck around the tracks traversed by giant roaches, small mammals and large birds. Crouching for hours with a confident grin on its face and gullet throbbing, its eyes begin to palpitate with greedy anticipation as prey comes within leaping range, roughly 12 miles with a tail wind. Then it leans forward imperceptibly on its bowed front legs and slowly draws its hind ones into springing position. Although the only small thing about it is its brain, that organ is highly adapted to the functions of computing distance, windage and trajectory. When the command comes down to commence fire, it propels itself out of the mire like a Poseidon missile, claws extended and cavernous mouth agape, shouting things like "Kreeegah!" and "Power to the people!" Many victims, enveloped by its huge black shadow, die of heart failure on the spot. The frog grasps its prey with its claws and stuffs it into its mouth, swallowing it whole. The unfortunate animal may be observed kicking, sometimes for many hours, within its predator's stomach. The *Leptodactylus* has no front teeth, nor has it any need of them, but it does have vomerine teeth located at the back of the throat for crunching the larger bones of its victims into a gray, pasty vomer.

The Giant Chicken-Eating Frog diets on mice, rats, opossums, rabbits, other frogs and large insects. It is also viviparous, or snake-eating, dining on vivipers, m-moccasins, r-rattlesnakes and the l-like. Finally, it enjoys feeding on birds; and because of a predilection for chickens, it is regarded as a serious pest by peasants of tropical regions. Their chickens like to roost on low-hanging branches to avoid the mire; but all too often, they are oblivious to the golden eyes glaring at them from the muck below. Then, as they sway innocently on their boughs, reading magazines and waiting for their nails to dry, there is a green blur, a muffled squawk and a vomerine crunch; and before you can say, "*Ave Maria, una rana enorme ha comido el pollo,*" the "frog enormous" has gobbled up Sunday's din-din. There is one chicken the *Leptodactylus* will never touch, though, and that's the one that sits barricaded in a concrete bunker somewhere in the rain

forest with a shotgun on his lap, typing these pages.

The mating habits of these freakish frogs are certainly among the most repugnant of any in the forest, and they even top a lot of things that go on in civilized bedrooms. In a well-funded pilot study undertaken by Purke, Drippe and Philter, 400 well-funded pilots affirmed that they had never heard of anything as disgraceful as the carryings-on in the boudoirs of Giant Chicken-Eating Frogs. Only 12 said they "didn't see anything wrong" with it, seven thought we should get out of Vietnam at once and six were grounded in Atlanta with magneto trouble.

Because the male is only two thirds as large as the female and is balding and careless in his dress, it's unlikely that he could ever attract a mate without employing either subterfuge or violence, or both. Thus, when the female, after consulting her horoscope in *Cosmopolitan*, decides it's mating season, the male takes up a position from which he can drag her into a pond or puddle. Normally, the male is no match for the female; but at this time, she's laden with a quart of eggs, plus half a pound of sweet butter and a pint of heavy cream. Competing males beckon to her with loud, dry woofs.

For some reason, the female finds this cacophony alluring and drags herself and her basketful of dairy products toward the bog. Presumably, she is just going for a dip, but we know where her head is at, don't we, boys? Pausing to powder her nose, she observes in the mirror of her compact dozens of pairs of bulging eyes peering lubriciously at her through the swamp grass. She picks out a pair that strikes her as having the qualities of the frog she would like to be the father of her children. She doesn't exactly bat her eyelids at him, since frogs have no eyelids, but she does bat a kind of membrane at him, which may be supposed good enough to suit his fancy. Then she turns her back deliberately, shuffling along with a provocative snic-snic-snic of her vestigial tail. In a trice, the male rushes her, applies a hammer lock and makes for the water. Moments later, the wanton, as the Chinese waiter said, is in the soup.

The female now realizes the error of her ways, but it's too late for regret, because the male's breast possesses two pairs of black, sharp, cartilaginous points. The brute clasps her around the belly from behind with his powerful forelegs, impaling the flesh of her back with his breast points, so that she cannot move. If she struggles, he pokes her in the boobs with his thumbs. For two days, they remain locked thus, while she decides just how she's going to get rid of this masher, who, in spite of her

(concluded on page 241)



*pictorial essay*

By JOHN SKOW

*what happens when all  
barriers are lifted from what  
we may see and read?*

## PORNOGRAPHY AND THE UNMELANCHOLY DANES

"DESCRIBING HIMSELF as a concerned grandparent," it said right there on page five of my *Paris Herald Tribune*, "Senator Barry Goldwater has called upon Congress to crack down on 'smut peddlers' using the mails to pander to children. While conceding that there are differences of opinion over what is obscene, the 1964 Republican Presidential candidate said: 'As a father and a grandfather, I know, by golly, what is obscene and what isn't.'"

Goldwater-bites-smut strikes the news-hungry traveler with less than moon-shot impact, but the *Trib* knows what it's doing. Its business is to reassure homesick Americans that Buz Sawyer, James Reston and Ron Ziegler are still on the job. There is nothing so reassuring, except an exact knowledge of which American Express offices have public

Rock singers and topless dancers welcome visitors to the Copenhagen Sex Fair in a relatively tame warm-up for the exhibits to follow.







As at county fairs back in the States, the midway (above) is crowded with booths—but the wheel of fortune and the shooting gallery have been replaced by more exotic diversions.



"Whatever turns you on" was the theme of the fair, from the go-go girl (above left), who's being ogled before going on (right), to a demonstration of gadgets for sadomasochists (below).



The boys in the band are completely clothed; but, for the buyer who's seen everything, the "Lady Birds" out front perform partly undraped to add more spice to a fair already top-heavy with titillation.

rest rooms and which do not, as to sit in a café in Obergurgl or Puerto de Santa María and read that smut is still being expunged back home and that Barry Goldwater's "by golly" has not lost its cunning.

Another dispatch from the *Trib's* smut correspondent a couple of weeks later was even more fascinating, although less soothingly traditional. Its headline was one of those double-action whiz-bangs whose whiz part, in small italic type, was the teaser: "*As Blasé Danes Yawn.*" Right under that, in large, upstanding type, was the bang: "FOREIGNERS JAM COPENHAGEN FOR FIRST PORNOGRAPHY FAIR." Bill, please! This was enough to pry the traveler from his café chair and propel him onto the next flight for Denmark.

An American heading for Copenhagen these days does so in a state of considerable bemusement. Three years ago, touring third-grade teachers whisper to one another on their charter flights, the Danes removed all restrictions on written pornography, except that it remained illegal to sell the stuff to children; and in July of last year, they removed all restrictions against dirty pictures, except that it was illegal to sell them to children or to display them in shop windows. The U. S. Congress was fascinated by these developments—I follow the vagaries of smut control the way other hobbyists trace refinements in Costa Rican postage stamps—and one of its committees ordered a detailed report. (Not, as it happens, the committee before which Barry Goldwater testified. That one is a House subcommittee dealing with the Post Office; the mailmen, as all are aware, have their network of muleback messengers so well organized that a letter sent from Manhattan will reach the Bronx in less than three days, and this efficiency gives them a lot of time to spend telling citizens what sort of pictures they may look at. There are other smut expungers in Congress who also work hard, however, and the bunch that wants to know about Copenhagen is called the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.)

Strange news, by golly. The Danes are much admired by Americans, presumably including Congressmen. They are thought to be steady, intelligent, peace-loving but tough, good fishermen, wood finishers and cheese makers and workmanlike drinkers. An unseemly mania for sex is not part of the national image. In Sweden, it is well known, freckled blonde girls drag terrified male travelers into the wheat fields; but Sweden is another matter. The Danes are very sound. So what, the concerned citizen







asks himself, can these good people be thinking of? The plane touches down and the gloriously pretty SAS stewardess smiles a lover's goodbye. The voyager averts his eyes.

As it happened, I had already spent some time in Copenhagen in recent months. I had discovered, for instance, that it's possible to buy dirty ballpoint pens there. This report had been disseminated by an American girls'-college professor who had spent a sabbatical in Denmark in an agitated condition, and it turned out to be perfectly true. You look through a hole in the side of one of these pens, click the button at the top and dirty pictures appear. Small and grainy, but definitely dirty.

Other reports are also true. At ordi-

nary newsstands on perfectly normal street corners, you can buy pictures of laughing girls with semen all over their faces. In the streets near the central railroad station, in small, shabby shops called Intime Sex Kiosk or Weekend Sex, purchasable articles include dirty playing cards; battery-operated genitalia ticklers; plastic phalli, some capable of ejaculation; a few dirty paperbacks, most of them in Danish but one or two in English or German; burnable candles in the shape of penises; dirty 35mm slides; dirty 8mm movie spools; and a very large selection of dirty-picture magazines in four colors and several sexes (*Iron Boys, Color Climax, Animal Orgy*). The magazines are of 32 pages each and cost 10 to 20 kroner—\$1.50 to \$3.

The sex portrayed is fairly suburban. There are a few oddities available—a picture spread of a chunky woman's largely unrequited passion for a puzzled-looking German shepherd dog, a booklet showing the caperings of several girls gotten up as nuns, here and there a bit of very faky sadomasochism, and one magazine called *8½*, because the heroine is eight and a half months pregnant. There is a good deal of male homosexuality, not faked, and Lesbianism, rather unconvincing. Interestingly, the heterosexual porno may have a sequence or two showing Lesbianism but never any male homosexuality.

Games played run heavily to fellatio and, less often, cunnilingus. As many as five may (text continued on page 154)

Vivi Knudsten and Lone Frydenberg (left) are Danish schoolgirls earning college-tuition money by making stag films in their spare time; no moral stigma is attached and the pay is much better than that of a secretary. When Lone poses for stills (below), it's all in a hard day's work.



A moment of solitude on the studio bed (left)—an unusual event for Vivi—gives her time to ponder what might be going to happen next. A genuine Danish modern, she's relaxed and pensive in a portrait shot (right)—a change-of-pace switch from her more animated movie portrayals.





Lone listens attentively while the photographer suggests different positions for the next shooting; a familiarity with Stanislavsky isn't nearly as helpful to her as a knowledge of the *Kama Sutra*.

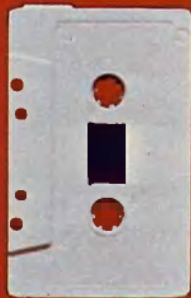




**T**HE WELL-ACCOUTERED music buff intent on updating his listening rig should check out some of the sophisticated new cassette gear that's available this fall. Tape cassettes—which hold up to one hour of stereo sound in a plastic container smaller than a pack of cigarettes—have been highly regarded for their compactness and ease of handling, though they've never won kudos for outstanding fidelity. Today, however, as the result of recent technical breakthroughs, the sound quality of cassettes has been drastically improved. Indeed, it's almost certain to become a favorite tape-recording medium for all but pros and semi-pros, and within the next few years could conceivably give the long-playing disc some very lively competition.

The history of tape recording has been one of steady progress toward miniaturization, automation and increased playing time. Considerable advances along these lines have already been made with standard open-reel equipment, thanks to transistors, pin-sized motors, autoreverse mechanisms, slower playing speeds and thinner tapes. Unfortunately, it's impossible to streamline the open-reel system beyond a certain point. There's no escaping the basic bulk of an apparatus that must accommodate two seven-inch reels side by side, nor the necessity of threading tape from one reel to the other.

These inherent limitations have prompted the development, over the *(text continued overleaf)*



## the case for cassettes

*a guide to the latest looks and sounds in compact-cartridge decks and players*

Left to right, top to bottom: Model F-106 cassette tape deck features dual bias tape-head selector, by Concord, \$99.79. Model HP-199 music system comes with a pair of SS-188 oiled-walnut speakers; sound sources include cassettes, LPs, AM/FM stereo, by Sony, \$329.95. Model CAD-5 cassette recorder features the Dolby Noise Reduction System, which reduces any unwanted sounds caused by the playback process, by Harman-Kardon, \$229.95. Second row: Model 4860 cassette recorder features a 16-watt amplifier and a heavy-duty A.C. motor, by Wollensak, \$239.95, not including speakers. Model 2401 automatic cassette recorder/changer that moves played cassettes to a storage compartment, \$269.95 (speakers not shown), is equipped with a Model CC6 Circulator which flips each cassette over, restacking it for second-side playing, \$19.95, both by Norelco. Model 200 cassette tape deck features the Dalby System, by Advent, \$260. Third row: Model 3610 Casseiver combines a cassette recorder with an 82-watt AM/FM stereo receiver, by Scott, \$399.95. Micro 54 front-slot-loading cassette deck, by Ampex, \$159.95. Bottom rows: Model RQ210S Tiny Tone portable cassette recorder, by Panasonic, \$125, is atop Model TRQ-206 portable cassette recorder, which operates on A.C., battery or car battery, by Hitachi, \$119.95. The Studio portable cassette recorder and AM/FM radio, by Admiral, \$89.95, is beneath Model RC-70 portable cassette recorder, by Fisher Radio, \$149.95.









past five or six years, of smaller and simpler tape systems. The first to appear were the four-track and eight-track cartridge players, designed primarily for installation in cars. By employing the endless-loop principle, in which tape unwinds from the center of a spool and rewinds around its circumference, the cartridge mechanism doesn't need a twin take-up reel; it also avoids the concomitant problem of threading. Running at a speed of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches per second, tape cartridges can hold up to 80 minutes of stereo sound in a plastic container the size of a paperback book. Satisfactory as the tape-cartridge system may be for desultory listening on the highway, however, it has never been considered serious competition to the standard open-reel recorder. Though the endless loop is spacesaving, its principal limitation is that the tape can only run forward. It's impossible to reverse a cartridge for instant replay—a drawback, as anyone who has fooled with tape will appreciate. Moreover, the cartridge mechanism necessitates an irritating break in continuity every 15 minutes or so while the tape head shifts automatically from one set of tracks to the next.

Neither of these shortcomings afflicts the cassette, which measures one fourth the size of an eight-track cartridge, yet achieves even longer playing time. In essence, the cassette is a highly miniaturized, self-contained reel-to-reel device, using tape one eighth of an inch in width at a speed of  $1\frac{7}{8}$  ips. Like the cartridge, it requires no threading. Unlike the cartridge, it can be put into reverse or run at fast-forward speed. Potentially, then, the cassette appeared to be an ideal tape format for the man who desires maximum flexibility, in minimum space, with minimum fuss. Ideal, that is, except for the cassette's middling fidelity in its early incarnation. The combination of extremely narrow tape width and extremely slow tape speed appreciably limited the system's frequency response, dynamic range and signal-to-noise ratio. Cassettes thus found their widest application in cheap portables, in which fidelity is restricted in any case.

So much for past history. The news this fall is that the cassette is moving quickly out of the bargain basement. As a look at the new models will show, the accent now is on quality workmanship and superior performance. Dramatic advances have been made in both the design of equipment and the manufacture of tape. Standard ferric-oxide tape has been upgraded into new high-density formulations that appreciably reduce distortion and signal dropouts. But the most significant development is the appearance of an entirely new kind of tape that uses chromium rather than iron as the magnetic element in the coating. Chromium-dioxide tape (trademarked Crolyn by Du Pont, which developed it) is able to

absorb signals of far greater strength at high frequencies than any of the ferric-oxide tapes. The effect of this increased sensitivity is to reduce hiss and other noises inherent in the tape itself, since the signal-to-noise ratio at high-frequency levels can be many times that of regular tape. Ideally, chromium-dioxide tape should be used with recorders equipped with the proper bias and equalization adjustments and will thus provide notably expanded dynamic range.

An equally auspicious development is the arrival of cassette tape decks embodying the Dolby Noise Reduction System. For several years, the ingenious Dolby "black box" has been widely employed by professional recording engineers to combat tape hiss, but its cost—about \$1500 for a two-channel unit—has effectively kept it out of the home. By means of an intricate electronic circuit, the system modifies the characteristics of a signal in such a way that low-level, high-frequency passages are boosted before recording and then reduced in a precisely equalized mirror image during playback. This attenuation in playback significantly reduces noises that were not in the original signal but inherent in the tape itself. In the new Dolbyized cassette units, a somewhat simplified version of the professional system is used. It works well, not only in eliminating extraneous noise but also in clarifying and sharpening everything that emerges from the tape.

Along with the appearance of Dolby on the cassette scene, there have been some notable refinements in transport mechanisms, loading slots and tape-head design. Taken together, these various improvements in tape and equipment put the cassette at last on a competitive footing with the more cumbersome and complex reel-to-reel recorder. Three Dolbyized cassette decks are already in production this fall. Advent Corporation—a new outfit headed by Henry Kloss, one of the founders of KLH—is out with the Model 200 cassette deck (\$260), equipped with built-in Dolby and switch for selecting the proper bias and equalization for standard ferric-oxide, high-density ferric-oxide and chromium-dioxide tapes. Other features include a headphone jack and an automatic motor shutoff. Harman-Kardon's Model CAD-5 (\$229.95) is an updated, Dolbyized version of this company's well-regarded Model CAD-4 cassette deck; it also incorporates bias and equalization adjustments for the new tapes. Another second-generation cassette deck embodying Dolby is the Fisher RC-80 (\$199.95). The most compact of these three units, it measures only  $7\frac{1}{8}$ " x  $11\frac{1}{8}$ " and weighs six pounds. Each of these decks, incidentally, can switch the Dolby System out of the circuit when playing conventionally recorded cassettes.

It seems highly probable that other producers of quality cassette decks will be following the Dolby route before very

long. Bear this in mind when investigating such models as the new Ampex Micro 54 deck (\$159.95), featuring front slot loading and automatic eject; the TEAC A-24 (\$199.50), powered by a hysteresis-synchronous outer-rotor motor; the Concord F-106 (\$99.79), with dual bias selection; and the heavy-duty Wollensak 4860 (\$239.95). All these cassette decks are designed to be hooked up to existing stereo setups.

For the man who's starting from scratch, a goodly selection of integrated compacts is available in which the cassette plays a major role. Some of these three-piece outfits rely solely on cassettes as a program source. A particularly trim example is the Norelco 2401 (\$269.95). But more often than not, they also include an AM/FM radio and a record changer as well. The Concord HES-35 (\$279.95) provides an AM/FM radio and a cassette recorder, together with such trimmings as separate bass and treble, twin VU meters and a headphone jack; while the Panasonic "Essex" (\$349.95) and the Sony HP-199 (\$329.95) add a four-speed record changer to the array. In all cases, a pair of bookshelf speakers is included. Buyers with a more generous budget should consider Altec's opulent Model 912A (\$1040, with a pair of Santana speakers)—a top-of-the-line system that boasts a Garrard SL95B automatic turntable, a slot-loading cassette recorder, an AM/FM tuner and a hefty 180-watt amplifier in its control-packed central module.

On the horizon is a variety of cassette-changer systems. So far, the only automatic changer in production is one developed in Holland by Philips and sold here under the Norelco, Bell & Howell and Ampex insignias. The device works in similar fashion to a record changer and holds up to six cassettes in a plastic-enclosed stack. An optional accessory—the Norelco Model CC6 Circulator (\$19.95)—converts the cassette changer to nonstop operation. Later this year or early next, several alternate systems are expected to reach the market. Roberts is readying a cassette deck modeled along the lines of the Philips system but equipped with a mechanism that automatically turns over the cassette, permitting playback of both sides in succession. Benjamin has a cassette changer in the works that will hold up to 24 cassettes stacked vertically in a rotating carousel magazine. Denon will offer a cassette deck that vertically stacks a dozen cassettes, while Wollensak is developing a cassette recorder that spreads out five cassettes piecemeal on a rotating plate.

Monophonic portables, mainstay of the cassette trade for several years, are still being turned out in profusion by practically every manufacturer in the business. They come with and without AM/FM radio, carry price tags in the

(concluded on page 257)



## THE LANGUAGE GAME

*fiction* **By DAVID ELY** *he battled a brilliant, nerveless foe—with a beautiful girl as the prize*

THE 200 OR SO convention delegates and guests were milling sociably about in the grand ballroom of the hotel, waiting for the contest to begin. Under the supervision of an assistant hotel manager, waiters were arranging chairs in rows to face a large table on which had been set some glasses and a carafe of mineral water. "Ashtrays, ashtrays," ordered the assistant manager, snapping his fingers. Two waiters obediently hastened off to bring some. The assistant manager narrowly surveyed the scene. Everything was almost ready. He allowed himself a few moments to listen to nearby conversations. He couldn't understand a word, though.

It was all Greek to him—Greek and Lord knew what else, such a confusion of tongues as hadn't been heard since the Tower of Babel itself, he supposed. These language professors—wasn't plain English good enough for them?

There were two chairs side by side at the large table. One was empty. At the other sat a slender, youngish man who kept plucking at his goatee. His name was Chao-Gomez and he was wishing that he were anywhere other than where he was. The idea of having a language game had begun as a sort of joke—but it wasn't funny now. He'd been tricked. The joke would be at his expense. He glanced at the crowd of delegates, now beginning to take seats. Yes, there was his nemesis, Porter, already smirking in triumph—and there, too, not far away, was Dr. Katkov's daughter, Sonia, for the sake of whose





dimples and curves Chao-Gomez was about to undergo professional mortification. She smiled at him. He tried to smile back.

"Will everyone please find a seat?" asked Professor Stein, the elderly chairman of the convention. He was standing beside Chao-Gomez' chair. Nearby was a large world map on a stand and a blackboard. "We have a little surprise in store for you this evening, fellow linguists and guests," Professor Stein announced, when he was assured that his audience was ready. "We are about to offer you a diversion which I trust will both amuse and instruct you, and—if I am permitted a prediction—may very well become a permanent feature of future international conventions. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, eh?" Professor Stein chuckled and placed one hand on Chao-Gomez' shoulder. "For this evening's entertainment, we are indebted to this young gentleman here, whom some of you may know for his interesting monograph on Brythonic usages—Professor Chao-Gomez of the University of Dublin."

There was a polite murmur of applause. Chao-Gomez managed a deprecatory smile.

"We had expected," Professor Stein went on, "to present to you, as Professor Chao-Gomez' opponent, the man who devised this little game for our enjoyment—Professor L. K. Porter, Jr., of Stanford—"

Chao-Gomez cast a bitter look at Porter there in the audience. The sleek devil had managed to find a seat next to Sonia.

"But, unfortunately," Professor Stein continued, "a last-minute attack of laryngitis has forced Professor Porter to withdraw, much to his regret."

It was a lie, thought Chao-Gomez. Porter'd planned it that way.

"Luckily, however, Professor Porter has been able to provide us with a substitute." Professor Stein hesitated, glancing about the ballroom. For a moment, Chao-Gomez was seized by a wild hope—perhaps a traffic accident, a tumble from a high window? But no, alas. There came his adversary now, trudging portentously through the far doorway. Already, heads were beginning to turn. "A man who needs no introduction," boomed Professor Stein, "our distinguished former chairman, whose honors are too numerous to mention, Professor Otto von Kaunitz of Heidelberg, the Sorbonne, Oxford, Tokyo and Yale."

Chao-Gomez shuddered. Old Von Kaunitz was advancing like doom itself. Languages by the dozen were packed into that bulbous bald dome. It was said that he'd learned Sanskrit before his eighth birthday and the entire Osco-Umbrian group by the age of 12. Chao-Gomez stood as Von Kaunitz approached.

The old man contemptuously gave him one finger to shake, clicked his heels to Professor Stein, favored the assembled linguists with a supercilious stare and sat down abruptly, screwing his monocle tightly in place.

Chao-Gomez sat down, too. He had to. His legs were shaky. He should have withdrawn when Porter did, but it was impossible now. How cleverly Porter had maneuvered him! In Sonia's presence, he'd been too proud to back down. Of course, he'd never really believed that Von Kaunitz would condescend to take part in a game of this sort—but then he'd remembered, too late, a rather critical review he'd written of a Von Kaunitz article on Frisian gutturals. The old elephant never forgot nor forgave. Now—vengeance!

Professor Stein was explaining the rules. They were fairly simple. The two adversaries would merely engage each other in conversation, moving from one language or dialect to another in geographical progression. Experts would be called up from the audience to act as judges for each language and would grade the contestants on a point system as to their respective skills. The victor of any particular stage would have the privilege of initiating the next move on the map, provided only that it was to some adjacent region or country.

"Any recognized language or dialect—living, dead or moribund—is permissible," said Professor Stein, in conclusion. "First man to reach one thousand points is the winner. A special bonus of one hundred points will be awarded to the contestant who shuts his opponent out in any language—that is, if the opponent is unable to respond at all. Ready, gentlemen?"

Von Kaunitz merely sneered. Chao-Gomez nodded. His throat was dry. He was, for the moment, speechless. Hardly a promising sign.

"Very good," said Professor Stein. "If you will permit me to discover our starting point by means of chance—" He took a small dart from his pocket, stepped off ten paces from the map, turned and flung the dart at it. He returned to the map. "England," he announced, repocketing the dart. "And now to see who goes first." He produced a coin. "Call it in the air, please."

"Heads," snapped Von Kaunitz.

But it was tails.

"Professor Chao-Gomez begins," said Professor Stein, "in England."

Chao-Gomez hesitated. Modern English itself would be a waste of time. Both he and Von Kaunitz were flawless there. He glanced at the map. If he could only hold the initiative and force Von Kaunitz to remain in the British Isles for a time, he ought to be able to pick up valuable points. His five years at Dublin

undoubtedly would give him an edge in the Celtic groups.

He began, however, Germanically, employing the West Saxon dialect of Old English. ("Judge, please," said Professor Stein, and Dr. Middling of Cambridge, the acknowledged Old English expert, arose and made his way forward to the judge's chair.)

Von Kaunitz handled the West Saxon with ease, nor did he evidence any discomfort when Chao-Gomez switched to Mercian, then Northumbrian and, finally, Kentish. It was only when Chao-Gomez plunged into his first Brythonic—Old Welsh—that his opponent faltered a bit. (Dr. Middling retired at this point, being replaced by Professor Morgan of Cardiff.)

Professor Stein chalked the points on the blackboard: Chao-Gomez had 40; Von Kaunitz, 32.

As Chao-Gomez pressed on to Manx and Old Irish, he became more aware of the dangers of his position. After Celtic, what? He realized that he must keep the game away from central Europe at all costs. He was fluent in German, of course, but he dared not cross the Rhine in company with Von Kaunitz—the old Prussian would scourge him with one dialect after another from Westphalia to Silesia and then, if there were anything left, would beat him to death with glottal stops in dark Slavic wildernesses.

Where could he go? The northern route to the Western Hemisphere was blocked by Icelandic. He decided, therefore, that if he could hold the old man off through France until he reached Spain and Portugal, then he might jump to Brazil. He'd done his doctorate on tribal tongues of the upper Amazon. Surely, Von Kaunitz would draw a blank there.

Ah, but Von Kaunitz was cunning—and, more than that, annoyed. The young upstart had bested him in Old Cornish and then, crossing the Channel, had given him a painful dose of Middle Breton. His throat rumbled ominously and his dueling scars flushed pink.

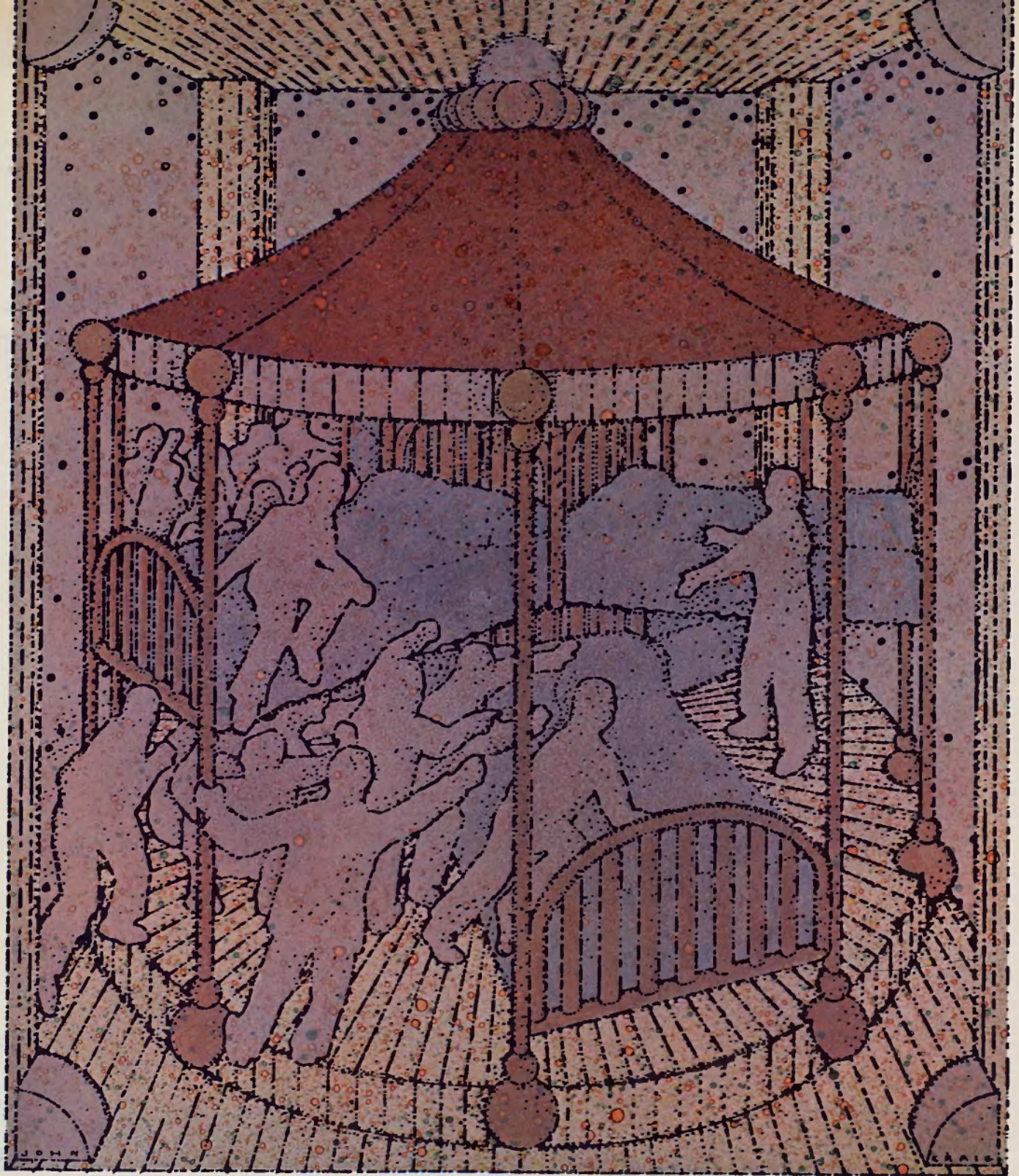
Professor Stein made another trip to the blackboard. Chao-Gomez 175, Von Kaunitz 120.

But they were leaving Celtic territory. Chao-Gomez sought in vain to drive from Gaulish to Basque, but Von Kaunitz stopped him with a vigorous counter-attack in Old French, laying down a barrage of nasal phonemes of stunning accuracy and power.

The initiative had changed hands. Chao-Gomez fought a desperate defensive battle in Middle French, but there was no holding Von Kaunitz now. He was marching steadily through all the *langue d'oïl* variations, almost from village to village, and Chao-Gomez realized that if they reached Lorraine, where Von Kaunitz had spent youthful summers

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*fiction* **By STAN DRYER**

**SAN FRANCISCO WAS FREEDOM!** Owen Willicks knew it in his blood as he stood in the damp night at the edge of Union Square and felt the life of the city vibrate around him. The cable cars rumbled up the impossible steepness of Powell Street. The people crowded past him—beautiful women in furs, bearded youths in ragged coats, impatient businessmen in sharp creased suits. They all radiated a vitality that filled the air and reflected from the wet pavement like the lights of the passing cars.

Owen had never dreamed of going to

## MUSKRAT FUN FOR EVERYONE

*they called him a creep, a  
pervert, a degenerate—and  
all he did was answer*

*an ad in the underground press*

California. Then, two days before, a customer of Owen's firm, Databyte, had requested help with his computer. Owen had been selected as the most expendable programmer and shipped by air from Minnesota to the Bay City. It had taken him one day to straighten out the customer's problems, giving him one free evening before his return. He had eaten a delicious steak dinner served by a lovely topless waitress and then had roamed the streets, where posters and marquees announced spectacles of a most intimate nature.

So now *(continued on page 236)*







# LAINIE

*supersexy  
songstress  
lainie kazan  
obviously  
needs no  
words to  
attract an  
audience*

FACT: Lainie Kazan is Jewish. Fact: Lainie Kazan is sexy. The two, according to the singer whose vocal style is positively aphrodisiac, are not unconnected. "A certain eroticism is inherent in the Jew-ess," says Lainie. "There have been many Jewish sex symbols, but we've forgotten about them." She cites such examples as Esther—the Biblical Jewish maiden who became queen to a Persian king and later saved her people from destruction by using her abundant charms to gain his favor—and Delilah, whose hair-razing exploits with Samson are well known. On these pages, Lainie offers a graphic contemporary illustration of her points. But Miss Kazan's cantilevered configuration doesn't tell the whole story. She's also an internationally acclaimed singing star—and she grooves on it. Lainie tackles every song as if it might be her last. When her sensual delivery becomes too intense for singing, she shifts into breathless speech. As far as Lainie is concerned, however, one of her career problems has been that she's *too* good at singing. Since her Brooklyn childhood, she has



Above: It's up, up and o' yoy as Lainie fronts a ten-man musical minyan in a crowded Plaza Hotel elevator. Elsewhere, Miss Kazan proves the very model of a modern Jewish maiden.







wanted to act, a desire partially fulfilled when she played the lead in *Funny Girl*. She has since appeared in several films but didn't land her first big dramatic starring role till recently. "Actually, I started in this business as an actress and got into singing later," she says, "but most producers think of me only as a vocalist." Lainie makes use of both talents during her night-club performances. She combines a big, sultry mezzo-soprano with some effective acting that turns on her audiences while setting her apart from them. One critic, after viewing Lainie's expressive delivery, said he felt like a Peeping Tom. "My biggest self-criticism," Lainie says, "has been that I try to be everything—a little girl, a woman, sad, funny—all in one song. I'm learning that you can't be naked onstage. People get confused by seeing all of you at once. But I want to move people, whether it be for good or for bad. I just don't want them to be indifferent." Considering her bountiful assets—visible and audible—that's not very likely.

Lainie, who garnered a starring role in the upcoming costume film *Romance of a Horsethief*, here offers irrefutable evidence that you don't have to be Jewish to be sexy—but it helps.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER







## THE UNMELANCHOLY DANES

(continued from page 142)

compete. The sex act least often photographed is heterosexual coupling in the missionary position, perhaps because the genitals don't come into view. Because much of the photography is done from a perspective of six inches or so, it's often difficult to relate the areas of pinkish-gray and brown to each other or even to sex. The focus is always sharp—impressionistic blurring and low-register prints don't appeal to porno fans—but the effect, nevertheless, is sometimes totally abstract.

Seldom is there any attempt to arrange the pictures into a story. One exception, a booklet put out by the Weekend Sex people, shows a photo sequence of a Lesbian seduction, with speech balloons in Danish, breaking off with a sly "to be continued" just as the ingénue has swallowed her drugged coffee. The classified-ad section carries an offer to send the reader, for 30 kroner, "the most perverted book you ever read." Models are young and fairly good-looking, but rarely beautiful. Many are students at the University of Copenhagen. The pay is about \$50 a session, but only the best models are used more than once. Negroes are in considerable demand. Black U. S. Servicemen vacationing in Copenhagen have found their way into porno films, but black female models are hard to find. The dirty-picture profession apparently attracts no Asians.

An American wonders, naturally—it's very nearly his first thought on the matter—how the Danes who legalized porno managed to muzzle their mothers' groups, veterans' bunds, police chiefs, P. T. A.s, ministers, miscellaneous wowsers and politicians hard up for an issue. "Puritans, that is what you mean?" asks a young Dane, a lawyer with the Department of Justice. He's puzzled. Certainly Denmark has puritans, but he doesn't understand the question. What could puritans do, he asked, to prevent the legalization of porno?

"Well, weren't they against legalization?"

Yes, of course, he says, shrugging, but there are very few of them. His manner is that of a man saying there are very few snake worshipers. The state church in Denmark, which is Protestant, has no large social influence, he continues, but most of its leaders favored legalization or said nothing against it. Possibly, he thinks, legalization would have been turned down if it had been put to a nationwide popular vote, as important questions sometimes are in Denmark. Pornography just didn't seem important enough, however, and after the conservative-dominated parliament voted to lift restrictions against it, there was no outcry to speak of.

This Dane, like others who haven't

visited the U. S., is astonished to hear that bluenose reaction is so strong in the States that no elected official could risk voting for legalization of porno. He comes very close to disbelief when I say that an American I know (Ralph Ginzburg) faces a five-year Federal prison term for, in effect, publishing a magazine (*Eros*) that bore no resemblance to hard-core pornography. Restrictive laws in Denmark, when they existed, called for only moderate fines. "Jail?" says my acquaintance. "No, of course not; no one ever went to jail." The tone is one of patience and, perhaps, mockery.

A young Copenhagen psychiatrist, Dr. Anders Groth, suggests that puritanism, "an alienation from humanity, an aberration," in his words, never became an important element in Danish society partly because the Christian church, with its characteristic abhorrence of sex as pleasure, came very late to Denmark and never achieved rigid political or social control. Another reason, he thinks, may be that since Denmark's population has always been small and homogeneous, it hasn't had the competing racial or religious groups that elsewhere have maintained their separateness by insisting on adherence to elaborate codes of behavior. A Dane who behaves differently from the rest is not a potential defector; he is merely an eccentric Dane.

Whatever the case, a bedrock belief seems to have developed that everyone has the right to behave as he likes, sexually and otherwise, provided he doesn't hurt anyone else. This notion, which has never had a wide following in the U. S., was expressed in one way or another by every Dane I questioned about pornography, including a fair number to whom the stuff is loathsome. It is difficult, at first, to absorb the fact that Danes really think this way, but a visitor at last decides that they do.

Yet these rather staid respecters of individual whim are not entirely easy about their new renown as pornographers to the world. "I think the name of Denmark is a little compromised," said Jens Jersild, a police inspector in charge of the Copenhagen vice squad. "There are more tourists this year and they come for the picture books." (Jersild is a slight, elderly man with the face of a judge and he is regarded by the city's homosexuals, for instance, as a man of aggressively conventional views.) He is not enthusiastic about the lifting of censorship, but even he agrees that the move was necessary. "Oh, yes," he says, somewhat glumly. "I'm sure that complete freedom is best."

Other Danes say, often convincingly, that they are untroubled by porno and uninterested in it. No, they don't

worry about its effect on children; the young ones are bored and the teenagers have been taught that sex is natural, not to be feared. "Of course, the children will be exposed to it," said one economics professor, smiling patiently. "My nine-year-old son cut some porno pictures out of a magazine and he and the four-year-old and the six-year-old spent a couple of hours looking at them. The nine-year-old asked why the people in the pictures were doing that and I said because it made them happy. The boy said he thought it was silly and soon they all forgot about porno and so it was finished. No harm to them, I think."

The economics professor then went on, however, to repeat two widely and wistfully believed untruths. A reporter, joshed by amused Danish friends about his fanatic American interest in pornography, hears these myths several times a day. They are that after a first surge of curiosity sales (the professor said yes, of course, he had bought porno, and yes, it aroused him, but each book is the same as the last and the interest fades), it has become very difficult to sell the stuff. The second is that porno is sold only, or mostly, to tourists. "Blasé Danes Yawn," as the *Trib's* headline writer put it.

These notions seemed almost plausible before the celebrated Copenhagen pornography fair. A good believer could, by gritting his teeth, believe that porno might wither away, like the ideal Marxian state. During the summer high season, Tivoli was full of happy Danes. Krogs seafood restaurant on the Nørregade was full of happy Germans and Americans, the pedestrians-only street was abob with sullen, braless chicks in Cornell sweat shirts and reefed with stoned Danish shaggies. The tourist season was in full muddle. Yet the crotch *boutiques* behind the railroad station were not crowded. They were doing a business but not enough to justify replacing the pre-War linoleum on their floors.

There would be four or five customers, or two, or none, in a shop. Most were men and about half spoke languages—usually German or English—other than Danish. The tourists, first-time buyers who had never seen pictures of people munching on each other's genitalia before, would leaf nervously through half a dozen booklets, often too embarrassed to notice that the figures on the pages were tangled in the wrong kind of sex (a curious discovery is that flesh is flesh and all sex looks pretty much alike). In each shop, a clerk watched (male or female, null-sex), placid as a lavatory attendant.

The same seedy suspension between prosperity and unpaid rent sours the air in the shabby hutches where dirty movies can be viewed. The new Danish freedom stops short of completely free cinema





John Dempsey

*"I must say, you're certainly not a conservationist in one thing."*



and customers are supposed to buy "membership" cards at least 24 hours before they see stag movies. In practice, no one pays any attention to this, but the law has so far prevented the conversion of large commercial theaters to pornography. At an armpit called Sexyland, a party of five nonmembers was let in for 100 kroner (about \$15, down \$7 from the asking price). There was a small lobby, with a display case offering the usual vibrators, fake penises and sponge-rubber breasts. Two curtained doorways led to two small viewing rooms, one homo and one hetero. In the hetero parlor, a scratchy color film was being projected through a hole in the cement-block wall that looked as if it had been drilled with a sledge hammer. A tape was playing Billy Eckstine's *The Nearness of You*. Three men, seated separately, were watching. On the screen, a squat youth whose eyebrows met in the middle was running through the usual repertoire with a doughy, indefinite girl. Particularities obtruded: He wore an identification bracelet; she wore a blue-plastic barrette. For some reason, these seemed odd. The viewers felt the usual effect of bad pornography—arousal short-circuited by falsity, producing a lingering, sickish edginess.

"It looks like a training film for veterinarians," one of us said. The remark was funny and apt, but our laughter was nervous. As the reel's ten minutes ended (there were other films to come; we had signed up for an hour's worth), the squat man pulled a series of magician's silks out of the blobby girl's vagina. The last silk was the French tricolor. Later, as we left, two American sailors on screen in the homosexual viewing room were blowing each other. Eckstine's taped voice sang, "Down and down I go."

The shabbiness of these enterprises suggests that porno is, indeed, dying in Copenhagen. But the assumption is too hastily made. Certainly Denmark lacks anything like the gaudy chain of sex-paraphernalia supermarkets that have sprung up in West Germany. The temptation is to take half a truth for the whole and conclude that sex supermarkets prosper in Germany because Germans have less sexual freedom than Danes and, hence, are more frenzied in their interest in sexual matters. It may be equally true, however, and just as relevant to say that Denmark's porno trade lacks the appearance of prosperity because no Danish entrepreneur has appeared with the merchandising talent of Beate Uhse, the German *Frau* who started the German sex shops. In the past few years, any amateur with a camera and a jar of petroleum jelly could make money in Denmark peddling porno; pornogogs with business sense are only now beginning to emerge. For the rest, the habits of old linoleum and

hole-in-the-wall illegality are hard to break.

An outsider soon discovers, however, that no explanation of Danish porno can stay narrowly focused on the dirty-picture trade. When the Danes in 1966 announced their withdrawal from the international convention governing pornography, they were declaring far more than an unwillingness to argue any more about how much redeeming social value could dance on the head of a pin. The Danish people had already moved on, in a remarkably concerted way, from a camping grounds tenanted for hundreds of years by almost the whole of Western society. Danish sexual views and habits may not have been changing more rapidly than those of Kansas—other tribes were moving on, too—but the changes in Denmark occurred with a lack of public hand wringing that astonished even other Scandinavians.

"Wait till contractions and bleeding start. Then your helper should call the doctor. If there is too much bleeding, don't wait. Have yourself driven to the hospital and tell the doctor exactly what has happened." These instructions are part of an accurate, detailed, text-and-photo instruction sheet on how to perform your own abortion. It was compiled by a group called The Individual and Society that had been lobbying for freedom of abortion, and last year the instructions were reprinted in the center spread of a respected left-of-center journal, *Political Review*. There was no legal trouble as a result of the publication. It was generally understood that the instruction sheet was a lobbying tactic intended to move the Danish parliament in the direction of unrestricted abortions. In fact, abortion laws were much liberalized this past spring, but complete freedom probably won't be granted for a year or so. A medical man explained that one reason for the delay was the necessity of devising a mandatory counseling provision for the law, to make sure that embarrassed parents, for instance, were not forcing unwilling daughters to have "freewill" abortions.

It is considered normal that teenagers get into bed with each other. Birth-control pills are available to all girls aged 15 or over, with no parental permission necessary. The age of consent is 15. To Danes, this age seems a natural compromise between biological realities and their strong distaste for child abuse. One mother, in her mid-30s, told me that her 14-year-old daughter mentioned one day that she had had intercourse for the first time the night before. Mother and daughter discussed this development with cheerful interest, the mother reported, then went on to talk of other things. A few days later, the girl brought the subject up again. She had been thinking, she

said: Wasn't it possible that her boyfriend could get into serious trouble because she was only 14? Yes, that was true, her mother told her. Well, the girl said solemnly, she would try to wait till she was 15: "Otherwise, it's not fair."

"She's growing up," said the mother, pleased. She meant the decision, not the loss of virginity. As this discussion was going on, the girl and her 12-year-old sister wandered into the room. The younger girl had seen an exhibitionist expose himself a few weeks before and the mother asked her to tell about it.

"It was just funny," said the girl. "I mean, it looked so silly. Of course, it was sad, too, for the man." Her manner was quiet but not at all embarrassed. She had learned at school that exhibitionists were almost always shy, harmless men, she said.

Her mother showed me the widely used sex manual both girls had studied in school. It began with the statement, "This book has a moral; namely, that it should be every human being's right to satisfy his sexual needs, regardless of age or sex. Provided he doesn't violate the rights of other people, he can choose any way of expressing his need. . . . I have chosen to use our language's most understandable words, such as 'prick,' 'cunt' and 'fuck.' I have tried to avoid modesty."

The book used photos instead of the often unfathomable diagrams (a vagina or the cross section of an avocado?) familiar to U. S. school children. The first photo showed a young man and woman, both smiling, happy and naked, standing side by side in a field. A later photo showed the couple fucking (to use a word thought proper for Danish 12-year-olds). The caption suggested that since "three quarters of all young men" and "nine tenths of all young women" will be in this situation before they are 20, it is sensible to learn what to expect.

As it happened, the photographer who had illustrated the children's sex manual was involved in a project that was the nine-day wonder of Denmark while I was there. This was a paperback book called *Den Der*, a text-and-photo record of a group-sex experiment that he and 14 other young Danes had conducted earlier in the year. The publisher, Hans Reitzel—who is no pornographer—explained that the title means "that one there" and is an ironic reference to the bashfulness of customers choosing books on sexual subjects; they say, "I'll take that one there," without mentioning the title. Danes had been pointing to *Den Der* in gratifying numbers; in the four days since the book had been issued, 10,000 copies had been sold and citizens were wandering from shop to shop trying to find one. Danes were, apparently, not so blasé as some of them imagined.

(continued on page 196)



*fiction* By RAY RUSSELL *being the melancholy testament of the loneliest girl in the world*

i learned a thorny language of the dead; attacked and kicked and pounded on my brain with book and tape; a word, another word, until i knew the ancient wizard way to freeze my dreaming, pin my whirling mind down to a piece of paper like a moth, and watch it twitch and flap and maybe die. but

no, it did not die, it grew, branched out, becoming very like another me. another me that reached around the world. the act of teaching language to my mind kept me afloat, kept me from killing me, kept me from going mad, and kept my mind from brooding, in my lonely life, on love.

there, i have done it. written an entire paragraph without the nineteenth letter. i knew i could do it if i really tried. but i find it rather limiting and pointless.

it was a happy day when first i stumbled onto this rusty old typewriter, and taught myself to use it, and fixed it up, and oiled (continued on page 160)

## XONG OF XUXAN





# going to waist

*five big, bold belts  
worn over sweater  
and shirt—or even  
to hold up your pants*

*accouterments*  
**By Robert L. Green**



THE UBIQUITOUS BELT, quite obviously, no longer is a skinny piece of leather doomed to nought but a life of drab utility. Belts in a variety of fabrics and closures—from needle point and antiqued metal to stretch ropes with hooks to sueded leather with tie thongs—now are being wrapped around shirts, sweaters, suits and sports jackets when not performing the prosaic function of filling the loopholes in your trousers. The *raison d'être* for the belt-over-garment look is this: Today's slim, body-conforming fashions appear even slimmer when cinched with a handsome accessory at the mid-section. So, stylishly gird your loins—there's an exciting new waist land to check out, as our comely explorer is seen doing here.

The Bill Blass-designed twin ropes with hook closures, above, from Bonwit Teller, \$50, can neatly circle a body shirt. Below, left to right: A colorful crinkle-patent-leather and brass-buckle combination, by Miller Belts, \$8.50, brightens a business suit. A wool needle-point belt, by Paris, \$5, points up other singular styles, such as the sporty sueded-leather tie-front cummerbund, by Buckroe Country, \$25. Finally, the metal "stretch" belt, opposite, by Essex, \$10, is a shining example of what to wear over a dressy shirt suit.









## XONG OF XUXAN

it, and found wayx to ink the ribbon. the xhift key and the dollar xign were far beyond all fiçing, but that i did not mind. more xerious, more irkxome, wax the mixxing letter, nineteenth letter of the alphabet. how could i write with-out it. i decided to subxtitute the letter x. all right, but what then would i use for x. not much occaxion to use it, i reaxoned, xo i will use ç in its place. it wax only after i had gotten used to thix arrangement that i xaw what a fool i had been. why not use ç for the nine-teenth letter and use x for itsself. but by that time it wax too late, and be-xidex, what doex it matter. i am alone, all alone, all alone.

later

i have tried to figure out how old i am, but it ix too difficult, i cannot do it. i think i am young. i have seen my re-fection and i look like the young women in the old bookx and magazinex.

my hair ix very long, of courxe, for i have never cut it. it reachex to my waixt. it ix yellow, flaçen the old bookx would call it, like the hair of rapunzel and melixande. men would probably tell me it ix beautiful. i am rather thin, be-cause it ix not always eaxy to find thingx to eat and i get a lot of eçercixe doing everything for myxself, and i walk a great deal, but i do not think i would be called xkinny. i am very tan from head to toe because i am in the xun xo much. my eyex are blue. my breaxtx have finally xtopped growing, i think. they are not ax big ax xome in the mag-azinex but are about the xize of large applex. i have seen picturex of people eating applex xo i know how big they were, but i have never seen a real apple.

if i kept to the citiex there would never be a problem about food. plenty of food in canx and jarx in the xtorex, enough to keep me going for the rest of my life, i think. but i do not like the citiex very much and i try to keep out of them ax much ax i can. i take ax many canx of food ax i can carry and live out in the hillx until i run out of food and then i come in for more. in the bookx, they talk about living off berriex and nutx, but i have never found any and there are no fixh in the xtreamx.

later

i think about xam an awful lot. how i played with him, and talked to him, and how he tried to talk to me in his own way. i loved him and i know he loved me. he always woke up before i did, and he wax always glad when i awakened, almost ax if he wax afraid i had gone away, and wax happy that i had returned. i would always xay good morning, xam. it lookx like a beautiful day, i would tell him, chattering on and on, the xky ix blue, no rain in the air.

(continued from page 157)

i would axk him what will we do today, xam, and then i would anxwer my own quextion. today we will go down into the town and get food to eat. how would you like a can of corned beef haxh, i would axk him. i feel like having xome chili, myxself. and maybe a can of peax or axparagux. xam would eat peax but not axparagux, but i like them both. after that, i would tell xam, we will go to the library and get xome more bookx. no, not for you, you xilly thing, for me. bookx about the way it wax before you and i were born. true bookx, xome of them, and xome of them made up by men and women to please each other. i think xam wax a little jealous of the bookx, and the way i would xit and look at them for hourx and not play with him. now i wixh i had played with him more than i did.

later

today ix a day of blood. the word for it ix from an older word meaning month. when it happenx twelve timex, i figure that ix about a year. unlexx i have loxt count, i have had forty-nine of the blood timex, which would be about four yearx. but i do not know how old i wax when i had the firxt one, xo it doex not help me figure out my age. maybe i wax twelve, which would mean i am xiçteen now, but there ix no way of knowing for certain.

later

i guexx i have no name, no real name, but once i found a name i liked in one of thoxe old tapex. xuxie. i liked the xound of that. xhort for xuxan. i called myxself xuxie for a long time, but now i am xorry because i cannot xpell it right on thix machine. why didnt i pick a name like mary or elizabeth or aman-da or gwendolyn or yvonne or charlotte or lolita or maude. but it ix too late to change it now. i am used to it. xo xuxie it ix.

that firxt paragraph, which i wrote a few dayx ago, did you notice it ix a kind of poem. fourteen linex, ten xyllablex to a line, xort of a xonnet i guexx. blank verxe, no rhymex. i will try a rhymed poem xometime. i love poetry.

later

it ix warm here, it hax always been warm, ever xince i can remember. xo uxually i do not wear any clothex. xome-timex, though, it ix fun to go into one of the old xtorex and put on drexxex and xtockingx and xhoex and braxxiex and thingx like that. but the fun went out of that a long time ago.

it never knowx here. but i have seen know in the picturex and read about it in the bookx and i wixh i could see it xometime. maybe if i walked and walked and walked for the rest of my life i would find know.

of courxe, i know all about rain. there are timex when it rainx for dayx and dayx, and that ix when i xtay inside one of the houxxex.

but i do not like the houxxex. that ix where the deadx are. i am afraid of the deadx.

i know that i will be a dead xomeday. before that, i will get old. i have seen picturex of people who have gotten old. they hardly look like me at all. they look like a different race. i wonder how long it will take for me to get old and then be a dead.

xam ix a dead. he died a lot of dayx ago. i wax xad. he wax a good dog, fol-lowed me everywhere, xlept with me, ever xince i can remember. maybe he wax ax old ax me. i think his bonex hurt, though, and in the laxt dayx he would not eat anything, juxt drank a little water when i put it right in front of him. then one morning when i woke up he wax cold and xtiff and i knew he wax a dead. i cried. because i knew that now i would really be alone. when i wax very little, i thought he wax a perxon juxt like me, but when i taught myxself to read the bookx, i knew he wax a dog and i wax a human being. i buried him and marked his grave with a piece of wood. on it, i carved the wordx, here liex xam, beloved friend. i had to carry him a long way to find a place to bury him. i walked for milex and everything wax concrete and asphalt, hard to my feet, then finally i found what had been a park and i buried him there. i mixx xam. he wax my only friend, my only family. i named him after xamuel taylor coleridge, who wrote the beautiful poem about çanadu. xomeday i may write a poem about xam.

later

i make myxself learn three new wordx every day. there are a lot of wonderful onex in the dictionariex. today i learned coronet and eider down and virgin. i have never felt eider down. i have seen coronetx and crownx in picture bookx. i know what a virgin ix. i am a virgin.

i dream. in my dreamx i am not alone. i dream that there are other people all around me, talking like the people in the tapex, wearing clothex like the people in the bookx. beautiful men and women. i dream of men. tall and xtrong, their armx and legx bulging with muxcle, their bellicx flat and hard, like the pic-turex of the old, old xtatuex. in my dreamx they kixx me and do other thingx.

i often dream of xam. i throw a xtick and wait for him to bring it back to me, wagging his tail.

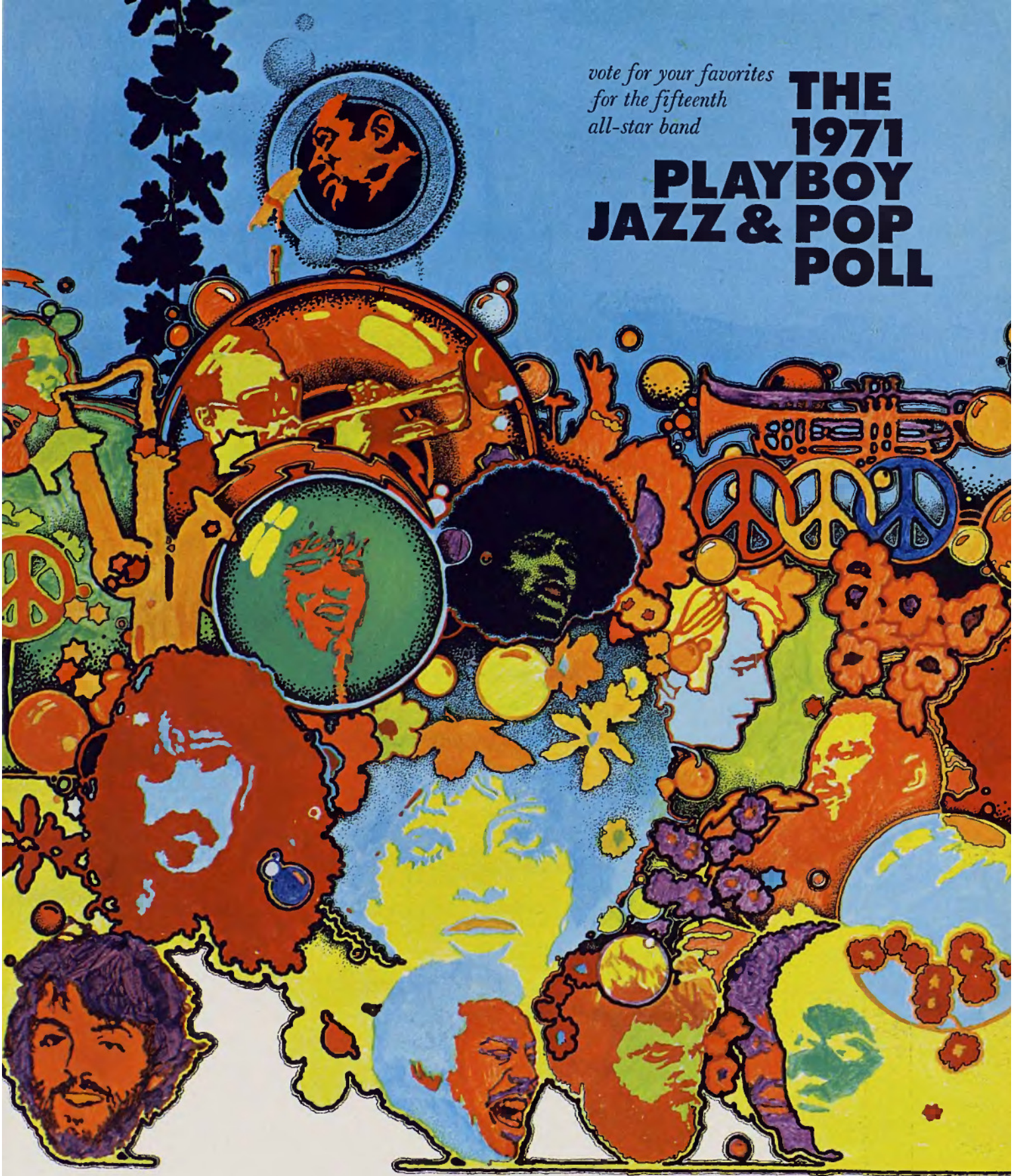
the dreamx are not always good. laxt night i dreamed of my mother and father. i never knew them. in my dream they had no facex. they tried to call

(concluded on page 191)



*vote for your favorites  
for the fifteenth  
all-star band*

# THE 1971 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL



OUR FIRST MUSIC POLL appeared in October 1956. It was devoted exclusively to jazz, although the name Bo Diddley did appear in the guitar category and the Cadillacs, who had recorded some rock hits, were listed under vocal groups—along with such groups as the Blue Stars and the Bradford Specials. The music scene has changed since then, to say the least, and many of the names in this year's poll—extended in 1967 to include pop as well as jazz—were unheard of in 1956. Some, in fact, were unknown a year ago. Even the voting procedure is different this year: Instead of putting checks next to the names of your choice, you need only fill in the blanks on the foldout ballot that follows the listings. One thing that never seems to change is the fans' fascination with the shifting fortunes of their poll favorites.



**BIG-BAND LEADER***(Please choose one.)*

1. Count Basie
2. Louis Bellson
3. James Brown
4. Les Brown
5. Ray Charles
6. Miles Davis
7. Buddy DeFranco
8. Les and Larry Elgart
9. Duke Ellington
10. Don Ellis
11. Gil Evans
12. Richard Evans
13. Lionel Hampton
14. Woody Herman
15. J. J. Jackson
16. Harry James
17. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
18. Stan Kenton
19. Henry Mancini
20. Oliver Nelson
21. Duke Pearson
22. Sun Ra
23. Buddy Rich
24. Bobby Rosengarden
25. Doc Severinsen
26. Clark Terry
27. Pat Williams
28. Gerald Wilson
29. Frank Zappa
30. Si Zentner

**TRUMPET***(Please choose four.)*

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Louis Armstrong
4. Chet Baker
5. Gary Barone
6. Ruby Braff
7. Billy Butterfield
8. Donald Byrd
9. Pete Candoli
10. Don Cherry
11. Buck Clayton
12. Miles Davis
13. Wild Bill Davison
14. Barbara Donald
15. Kenny Dorham
16. Harry Edison
17. Roy Eldridge
18. Don Ellis
19. Art Farmer
20. Maynard Ferguson
21. Dizzy Gillespie
22. Bobby Hackett
23. Al Hirt
24. Freddie Hubbard
25. Harry James
26. Jonah Jones
27. Thad Jones
28. Bobby Lewis
29. Hugh Masekela
30. Lee Morgan
31. Ray Nance
32. Joe Newman
33. Jimmy Owens
34. Shorty Rogers
35. Doc Severinsen
36. Jack Sheldon
37. Clark Terry

38. Charles Tolliver
39. Joe Wilder
40. Snookie Young

**TROMBONE***(Please choose four.)*

1. Chris Barber
2. Milt Bernhart
3. Harold Betters
4. Bob Brookmeyer
5. Garnett Brown
6. Lawrence Brown
7. Georg Brunis
8. Jimmy Cleveland
9. Buster Cooper
10. Vic Dickenson
11. Carl Fontana
12. Curtis Fuller
13. Tyree Glenn
14. Bennie Green
15. Urbie Green
16. Al Grey
17. Dick Halligan
18. Slide Hampton
19. Bill Harris
20. Wayne Henderson
21. J. C. Higginbotham
22. Quentin Jackson
23. J. J. Johnson
24. Jimmy Knepper
25. Lou McGarity
26. Grachan Moncur III
27. Turk Murphy
28. Benny Powell
29. Julian Priester
30. Frank Rosolino
31. Roswell Rudd
32. Dickie Wells
33. Kai Winding
34. Trummy Young
35. Si Zentner

**ALTO SAX***(Please choose two.)*

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Gary Bartz
3. Al Belletto
4. Marion Brown
5. Benny Carter
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Hank Crawford
8. Sonny Criss
9. Paul Desmond
10. Lou Donaldson
11. Bunky Green
12. Cap'n John Handy
13. John Handy
14. Paul Horn
15. Robin Kenyatta
16. Eric Kloss
17. Lee Konitz
18. Fred Lipsius
19. Charlie Mariano
20. Jackie McLean
21. Charles McPherson
22. James Moody
23. Oliver Nelson
24. Art Pepper
25. Gene Quill
26. Jerome Richardson
27. Marshal Royal
28. Bud Shank

29. Sonny Simmons
30. Zoot Sims
31. Sonny Stitt
32. Frank Strozier
33. Paul Winter
34. Jimmy Woods
35. Phil Woods

**TENOR SAX***(Please choose two.)*

1. Gene Ammons
2. Georgie Auld
3. Albert Ayler
4. Gato Barbieri
5. Sam Butera
6. Don Byas
7. Al Cohn
8. Buddy Collette
9. Bob Cooper
10. Corky Corcoran
11. King Curtis
12. Eddie Davis
13. Teddy Edwards
14. Booker Ervin
15. Frank Foster
16. Bud Freeman
17. Stan Getz
18. Benny Golson
19. Paul Gonsalves
20. Dexter Gordon
21. Johnny Griffin
22. John Gross
23. Eddie Harris
24. Jimmy Heath
25. Joe Henderson
26. Bill Holman
27. Illinois Jacquet
28. Raahsan Roland Kirk
29. John Klemmer
30. Harold Land
31. Yusef Lateef
32. Charles Lloyd
33. Steve Marcus
34. Don Menza
35. Eddie Miller
36. Hank Mobley
37. James Moody
38. "Fathead" Newman
39. Sal Nistico
40. Art Pepper
41. Boots Randolph
42. Sonny Rollins
43. Charlie Rouse
44. Pharoah Sanders
45. Archie Shepp
46. Wayne Shorter
47. Zoot Sims
48. Sonny Stitt
49. Buddy Tate
50. Stanley Turrentine
51. Billy Usselman
52. Ernie Watts
53. Ben Webster
54. Frank Wess
55. Chris Wood

**BARITONE SAX***(Please choose one.)*

1. Pepper Adams
2. Danny Bank
3. Ernie Caceres
4. Jay Cameron

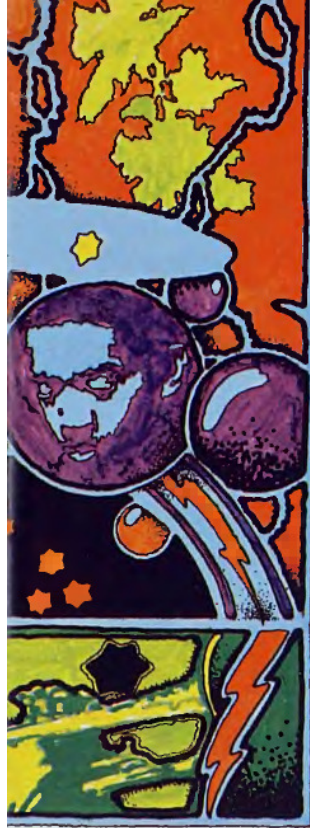


5. Harry Carney
6. Leroy Cooper
7. Ronnie Cuber
8. Charles Davis
9. Raphael Garrett
10. Chuck Gentry
11. Jimmy Giuffre
12. Frank Hittner
13. Bill Hood
14. Jim Horn
15. Gerry Mulligan
16. Pat Patrick
17. Cecil Payne
18. Jerome Richardson
19. Ronnie Ross
20. Clifford Scott
21. Bud Shank
22. Lonnie Shaw
23. Sahib Shihab

**CLARINET***(Please choose one.)*

1. Alvin Batiste
2. Barney Bigard
3. Acker Bilk
4. Ray Burke
5. John Carter
6. Frank Chace
7. Buddy Collette
8. Joe Darensbourg
9. Kenny Davern
10. Buddy DeFranco
11. Pete Fountain
12. Jimmy Giuffre
13. Benny Goodman
14. Jimmy Hamilton
15. Woody Herman
16. Peanuts Hucko
17. Raahsan Roland Kirk
18. Rolf Kuhn
19. Prince Lasha
20. Herbie Mann
21. Matty Matlock





22. Joe Muranyi
23. Art Pepper
24. Russell Procope
25. Tony Scott
26. Pee Wee Spitelera
27. Bob Wilber
28. Phil Woods

#### PIANO

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Monty Alexander
2. Mose Allison
3. Count Basie
4. Paul Bley
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Ray Bryant
7. Ron Burton
8. Joe Bushkin
9. Jaki Byard
10. Barbara Carroll
11. Ray Charles
12. Mike Cohen
13. Cy Coleman
14. Chick Corea
15. George Duke
16. Duke Ellington
17. Bill Evans
18. Victor Feldman
19. Clare Fischer
20. Tommy Flanagan
21. Dave Frishberg
22. Erroll Garner
23. Nick Gravenites
24. Vince Guaraldi
25. Herbie Hancock
26. Roland Hanna
27. Hampton Hawes
28. Eddie Higgins
29. Earl "Fatha" Hines
30. Claude Hopkins
31. Nicky Hopkins
32. Dick Hyman
33. Ahmad Jamal

34. Keith Jarrett
35. Pete Jolly
36. Hank Jones
37. Roger Kellaway
38. Wynton Kelly
39. Steve Kuhn
40. John Lewis
41. Ramsey Lewis
42. Junior Mance
43. Les McCann
44. Marian McPartland
45. Jay McShann
46. Sergio Mendes
47. Thelonious Monk
48. Bud Montgomery
49. Peter Nero
50. Phineas Newborn, Jr.
51. Oscar Peterson
52. André Previn
53. Sun Ra
54. Jimmy Rowles
55. George Shearing
56. Horace Silver
57. Billy Taylor
58. Cecil Taylor
59. Bobby Timmons
60. Lennie Tristano
61. McCoy Tyner
62. Cedar Walton
63. Mary Lou Williams
64. Teddy Wilson
65. Joe Zawinul

#### ORGAN

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Booker T.
2. Owen Bradley
3. Odell Brown
4. Sonny Burke
5. Wild Bill Davis
6. Bill Doggett
7. Charlie Earland
8. Keith Emerson
9. Barry Goldberg
10. Groove Holmes
11. Garth Hudson
12. Dick Hyman
13. Artie Kane
14. Al Kooper
15. Ray Manzarek
16. Brother Jack McDuff
17. Jimmy McGriff
18. Joe Mooney
19. Don Patterson
20. Billy Preston
21. Sun Ra
22. Mike Ratledge
23. Melvin Rhyne
24. Freddie Roach
25. Shirley Scott
26. Jimmy Smith
27. Johnny "Hammond" Smith
28. Lonnie Smith
29. Walter Wanderley
30. Larry Young

#### VIBES

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Roy Ayers
2. Larry Bunker
3. Gary Burton
4. Teddy Charles
5. Don Elliott

6. Victor Feldman
7. Terry Gibbs
8. Gunter Hampel
9. Lionel Hampton
10. Bobby Hutcherson
11. Milt Jackson
12. Johnny Lytle
13. Mike Mainieri
14. Gary McFarland
15. Bud Montgomery
16. Red Norvo
17. Dave Pike
18. Emil Richards
19. Cal Tjader
20. Tommy Vig

#### GUITAR

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Laurindo Almeida
2. Chet Atkins
3. Joe Beck
4. George Benson
5. John Bishop
6. Mike Bloomfield
7. Luiz Bonfá
8. Lenny Breau
9. Mel Brown
10. Kenny Burrell
11. Charlie Byrd
12. Eric Clapton
13. Ry Cooder
14. Larry Coryell
15. George Davis
16. Duane Eddy
17. Herb Ellis
18. Tal Farlow
19. José Feliciano
20. Eddie Fisher
21. Eric Gale
22. João Gilberto
23. Freddie Green
24. Grant Green
25. Tiny Grimes
26. Buddy Guy
27. Jerry Hahn
28. Jim Hall
29. Bill Harris
30. George Harrison
31. Jimi Hendrix
32. Barney Kessel
33. Albert King
34. B. B. King
35. Alvin Lee
36. Mundell Lowe
37. William Mackel
38. Pat Martino
39. John McLaughlin
40. John Morell
41. Tony Mottola
42. Shuggie Otis
43. Jimmy Page
44. Joe Pass
45. Baden Powell
46. Jimmy Raney
47. Howard Roberts
48. Robbie Robertson
49. Freddy Robinson
50. Bola Sete
51. Sonny Sharrock
52. Johnny Smith
53. Les Spann

54. Gabor Szabo
55. Phil Upchurch
56. George Van Eps
57. T-Bone Walker
58. Muddy Waters
59. Chuck Wayne
60. Mason Williams
61. Johnny Winter
62. Attila Zoller

#### BASS

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Chuck Berghofer
2. Keter Betts
3. Walter Booker
4. Juney Booth
5. Ray Brown
6. Jack Bruce
7. Joe Byrd
8. Ron Carter
9. Gene Chericco
10. Buddy Clark
11. Morty Cobb
12. Bob Cranshaw
13. Bill Crow
14. Art Davis
15. Richard Davis
16. Chuck Domanico
17. Donald "Duck" Dunn
18. George Duvivier
19. Wilton Felder
20. Jim Fielder
21. Jimmy Garrison
22. Victor Gaskin
23. Eddie Gomez
24. Rick Grech
25. Eustis Guillemet
26. Charlie Haden
27. Bob Haggart
28. Percy Heath
29. Milt Hinton
30. Dave Holland
31. Major Holley
32. Scotty Holt
33. Chuck Israels
34. Chubby Jackson
35. Sam Jones
36. Vernon Martin
37. Cecil McBee
38. Paul McCartney
39. Ron McClure
40. Al McKibbin
41. Charles Mingus
42. Monk Montgomery
43. Sebastian Neto
44. Truck Parham
45. Gary Peacock
46. Chuck Rainey
47. Noel Redding
48. Larry Ridley
49. Jack Six
50. Slam Stewart
51. Steve Swallow
52. Phil Upchurch
53. Leroy Vinnegar
54. Miroslav Vitous
55. Buster Williams
56. Gene Wright
57. El Dee Young



## DRUMS

(Please choose one.)

1. Dave Bailey
2. Ginger Baker
3. Danny Barcelona
4. Louis Bellson
5. Hal Blaine
6. Art Blakey
7. Larry Bunker
8. Frank Butler
9. Frank Capp
10. Joe Chambers
11. Kenny Clarke
12. Cozy Cole
13. Bobby Colomby
14. Joe Cusatis
15. Alan Dawson
16. Jack De Johnette
17. Frankie Dunlop
18. Vernel Fournier
19. Sonny Greer
20. Chico Hamilton
21. Jake Hanna
22. Louis Hayes
23. Roy Haynes
24. Billy Higgins
25. Red Holt
26. Stix Hooper
27. Lex Humphries
28. Phil Humphries
29. Al Jackson, Jr.
30. Oliver Jackson
31. Ron Jefferson
32. Elvin Jones
33. Jo Jones
34. Philly Joe Jones
35. Rufus Jones
36. Connie Kay
37. Gene Krupa
38. Don Lamond
39. David Lee
40. Stan Levey
41. Mel Lewis
42. Shelly Manne
43. Roy McCurdy
44. Don McDonald
45. Mitch Mitchell
46. Joe Morello
47. Sandy Nelson
48. Joe Palma
49. Earl Palmer
50. Fito de la Para
51. Sonny Payne
52. Walter Perkins
53. Charlie Persip
54. Bernard Purdie
55. Buddy Rich
56. Max Roach
57. Wayne Robinson
58. Mickey Roker
59. Bobby Rosengarden
60. Zutty Singleton
61. Ringo Starr
62. Grady Tate
63. Ed Thigpen
64. Charlie Watts
65. Tony Williams
66. Sam Woodyard
67. Robert Wyatt



## OTHER INSTRUMENTS

(Please choose one.)

1. Ian Anderson, *flute*
2. Dorothy Ashby, *harp*
3. Ray Brown, *cello*
4. Don Butterfield, *tuba*
5. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
6. Candido, *bongos*
7. Buddy Collette, *flute*
8. Alice Coltrane, *harp*
9. James Cotton, *harmonica*
10. Buddy DeFranco, *bass clarinet*
11. Pete Drake, *steel guitar*
12. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
13. Joe Farrell, *flute*
14. Rufus Harley, *bagpipes*
15. George Harrison, *sitar*
16. Paul Horn, *flute*
17. Dick Hyman, *Moog*
18. Illinois Jacquet, *bassoon*
19. Budd Johnson, *soprano sax*
20. Ali Akbar Khan, *sarod*
21. Raahsan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
22. Prince Lasha, *flute*
23. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
24. Hubert Laws, *flute*
25. Charles Lloyd, *flute*
26. Herbie Mann, *flute*
27. James Moody, *flute*
28. Ray Nance, *violin*
29. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
30. Sun Ra, *Moog*
31. Jerome Richardson, *flute*
32. Willie Ruff, *French horn*
33. Mongo Santamaria, *congas*
34. Bud Shank, *flute*
35. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
36. Jeremy Steig, *flute*
37. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
38. Cy Touff, *bass trumpet*
39. Norris Turner, *flute*

40. Art Van Damme, *accordion*

41. Joe Venuti, *violin*

42. Mike White, *violin*

## MALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Ed Ames
3. Louis Armstrong
4. Harry Belafonte
5. Tony Bennett
6. Brook Benton
7. Chuck Berry
8. Bobby Bland
9. James Brown
10. Oscar Brown, Jr.
11. Tim Buckley
12. Eric Burdon
13. Solomon Burke
14. Glen Campbell
15. Johnny Cash
16. Ray Charles
17. Wayne Cochran
18. Joe Cocker
19. Vic Damone
20. Bobby Darin
21. Sammy Davis Jr.
22. Fats Domino
23. Donovan
24. Bob Dorough
25. Frank D'Rone
26. Bob Dylan
27. Billy Eckstine
28. José Feliciano
29. Dave Frishberg
30. Marvin Gaye
31. Buddy Greco
32. Arlo Guthrie
33. Merle Haggard
34. Tim Hardin
35. Johnny Hartman
36. Richie Havens
37. Clancy Hayes

38. Isaac Hayes
39. Bill Henderson
40. Jimi Hendrix
41. John Lee Hooker
42. Lightnin' Hopkins
43. Engelbert Humperdinck
44. Mick Jagger
45. Antonio Carlos Jobim
46. Jack Jones
47. Tom Jones
48. B. B. King
49. Steve Lawrence
50. Trini Lopez
51. Dean Martin
52. Johnny Mathis
53. John Mayall
54. Paul McCartney
55. Gene McDaniels
56. Rod McKuen
57. Jim Morrison
58. Johnny Nash
59. Anthony Newley
60. Nilsson
61. Phil Ochs
62. Roy Orbison
63. Wilson Pickett
64. King Pleasure
65. Elvis Presley
66. Arthur Prysock
67. Lou Rawls
68. Little Richard
69. Johnny Rivers
70. Jimmy Rushing
71. Frank Sinatra
72. Percy Sledge
73. O. C. Smith
74. James Taylor
75. Joe Tex
76. Leon Thomas
77. Tiny Tim
78. Mel Tormé
79. Adam Wade
80. Muddy Waters
81. Lovelace Watkins
82. Andy Williams
83. Joe Williams
84. Johnny Winter
85. Jimmy Witherspoon
86. Howlin' Wolf
87. Stevie Wonder
88. Glenn Yarbrough

## FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Lorez Alexandria
2. Amanda Ambrose
3. Nancy Ames
4. Joan Baez
5. Pearl Bailey
6. La Vern Baker
7. Joy Bryan
8. Lana Cantrell
9. Vikki Carr
10. Chér
11. Petula Clark
12. Judy Collins
13. Chris Connor
14. Damita Jo
15. Jackie De Shannon
16. Julie Driscoll
17. Cass Elliott
18. Ethel Ennis



19. Ella Fitzgerald
20. Roberta Flack
21. Connie Francis
22. Aretha Franklin
23. Bobbie Gentry
24. Astrud Gilberto
25. Eydie Gormé
26. Helen Humes
27. Lurlean Hunter
28. Mahalia Jackson
29. Janis Joplin
30. Lainie Kazan
31. Karin Krog
32. Peggy Lee
33. Abbey Lincoln
34. Julie London
35. Claudine Longet
36. Lulu
37. Miriam Makeba
38. Kathy McCord
39. Barbara McNair
40. Carmen McRae
41. Melanie
42. Liza Minnelli
43. Joni Mitchell
44. Laura Nyro
45. Anita O'Day
46. Odetta
47. Vi Redd
48. Della Reese
49. Mavis Rivers
50. Linda Ronstadt
51. Diana Ross
52. Buffy Sainte-Marie
53. Nina Simone
54. Nancy Sinatra
55. Grace Slick
56. Carol Sloane
57. Dusty Springfield
58. Dakota Staton
59. Barbra Streisand
60. Carla Thomas
61. Big Mama Thornton
62. Diana Trask
63. Leslie Uggams
64. Caterina Valente
65. Sarah Vaughan
66. Carol Ventura
67. Dionne Warwick
68. Nancy Wilson

#### VOCAL GROUP

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Association
2. The Band
3. Beach Boys
4. Beatles
5. Bee Gees
6. Blind Faith
7. Byrds
8. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
9. Canned Heat
10. Chambers Bros.
11. Clancy Bros.
12. Country Joe and the Fish
13. Creedence Clearwater Revival
14. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
15. Delaney & Bonnie & Friends
16. Doors

17. Everly Brothers
18. 5th Dimension
19. Five Steps & Cubie
20. Four Freshmen
21. Four Lads
22. Friends of Distinction
23. Grand Funk Railroad
24. Grateful Dead
25. Edwin Hawkins Singers
26. Jimi Hendrix Experience
27. Hollies
28. Ike & Tina Turner
29. Impressions
30. Incredible String Band
31. Iron Butterfly
32. Jackson Five
33. Jefferson Airplane
34. King Sisters
35. Kinks
36. Gladys Knight and the Pips
37. Led Zeppelin
38. Lettermen
39. Martha and the Vandellas
40. MC-5
41. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
42. Mills Brothers
43. Mother Earth
44. Mothers of Invention
45. New Christy Minstrels
46. Johnny Otis Show
47. Peter, Paul & Mary
48. Poco
49. Raelettes
50. Rascals
51. Paul Revere and the Raiders
52. Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
53. Rolling Stones
54. Sam and Dave
55. Simon & Garfunkel
56. Sly & the Family Stone
57. Sonny and Chér
58. Spanky and Our Gang
59. Spirit
60. Staple Singers
61. Steppenwolf
62. Kirby Stone Four
63. Supremes
64. Sweet Inspirations
65. Swingle Singers
66. Temptations
67. Ten Years After
68. Three Dog Night
69. Union Gap
70. Clara Ward Singers
71. Who

#### SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Mose Allison
2. Harold Arlen
3. Dave Axelrod
4. Burt Bacharach—Hal David
5. John Barry
6. Lionel Bart
7. Oscar Brown, Jr.
8. Sammy Cahn
9. Hoagy Carmichael
10. Johnny Cash
11. Leonard Cohen
12. Cy Coleman
13. Ornette Coleman

14. Betty Comden—Adolph Green
15. Miles Davis
16. Donovan
17. Bob Dylan
18. Duke Ellington
19. Gil Evans
20. Dave Frishberg
21. Bobbie Gentry
22. Dave Grusin
23. Herbie Hancock
24. John Hartford
25. Mick Jagger—Keith Richard
26. Antonio Carlos Jobim
27. Quincy Jones
28. Bert Kaempfert
29. Kris Kristofferson
30. John Lennon
31. Alan Jay Lerner
32. John D. Loudermilk
33. Galt MacDermot
34. Henry Mancini
35. Percy Mayfield
36. Paul McCartney
37. Gene McDaniels
38. Rod McKuen
39. Johnny Mercer
40. Charles Mingus
41. Thelonious Monk
42. Oliver Nelson
43. Randy Newman
44. Nilsson
45. Laura Nyro
46. Robbie Robertson
47. Smokey Robinson
48. Lalo Schifrin
49. Paul Simon
50. Stephen Stills
51. Jule Styne
52. Jimmy Van Heusen
53. Jim Webb
54. Tony Joe White
55. Gerald Wilson
56. Steve Winwood
57. Frank Zappa

#### INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

*(Please choose one.)*

1. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
2. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass
3. Gene Ammons Combo
4. Louis Armstrong All-Stars
5. Albert Ayler Quintet
6. Al Belletto Quartet
7. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
8. Blood, Sweat & Tears
9. Booker T. and the MG's
10. Dave Brubeck Trio
11. Gary Burton Quartet
12. Charlie Byrd Quintet
13. Chicago
14. Al Cohn—Zoot Sims Quintet
15. Ornette Coleman Quartet
16. Miles Davis Sextet
17. Lou Donaldson Sextet
18. Dukes of Dixieland

19. Earth Disciples
20. Gil Evans Combo
21. Fourth Way
22. Erroll Garner Quartet
23. Stan Getz Quartet
24. Benny Goodman Combo
25. Vince Guaraldi Trio
26. Bobby Hackett Quintet
27. Chico Hamilton Combo
28. Herbie Hancock Sextet
29. John Handy Quintet
30. Earl Hines Quartet
31. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
32. Groove Holmes Trio
33. Freddie Hubbard Quintet
34. Bobby Hutcherson—Harold Land Quintet
35. Illinois Jacquet Trio
36. Ahmad Jamal Trio
37. Jazz Crusaders
38. Jefferson Airplane
39. Elvin Jones Trio
40. Jonah Jones Quintet
41. Wynton Kelly Trio
42. Raahsan Roland Kirk Combo
43. Ramsey Lewis Trio
44. Charles Lloyd Quartet
45. Herbie Mann Quintet
46. Shelly Manne Combo
47. Hugh Masekela Quintet
48. Les McCann Ltd.
49. Marian McPartland Trio
50. Charles Mingus Quintet
51. Modern Jazz Quartet
52. Thelonious Monk Quartet
53. Mothers of Invention
54. Peter Nero Trio
55. Red Norvo Trio
56. Pentangle
57. Oscar Peterson Trio
58. Jean-Luc Ponty Quartet
59. Preservation Hall Jazz Band
60. Max Roach Quintet
61. Sonny Rollins Combo
62. George Russell Sextet
63. Pharoah Sanders Combo
64. Tony Scott Quartet
65. Bola Sete Trio
66. George Shearing Quintet
67. Archie Shepp—Bill Dixon Quartet
68. Horace Silver Quintet
69. Jimmy Smith Trio
70. Soft Machine
71. Cecil Taylor Unit
72. Cal Tjader Quintet
73. Ventures
74. Leroy Vinnegar—Hampton Hawes Trio
75. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
76. Teddy Wilson Trio
77. Paul Winter Consort
78. Phil Woods & His European Rhythm Machine
79. World's Greatest Jazz Band
80. Young-Holt, Uld.

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1971 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS



Put down the *numbers* of listed candidates you choose, the *names* of your write-in choices; only one in each category, except where otherwise indicated.

# 1971 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL BALLOT

**BIG-BAND LEADER**

---

**FIRST TRUMPET**

---

**SECOND TRUMPET**

---

**THIRD TRUMPET**

---

**FOURTH TRUMPET**

---

**FIRST TROMBONE**

---

**SECOND TROMBONE**

---

**THIRD TROMBONE**

---

**FOURTH TROMBONE**

---

**FIRST ALTO SAX**

---

**SECOND ALTO SAX**

---

**FIRST TENOR SAX**

---

**SECOND TENOR SAX**

---

**BARITONE SAX**

---

**CLARINET**

---

**PIANO**

---

**ORGAN**

---

**VIBES**

---

**GUITAR**

---

**BASS**

---

**DRUMS**

---

**OTHER INSTRUMENTS**

---

**MALE VOCALIST**

---

**FEMALE VOCALIST**

---

**VOCAL GROUP**

---

**SONGWRITER-COMPOSER**

---

**INSTRUMENTAL COMBO**

---

## PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

*Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Frank Sinatra) are not eligible.*

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

## PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND):

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BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN TEN PIECES):

---

BEST VOCAL LP:

---

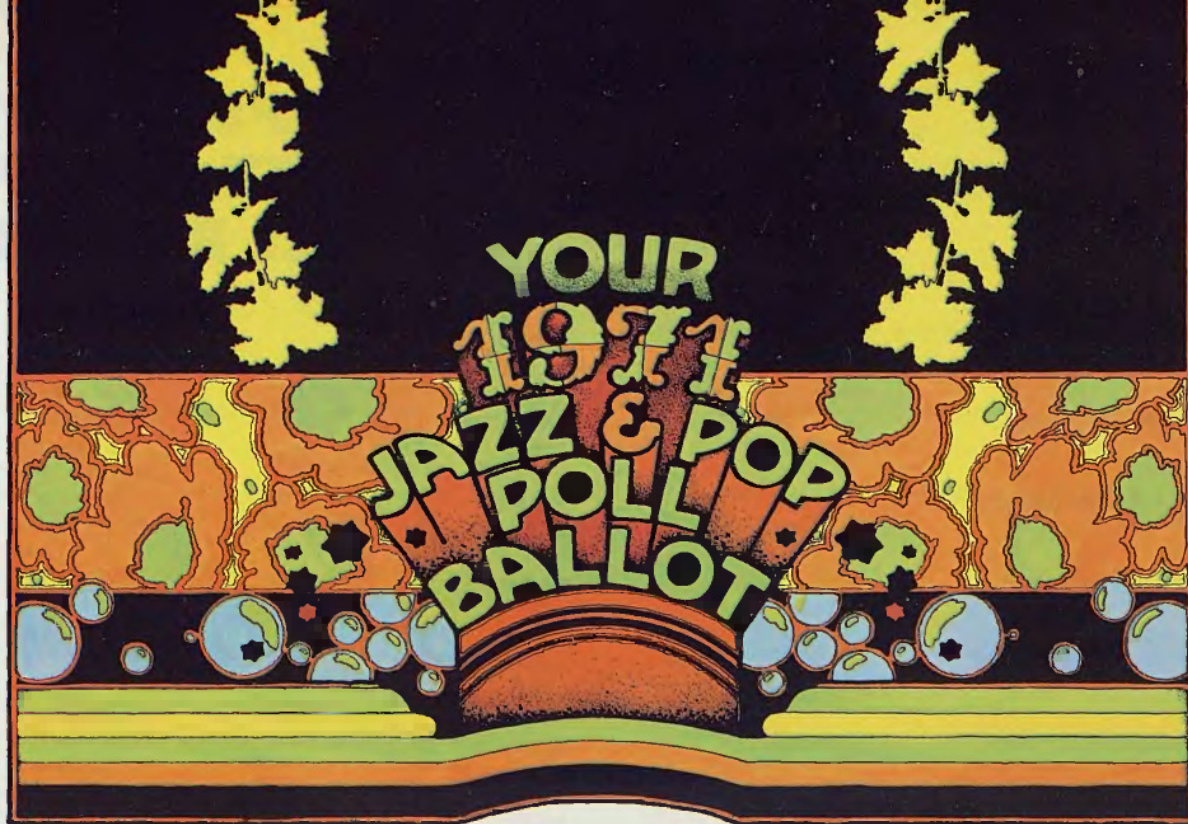
Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_





VOTING for the 1971 Playboy All-Star Band will follow a new procedure. Instead of checking off the names of your musical heroes and then sending us the entire ballot, as in past years, you need only fill in the blanks on the reverse side of this detachable page. On the preceding pages are the lists of performers selected by our Nominating Board of music editors, critics, representatives of major recording companies and the winners of last year's poll.

Obviously, it isn't possible for *every* artist who's been active this past year to appear on a list of this size; there's been a great proliferation of musical forms and performers in recent years. The nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of artists and performances; you may vote for any living artist in any of the categories.

Before each listed performer's name, you will find a number. If you vote for a musician whose name is listed, simply enter his number—*not his name*—in the appropriate space on the return ballot. If you vote for someone who wasn't nominated this year and whose name is consequently not listed, you'll have to write in his or her full name.

If you're writing in your selection for the leader of this year's Playboy All-Star Band, please limit your choice to men who have led a big band (ten or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental

combo, limit your choice to groups of nine or fewer musicians. In some categories, you're asked to vote for more than one musician, since big bands normally carry more than one man at those positions. (Our last few All-Star Bands have admittedly tended to include elements that are more and more disparate—but the group is, of course, only an imaginary ensemble.)

Any instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead, is eligible for the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame, except those previously elected: Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery and Frank Sinatra. This year's three top vote getters will be installed in PLAYBOY's music pantheon.

You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll and that must carry your name and address, printed in the space provided.

Your votes will help choose the artists who will make up the 1971 All-Star Band and who will receive the coveted Playboy Medal. So send your ballot promptly to PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Your ballot must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1970. Results of our 15th annual Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll will appear in our February 1971 issue.

**NOMINATING BOARD:** Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Ginger Baker, Booker T., Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Billy Davis (for The Fifth Dimension), Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Herb Ellis, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Jimi Hendrix, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Tom Jones, Janis Joplin, Roland Kirk, John Lennon, Henry Mancini, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Doc Severinsen, Ravi Shankar, Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Smith, Si Zentner; George Avakian, independent record producer; John Burks, managing editor, *Rolling Stone*; Don DeMicheal, writer; Nat Hentoff, writer; Don Morgenstern, editor, *Down Beat*; Richard Perry, independent record producer; Pauline Rivelli, publisher, *Jazz & Pop*; Creed Taylor, independent record producer; Bob Thiele, independent record producer; John A. Tynan, writer; George T. Wein, president, Newport Jazz Festival; Michael Zwerin, writer; William F. Szymczyk, ABC Records; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; David Axelrod, Capitol; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Richard Bock, Liberty; Bob Porter, Prestige; Donald B. Dickstein, 20th Century-Fox; Mel Fuhrman, Liberty/United Artists; Stan Cornyn, Warner Bros.





*"I don't like being treated  
as an object—but  
I don't mind being treated  
as an objective."*

*Vargas*



TO THE BARGE AT BILLINGSGATE, awaiting when the tide would turn for Gravesend, came passengers of all sorts. When the bargemen put out from the stairs and, being under sail and going smugly down, everyone began to chat of one thing and another, all of mirth, some of knavery. There was a tinker of Turvey in the barge, who soon began a merry tale. When he had done, a cobbler followed, making them all laugh with another that ended, "So he was made a cuckold, and with a heavy head was the poor smith fain to go to his hammers, being ever after noted for a cuckold through all Canterbury."

There sat a smith nearby, who took pepper in the nose at this and in a snuff began to answer. "Why, cobbler, do you hold the smith in such derision because he was a cuckold? I tell thee that kings have worn the horns, and 'tis a fault that fortune exempteth from none. The old writers have said there be eight degrees of cuckolds and that I can prove." At this, there was great laughter and every man desired him to tell what they were. "That I will!" said the smith. "They be these:

"One. An *overgrown cuckold* is a gray cuckold, an old ramheaded cuckold, whose horns in their turning are so heavy and crooked the very tips of them almost run into his eyes. His cornuto cap has kept his head warm some 30 or 40 years, for so long has his wife been a dealer in feather beds. She was a pretty tit once, and she still runs a strong pace. If all the cuckolds in a parish were to be impaneled upon a jury, this is their foreman. In a voyage to cuckold's haven, he steers the ship.

"Two. A *cuckold and no cuckold* is he whose wife is handsome, fair and well favored, so this bull calf fears bumps, feels on his forehead and finds none. One that wishes for horns though they do not wish for him. A conceited cuckold.

"Three. A *horn-mad cuckold* is a wild bull, bellowing and roaring after his cow. This cuckold is a mere Tom o' Bedlam. He sleeps not in quiet, wakes not in quiet, eats nor drinks in quiet. If his wife puts but two fingers daintily into a dish of mincemeat, he swears she makes horns at him. He cannot endure to hear of Saint Thomas his night when the Templars and the Inns of Court men blow their horns under men's windows. If he passes by a horn cutter's door, he swoons and must drink aqua vitae. This is the fool of cuckolds.

"Four. A *winking cuckold* is he that sees a cock sparrow top his hen, yet goes away and says nothing. An honest, patient ass that carries his horns as willingly as a tanner's horse carries his master's hides from Leadenhall market. A mere humdrum John-a-droins who, if he peeps in at the keyhole and sees his wife curvetting with a man, goes sneaking away, numbling, 'Ah-ha, she is there with her bears.'

"Five. An *extempore cuckold* is no riming cuckold but such a blockhead that his wife on their very wedding day spells his name in the hornbook. This is a mellow cuckold.

"Six. A *John-hold-my-staff cuckold* has his horns so high they run through his hat. A rascal deer, the basest in the whole herd of cuckolds. He is a stag in the city, a rhinoceros with his horn in the parish, a pander in his house, a slave everywhere.

"Seven. A *cuckold cried up*, or self-reported, is a snappish, quarrelsome ninyhammer who so wearies his wife with causeless jealousy that in the end she gives him good cause. He upon the least suspicion runs snuffing up and down and, having found his game (taken the poor whore his wife in the act), what does he but cry his horns up, arrests his half sharer (her other bedmate), swears he will make him stand in a white sheet (when the fellow has done that already) and for his wife, he will firke her soundly. In the end, when all the courts in the civil law have his name, his head and his horns upon record, then he's quiet, takes his wife back again and every night locks his chamber door with his own shoehorn.

"Eight. An *antedated cuckold* is a fruit no sooner ripe but it's rotten; this is a harmless young codhead who fools himself into horns: The nightmare rides him the first hour he's married, for the poor credulous Nicodemus thinks he has a sweet white grape, when he truly has a sour one. At his wedding dinner, he has no wine but bastard wine, and his wife has gone to press in another man's winevat. And at night, he may be permitted to pledge her once. If he has no taste, no matter; he's sure of a good cook who can bring up his meat piping hot to his table. But he need fear no poisoning, for he has two or three tasters who have gone before him.

"Thus," said the smith, "you have heard my degrees of cuckolds, and now I have a tale to tell about a cobbler who was married to a blithe and bonny country wench in Romney. . . ." —Retold by Charles Powell



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 90)

don't really have a good background in economics, the intensity of those feelings kept increasing. I now feel there ought to be a complete re-evaluation of our economic system. I can't get into specifics yet, because I haven't thought it through; but I do know that to translate this conviction into my own life is very difficult, because I'm a completely middle-class person. I have a house in Westchester; I have a lot of the good things in life. Yet I have an increasingly guilty feeling that my status in this world and my possessions probably came to me because other men lost their lives and liberty and were oppressed by the society that gave me these goodies.

**PLAYBOY:** Haven't you earned whatever you have?

**KUNSTLER:** Earn isn't the applicable word. Yes, I worked for what I have, but I was in a position to accumulate possessions because of what I was equipped with from the start. My father was a physician and my grandfather had been a merchant. Being white, they had been able to accumulate goods and status. And, accordingly, I was always well fed; I was always warm in the winter and cool in the summer; and because of my background, I could get a Columbia and Yale education. Very few black people in this society get a chance to start with all these advantages.

**PLAYBOY:** If you feel so strongly about it, why don't you sell all your possessions and give the proceeds to the Panthers? And why don't you give your house in Westchester to young radicals, so that they can use it as a commune?

**KUNSTLER:** Those are legitimate questions. My answer is that I guess I haven't got the nerve or the guts to do that at this time. Maybe that's what I ought to do—sell everything I have and give it to the movement. Maybe I just *talk* a good game. Maybe I'm too middle class, too much the product of this society, to do that. On the one hand, I complain that I have these goodies because of an unjust system; but on the other hand, I keep them. I expect I still have a lot to learn about myself and what I want to do with the rest of my life before I'm mature enough to do what you suggest. I'm very much into this process of self-examination, and that's why my standard of values continues to change.

**PLAYBOY:** With that standard of values changing, what are your plans for the immediate future?

**KUNSTLER:** I'm living now essentially on some speaking engagements, on a few old cases I have and on whatever cases I can send in to my firm in which I can participate. But I'm looking forward to the time when I can break out of even

this situation. I would like to live communally, to practice law communally. The idea is that lawyers get food and lodging in exchange for handling all the legal business of a commune. This way of practicing law would produce a sense of solidarity and a way of measuring one's work and life by values other than money. There are young lawyers who are doing just that, but I'm not sure that at my age, I'd be able to do it emotionally. I know I'd *like* to do it. I'd like to be able to get just what I need to stay alive and do the work I want to do without having to be concerned with money as the medium of exchange for that work.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you recall any specific event that began to change your conception of what you ought to be and do as a lawyer?

**KUNSTLER:** There was a traumatic experience in 1961. I had been taking occasional cases for the American Civil Liberties Union, and in the course of one of them, I had just arrived at a bus terminal in Jackson, Mississippi. Eating a hamburger, I saw policemen arrest five black and white Freedom Riders attempting to integrate the lunch counter. Watching the total human commitment of those Freedom Riders gave me the sense that I would never be quite the same again. The sight of those five frightened young people taught me what I had never known before—that only by personal involvement can one justify his existence, either to himself or his fellows. I think it was on that day the die was cast. It was as if from June 16, 1961, to the Chicago trial, my feet were pushing in just one direction. I found what I was really looking for in life. I was changed from just being a legal tradesman, and I found a new currency that satisfied me completely. It may be no better than the currency of the five-dollar and ten-dollar bill, but it was a currency that paid off in respect and in the knowledge that I was doing what I thought people ought to do with their lives.

I've been very impressed, during a good part of the past three or four years of my life, with Father Daniel Berrigan, the Jesuit priest who was among those convicted for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. He explained to me the concept of a worker-priest—the idea of a Catholic priest not being separated from other Catholics by being part of a hierarchy or having a church or being available only on certain days of the week. Instead, the worker-priest has a job; he works alongside people and utilizes his skills to assist those who work with him. I think that's what a lawyer should do, too. He should, first of all, be part of a movement and then employ his skills in relationship to that movement.

He should not be separated by professionalism, by educational or economic barriers nor by status from the people with whom he works.

**PLAYBOY:** Toward the end of the Chicago trial, just before you were sentenced for contempt by Judge Hoffman, you said: "I can only hope that my fate does not deter other lawyers throughout the country who, in the difficult days that lie ahead, will be asked to defend clients against a steadily increasing governmental encroachment upon their most fundamental liberties. If they are so deterred, then my punishment will have an effect of such terrifying consequences that I dread to contemplate the future domestic and foreign course of this country." Do you believe that your sentencing *will* deter such lawyers?

**KUNSTLER:** No, I don't. And, as a matter of fact, I went on to say in the statement you just quoted: "However, I have the utmost faith that my beloved brethren at the bar, young and old alike, will not allow themselves to be frightened out of defending the poor, the persecuted, the radicals and the militant, the black people, the pacifists and the political pariahs of this, our common land."

**PLAYBOY:** Even if there are enough lawyers of this type, can they be effective without basic changes in our legal processes—doing away with the adversary system, for example?

**KUNSTLER:** I'm not opposed to the adversary system if the defendant has much the same resources as the state—in terms of investigative personnel, for instance. We're talking about criminal law now, and if you took away the adversary system, I don't know what you'd put in its place. The adversary system, you see, has one great attribute, in that as an adversary, the defense counsel, working with the defendant, can put up a tremendous fight. Admittedly, there is a great deal of unfairness because, as I've indicated, the Government—as the system works now—has greater resources than the defense. But with all its defects, the adversary system does give a defendant, in many instances, a fighting chance.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you referring specifically to political cases?

**KUNSTLER:** I find it hard to conceive of most routine criminal cases not also being political cases. I say that because so often the person accused of a crime is poor or black and poor. He has been subjected to an oppressive system, and the very crime of which he is accused is probably a reaction to that oppressive system. Obviously, if a man, black and poor, disembowels his child or brutally murders a robbery victim, the instinctive reaction is that he ought to be punished. But if the system has brutalized him, we have to take that into account.

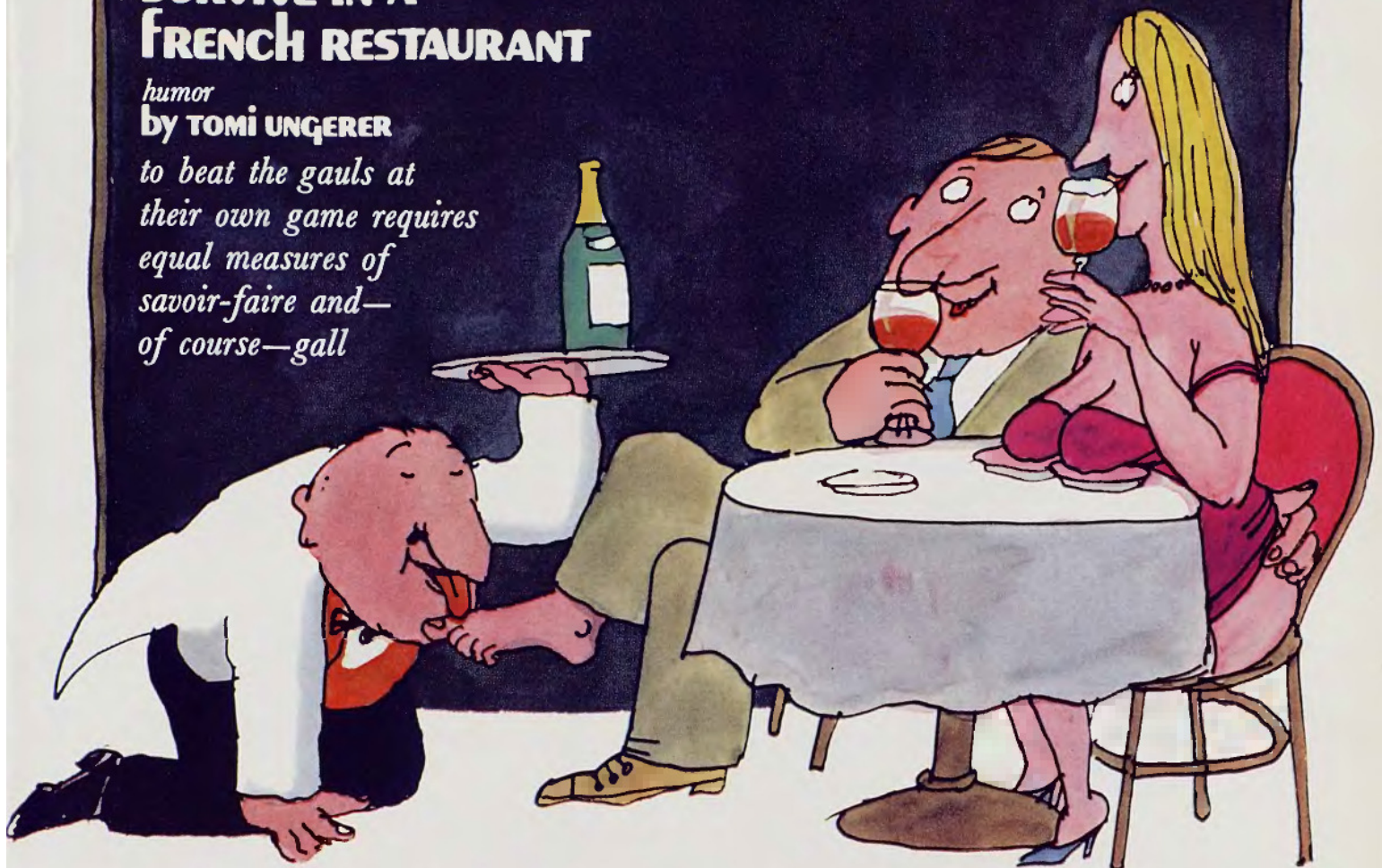
(continued on page 228)



# HOW TO SURVIVE IN A FRENCH RESTAURANT

humor  
by TOMI UNGERER

to beat the gauls at their own game requires equal measures of savoir-faire and—of course—gall



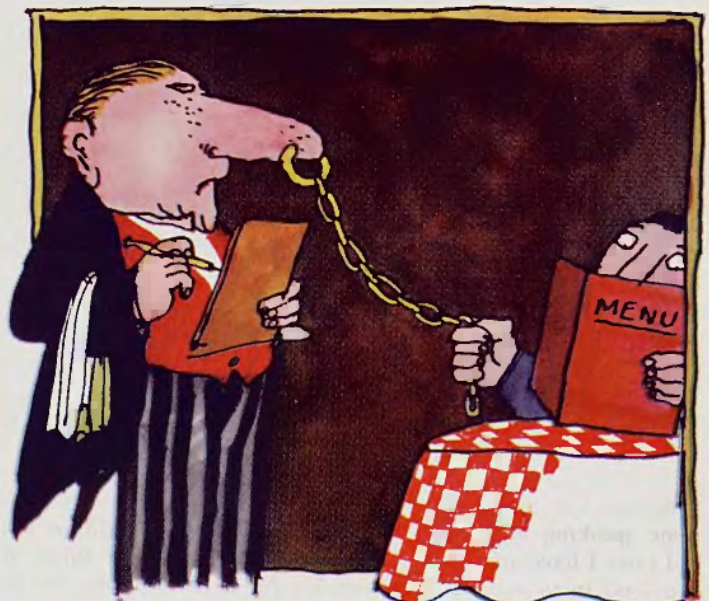
IN THE UNITED STATES, Italian restaurants are invariably run by Italians. Virtually every Chinese restaurant is operated by Chinese. But French restaurants? Chances are that Chez Albert or Café Normandie is owned by a Levantine, boasts a Greek chef and is staffed by Sicilian waiters. No

matter that the menu is garbled Gallic, the prices atmospheric and the cuisine fit for *cochons*. Somehow, the very appellation "French" carries a magic that few Americans can resist—once.

On the other hand, every major city boasts one or several genuine, perhaps excellent French restaurants. Even to the



For kicks, return something and be ferocious in your recriminations.



To outfox the Frenchman, be arrogant, contemptuous, petty and mean. 171









before. However, it is no sin to ask the captain in a condescending yet menacing way what *he* recommends. Just for kicks, return something. Act angry, disgusted, scandalized.

"The lamb is geriatric."

"Coq au vin? *Poppy*-coq au vin."

"This salad, alas, has seen better days."

"The soup (concluded on page 227)"

Occasional chitchat and grand tips will help make you even more impervious to the Gallic outrages perpetrated on those unfortunates who have not heeded our advice.





CINE-DUCK *(continued from page 136)*

not called my name, the girl who had loved the Penguin, the group of pimps who came up to joke with us and slap us on the back, the taxi driver attempting to put a little life into the Blue, everything I saw that moved, even the two friends whom all too soon I would no longer see. First love.

*What the fuck's the matter with this cab?*

*I've got to get home and wash my dick!*

Unheard voices, voices in a dream. No wonder Shakespeare had called the world a stage (English 25, Mr. Hartman) and all the men and women in it merely players. At that moment, illusion and reality, art and life, promise and fulfillment were as intricately joined as my mistress' finger and my own lips, which she had touched in order to reveal the two shining braces on my bottom teeth: "Ooooooh! Pretty!" How to repay her? Only by ripping out every tooth in my head to heap mountains of silver at the soles of her make-believe feet.

This experience has remained for me a touchstone by which I measure not only other films but the quality of all art, or, at any rate, that aspect of art that seeks to maintain what Shakespeare called an eternal summer:

*Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st  
in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou  
growest,  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes  
can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life  
to thee.*

The hookers of Tijuana, I admit, have little in common with the darling buds of May, and the entire adventure must, at first glance, seem closer to aging than to immortality. After all, it was undeniably an initiation, a leap from childhood toward ultimate decay, and a sexual initiation, at that: Everywhere, even in Shakespeare's own language ("I am dying, Egypt, dying"), orgasm and expiration are imaginatively equivalent and, in evolutionary terms, the discovery of sexual reproduction necessarily coincided with the phenomenon of death. But on another and deeper level, our experience was less initiation than regression, a journey backward to a protozoan paradise before sex, death and certainly time, an Eden of the instincts, in which the gap between desire and fulfillment had been collapsed, where repression, history, culture had vanished and—white thighs on a white wall spread over sheetless ticking—wish was followed by wish coming true. That is the peculiar magic of the highest art, whose hidden subject has always been death deferred, paradise regained.

*Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being  
crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory  
fight,  
And Time that gave, doth now his  
gift confound.*

My first memory of film, from the age of three, is of a baby elephant—Dumbo, doubtless—being senselessly separated from his mother. What moved me then was not the plight of the little tusker, an epicene, eye-batting flirt, but the anguish and rage of his parent. The one image left to me is of the world of the circus collapsing around the mighty creature as, rearing on her hind legs, flailing the sky with her trunk, she trumpeted and trumpeted, unbearably, tormentedly, until the scene dissolved in my tears and the sounds were muffled in an avalanche of "Tsk-tsk-tsks" and "Mmmm, mmmm, mmmms" from the colored maid beside me. Another image from perhaps a year later is of Bambi, a Disney deer, trembling in fear of a forest fire that raged close enough to singe his spots and but a lick or two behind assorted skunks and chipmunks and owls. More tears and, for the first time (that maid having been replaced by an indubious type in wire glasses), the phrase, "It's only a movie."

The next few years were a dry-eyed revel in the warfare of Donald, Mickey, Porky, Bugs, Tom, Jerry, Woody, Pluto—animals all, as were we, cold-blooded five-year-olds, screeching and roaring, cackling and chattering, yipping and yowling with inborn glee as a dumfounded bear was kicked sky-high by a megaton mule—yay-y-y-y-y!—and fell end over end past fluffy indifferent clouds to a final flattening on the earth. Only fairy tales—which we had outgrown—were more violent. Pigs and polecats were our meat: creatures of instinct, barely able to speak without a stutter, their one chance of survival in a world larger than they was to transcend themselves, overcome the conditioned response and—beneath the flashing of an incandescent bulb—learn how to think of a way to steal the cheese. I imagine it was owing to this simple sort of identification that I attended the cartoon festival at the Bruin theater every Saturday—that and the general animism of a child's world, in which, especially at night, discarded Levis become basking crocodiles, a breeze in the curtain a panther on the loose and a lighting fixture a king cobra, hood flared, ready to strike. Hence, in the darkened theater, the child grows gills, slips back a step into the common slime, and the predicate of such films as *Pinocchio*, *Fantasia* and *The Wizard of Oz*—that crickets talk, brooms carry pails of water and scarecrows dance

—is as natural as boy gets girl or the U. S. Cavalry wins the war. We went forward, only to go back.

Older, I went to the Hitching Post in Santa Monica. Now the animals—Champion, Silver, Trigger—were ridden; pint-sized ego took the saddle on prancing id. There was, indeed, a hitching post outside the theater—as real, solid, fleshly a manifestation of childhood myth as the half-dressed harlot was of adolescent dream—to which the kids lucky enough to live in the neighborhood tied their bikes and dogs. The house rule was "Check all shooting irons at the box office," and there was invariably a shoot-out in the lobby after the show, as revolvers were packed into the wrong holsters—marvelous affairs with tooled-leather loops for bullets and simulated emeralds, topazes, rubies running halfway down the leg—and interfering nannies were dusted off by the barrellful, *blam, blam, blam, blam, blam, blam*, a technique called fanning the trigger. It was not difficult to smuggle a pearl-handled beauty, small, even girlish, but with the kick of a horse, into the theater; and one always ran the risk that at a crucial moment—when, for example, the Cisco Kid had inserted a stick in his hat and was inching it above the rim of a rock—a whole roll of caps would go off in your ear. Generally speaking, the audience was so caught up in the perils of the Lone Ranger, say, or Lash LaRue, that save for an occasional cheer of encouragement or a gasped warning about the hired gun crouched behind the bar, it offered little comment. Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, though, had the exasperating habit of breaking into song toward the close of their features, and such digressions would be accompanied by cowlike groans, finger whistles, the firing of contraband weapons and the detonation of popcorn bags, punctuated by the concussion of a cupped hand beneath the armpit and the sharp staccato reports of leadslingers breaking wind.

It was at this point in our lives that most of us were forced to deal with death and time. Cartoon animals are resilient. Garroted, exploded, shot, stabbed, devoured, smashed thin as a dime or stretched out on a rack, roasted, electrified, strangled, drowned, stung, flayed, quartered and chopped head to toe, they always snap back, nine-lived. But where there is no instance of unresurrected death in any cartoon, there is no Western without murder. This is not to say we were thrust from paradise (a pasture, a flower, Ferdinand the Bull) without safeguards; in fact, the greater part of the Hitching Post experience was organized to deny the very factor it had introduced into our lives. In the first place, most of the people who got shot in Westerns were villains whose continued existence disturbed the moral order—not to mention



1.  
Winston  
tastes good  
like a  
cigarette  
should.

2.  
You mean...  
as a cigarette  
should.

3.  
What do you  
want,  
good grammar  
or good taste?

4.  
Did you put  
up the storm  
windows yet?



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the daily life in Tombstone, Arizona—more than their demise. We were inoculated with poetic justice and with predictability. (It was this same coating of predictability, the denial of chance or miscellaneous death, that made war films, soon our regular fare, so palatable; it was easy to see that the nice guy with glasses was doomed; and by the time his buddies got around to cutting off his dog tags and murmuring, "So long, Francis," we had long since erased him from our consciousness.) Now and then, a good person would be killed, but such cases usually involved the young lady's grandfather or, perhaps, a Nestor, creatures so far removed from a nine-year-old's interests that they might as well have been animals. Moreover, such deaths were always paid for, and the unfolding of the elaborate moral code of the West, with its interlocking systems of honor and revenge and its unvarying symbolism (white hat, black hat) of good and evil gave us as much comfort and assurance of an ultimate design as the intricate geometry of swastika, triangle and parallelogram enclosing the funerary scene on an amphora gave to ancient Greeks. The symmetry of the film, the curve of the vase, became the shape of the universe.

But the main thing was that our heroes never grew old. Each Saturday was an eternal return, and it was a quality of timelessness, agelessness that accounted for the great popularity of someone like Gene Autry and especially Hopalong Cassidy, who, with his white hair, striped pants and bank president's face, seemed always in his early 50s, rather seemed nowhere at all, simply lifted by virtue of some timeproof vest outside the processes of caducity and decay that shot his horse out from under him, put others six feet under and worked its way so freely on the face of Gabby Hayes. The eternal return also applied to the serials sandwiched between the double feature at the Hitching Post. Weekday life was on the brink: The needles of boilers trembled past the safety zone, smoking acid seeped beneath the crack in a door, cars tumbled from rocky bluffs and, more ambitiously, forest fires raged, tidal waves tossed octopuses 20 miles inland and the city of New York, composed of nothing but brittle white buildings, trembled and broke into pieces. Because the last image of one Saturday became the first image of the next, time collapsed nearly to zero, to the length of time one could cling to a cliff or hold one's breath, and one grew older casually, without seriousness, taking it as lightly as catastrophe.

Nevertheless, one grew; and in no primitive society studied by anthropologists were the age groups more formally declared and firmly enforced than at the Hitching Post: children in arms, free; under six, 25 cents; six to twelve, 50 cents; twelve to sixteen, 75 cents; adults, one

dollar. Through lying and long hair, I managed to pay a quarter till I was nine, and I lost interest in Westerns a year later. Most of the theaters in Los Angeles had a similar system, though, and it was a matter of some prestige among one's fellows never to pay the management what was owed. This led, especially as we grew larger, to a good deal of sneaking in, usually by hanging around under the marquee, examining the fine print on the posters, until the ticket taker was preoccupied, then slipping past into the lobby. Failing that, one could wait until the feature broke and mingle with the crowd going in or, even easier, swim against the tide of those coming out and leap like a salmon through the alleyway exit into a seat. There were always a few discarded stubs on the sidewalks nearby and Howitzer, one of our crowd, had perfected the technique of waving one quickly at the doorman, saying, "Remember me? I stepped outside to blow my nose." The last resort was to pool our funds, buy a single ticket and have Mr. Legitimate open the rear door to a troop of 27. This at least had the advantage of obviating the series of dactylograms (popping the side of the cheek with the thumb) by which we located our scattered forces and drew together to exchange funny remarks. Of course, we were caught—blinding light, stern command, public disgrace. How to explain to the wiry little theater manager that money had nothing to do with it, that even the movie was irrelevant? (Dozens of times, we breached the defenses only to discover ourselves trapped by some such fare as *Scared Stiff*, *The Ten Commandments* or *Crazylegs, All American*, and walked out again; once, however, paying no attention to the screen before me, keeping low and hugging the walls, I made my way to a vacant seat, caught my breath and looked up into the flaming hair of Joan of Arc.) How explain even to ourselves that what we hoped to avoid were the two-bit steps to adulthood and that what we sought—thrust from the dark theater by the scruff of the neck, blinking and squinting against the angel's sword of daylight—was nothing less than immortality?

On dates, however, we were proud to plunk down a mature couple of bucks; we did not wish to live forever, but, in Mr. Hartman's Elizabethan tongue, to "die" in the flesh in the back of a Buick, a feat Howitzer claims to have accomplished when, lights out, burning rubber, he crashed the guardrail of the Pacific Drive-In and was rewarded with Elvis Presley in *Love Me Tender* and the first plump piece he ever had. I never got so far, having wasted precious years trying to solve the logistics of getting my arm around my date's shoulder. The most elegant solution was to leave it casually, as if it hardly belonged to me, on the

back of her seat when we sat down. By the end of the previews, it was totally paralyzed. I couldn't take it away, nor could I snuggle it downward to where those patient beauts heaved and swelled, resplendent in white Orlon, twin brides turned to twin mummies through a long night of desire. This is not to say there were no breakthroughs. It was in the movies that, beneath the marvelous shifting light, aurora borealis of the temperate zone, I first learned how to kiss and be kissed, touch a breast, feel a thigh. On any typically hot, clear Southern California summer day, one would be likely to see Duck, Penguin and Pumpkin lined up at the Elmira theater, dressed in raincoats, escorting three *baddies*. Once inside, we would separate, spread our coats and have at it, until, from six rows ahead, in a ridiculous Italian accent, I would hear the humorous Pumpkin say, "Will-a da genle-a-mans inna back a-please a-stopppa da trowing da ice-a cream?"

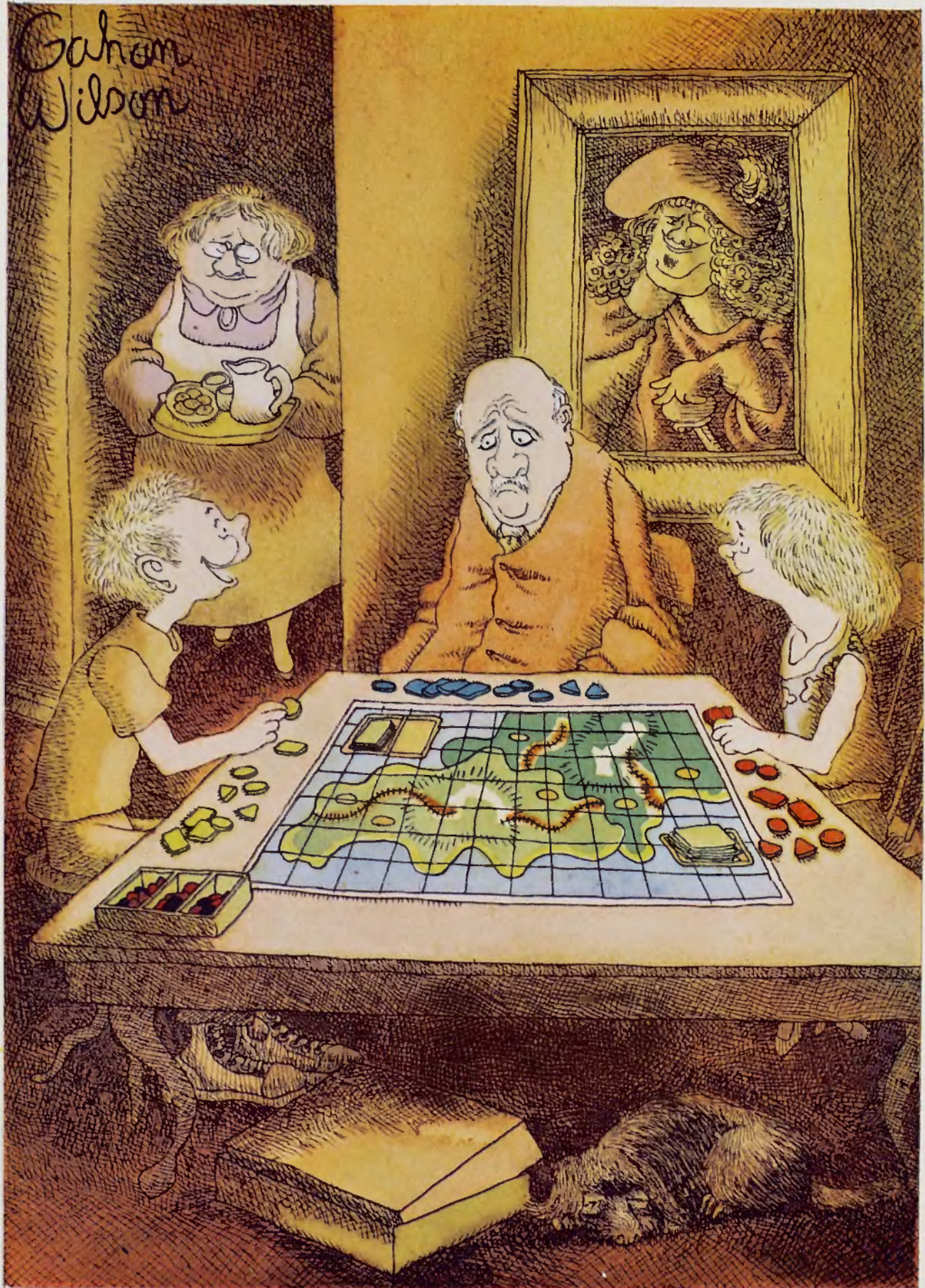
There were leaner years, especially later. I returned to Los Angeles in 1963 for nine months and, lonely, without a girl, with my raincoat long since in tatters, I spent a good deal of time in a theater near Melrose and Santa Monica that showed films like *Forbidden Love*, *Too Much, Too Soon* and *Blow the Man Down*, in which everybody sat six seats away from everybody else. I remember one film in particular, set in a women's gym that three homemade policemen penetrated in search of a killer on the prowl. Amid the usual shots of exercise machines and towel fights among the girls, there was one extraordinary sequence in which the killer threw the bolt on a steam-bath door and started turning up the pressure from an outside valve. We could see the brunette within slowly grow uncomfortable, try to get out and discover the door locked, and we could hear her screams as the heat inside the chamber grew unbearable. The actress beat on the door, on the walls, against her own head; sweat poured off her, her mouth opened and closed, her eyes rolled up; she began to turn in crazed circles, breasts and buttocks dissolving in a mantle of steam; and at last, just as the needle of the pressure gauge reached DANGER, she hurled herself, legs and arms extended, against the bolted door. "Ahhhhh," the audience gasped, not only at the flattened red tips of her breasts and the dark damp hair at the center of the clouded glass but at the beauty of an obscure mystery, suddenly clear.

In New York, I used to drop in at the Cameo and the Tivoli (I-lov-it spelled backward, where once I heard the following snatch of dialog: "Sorry? You pissed on my date and you're sorry?"), until, quite recently, before the feature (*The Spy Who Came*) went on, a solemn voice announced, "The United

(continued on page 180)



Graham  
Wilson



*"Then, after you've starved the villagers into submission,  
you can bring in your interrogation team. . . ."*





### **ZUBIN MEHTA** *knowing the score*

BOMBAY-BORN Zubin Mehta was the first conductor ever to direct two major North American orchestras concurrently—the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Montreal Symphony—and, at 26, was one of the youngest to conduct a leading U. S. orchestra (in L. A.). His father, who conducted the Bombay Symphony, “brainwashed me with classical music from the cradle,” later taught him the rudiments of the baton and allowed him at age 16 to conduct a symphony rehearsal. Two years later, Mehta entered the Vienna Academy. He still reveres Vienna as the center of the musical world and strives to re-create the Viennese sound. A first prize in the 1958 Royal Liverpool Philharmonic competition for young conductors resulted in a position as assistant conductor of the famed British orchestra after graduation from the Academy—and he was on his way. After numerous guest appearances, he became the Montreal Symphony’s music director in 1961 and took the same position in L. A. in 1962. Now 34, Mehta might start his day by contributing to his \$1500-a-month phone bill with a call to Vienna to hear its Philharmonic play live. Then he’ll more than likely rent a sporty car and careen around the freeways of L. A. to the homes of his many Hollywood friends before heading for Philharmonic Hall, where he is known to adoring audiences as “Zubie baby.” (Too heavy a schedule forced him to give up his Montreal position in 1967.) He recently shared the podium of the Philharmonic with the Mothers of Invention rock group in a disastrous attempt at cultural intermarriage; but even when the music is 17th Century Baroque, he admits he’s quite a showman: “Sometimes you have to help the superficial along with a few gestures.” With his theatrical batonwork, his eclectic musical tastes and his liberated life style, Mehta is in the fore of a new breed of hip young maestros dedicated to peaceful coexistence for longhairs both classical and pop.

ON  
THE  
SCENE



## PETER REVSON *going places*

"IN RODEO, the all-round cowboy usually comes out ahead of the guy who just rides broncs." Peter Revson, though anything but a cowboy, applies that maxim to automobile racing. Since his days as an amateur in S. C. C. A. competition, Revson has worked his way through the Formula cars, Trans-Am sedans, Can-Am Group 7 racers, GTs and Indianapolis specials: his performance in each has earned him recognition as one of the most versatile and promising drivers in world racing. A 31-year-old New Yorker whose relatives control the Revlon cosmetics empire, he entered his first race in 1960 while a student at the University of Hawaii (he previously attended Columbia and Cornell). Revson drove a Plus Four Morgan in a local club event held on an abandoned airstrip and finished second; he won the next one. After he returned to New York later the same year, racing gradually took precedence over his jobs as a marketing analyst and advertising account executive. In 1963, he decided to race professionally and spent a year barnstorming Europe in a Formula Junior towed behind a battered English bread van. He soon won rides in various team cars and, in 1969, he became the top-placed rookie in the Indianapolis 500 by finishing fifth—despite carburetor problems—in a Brabham-Repco special. In post-race balloting, he was runner-up for Rookie of the Year honors. During the 1969 season, he recorded seven top-five finishes in the Trans-Am series in a Mustang; and in 1970, his fast finishes in the Carl Haas L&M Lola made him a top contender in the Can-Am races. Personable, successful and conspicuously single, Revson is the archetype of the freewheeling international racing driver. When a woman reporter once questioned him on marriage plans, he explained that he preferred to play the field: "Racing gives me a good excuse for not settling down. I always keep a packed suitcase in full view."



## ROBERT BLAKE *his own man*

ODDS ARE that if any other actor had turned in the powerful performances delivered by Robert Blake in *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* and *In Cold Blood*, instant superstardom would have been the result. But Blake, hardly another pretty face, is a self-motivated social outcast who abhors the public part of an actor's life. "I'm no star," he says, "because I don't look like Van Johnson or Jesus Christ. I won't kiss anybody's ass and I won't even attend my own premieres. To me, being an actor means getting paid for what I do in front of the cameras. Period." If Blake seems hard-boiled, his attitude only reflects the hard facts of his life: Born in Nutley, New Jersey, he was taken to Los Angeles at the age of three when his father headed West in search of work. Blake soon found himself in front of cameras as a stand-in and extra. "But I wasn't a child actor; I was a child laborer," he says. His first starring role came in 1958, when he helped lead a *Revolt in the Big House*. Soon afterward, he stopped performing and began to teach acting, then got briefly hooked on heroin before returning to work—on television as a member of *The Richard Boone Repertory Company*. "After that, I got married and split for two years with my wife; we traveled through Mexico and America." When the Blakes ran out of money, Robert went back to work in *This Property Is Condemned*, after which he once again dropped out. Two years later, he began playing an assortment of heavies on TV's *The FBI*, which ultimately led to his role as *In Cold Blood's* pathological Perry Smith. Currently, Blake, 32, is still searching for parts that will help him achieve his goal as an actor: "All I want to accomplish," he says, "is what Muni and Bogart were able to do—make three or four films that outlived them and hope that one day my great-grandchildren will see one of my movies and say, 'Hey, man, that motherfucker up there was really cool, you know?'"





## CINE-DUCK (continued from page 176)

States Supreme Court has declared that nudity is not an obscenity!"—upon which an orchestra played, the screen lit up in Technicolor and we were shown 15 guys and gals playing volleyball in the nude. I have not returned. The necessary ingredients of eroticism—ingenuity, embarrassment, mystery—are gone, probably forever. I can recapture something of the aphrodisiac atmosphere of my Elmira days only when I go to the movies alone and find myself sitting next to a pretty stranger. Is the pressure of that knee deliberate? Was that white mohair meant for me? And, rock bottom, there are the coin machines on 42nd Street between Sixth and Eighth avenues. The images are small, cracked, jumping from nervousness, fogged with the breath and thumbs of hundreds. But now and then, there is a moment of genuine passion—perhaps the actress bites her shoulder?—and I am a child again, a hat low over my eyes, blushing at my buried dreams, measuring out my time in quarters.

. . .

My father was a screenwriter, my uncle still is, and I grew up in a house, surrounded by lemon groves, that we bought from Mary Astor. On Sundays, a lot of actors, writers, agents, directors came up to sit around the pool and eat from the barbecue. I would lie at my bedroom window or crouch among the fig vines that surrounded the yard, watching them flash in and out of the water or run into the cabana with loosened halters, revealing, to my practiced eye, various denominations of sin. I also used to crouch outside the study door, listening to my father and uncle write: One started a line, the other finished, both broke into laughter.

Sometimes I went to the studio to watch them shoot. One of the lots had an enormous outdoor sky painted so much like the real one, with such similar wispy cirrus clouds, that—like one of those Magritte landscapes of an easel standing in a natural setting that may or may not have a painting on it—I had to look for it to see that it was there. Inside the sound stages, one mostly stood around and was told to be quiet. I remember one scene—it must have been from around 1944—in which a pilot of a dive bomber is trapped in his burning cockpit. A cross section of the fuselage rested on sawhorses and the actor's feet were firmly on the ground. Two technicians lay on their backs beneath the sawhorses, one with a flame thrower and the other with a stick. Then the director yelled "Action!," the actor began banging on the inside of the cockpit, the flame thrower shot orange globules against a white-linen background and the man with the stick began striking the fuselage to simulate its state of distress. Eventually, the pilot managed to pry

open the cockpit and thrust his head into the jet stream of a wind maker that tousled his hair. "Cut!" The brunette in the steam bath did it better, true, but the scene looked fine to me and I couldn't understand why it took all day to shoot nor why, when I saw the completed film in a theater months afterward, it flashed by so quickly I hardly knew it was there. Whatever the painter's skill, I was learning, no matter how subtle or quick his brush, the painted clouds would never be more than a small piece of the sky.

When my father died, it was decided that my brother and I should not go to the funeral. Instead, a friend of the family, a writer named Marty, took us to see *The Lavender Hill Mob*—art straining to deny mortality—and we laughed like fools as Alec Guinness made good his escape, spiraling down the steps of the Eiffel Tower, carrying in his hand, like a Magritte miniature or an image in a mirror, a model of the same edifice, cast in purest gold. But at the end of his story, as he stood up in a South American café, we saw that he was handcuffed and reality, ever preponderant, clubbed us over the head. Tearless, we returned to the cartoon: My uncle, my father's identical twin, filled the breach, as if to persuade us that life was double exposure, a retake, and that all losses in it could be redeemed. Yet I did not stir for over a year but kept to the TV, where, against all taste and better judgment, the poor dumb rabbits in *Of Mice and Men* and a ninth-inning homer in *The Jackie Robinson Story* forced me to weep.

. . .

I did not discover until I started college that the medium I had accepted as an appendage of myself, as a by-product of my own primary processes, had a history, a life of its own stretching back to trains puffing into stations, husky nudes doing gymnastics and kaleidoscopic horses flying along upon a single hoof. In the late Fifties, Yale had two undergraduate, one law-school and any number of French, Italian and German Club film societies. I saw most of the important American movies I had missed along the way; and while some of them (one or two films each of Vidor, Welles, Flaherty, Huston, Ford, Hitchcock) were impressive, it became more and more clear to me that this country had produced only two geniuses in the medium: Griffith and Chaplin. It was no less clear that it possessed a genius for a kind of folk cinema that—more expressive of social mythology than of individual point of view—manifested itself not in any one figure but in a collective genre: the Western, the gangster film and, above all, the comedy of the Twenties and Thirties, especially those of Keaton, Fields, Laurel and Hardy, Lloyd and the Marx brothers. (Some commentators ac-

tually hold the opinion that Jerry Lewis belongs in the company of these men. Jerry Lewis!)

Chaplin remains by himself. It sounds odd, I know, but because I saw his films when I was emerging from adolescence, and because each of them is built upon an almost spastic recoil from the inhuman (poverty and homelessness in shorts such as *Easy Street* and *The Immigrant*, the military in *Shoulder Arms*, power over others in *The Great Dictator*), they formed for me a definition of manhood. In his greatest work, the dehumanizing forces are harder to define, and dreadful. Yet the alienation that reduces the hero of *Modern Times* to a twitching automaton is instantly dissipated when the tic is applied to a pair of knockers instead of a set of nuts. In *City Lights*, the brutality of the boxing match, itself the epitome of the strains of lovelessness that run through the film, is dispelled in the grace of a ballet; similarly, in *The Gold Rush*, the loneliness of the Klondike cabin, table set for a New Year that never arrives, is abolished when Charlie—it is one of the great moments in art precisely because it reaffirms the primacy of art, the waltz of the imagination infinitely more beautiful than the polka in the boom town below—performs the dance of the rolls. *The Gold Rush* also provides a kind of theory of cartoons: When Mack Swain gets hungry, that is, when he collapses into, becomes a victim of his instincts, the world becomes animated and Charlie a chicken. Moreover, because all of Chaplin's characters are on the verge of losing their grip, of being reduced to monster, madman, murderer, militarist, machine, the whole of his work is at once the exemplification of Bergson's idea that the perception of the inhuman in the human is the source of laughter and its critique, since the battle to remain a man is usually won and since, in all his films but especially in *Limelight*, the real struggle is not against the inhuman as much as the unhuman, that decay and dissolution and final darkness waiting, like a bad audience, just outside the shrinking circle of light in which Keaton and Chaplin pound the piano and saw the violin.

Still, I did not become fully conscious of film as film, as a separate art, until I saw works that were foreign, not only to my language, country and experience but alien to that notion of quickness, pace, hurry—Charlie bending to tie his shoe and the seltzer striking the face of the matron behind him, all speeded up by the gears of modern projectors—built into the very word *movie*. I think the best example of this sort of care for the image itself is the bridge in *Ten Days That Shook the World*, which rises in my memory as 15 years ago it did to my eye, calmly, silently, massively, while history, a dead horse in traces, slid down the planks, revealed now, the grain examined,



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the pattern lingered over, so that we should have time to comprehend this wood, its paradoxes—solidity and movement, nature and revolution—and its role: ineluctably to sunder the past. Carl Dreyer, too, took the time to explore his images fully; and so, recently, did Pietro Pasolini in *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*. What the bridge, the face of Joan and the faces of the Disciples share, aside from this depth of realization, are their inherent grandeur and the scope of the story of which they form a part. When Eisenstein (*The General Line*), Dreyer (*Day of Wrath*) and Pasolini (*Accatone*) turn this technique upon material of less than the greatest epic stature, the results are bathetic, as if shots of grasses waving back and forth could hold any possible interest apart from the power of their roots to gather and split the earth. It is a lesson that, in equal and opposite ways, Hollywood (chariots at a mile a minute, outsized arks) and Antonioni (snail-paced Ferraris and *Red Desert*—mystic scows) have failed to learn.

The post-War Italian films were just beginning to be widely shown when I was an undergraduate and they were even more foreign to me than the grab bag of classics I had thrust my fist into. This was not so much a matter of technique (airplanes flying over nonactors, imperfections in sunlight) as of subject: For these films were always about—not poverty; that was simply a given, not subject to scrutiny—labor, and I was a student who had worked a total of three hours in a

neighborhood Orange Julius stand. De Sica, of course, was the great interpreter of livelihood, almost always going at it indirectly—what it meant to be out of work (*Miracle in Milan*) or about to lose it (*Bicycle Thief*) or to be retired from it (*Umberto D*)—and always conveying it in images that juxtaposed the stasis of the dispossessed, lying on a bed, sitting on a curb, leaning, hands in pockets, against a wall, with the anonymous scurrying of those seized with employment. The history of Italian cinema since has been the further development of his impulse. Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers*, in which a family moves north seeking work, provides a bridge to the best contemporary directors—Olmi, Germi, Monicelli—whose most successful films have been closely concerned, again, with the nature of work. Even Fellini's two best movies—*I Vitelloni* and *8½*—are about the relationship of experience and labor, in the one case an essentially external study of ordinary men with nothing to do; in the other, an internal investigation of an artist unable to work.

For me, the best films of all were the French movies of the Thirties, from René Clair's charming *Sous les Toits de Paris* (one scene of which bridges perfectly, though in reverse, the transition from silent film to sound: The characters are all gathered in a bar, disputing in those early self-conscious voices always on the brink of song, when the camera pulls back and farther back, behind the dirty glass window, and suddenly everything is quiet; there are only the dim

characters and their gestures and shrugs, exhibits in a museum of the cinema) and *A Nous la Liberté* (in which everyone *does* start singing) of 1929 and 1931, through Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite* and *L'Atlante* of 1933 and 1934, to the two masterpieces of Renoir that close out the decade—and a larger epoch as well—*La Grande Illusion* (1938) and *La Règle du Jeu* (1939). The latter film, the finest ever made, contains the most subtle performance I have seen, that of Marcel Dalio as the wealthy Jew who has invited a good part of the French aristocracy to his château. At one point, he gathers them all—the wife he is losing, the man who is stealing her away, the dukes and counts who despise him even as they hunt his woods for rabbits and wolf his food—for an evening's entertainment. They sit in a semicircle of darkness while he unveils his surprise, his treasure, his happiness, the largest of the music boxes he is always collecting, winding up and letting tinkle, ignored, behind glass cases. It is a complicated affair, full of little men who beat the drum and blow the horn on cue; and as he sets it in motion, the camera moves in on him, so that we see only his face on the same level as his toy, which now whirs and grinds and—*poom! poom!, tsang, tsang, tsang, ta-ta! ta-ta!*—makes cheap tin music, a mockery of the usual chimes. The juxtaposition of this gearbox—rigid, dumb, inartistic, dead, finally, despite its gross imitation of the gestures and sounds of life—and the smiling Jew, with his unmistakable display of life, the glistening of the eye, the white handkerchief dabbing at his lips, his finger crooked into his collar, resembles Chaplin's struggle of human and nonhuman forces, except that the conflict is made inexpressibly poignant here by our own sense of the man's desperate need of the machine's success and his growing realization—indicated by a widening smile—of its utter failure. We sit disguised as noblemen, lost in the dark.

The films I have been discussing were shown on university property—fitting enough, considering the college's role as guardian and interpreter of the past, and my own attempts to tell a Sassetta from a Cimabue. But there was another theater in town, the Lincoln, shaped like a barn, its rafters exposed; and in the intervals between *And God Created Woman*, we saw the best that the world was currently doing in film. It is hard to express what that meant to us. First, not only did we spend most of our time in the study of the past, but even contemporary art seemed dominated by old men from another age: Stravinsky, Picasso, Nabokov, Corbusier, Wright. Suddenly, there were a dozen men, some hardly older than we, who were—I will not say, "speaking to the young," that is an absurd idea—who were fixing a mutual experience, pinning down a mutual world, distilling a shared



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thought, expanding, expounding a common consciousness. Second, there was the incredible quality of the work being done. It remains true that with the single exception of Stanley Kubrick, Hollywood had ceased to be interesting. But on a world-wide scale, the years 1956–1962 are the richest in the history of film. Here are the third-stringers, just those directors who, relatively new, established their reputations in America during this period, and just those who happened to please me: Kubrick, of course; Lindsay Anderson (*This Sporting Life*), Antonioni, Cacoyannis (*Electra*), Mizoguchi (*Ugetsu*), Olmi (*Il Posto*), Richardson (*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, The Entertainer*), Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*), Wajda (*Ashes and Diamonds*). Doing slightly less than the greatest work, and doing it consistently, were François Truffaut and Satyajit Ray. Above all, of course, stood Bergman, Fellini and Kurosawa, who, in movie after movie, determined the shape of our imaginings.

Perhaps I can make clear what the shaping of imagination means to me by referring to the last scene in the single best film of these three men. In Kurosawa, it is an old man sitting in a park, the snow coming down, swinging back and forth. In Bergman, it is another old man, asleep, bursting into either dream or death. (Or if, as I sometimes think, *Through a Glass Darkly* is a greater achievement than *Wild Strawberries*, it is a gray helicopter rising in a gray sky, followed by a young boy saying, "Father spoke to me!") And in Fellini, it is an artist, clearly the director himself, who stands in the circus ring of his past. What the scenes have in common is that they each represent the resolution of the individual's struggle to reach a buried aspect of himself, to break through to that part of himself that crouches behind the barrier of repression. Each, then, is a scene of liberation. The old men of *Ikiru* and *Wild Strawberries* have become encrusted by the municipal and academic bureaucracies in which they work; their personalities are such a maze of hallways and corridors, grillwork and rubber stamps that when another person or a feeling eventually gets through, they simply split like ripe fruit and die. Each man's growing relatedness with himself is concretely expressed in his ability to contact the world, to reach and hold another in reality; hence, the repressed unconscious, the love at last, that floods them—and breaks them—rushes into the outside world as well and takes shape before our eyes in the form of Japanese snow and Scandinavian sunlight, pouring down, covering all, merging death and dream. Similarly, when Guido, in *8½*, is finally able to relate to the buried figures of his past, to accept them into his consciousness, they dance so wildly in him that they, too, materialize before our

eyes and circle about, obedient to the circumaster. My final point about these scenes is that they are the natural complement of what I saw projected on the warehouse wall. In Tijuana, the raw material of my own unconscious shot out on the thin pencil of light. Ordinarily, there is a chasm between such images and what life offers us by way of fulfillment. But in this rare case, as I have said, reality and dream, image and object dovetailed; and as the shadows played on one side of the wall, their substance beckoned on the other. This is what happens to Guido and the two old men as their inner lives flow to the world outside them. And, more important, because the films of which they form the core are perfect works of art, because, as it were, they supply all the reality the Mexican movie leaves out, the whole arc of significant and ordered experience, it is what happens to us, the audience, too. That is the nature of catharsis; and the only acceptable, because solely satisfying aesthetic experience is that which offers us—either in palpable form, *What kind of job you like? I do any job on you*, or in the whole shaping of the imagination—such relief.

It has been all downhill from there. I no longer measure time by the price of admission but by my steady progress from the back of the theater to a myopic position in the first ten rows and by the obvious fact that all too often, I am the oldest person in the Bleeker Street Cinema line. But the medium is aging, too. Every art imposes its own rate of decay: Dramatists, artists, architects tend to improve as they get older and every composer's best symphony is his ninth. But there are no Stravinskys and Picassos in cinema. Every great director ends either in silence, like Keaton, Griffith and Chaplin (*A Countess from Hong Kong* does not exist), or in travesty. Hence, René Clair makes films like *I Married a Witch* and *The Ghost Goes West*; De Sica, the realist, turns to fluff (*Marriage Italian Style*); Welles folds faster than a Young American Novelist; Ford, Huston, Hawks, Hitchcock parody themselves; and, saddest case of all, Renoir turns out rubbish like *French Cancan*, in which Jean Gabin can only sit with his cane, beet-red with embarrassment. In the movies, as in lyric poetry, the artist tends to burn out fairly early; there has not been, there will not be, a *Bacchae*, an *Oedipus at Colonus*, the last masterpiece making radiant the life and work that have gone before.

The process has already affected the work of the men who meant the most to me such a short time ago. Only Kubrick (*Dr. Strangelove, 2001*), Anderson (*If*) and Ray (*The Music Room, Mahanagar*), working slowly, have managed to escape and even improve. Truffaut has been destroyed. His talent lay in his ability to combine and balance contrary,

even self-contradictory emotions and forms. In *Shoot the Piano Player*, for example, a character for whom we care is about to be shot by someone who, an instant before he pulls the trigger, twirls the gun ludicrously, making us laugh, then suck in our breath as his victim slides, beautifully wounded, down a geometric slope of snow. Or, from the same film, a young man arrives at an audition as a young woman, clutching her hapless violin, departs. We follow her through architectural courtyards, glittering glass, mounting arpeggios, a world that takes into account her failure even as it widens and spins, giddy at her competitor's success. These are such delicate, temporal achievements that, in any case, they could not survive two or three films, and the trouble I spotted at the end of the otherwise admirable *Jules and Jim*—in which we are forced to feel and told what to think through the superimposition of extraneous images (book burnings and the crematory in which Jeanne Moreau flames like a Polish Jew)—has turned into the simple-mindedness of *Soft Skin, Fahrenheit 451* and *Stolen Kisses*. Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits* was an attempt to remake *8½* but with a woman replacing a man, supernatural froufrou the strategies of a cornered psyche and boredom the struggle to do meaningful work; that *Satyricon* is at one and the same time completely fascinating and utterly boring is a sure sign that it has been captured by the very decadence it wished to expose. Kurosawa seems in the grip of self-imposed formulas. Bergman withdraws. What are we to make of this? The process of external corruption (usually called "Hollywood") that is continually being blamed for the demise of someone like Eisenstein or Clair is only a trivial manifestation of what may be an internal rule of decay. We're told the universe is speeding up and stars are always slipping out of sight; it may well be that the entire life cycle of the medium is similarly impelled toward oblivion, a CinemaScopic dinosaur a mere half century after its first rapid blinking at the light.

But the real reason the contemporary cinema is in danger is that it suffers from an all-pervasive slackness; and art, as my friend the Pumpkin would say, cannot exist without tension: the recalcitrance of form, the stubborn integument between conscious and unconscious experience, and that seemingly unbridgeable gap between the individual artist and an unsatisfactory world. These barriers are all down. There is no spring to imagination. Any random thought will do. The mind of the director is no longer required to leave its refuge, to journey out—like a primitive's soul in sleep or like the hazarding of the world by Bergman's, Kurosawa's, Fellini's former heroes—into an essentially hostile and disorderly reality. It is just that



journey and that struggle, in which the passion of the protagonist engages and eventually dissolves the surrounding circumstance—Dumbo's mother rearing up in a world of flapping canvas and toppling tents; the girl in the steam bath suddenly emerging from a chamber of swirling mist; history breaking up against the planks of Eisenstein's bridges—that informs virtually all the films I have been discussing.

Given a sensibility that finds reality as it stands acceptable, the tension between artist and world is gone and paradise cannot be regained, because the director, busy celebrating, does not know it has been lost. All films become one species or another of *cinéma vérité* and the screen is filled with waitresses and schoolgirls declaring—without editing or comment—their philosophies of life. There are only two possible attitudes toward the abdication of imagination represented by what the Maysles call Direct Cinema. The first they themselves illustrated when, at a screening of their new film, *Salesman*, they handed out a quotation from Francis Bacon to the effect that the highest calling of a man is to look closely at reality and report back accurately, without mitigation, what he sees. The second position was expressed by my uncle, the screenwriter, when he got into a cab on Central Park West and asked for Kennedy Airport. As the taxi started crosstown, the driver leaned back and said, "You know, life is a funny thing—"

"East Side terminal, please," my uncle said, and the conversation was closed.

Direct Cinema is only a small step away from the Mod films—that endless parade of *Morgans* and *Petulias* and *Joannas*, with their drooling dedication to the surfaces of things, the shine on a car or the cut of the clothes and their many lessons on the subject of cool—that draw the longest lines. What is contemptible about such films is that they pretend to criticize what, in fact, they celebrate or, rather, advertise, hanging with open lenses upon the texture and appliances of a life style whose content is never open to question. In fact, these films do not know what to think about their subject; their moral horizon is so completely flattened that becoming pregnant is no more serious than having a flat tire (*Breathless*); coming across a dead body in a photographic negative, less important than a choice of shirt and tie. I have no doubt that if Francis Bacon were alive, he would be a still photographer; and the reason *Blow-Up* is a landmark in the evolution of the Mod sensibility is that it documents the precise moment at which the values of the snapshot—whatever is right, if taken at the proper angle—pre-empted those of the film.

We have reached a point where every-

one—critic, audience, film maker—is possessed by this sensibility. Z, for example, won the New York Film Critics' Award, an Oscar for best foreign film of the year and immense popular success. When such matters as the looseness of plot (where does the man who is beaten on the truck, and who could explode the whole story, disappear?), the ludicrousness of episode (prowling hospital corridors to knock witnesses on the head) and shallowness of character (Irene Papas' wife) are raised, the answer is always, invariably, as if this settled the issue for good, "Well, it really happened." The difference between Z and Pontecorvo's superb *The Battle of Algiers* is precisely that between a sensibility satisfied with what really happened and an imagination capable of maintaining the strange, melancholy impartiality of history.

It remained for an essentially frivolous man such as Godard to take the randomness of *cinéma vérité* and the flattened moral perspective of the Mod movie and combine them in the shopworks of a mind convinced that whatever happens to come to it is interesting. I think that in many ways, *Weekend* is the worst film I have seen, though it is true I saw only ten minutes of *Crazylegs, All American*. There is one scene in *Weekend*—easily the longest in the film—in which the camera moves slowly up a long line of cars stalled in a colossal traffic jam. Every now and then, we go by an accident, a burned-out chassis, a stunned family at the side of the road; and this, we have been told, is a metaphor for the human condition comparable with Dante's *Inferno*. It must be said at once that there is all the difference in the world between a character's and a camera's shrugging off the violence of life, and Godard is not able to make that distinction—because, in an almost psychopathic sense, he is incapable of maintaining a point of view separate from his actors', of taking any stance apart from the raw sense material that strikes his chatoyant lens. Hence, it is he, not the poor humans whose condition his film supposedly portrays, who is casual in the face of death. Moreover, the director has evidently told his actors to improvise some business in their stalled automobiles; and, as his camera dollies down the line of cars, we see people picnicking, arguing, throwing a red ball from sun roof to sun roof (a particularly witty touch), bleeding to death on the soft shoulder. Again, Godard treats each act as if it had the same value and claim upon our attention, which, in aesthetic terms, means the utter annihilation of irony, since character, camera and audience are all reduced to the same level of awareness and feeling.

Compare the total affectlessness of such a scene with the way Truffaut once hurled us from hilarity to horror or with another accident scene: In Clouzot's *Wages of Fear*, two trucks loaded with

nitroglycerin are driven over an extraordinarily dangerous route—a half mile apart, for safety's sake—toward an oil-rig fire that is burning out of control. The entire drama resides in the trucks' struggle for a little more life; and, despite cliffs and collapsing bridges, oily swamps and our own conviction that sooner or later, one or both must explode, they manage to keep moving. Then, in a moment of relative calm, one of the drivers relaxes by rolling a cigarette. Suddenly, the grains of tobacco disappear from the square of paper and, even before we realize we have seen a flash of light, and long before we hear the explosion, we know the other truck has blown. The director's imagination has permeated every aspect of the situation so thoroughly that reality is transformed, bending like light to the pull of a moral dimension: A truck large enough to crush a man (which it does in the course of the film) is represented fully by a few flakes of tobacco hardly heavier than air; and when we arrive at the spot, half a mile distant, there is nothing to be seen. But in the work of Godard, the screen is cluttered with random collisions, molecules banging together, miscellaneous, mindless, idiotic. The quick bright movements of the cinema are at last overcome by a vast entropy; the last energy seeps from the world.

One would think the place to get it back—indeed, the place to repair from any decadent art—would be the underground. The name itself implies a journey to the interior of things, to vital sources of energy, to hell, or the unconscious, the freshets of the imagination. The situation at present is simple. There is no underground. How could there be, when all barriers are down, when the very existence of repression—and, hence, the concept of the unconscious itself—has been called into doubt?

Warhol is to the underground what Godard is to the New York Film Festival. His talent is less but his ego quite as large. Having shot twice as much film as he could use for *The Chelsea Girls*, and not being able to bear the excision of a single frame that he had taken, he simply divided the footage in half and showed both parts simultaneously, calling the experience aleatory art. The moral affectlessness of Godard is matched by the sexual affectlessness of Warhol and the underground as a whole, since, after all, the idea of a desire that has gone unfulfilled, the notion of the forbidden, the concept that lies behind the word no is preposterous to it. The best example of this mockery of those of us who live outside Eden is the opening sequence of a famous Stan Brakhage trilogy, *Vein*. The first shot zooms us quickly into an open vagina, then backs out the frame of spread legs, then zooms in again, then out, then in, but with an ever-faster thrust, as if the camera were



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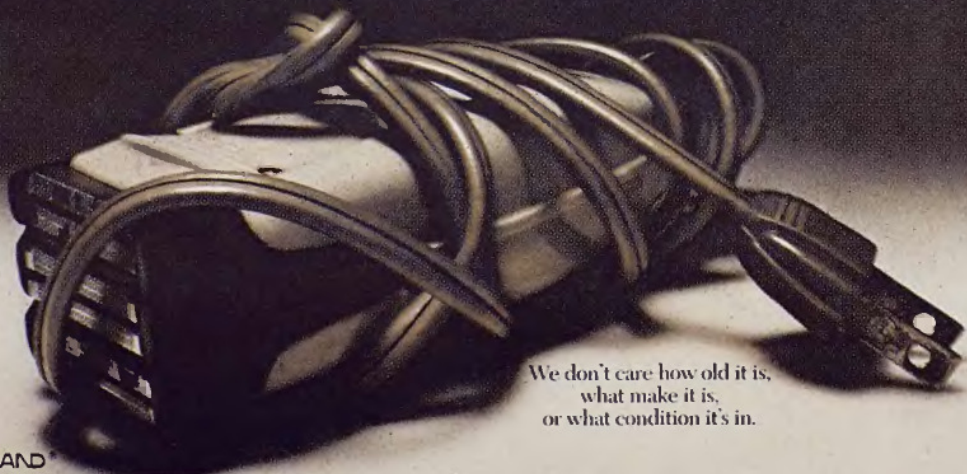
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
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tumescent, tipped with our bulging eyes. Of course, we're going wild in the audience, until, subliminally at first, we make out the odd detail of sheet, straps and swollen belly. Obviously, Brakhage is not equating childbirth and intercourse in order to eroticize the former but to anesthetize the emotions that accompany the latter. We are left shamed in our seats, a whole system of values, along with that integument between conscious and unconscious experience ruptured, discarded, lying at our feet, candy wrappers, popcorn bags.

The Duck still goes to movies, but less and less for the film that is showing and more and more—as in the days when we sneaked in for the obscure sense of victory—just to be sitting there, my knees up on the back of the seat in front of me, my neck on the rim of my own, the whole back of my head pleasantly going numb. I have been thinking about those scenes in which Chaplin and Keaton and Marcel Dalio clung to their lives by the thread of what was self-evidently a ridiculous art. I remember sitting one afternoon in the nearly deserted Strand theater in Oxford. It was perhaps the third time I had seen *Paths of Glory* and I was dumfounded to find myself weeping uncontrollably at the final, familiar scene: A German girl, a prisoner, is brought before a crowd of French soldiers and forced to sing. She can barely perform, the soldiers curse and jeer; and yet, as she continues, and persists, clinging to *her* life on a voice that is largely out of tune, the room grows calm and the hostile world, like a charmed bear, relents.

I believe I understand. These scenes,

and the struggle they depict, are really plays within plays, or films within films, a single theater folded within hundreds of others: the Village, the Bruin, the Bay, the Elmira, the Blecker, the Crown, the Cameo in New York, where I was so frightened by the men who had taken over the men's room to deal drugs that I could not urinate; the theater in Jackson, Tennessee, that we integrated in the summer of 1964 and where the manager whispered to us as we went out, so no one else could hear, "You all come back"; the theater in Israel where the screen became an acrostic of quadrupedal subtitles and where one's neck was soon covered with damp sunflower seeds; the auditorium at University High where I saw *Viva Zapata* in a crowd of Mexicans; and the hole-in-the-wall in Verona that played *The Great Dictator* to giggling Italian men; the anonymous theater where a young girl screamed and fainted in the middle of *The Thing*; the Lincoln; and, of late, the New Yorker, around the corner at 89th and Broadway, where I go in midafternoon, when the house is empty and the popcorn machine unfilled, and where I occasionally see a film like Bresson's *Balthazar* or Murnau's *Sunrise*, the first about a donkey, the second about the mystery of married love—animals again, folk tales, fairy stories—and I return to my beginning. These theaters are the arenas of our lives, where, in darkness, surrounded by innumerable souls, *crooked eclipses 'gainst our glory fight*, and we cling for life to the flutter in a ghost-pale beam of light.



"Remember, son, it's not whether they win or lose. It's the point spread."

## transport revolution

(continued from page 114)

to their original spacing. A number of industries are eager to get in on the find, and one day soon, you may be guaranteed a dent-free car.

Accidents, as well as dents, should be on the wane in another 20 years, even on the hundreds of thousands of miles of nonautomated roadways that will continue to line the country until the end of the century. Systems such as Ford's Automatic Headway Control will be available as optional equipment by the mid-Seventies and perhaps as standard equipment by 1980, taking much of the strain and danger out of driving. The biggest selling point of automatic headway control is that it's a noncooperative system, which means that one car has all the parts necessary to make the concept work for its owner.

As currently designed, automatic headway control leaves only the steering to the driver. Under-the-hood components, hidden behind a decorative grille, include an infrared transmitter and receiver, a small computer, standard brake, and throttle wired for electrical control. When a vehicle equipped with automatic headway control approaches another car from behind, an invisible infrared beam shoots out to the lead car and rebounds to the receiver, which then calculates the distance between the two cars. It continuously transmits this data to the computer, which calculates the speed of the first vehicle relative to the second. If the vehicle can safely accelerate, the computer activates the throttle and speed increases until the car is safely past. Out of traffic, speed will be maintained automatically as close to a preset maximum (usually the speed limit) as possible. An override will permit the driver to take full control at any time. The system will weigh about 20 pounds in final form and will cost between \$200 and \$300.

If driving is going to be considerably easier in years to come, so is finding one's way around. The Bureau of Public Roads wants to put small computers at 4,000,000 major intersections all around the country. Each of these computers will contain all the information needed to reach any of the 3,999,999 other intersections. A driver embarking on a vacation will have only to dial his destination on a dashboard console. Signals from his car will be picked up at the first computerized corner he comes to and the computer will scan its memory and determine whether the vehicle is going in the right direction. If not, this automated back-seat driver will send signals to the car that will print out instructions on a small dash-mounted screen. The bureau will soon install computers at 100 intersections in the Washington, D. C.,



area, and the concept will be tested with some 50 instrumented cars over the next two years. Cost for the nationwide system (including on-board equipment for 100,000,000 cars, at \$150 each) is estimated at a surprisingly low 19 billion dollars.

Is it possible that all these incredible advances will be lavished on the lowly, pollutive internal-combustion engine? Yes. The i.c.e. is bound to be around in some form for at least the next 30 years. But its presence will be somewhat diminished by the late Eighties, thanks to automated guideways and the advent of the i.c.e.-electric hybrid.

While Detroit can certainly be counted on to resist conversion to all-electric propulsion, it seems likely that an i.c.e.-electric line of cars will be constructed for use in and around large cities. Hybrids combine an electric motor with a generator powered by a small internal-combustion engine. Ordinary i.c.e.s emit pollutants when they accelerate and decelerate, but hybrids will operate at a constant speed, avoiding this problem. (Energy not being used to accelerate the flywheel, from which the vehicle's drive motors draw power, will be used for recharging the energy packages.) Also, it's possible that hybrids will operate exclusively on electric power while downtown and on internal combustion while on the open road.

To power personal vehicles, however, Dr. Robert U. Ayres, a physicist and prominent transportation expert, favors the steam engine. "It is our conclusion," he noted in a recent report for the Hudson Institute and the Ford Foundation, "that steam is now the superior alternative on grounds of operating economy, simplicity, intrinsic torque-speed characteristics (which make a transmission superfluous) and the use of lower-octane nonleaded petroleum derivatives such as diesel oil, jet fuel or kerosene. External-combustion engines are also far superior to internal-combustion engines in terms of producing fewer noxious emissions." Although a superior steam-powered car could be designed and put into mass production within three to five years, the two problems yet to be overcome, says Dr. Ayres, are lack of capital and the public's low view of the steamcar, dating from the days of "the noisy, stinking and inconvenient Stanley Steamers."

Beyond electric, hybrid and steamcars, there is another type of conveyance that has so far been discussed only in terms of the tracked version: the air-cushion vehicle. Currently, the most advanced air-cushion vehicle in operation is Britain's SRN-4, a 178-ton hovercraft that can hit 70 mph in calm seas. Built by British Hovercraft Corporation, it carries 600 passengers (or 30 cars and 250 passen-

gers) from Dover to Boulogne over the English Channel in 35 minutes. (Conventional ships make the trip in 90 minutes.) Even in ten-foot waves, the SRN-4, whose air cushion is contained in a seven-foot rubber maxiskirt, skims along at 53 mph, gently cosseting even the queasiest stomach. The craft has two immense rudders that stick up like the tail on a Boeing 747 and four 19-foot propellers driven by 3400-hp Rolls-Royce engines. Twelve-foot lift fans gulp in the air that supports the vehicle. Since 1968, hovercraft such as the SRN-4 have carried more than 700,000 fare-paying passengers. They are currently being manufactured in ten countries by nearly 50 companies.

In America, the leader in air-cushion-vehicle design, development and production is Bell Aerospace of Buffalo, New York. Bell specializes in airborne amphibians that are equally at home on ground, water, ice, snow, marsh and mud. Recently, the Army sent three of Bell's amphibians to Vietnam, where they buzz over mucky inland waterways like giant water bugs—at speeds up to 70 mph. They clear obstacles four feet high, bull through six-foot vegetation and can cross ditches 12 feet wide and 8 feet deep. These are armored versions of the commercial vehicles Bell employed to whisk some 14,000 people across the bay between Oakland and San Francisco

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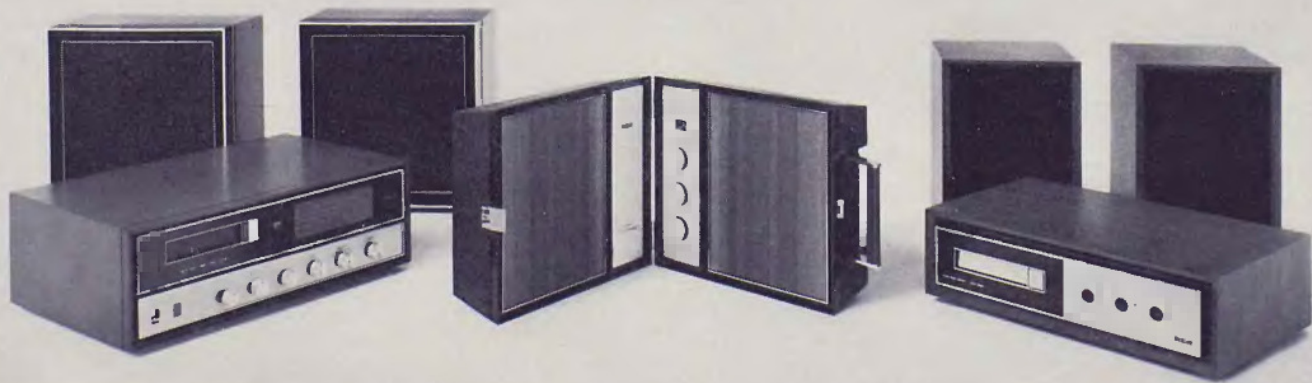
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airports and downtown San Francisco. The experiment was considered highly successful, presaging hover-shuttles for the Seventies in numerous on-the-water cities, such as New York and Boston.

Bell's most ambitious project is a colossal 4000-ton transoceanic hoverfreighter with a projected cruising speed of 100 mph, more than triple that of most conventional freighters. The ship will be capable of crossing the Atlantic in less than two days. Cargo will be containerized for rapid, mechanized movement and the ship itself will be highly automated, requiring a small crew. The hoverfreighter, a joint venture of Bell, the U. S. Navy and the Maritime Administration, is still in the study stages and will probably not see service before the late Seventies. By the Eighties, however, transportation experts believe large hovercraft will be used for transporting freight and passengers over inland routes, as well. Hovercraft ambulances, buses, delivery vans and patrol vehicles are all foreseen. "Hovercraft will be particularly useful in sparsely populated locales," says Dr. Breuning. "Instead of building expensive highways, we can just cut a crude swath through the countryside and let the vehicles run over a grassy surface and up and down available rivers."

Sports and pleasure air-cushion vehicles are already in existence and, with

further development and diminishing costs, can be expected to become more popular than snowmobiles, motorcycles and other lightweight vehicles. The trimmest of the new sports models is Aero-Go's amphibious Terra Skipper, a fiberglass single-seater still in the experimental stage. The craft is nine feet long and weighs about 180 pounds, and its ten-hp two-cycle engine achieves speeds up to 30 mph. Larger and more powerful, but still relatively compact, is Cushion-Flight Corporation's Airscat 240, priced at \$3495. This model, now in full production in Sunnymead, California, is also an amphibian of fiberglass construction. It stretches 14 feet, weighs 1000 pounds and seats two comfortably. Powered by a 58-hp Volkswagen engine, it skims along at speeds up to 45 mph. It has been used with good results over water, snow, swamp and sand.

Though man's mobility will be dramatically enhanced by all of these inventions, the innovation that may move him fastest and farthest will restrict him to his living room. Although hardly a transportation system, "telefactoring"—tactile television—will permit man to experience the thrills of walking on the moon, exploring the darkest chasms of the sea, floating in space and, for those with pioneer tastes, trekking across radioactive wastes without ever donning a

pressurized suit or one of lead armor. Telefactores, or teleoperators as they are sometimes known, are largely the brain child of aerospace engineers. Edwin G. Johnsen, a scientist with the Atomic Energy Commission and an authority on the subject, says, "From the neck up, man is great. From the neck down, other machines can outperform him by a country mile. It appears that a system that combines the best features of man with the best features of other machines will add to the success of man as a machine." Such man-machine chimeras he calls teleoperators.

Quite simply, a teleoperator is a mechanical double to man that goes through motions that can be experienced by its human twin. The only difference is that the teleoperator—a type of remote-control robot—actually goes through those motions while the human operator functions in a safe, comfortable environment. Explaining the concept at a recent science seminar on human augmentation, Johnsen said, "Assume that we have a human operator controlling a teleoperator by using an exoskeleton (which the human operator wears) to control the arms and torso of the teleoperator and a head-control system to control the TV camera on the teleoperator. Assume also that the man receives feedback information through the exoskeleton indicating the relative position of the arms and the forces experienced by the arms and fingers of the teleoperator. Assume also that microminiaturized air-jet transducers under the finger tips provide him with tactile information. He would also receive visual, audio and motion feedback." There would be only one human operator actually controlling the teleoperator; but, Johnsen noted, there could be any number of duplicate exoskeletons picking up the same visual, audio and tactile feedback information, so that "scientists, engineers and, in fact, the average person could vicariously participate in scientific exploration and experimentation."

This system will not only "transport" hundreds of thousands of earthlings to the moon visually but will also provide them with the feel of walking, digging and poking around on the lunar surface. The technology for such systems is already in the works, and Johnsen and others are confident that "feely TV," as they call it, will be available sometime around the turn of the century. Johnsen considers most science fiction obsolete—a logical enough position to take, for he and men like him are rapidly bringing our most imaginative transportation fantasies ever closer to reality.



"What's the big deal??? She can only get one channel."



# XONG OF XUXAN

my name, but they could not do it. all they could do wax moan, like this—mmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm. . . . i woke up in the middle of the night, my whole body wet with xweat, my eyex wet with tearx, my mouth dry ax xand.

later

xometimex i xing, i have climbed to hilltopx and xung to the xky. when xam wax alive, i xang to him. some of the xongx i learned from the tapex, otherx i make up myxelf. thix ix one i call the xong of xuxan—

xing a xong of xuxan, xing it long and loud, who rocked xuxiex cradle, who will weave her xhroud, when her eyex were opened, not a xoul wax xeen, ixnt thix a funny world to xet before a queen.

there may be otherx like me xomewhere, i xuppose, but i dont think xo. xometimex i xstand on the beach and look out over the ocean, thinking maybe, xomewhere on the other xide of all that water, there may be xomeone. but i feel in my heart that i am the only one.

i guexx i will never know what happened. i have read xo many bookx, lixtened to tapex for hourx and hourx. in the bookx and tapex, there ix a lot of fear. everyone muxt have been afraid all the time. and some of the bookx talk about the way the world might come to an end.

war, some of them thought. a war fought with germx and gax and atomx. maybe that ix what happened.

or maybe it wax becauxe the world became a xewer, the air xo foul it blixtered the lungx, the riverx and xreamx xtinking with filth, the fish dying by the billionx, the graxx and treex refluxing to grow, the whole world drowning in its own poixonx.

or maybe it wax nature taking her revenge on the pill, outwitxing clever man at hix own clever game, xo that children were not born anymore.

i will never know. from time to time, i think about adam and eve. in the beginning, adam came firxt, then eve. and when i am drunk on hope, i tell myxelf that maybe thix time it ix eve who ix firxt, and adam who will come later. but i have waited a very long time and he hax not come. i have wandered, looking for him, and have not found him.

later

i think that god ix good, but once upon a time, very long ago, he played dice with the devil and loxt. the devil won our world and everything and everybody in it. thix world doex not belong to god. maybe we are born in hell. maybe when we die we awaken in the real world, the world created by god.

(continued from page 160)

then all the deadx in all the houex are now in the real world, and xam ix there, too, and i am in a kind of dream, a nightmare, all alone.

later

i keep remembering a woman i read about in the bookx. i cannot get her out of my mind. a man, renowned for wixdom and magnanimity, ordered her to be tortured without mercy, and hix eexecutionerx worked upon her from dawn to evening, mangling and breaking her body, until they were tired and could think of nothing more to do to her. the neft day they burned her with platex of braxx heated red hot. for many dayx xhe wax crammed into a tiny cell five levelx underground in the airlexx dark, and locked into xtockx, and tormented in any and all wayx that occurred to her jailerx. they made her watch her young brother being tortured to death. then they ripped her flexh with a whip imbedded with iron barbx, and after that they roasted her over a fire, and finally they let a wild bull gore her until xhe died. her name wax blandina.

the fine man who ordered all thix done to her, marcux aureliux, hax gone down in hixtory ax the bext of all the philoxopher kingx. one of the bookx xayx he had, quote, a nature xweet, pure, xelf-denying and unaffected, unquote.

if that could be done by the bext of men, i tell myxelf, what might be done

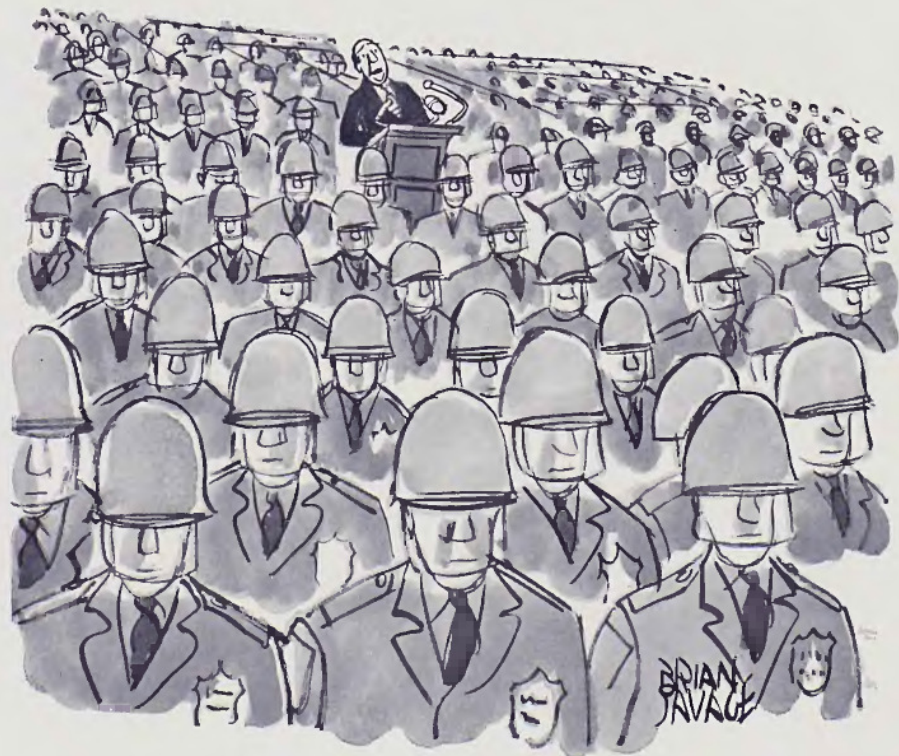
by ordinary men, to xay nothing of the worst of men?

when i think of thix, i do not yearn for adam. when i think of thix, i am glad i am alone, unloved, unable to be eve to adam, mother of a race. i even fear the coming of adam. fear it and hope for it, until i am torn apart.

later

i know what i have to do. i have to bring thix writing to an end, and leave it here for you, dear adam, where you will find it, if you ever come, and read it, if you know how to read, and come to know why i did not wait for you. poor adam, you will be all alone, truly all alone, and live out your life until you are old and have a long white beard. i am very xorry for you. forgive me. but i have to do what i have made up my mind to do, and i will tell you about it now, in my laxt poem. . . .

i will walk north into a land of white, a land cloud-clean and xoft ax eider down, and i will make the xnow into a gown, a bridal drex of dazzling virgin light, in which to meet my lover and my xpoux. upon my head a coronet of ice, with flakex of falling xnow the wedding rice. and he will carry me into hix house, into another life, another world. he will prepare a xnowdrift for our bed, and xhow me where i am to lay my head, and lie bexide me, both together curled. hix kixx will be ax cold ax any knife, the night when death, my huxband, makex me wife.



"My fellow Americans. . ."



## Jewish Cookery (continued from page 107)

lights. As party fare, they became rich but not greasy, a marvel of the frying pan, and were always devoured in astronomical quantities.

Even the Jewish Sabbath, which in orthodox circles allows no cooking whatever from Friday sundown to Saturday sundown, made a culinary feat out of necessity. It was the beef-and-bean casserole called *cholent*, one of the most sumptuous buffet dishes in any culinary repertoire. It was assembled on Friday morning, taken before sundown to the baker's brick oven, where the fires were banked, the oven sealed with lime and the dish cooked by the slow residual heat all night long. It resembles the French *cassoulet* more closely than it does our New England baked beans, except that there are more versions of *cholent* than there are individual beans in the big pot itself. The very word has led rival etymologists to claim one language or the other for this magnificent dish of the wandering Jewish kitchen. In Italy, they say the word comes from the Italian *caldo*, meaning hot, while Frenchmen argue that the Old French word for hot was *chauld*; those with a German background argue that it's derived from *Schule Ende*, or end of the synagogue services on Saturday, when the dish was enjoyed. Since not only cooking but even carrying an object on the streets during Sabbath was prohibited, orthodox Jews devised a delightful tongue-in-cheek stratagem for villagers returning the *cholent* from the bakery to the dinner table. A wire would be strung around the entire village, thus making it, in ritualistic terms, one large household, rather than a village. If, heaven forbid, the wire was broken, the Jews lost no time in organizing themselves into teams that passed the *cholent*, fire-bucket style, from one hand to the next,

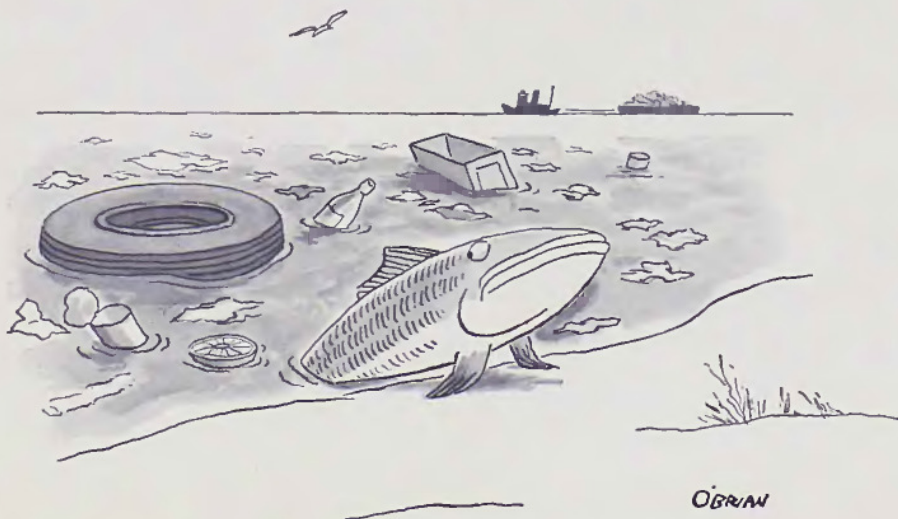
until each hot dish reached its proper destination. Inventiveness has always been one of the principal ingredients in *cholent*. Nowadays, it's cooked in a very slow oven for about six hours. It may be prepared during a lazy long evening and eaten the next day; it's also a wonderful dish for celebrating a political victory or consoling the losers, for entertaining post-game football fans or for an *après-theater* buffet on a wintry night.

Jewish delicatessen—specifically, Jewish delicatessen in the U.S.—is, in one glorious package, meat for the hungry, salt of the earth and fat of the land. Even the most demanding gastronome would concede that American kosher prime corned brisket of beef has no peer in any cuisine in the world, however *haute*—or low—it may be. In the same oligarchy are warm, thinly sliced pastrami and both corned and smoked beef tongue. Almost as important as the meat itself is the Jewish sour rye bread without which all forms of deli seem to shrivel and die. German and Danish pumpernickel are heavy and moist and don't vary much from one baker to another, but Jewish sour rye bread can be checkered in quality, and it pays to find a dependable source. At its best, it's a light loaf, large for its weight, with a fine grain but not cakelike. The crust must be deeply browned but not so thick or tough that it resists a sharp knife. At extemporaneous deli parties, the usual available offerings of kosher dill pickles, sweet red peppers in vinegar and pickled green tomatoes provide ample garnishes. But for a planned corned-beef convocation, the kraut and pepper relishes below, requiring a modicum of cooking, will beautifully enhance any Lazy Susan.

And then there's the Jewish brunch. As in hosting a deli party, success is more a matter of shopping well than of cooking. Its shining star is the Israeli breakfast. Travelers to Israel who expect to find a nation built on bagels and lox are in for a shock. The Israeli breakfast seems to have originated in the *kibbutzim*, where early-rising field workers, after several hours' toil, were in no mood for a dainty *croissant* and *café au lait*. The sabra morning meal is a sumptuous spread of luscious native fruits, including the sweetest melon in the world, a wealth of hard, semi-hard and soft cheeses, smoked, salted and pickled fish, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, sour cream and yoghurt—all of which, to one's surprise, are merely an introduction to omelets or scrambled eggs, toast, hard and soft rolls, honey, jam and coffee. The only matutinal feast that begins to rival it is the smorgasbord breakfast served in Scandinavia. Most of the good things can be bought in the shops where signs set forth the simple adjective APPETIZING. Again, the level of quality varies considerably. Usually, the shops that feature superb smoked salmon and whitefish will offer other consistently excellent brunch foods. A connoisseur or *mavin* who's been through the mill learns only by comparative *noshing*. When you buy smoked sturgeon from several sources, you'll soon learn to detect the difference between a freshly smoked fish and one that has the faintly acrid, fishy taste of having languished in the refrigerator too long. When you buy black olives in oil, you'll recognize those that leave a mellow olive-oil aftertaste, with just enough bitterness to be satisfying.

Many of the Israeli foods, such as avocados, mangoes and dates, aren't a matter of nationalistic choice but simply the cultivated products of the good earth and the warm sun. But in Jerusalem, Middle Eastern dishes such as *felafel* are wolfed down by Jordanian and Jew, young and old, alike. These are the small balls of mashed chick-peas, spiked with hot pepper, which the natives pile into the flat Middle Eastern bread called *pita*, along with salads and peppery sauces. For the American cocktail hour, they're a piquant innovation when served as a hot hors d'oeuvre.

Leo Rosten, in *The Joys of Yiddish*, asks, "Who ever heard of a Jewish male cooking?" For once, the astute Mr. Rosten has missed the gravy boat. Perhaps the most illustrious man in the kitchen of all times was Solomon. During his three years of banishment, he went begging from one city to the next, atoning for his sins, until he finally came to the city of Ammon, where he took a job as a



OBRAN



cook's apprentice in the royal household. So outstanding were his culinary talents that the king of Ammon soon made him head chef of the royal household. You know the rest of the story. The king's daughter fell in love with Solomon, undoubtedly due to his skill in the kitchen (what else?), and neither the king's arguments nor imposed exile in the desert could separate the couple. Herewith, worthy footnotes to Solomon's *Song of Songs*:

**POTATO CHEESE LATKES**  
(Serves six)

- 3 cups (about 2 lbs.) potatoes
- 1 medium-size onion, sliced
- 3 egg yolks
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1/8 teaspoon white pepper
- 3 tablespoons matzoh meal
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 4 ozs. gruyère cheese, shredded
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff
- Salad oil

Peel potatoes, slice and put through meat grinder, together with onion, using fine blade. (Potatoes may be grated by hand or in a blender, but the texture of the potato pancakes in both cases tends to be extremely soft.) Measure ground potatoes, place in sieve or colander and let excess liquid flow off; do not squeeze them dry. Mix potatoes with egg yolks, salt, pepper, matzoh meal, flour and cheese. Fold egg whites into mixture. If batter seems too thin, a small amount of matzoh meal may be added. Pour 2 tablespoons oil into a large skillet over a moderate flame or into an electric skillet preheated at 370°. When oil is hot, drop batter by heaping tablespoons into fat and fry until medium brown on both sides. Serve with fresh applesauce.

**MATZOH-MEAL LATKES**  
(Serves six)

- 6 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1½ cups cold water
- 1½ cups matzoh meal
- 6 egg whites
- Salad oil

Mix egg yolks, salt, sugar, water and matzoh meal. Let stand ½ hour. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Fry as above, adding oil to pan when necessary.

**DELI PARTIES**

Allow at least ¼ lb. sliced meat per person, 6 ozs. for trenchermen. Meat may include corned beef, pastrami, tongue, spiced beef and salami in any ratio the host desires. Meat traditionally is served with cold potato salad or hot baked beans, allowing a minimum of ½ cup



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## Antonio y Cleopatra

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per person. Sour rye bread should be thin and freshly sliced. Cold beer should flow abundantly. A compartmented relish or hors-d'oeuvre tray may include pickles or pickled products and mild mustard, as well as the relishes below, which may be served either warm or cold.

SAUERKRAUT RELISH

(Serves eight)

- 1 lb. sauerkraut, drained
- 2 teaspoons caraway seeds
- 2 cups thinly sliced onions
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 4 teaspoons prepared mild mustard
- 4 teaspoons sugar

Pound caraway seeds in mortar several minutes or until aroma is pronounced. Break sliced onions into strips and sauté in oil, stirring constantly, until onions are just limp, not brown. Add sauerkraut, mustard, caraway seeds and sugar, stirring well. Heat until warm.

PEPPER RELISH

(Serves eight)

- 2 cups sweet red peppers in vinegar, drained (reserving juice)
- 1 large cucumber
- 2 cups thinly sliced onions
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 4 teaspoons sugar

Cut peppers in half; remove stems and seeds and cut into thinnest possible slices. Peel cucumber; cut in half length-

wise and scrape out seeds, then cut into strips about the same size as the peppers. Break sliced onions into strips and sauté in oil, stirring constantly, until just limp, not brown. Add peppers, cucumber, sugar and 4 tablespoons pepper juice from the jar. Stir well; heat until warm.

BLINTZES  
(Serves four)

- ½ cup clarified butter
- 5 eggs
- 1¼ cups cold water
- Salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 12 ozs. farmer cheese
- 6 ozs. whipped cream cheese
- 6 tablespoons sour cream
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice

To clarify butter, melt it very slowly, remove foam from top and pour off butter, discarding solids in bottom of pan. Pour eggs, water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and flour into blender. Blend until smooth, then pour into bowl. Heat a heavy skillet, 7 inches across bottom, over a moderate flame. Brush skillet with butter. Pour just enough pancake batter (about 3 tablespoons) into skillet to coat bottom. Turn and tip skillet quickly, so that batter spreads evenly over bottom of pan. Sauté until pancake is light mottled brown on bottom; do not brown other

side. Continue in this manner, making pancakes until all the batter is used. Mix the two kinds of cheese, sour cream, 3 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt until well blended. Place about 3 tablespoons filling on the browned side of each pancake. Roll up pancakes, tucking in ends, to make blintzes; chill them, covered with clear plastic wrap, in refrigerator until serving time. Sauté blintzes in clarified butter until medium brown on both sides. Use two skillets, if necessary. Serve with sour cream and a jam such as blueberry, wild strawberry or bar-le-duc. Cinnamon sugar, made by mixing ½ cup superfine sugar with ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, may also be served.

STUFFED CABBAGE  
(Serves four to six)

- 12 large outside leaves of cabbage
- 2 slices stale white bread
- 1 lb. chopped beef
- 1 egg, beaten
- Salt, pepper
- ¼ cup uncooked rice
- 1 medium-size onion, minced very fine
- 1 small piece celery, minced very fine
- ½ teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- ½ teaspoon ground cumin
- 30-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- 1 large carrot, thinly sliced
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ⅓ cup lemon juice

Bring a large pot of water to a rapid boil. Drop two or three leaves of cabbage at a time into the water; boil a few minutes or until they become pliable. Cut away thick sections of leaves, so that they may be rolled easily. Remove crust from bread; dip bread into cold water and squeeze gently to remove excess water. Preheat oven at 350°. In a mixing bowl, combine beef, egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, bread, rice, minced onion, celery, garlic and cumin. Remove 1 large tomato from can, mince fine and add to meat. Mix thoroughly until ingredients are well blended. Divide meat mixture among cabbage leaves; roll up leaves, folding in ends. Place stuffed cabbage, seam side down, in a greased baking pan. Scatter sliced onion and carrot on top. Drain juice from tomatoes, mix with honey, sugar, lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt and pour over stuffed cabbage. Chop tomatoes coarsely and add to pan. Cover pan with aluminum foil and bake 1½ hours; remove foil and bake ½ hour longer.

FELAFEL

(About four dozen hors d'oeuvres)

- ½ lb. chick-peas
- Salt, white pepper



*"It seems we'll never be compatible, Roger. Now that I feel emancipated, you feel emasculated."*



- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons melted shortening
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 1 small hot chili pepper
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- Salad oil

Soak chick-peas overnight in cold water. Drain, place in pan and cover with water. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 2 hours or until very tender. Add water when necessary, to keep chick-peas covered during cooking. Drain. Put through meat grinder, using fine blade. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon white pepper or more to taste, eggs, melted shortening, bread crumbs, chili pepper (use less if desired), lemon juice and sugar. Mix thoroughly. Chill. Form into balls about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter. Heat 1 in. oil in electric skillet preheated at  $370^{\circ}$  and fry *felafel* until brown. Sprinkle with salt; serve while hot. *Felafel* may also be formed into finger-shaped pieces about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick and fried as above.

#### GEFÜLLTE FISH

(Serves six as main course or twelve as appetizers)

- $1\frac{3}{4}$  to 2 lbs. whitefish
- $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. yellow pike
- 2 slices stale white bread
- 2 medium-size onions, sliced
- 12 sprigs parsley
- 24 peppercorns
- 1 piece celery, sliced
- 2 large carrots, peeled, cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. diagonal slices
- Salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon celery salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon white pepper
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup ice water

Have fish dealer clean and fillet the fish, removing head, backbone and skin, which should be saved. Examine whitefish carefully and remove any bones that remain. Remove crust from bread, dip into cold water and squeeze gently to remove excess water. Put fish head, skin and bones into a large Dutch oven or large saucepan fitted with lid. Add 1 onion, parsley, peppercorns, celery, carrots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and 3 cups water. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 20 minutes. Skim liquid. Put fish, bread and onion through meat grinder three times, using fine blade. Mix fish in an electric mixer with 1 teaspoon salt, celery salt, pepper, sugar and lemon juice. Slowly add eggs and ice water while mixing. Shape into flat or oblong cakes, each containing about  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup fish mixture. Keep hands wet or use a spatula



"Boy, that sure is a relief! I was planning to tell him the facts of life next week."

dipped into cold water while shaping mixture. Place fish in Dutch oven containing fish stock. Cover and simmer over very low flame  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove fish to a large shallow casserole. Strain stock remaining in Dutch oven and pour over gefüllte fish. Place a slice of the cooked carrot on each piece. Chill well, keeping the casserole covered. Serve cold with prepared horseradish mixed with beets. The strained fish stock will usually jell overnight.

#### CHOLENT

(Serves six to eight)

- 3 lbs. lean first cut brisket of fresh beef
  - 1 lb. marrowfat beans
  - 2 tablespoons salad oil
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups finely minced onions
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup carrots, put through large holes of grater
  - 2 cups finely minced fresh tomatoes
  - 1 cup finely minced green pepper
  - 1 tablespoon very finely minced garlic
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. white potatoes
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar
  - Salt, pepper
- Soak beans overnight in cold water. Drain and put half of them into a saucepan; cover with salted water and cook until tender—about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Add

more water to pan, if necessary, to keep beans covered during cooking. Mash the cooked beans, together with their liquid, in a blender. Preheat oven at  $250^{\circ}$ . Cut meat into pieces about 1 in. square and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. Sauté in oil in a large Dutch oven, stewpot or deep flameproof casserole until meat loses red color. Add onions, carrots, tomatoes, green pepper and garlic and sauté about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Cut potatoes about the same size as the meat and add them, along with mashed beans, whole beans, vinegar, brown sugar, 1 tablespoon salt and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper, to pot. Add just enough water to barely cover ingredients. Stir well; bring to a boil; cover and bake in oven 5 to 6 hours. Do not stir while baking. Liquid in pot should barely simmer, not boil. Correct seasoning, if necessary, when *cholent* is removed from oven. Sweet potatoes may be used in place of white; 1 lb. dried apricots or prunes or a combination of the two may be added to the *cholent* if sweet potatoes are used. A single whole piece of brisket is sometimes used and sliced just before serving.

Any of the preceding recipes should firmly establish your reputation as Jewish cuisine *mavin* of the first order. So start with the cooking already.





## THE UNMELANCHOLY DANES

(continued from page 156)

Gregers Nielsen, the young photographer, said his friends had become interested in the group sensitivity experiments being conducted in the United States. "But I'm not interested in hard porno," he said. "I don't read it; it doesn't show how sex really is. We had read Bernard Gunther's *Sense Relaxation* and we thought sight was too much the dominating sense. So we decided to wear opaque masks; we hoped to jump over barriers." The floor of a room was covered with mattresses. There were five girls and seven men in the first session. One girl arrived without her husband. No, Nielsen said, the husband didn't object; he joined the second session. The experiment seemed to cause no particular marital or psychological problems, he went on; one couple, whose marriage had been shaky, parted for a time but later made another try together.

The *Den Der* project appears to have been fairly serious, although assuredly not solemn; and despite the fact that its cover features a goofy floor-level view of a naked man's big feet, splayed legs and genitals, it should not be classified as pornography. (A police lieutenant whose bureau had dealt with porno said, however, that *Den Der* would have been prosecuted "without question" before censorship was lifted.) The Danish text mentions that in the first session, everyone paired off. "I stayed with the first one I found and didn't dare go out into the black empty space again," said one man. Another thought that "What we did with the masks was a bit dangerous. I worried that we were trying to skip too much."

I spoke with a married couple who had taken part. The girl was a lank, dark psychology student in her late 20s, quite beautiful and not at all embarrassed. Yes, she had a child, she said, a small son. She had liked the masks: "You are like a newborn, your universe is as small as your arms can reach." A kind of group warmth, or paired warmth, developed; but later, she said, "We put on our clothes and we were strangers to one another."

Her husband, also a student, didn't think the experiment had been really successful, although he likes group sex as a rule. There was a surprisingly naïve quality to his reactions. The purpose of the experiment was to communicate, he said, "But we held a meeting later and we found we could say more talking than fucking." All of the men had trouble with erections, he said, perhaps because of the cameras. "And it was very difficult to fuck people I didn't like." Not being able to see was bothersome, too. "I got a knee in my balls and an elbow in my eye. It wasn't sex. I gave up, took off my mask and just found a girl." But the pictures, he said, told a

very human story. He showed me a photo of a man and a girl coupling. The man was holding hands with another man, who was masturbating.

How did the husband feel when his wife made love to another man? "It's all right if it doesn't keep on too long and get serious," he answered.

I asked the girl whether she had posed for hard porno (her husband had said that he sometimes photographed porno, for about \$70 a session). She didn't answer for a moment, then smiled in an odd way and said, "No, it's too ugly." I didn't believe her and I don't think she intended that I be convinced. As I left, she asked that I leave their names out of my article. I agreed but asked why. Well, her friends knew all about *Den Der*, she said—she sometimes had group sex with them—but her parents would be shocked, and there was no point in trying to explain things to them.

Group sex is, indeed, shocking to many older Danes. A week after *Den Der* appeared, one of the participants, a well-known athlete named Palle Nielsen, was fired from his teaching job at a Jewish private grammar school. He complained that the firing was "fantastic." People are afraid of the unknown, he said. "I don't like their 'knowing better' and their lack of doubt about their own values. In three years, people will laugh that a teacher would be fired because of naked pictures." Nielsen is probably right. Conventional Danes may not approve, for instance, of the collective megafamilies that are forming, but they are no longer astonished to hear of group living. Among students, a girl who takes part in a porno filming session may be considered a trifle wild—like a U.S. coed of 20 years ago who was known to sleep with her boyfriend—but her behavior is not thought disgusting or whorish.

One of the most important changes in Denmark is a very sharp decline in sex crimes. There was an abrupt drop of about 25 percent in 1967, the first year in which written porno was legal and the first in which dirty pictures, although illegal, were widely tolerated. In 1968, such crimes decreased by 10 percent and last year by a startling 31 percent. I could find no one in the Ministry of Justice (which initiated the legalization actions), the Copenhagen police department or the psychiatric profession who did not believe that legalized porno was the principal reason for the decline. Other factors are involved: The economy, for instance, has improved over this period and, presumably, some men who would have stolen sex have been able to buy it. And the availability of the birth-control pill may have made women more compliant. But these sec-

ondary suppositions can't account for 25 and 30 percent declines.

Prisoners and mental patients are routinely permitted to have pornography. Dr. Berl Kutschinsky, the psychologist who is studying the results of porno legalization for the U.S. Congress, says, "There is no evidence whatsoever" that porno is harmful to adults—"or minors, either, for that matter." Dr. Anders Groth, the young psychiatrist mentioned earlier, says porno *could* be a strong and possibly harmful shock—to people raised in a highly repressive society. And the untruthfulness of porno—the lies it tells of superpotency and inexhaustible partners—could make insecure people feel inadequate. But these are not large dangers, he feels. A liking for porno is perfectly normal, he believes; it's not a minority twitch, like foot fetishism, but a way in which everyone can, from time to time, express himself sexually. Naturally, good porno—erotic material that is not too untruthful—is better than bad porno, the kind that tourists and solid Danish citizens buy behind the Copenhagen railroad station.

The Danish pornographers I met were unlike any I had known before. This is undoubtedly because the sun of public approval shines so radiantly upon them. Ralph Ginzburg and Sam Roth, two U.S. "pornographers" who have given their names to Supreme Court decisions, are decent and respectable men in my judgment, if not in that of various Federal jurists; but neither has ever been accused of being a force for mental health. (Roth, wretched loser, never published anything worse than bits of James Joyce and reproductions of Aubrey Beardsley. He was rewarded by being made the only man in history to serve time both for publishing porno and for not publishing it—the second charge being one of mail fraud, brought by the Post Office after he allegedly advertised dirty books but delivered clean ones.)

However this may be, Jens Theander, founder of the Rodox-Trading Corporation and publisher of *Color Climax* magazine and *Sex Orgies in Color*, was a surprise. He is 25, freckled, cheerfully round-faced and red-bearded in his manner is that of a man who can't quite believe that the world is such a fine place. "Of course I do this for the money," he said, "but I think our magazines do some good. People understand this. *Ekstra Bladet* [a large Copenhagen newspaper] gave us a good review." Jens and his brother Peter started publishing in 1966. Although he speaks English well, he quit studying at 18 and worked as a ship's boy, a beer deliverer and an installer of intercom phones. His first venture in porno wasn't very successful, but only because the brothers didn't know





*"That's what I like about us, baby—there's no blurring of the male-female roles."*



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much about photography or magazine production. There was only minimal trouble with the law. "The police would ban one of our magazines and we would sell it anyway," said Jens. "But we never had to pay a fine." I asked whether he'd ever had to bribe the police. He was shocked and said with great pride, "I have never heard about police corruption in Denmark."

Now, said Jens, grinning at the outlandishness of it all, he and his brother make about \$40,000 a year apiece. He doesn't export porno, because there are too many problems with the smuggling that's necessary, but German tourists, particularly, buy his magazines "in the thousands"; what they do with them, he feels, is their business. So it isn't true that the porno business is dying, he said. You can't sell written porno or grainy black-and-white photos, but good color magazines sell very well. With porno legal, he's proudly added a masthead bearing his name to *Color Climax*.

We were sitting in the parlor of his comfortable suburban house and I asked whether the neighbors objected to his profession. His pretty wife, who had come into the room to peel two young Theander girls off their father's neck, looked startled when she overheard my question. Jens was patient: No, why should they object? The obvious question arose and he said no, he would prefer that his daughters not become porno models. "I don't look down on the models, but I think most of them have trouble making contact with people. And there is some exhibitionism in them." How does he feel, personally, about porno? He smiled and said, "If I did not make porno, I might not be the biggest customer, but I would buy it."

Delight is epidemic in the Danish porno business. I asked another enterpriser, Tony Sorensen, if it were true, as I had heard, that he smuggled dirty magazines to the U.S. in crates marked CERAMICS. Yes, yes, he said, but the best joke of all—here he slapped his knee in merriment and it was the first time I had actually seen a man do this—the best joke was that he shipped his dirty eight-millimeter movie spools in cans marked DANISH HAM. A stocky man in his 40s, Sorensen was a waiter three years ago. Now he lives near Helsingør on a spectacular stretch of the Danish Riviera. His house, which stands among ancient oaks, is new, very large and in excellent taste. It's filled with elegant modern furniture and a large number of canvases and ceramic pieces by contemporary Danish artist Knud Michelsen. There is a sauna inside and a swimming pool outside. And there is a tiny room, hidden behind a false wall beneath the stairs, where Sorensen and his wife packaged porno when the police were still bothersome.

Sorensen's wife was embarrassed by her husband's trade in the beginning. Now she says, "Porno isn't bad; it's money." She showed me a summons they had received that day from a German court. They will ignore it. As a result of such legal difficulties, the Sorensens cannot travel in Germany, Switzerland or France and they think they would have trouble in the U.S. (Danish police are pestered by U.S. and German customs agents for information about Sorensen and his colleagues. The Danes don't cooperate, they explain, because Sorensen's profession is as legitimate as the king's.) The Sorensens send abroad films and at least 30 magazines (*Color Orgy*, *Color Boy*, *Petting*, and so on). Ninety percent of the business is export, and there are 20,000 regular customers. Most of them are in Germany, but Sorensen exports to almost every country in the world outside the Eastern bloc. (German customers like sadomasochism, he said with some malice, while Danes prefer straight sex.) Volume shipments to the U.S. go by freighter; "The captain is bribed to shut his mouth and the Customs agents also." Not long ago, Sorensen said moodily, a crate fell and broke and unbribed Customs agents came running. He turned his palms up and shrugged.

Business has never been better, he said. People who think it is dying are misled because they see the amateurs dropping out. There are between 200 and 300 firms of various sizes making

porno in Copenhagen alone, he estimated, and of course most of these will disappear. Sorensen himself has splendid plans for the future. He will make pornographic records—"lots of sighing"—and he hopes to add sound tracks, with music and gasping, to his movies. Then, proud Dane, he set up his film projector and showed me the wave of the future: a slapstick and very pornographic version, in (and out of) full costume, of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale *The Goose Girl*.

I asked whether he ever felt ashamed about making porno. He looked at me and said, "In America, it is hard to get?"

"Fairly hard."

"But it's easy to get guns."

"Yes."

"Here it's almost impossible to get a gun," he said. "Please have some more aquavit." Outside the vast living-room window wall, the sun shone and his three young daughters and half a dozen neighbor kids splashed one another in the pool.

And so to the porno fair. Even knowing what I then knew, I found it startling that a country orderly enough to number its breakfast eggs (I ate numbers K22964 and K22201 one morning) should hold creation's first porno fair. It seems just as odd in retrospect. The fair was one of those phenomena that absorb illumination, instead of shedding it. The only aberration that matches it in my memory was a "festival of



"I think my mistake was yelling 'Hi' to the eyewitnesses as they filed into court."



television commercials" I attended once. I remember writing vengefully that the only occasion I could imagine less festive than a festival of television commercials was a festival of anthrax germs, and the sentiment can stand well enough for the porno fair.

"Yes!" the motherly middle-aged lady cabdriver had said with warm approval when I whispered the words sex fair. She knew where to drive, all right. At five on a Saturday afternoon, half of Copenhagen was lined up in fours in front of the fair building. The line stretched at least 100 yards down the block and a cop posted by the entrance under the big SEX '69 sign said it had been like that all week. At a guess, 40 percent of the queued-up gawkers were foreign and most of the foreigners looked German.

Inside, the hall resembled the gym of an unprosperous Ohio college decorated for a dance. There were tiers of seats around the rim of the building, gymnasium style, and a flat space in the middle where booths were set up and samples of merchandise purchasable at the downtown groin parlors were displayed—genuine-rubber imitation buttocks, whips, cuff links with little interlocking silver figures and magazines titled *Dog Orgy*, *Sucking* and *Fucking*.

The building was aburst with people. A few spectators were themselves worth looking at—a splendid fairy in a leather jacket and white jeans, a beautiful girl in a mink, slumming—but mostly the crowd was as scruffy as a basketball mob at the Garden. Why were they there? Nothing inside the building could be bought—a city ordinance of some kind

prohibited it—and there was nothing to look at that couldn't be seen better, and in a more leisurely way, without standing in line for four hours or paying \$1.50, in the porno shops or the dirty-movie dens. No explanation helps. In the rows of seats, hundreds of pooped fairgoers sat waiting, but for what? I never learned. Perhaps it was merely time for the *lumpen* to make their move, and this was Bastille Day in Copenhagen's sexual revolution.

The best exhibit in the hall—and there was nothing in second place—was a thin girl with a shy face, a see-through blouse and pouting breasts, who stood passing out brochures at Jens Theander's *Color Climax* booth. She told me that she had twice been a model for Theander. There she was, in fact, performing fellatio on page 28 of the fair's program, in the very spot where Madison Square Garden would give you Bill Bradley's jump shot. She said her name was Susanne and that she was 25 and a second-year law student at the University of Copenhagen.

How did she like modeling for porno? "It was all right. It's just a job." She had gone to school with Theander, she said, and he paid her \$100 a session, which was a good price.

How did her family feel about her job? "My husband didn't mind. We needed the money."

Jens Theander was standing nearby, talking genially with a mad-looking Swedish amateur photographer, who asked him questions about f stops and emulsions. What sort of lights did he use for porno filming? the Swede asked, his eyes glittering. Photofloods, said Theander. Weren't

they very hot? asked the Swede. Yes, said Theander, but the models were naked. He greeted me happily, said the Sex '69 fair had been entirely his idea, that it would net him \$50,000 and that he was going to call the next grander, expanded version Sex '69 Plus One.

I thanked him and wandered on to a booth that was screening bits of a porno film (the police had insisted that only samples be shown and this had led to some disastrous film editing). There were the usual stag-film musings. Are they really going to do it? Yes, by George, they are. And they continue, and go on, and on. Everything jiggles. It's hard to do this sort of thing well. A realization: This is not only sex, it's bad sex. And since there is nothing in the world more abundant than bad sex, why am I standing here, watching it? Seen one, seen 'em awl.

Nevertheless, it is one of the world's safest bets that no one will go broke soon promoting a sex fair in Denmark. Five months after Theander's *fiesta*, the predictable occurs and an enterpriser named Ernst Penlau convenes a crotch exposition in Odense, a town known previously only as the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen. The usual busloads of agitated tourists arrive from Germany, Belgium and Holland. A chartered plane full of crotch enthusiasts arrives from Peru, two planes come from Beirut and four from Tokyo. As usual, inexplicably large numbers of Danes turn out. A \$1.50 admission fee lets them see the usual exhibits of genital hard- and soft-ware and another \$16 gets them into a "night club" where naked entertainers demonstrate, in the words of a disenchanting Danish journalist, "variations on the dear old theme." This inner nonsanctum is named, in Andersen's memory, the Little Mermaid Club. Promoter Penlau says he is making a lot of kroner.

He is not making any of mine, however. A sense of the absurd will serve, if necessary, in place of good taste. My mood when I heard of the Odense fair, with its live sex and blushing Japanese, was the same as it had been some time before, when Tony Sorensen asked if I wanted to watch the filming of a sado-masochistic movie. What was interesting, he had said, was that the masochist was real and, in fact, was paying for the girls and the filming. It was going to be very authentic. I said yes, but later I got to thinking of how the introductions would go. I got as far as imagining Sorensen saying, "Mr. X, this is Mr. Skow, who is very interested in watching you get whipped," and me saying, "How do you do, Mr. X, I've heard a lot about you." That's where my imagination stopped. I said to hell with it then and I say to hell with it now.



"There certainly is a lot of nudity on the stage lately."



# We invented high fidelity.



1937 The original Fisher system, now in the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institution.

In 1937, Avery Fisher introduced the world's first complete high-fidelity component system available to the public. That was the beginning of the whole high-fidelity movement.

In 1970, we introduce the world's first compact AM/FM/phono stereo system with three-way omnidirectional speakers. That means speaker placement and listener location are no longer critical for wide-range sound with correct stereo perspective. The system is called the Fisher 3580, is rated at 100 watts and costs \$399.95.

In between, there were dozens of other Fisher inventions. The first 33 years are the hardest.



1970 The new Fisher 3580 compact stereo system with 3-way omnidirectional speakers.



## The Fisher



## PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 69)*

To my brothers and sisters on Alcatraz, I say: Our way and our theology will win in the long run; I am with you in spirit on your island; and may the sun of the mountains shine upon your children's lodges in peace.

Philip G. Falcon  
APO San Francisco, California

### THE PRESIDENT'S CATALYST

According to several reports I've read, President Nixon has lately been finding inspiration in the movie *Patton*. He has seen it at least two or three times and has made glowing references to it in one speech. He even acknowledges that he emulates Patton in ordering chaplains to pray for favorable weather: "We have every chaplain in Vietnam praying for early rain."

Besides this suggestion that the world's most powerful technological nation is being run by a man who thinks like a witch doctor, the news about Nixon's

fascination with Patton gives one plenty to worry about. The movie portrays General George S. Patton as a man who sacrificed the lives of American troops in pointless efforts to outshine other Allied generals, as a man convinced that God had destined him for military glory and as a man full of maniacal hatred and fear of the Russians at the end of World War Two. The only thing left to be grateful for after contemplating that list of charming traits is that Nixon has not chosen Genghis Khan or Napoleon as a hero.

Too bad, though, that a movie about Patton happened to come along at a moment when a U. S. President was susceptible to this kind of inspiration. How much better off we might be if the moviemakers had made a picture about another World War Two general—one who kept the savage Patton under control, one who subsequently got the U. S. out of a land war in Asia, instead of

expanding it, one who, as President, gave us eight years of relative peace. This other general was better known to Nixon and was a person whom he would do much better to emulate—Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Mrs. M. Hirsch  
New York, New York

### AGNEW AS RADICALIZER

I started my political life as a conservative and gave wholehearted support to Barry Goldwater in 1964; but in 1968, I supported Eugene McCarthy. What happened to change my mind? A tour of duty in Vietnam, where I saw for myself the horrible truth about that dirty war. Now, I'm becoming increasingly radical, even though my basic ideals remain libertarian and, certainly, could not be categorized as leftist. This is because labels such as conservative and liberal, right and left no longer have any meaning. Nixon, the conservative, after all, is carrying out the same programs as Johnson, the liberal; and the only real division that exists is between the Washington establishment and all the rest of us.

Hence, while I'm no left-winger, I grow more radical every day—and when Spiro Agnew runs off his mouth against all of us who dare question the Administration, it just intensifies my disgust and alienation.

Allan C. Kimball  
Washington, D. C.

### A GREAT COUNTRY

What with the continuing war in Indochina, the massacres of young demonstrators at home, the show trials of political dissenters, various Nixon-inspired legislative attacks on civil rights, the increase of violent superpatriotism and similar disturbing developments, a lot of people are starting to echo the line of the Texas lawyer in *Easy Rider*: "This used to be a helluva good country." This myth of a past American golden age is quite widespread. Once upon a time, so it goes, this was a country of individual freedom, true democracy, equality for all and so forth. Then (around the beginning of the Cold War) we swallowed the forbidden fruit of totalitarianism and, since then, things have been going downhill.

I think this "paradise-lost" myth might have an undesirable effect, clouding people's minds so they can't see the truth about this country, which is that many of the evils of today are thoroughly ingrained in the American character. Furthermore, some things used to be worse than they are now; for some individuals, for some groups, in some areas of life, there has been progress. If there was individual liberty in the old America, it was only for upper-class WASPs. Americans of past eras were an incredibly puritanical, bigoted, violent people. They perpetrated genocide on the red man



"Robert, your zipper's open, for God's sake."



# Introducing the other Swedish pastime. The bourbon smoke.



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You'll like it. Borkum Riff the bourbon smoke. From Sweden where blondes were invented.



and stole a continent from him and they enslaved the black man. They exploited, starved and oppressed generations of immigrant laborers. As to whether or not there was greater freedom to follow non-conforming ideals in 19th Century America, ask any Mormon, for instance, about the early history of his church.

It's true that in some ways we're worse off than ever before. Our wars against the Indians may have been as vicious as anything we're doing today in Vietnam, but at least they did not involve the possibility of expansion into a nuclear war that could wipe out the human race. And it was easier to escape from government tyranny in the days of the railroad and the telegraph than it is in the era of jet planes and electronic surveillance. Even so, my reading of history indicates that for the mass of people, America in the old days was a pretty dreadful place, and I think it is time this myth that the U.S. used to be a great country was permanently laid to rest. Our real greatness lies in our ideals and, possibly, in our future; the reality has always fallen short.

James Knox  
San Francisco, California

#### PATRIOTISM VS. CHAUVINISM

As an ex-Serviceman (U. S. Navy 1935-1965), I feel I have the right to regard myself as a patriot, at least in the way my dictionary defines the word ("one who loves and defends his country").

Patriotism, however, is not chauvinism. Chauvinism is the willingness to believe (or to pretend to believe) whatever the government in power says, even when it's obviously lying; it is the hatred and persecution of any fellow citizen honest and brave enough to express his skepticism at such times; it is the false or bigoted variety of patriotism.

The rational mind fears three things: fire, high seas and a mob. Out of control, any of the three can bring disaster; but the mob is the most dangerous of all, especially when led by demagogues and brainwashed by chauvinism. I admire and respect patriotism, but not the irrational bigotry provoked by our leaders in order to stifle and crush honest dissent. We should remember that the last example of such chauvinism was Hitler's 1000-year *Reich*.

James J. Owen, U. S. N. (Ret.)  
Naugatuck, Connecticut

#### SEDITION, THEN AND NOW

In 1798, Congress passed, at the behest of the plutocratically oriented Federalist Party, the Alien and Sedition acts. The Alien Act was intended to facilitate the deportation of foreigners who were vocal and active in their support of Thomas Jefferson's Democratic-Republicans and of the French Revolution. The Sedition Act was designed to punish

American citizens who wrote, spoke or published criticism of the President or Congress. These acts had to be repealed since they so obviously conflicted with the libertarian ideals upon which America was founded.

Today, an establishment-oriented faction in this country labels dissent against the Vietnam war as treason and high Government officials attack freedom of speech and of the press. The history of the Alien and Sedition acts shows that when Government officials entertain such repressive attitudes, they may be translated into law, even in a free society like our own. I believe that peaceful, orderly dissent and demonstration are vital to the democratic process and I don't wish to see opposition to Government take a violent form, as it has with the Weathermen faction of SDS. But if the mentality that produced the Alien and Sedition acts in the 18th Century makes a comeback in the 20th Century, I, for one, won't need a weatherman to tell me which way the wind will blow.

Steven A. Robinson  
Chicago, Illinois

#### THE PEACE SYMBOL

PLAYBOY has more than once documented the origin of the upside-down-trident peace symbol as a combination of the semaphore signals for N and D, standing for nuclear disarmament. It might amuse you to learn that some people believe this sign has a much more colorful origin. According to a leaflet I read, the peace sign is none other than—hang onto your heads!—"the broken cross of the anti-Christ." Every time somebody wears one, this is a victory for communism and it "is noted gleefully by the godless Communists." Naturally, the pamphlet offers no evidence for making these farfetched statements; I guess it's aimed mainly at people who will readily swallow this sort of thing because that's what they like to believe.

What I can't figure out is why the authors of this leaflet think it *matters* to anyone what they say about the peace symbol. Those who wear it know that it means "Peace" to them and that meaning is known to every well-informed person in the world today. For my part, I wear it proudly and couldn't care less whether it was originated by John Lennon, John Dillinger or even John Birch.

William Walker  
New York, New York

#### THE FREAKING FAG REVOLUTION

As a long-haired freak and devout peacenik, I got a big laugh out of the patriots in plastic hats who demonstrated in New York last spring. The word they used over and over again to characterize the youth of America was faggot. Students didn't have to worry about being drafted because students are faggots. Even Mayor Lindsay was a faggot. All of

this is reminiscent of the judicious language used by Thomas Foran, prosecutor of the Chicago conspiracy trial, who warned in a speech against the "freaking fag revolution."

The reason I laugh is that the younger generation, of which these patsies for Nixon are so contemptuous, is doubtless the most sexually free generation in American history. Which means that we are not so frightened of homosexuality, or so intolerant of homosexuals, as to feel insulted by this epithet. As for heterosexual love, the long-haired youth of this era enjoy it more openly—and simply enjoy it more—than any plastic-hat can imagine. While these middle-aged musclemen are burning up, we "faggots" are setting their daughters on fire!

John Martin  
Chicago, Illinois

#### THE LADY DOTH PROTEST

The attitudes of American men toward women are greatly in need of revision. I recently abandoned the wearing of a bra and the results have been shocking. When I walk down the street, I am greeted with remarks such as, "Hey, babe, do you want to bleep me?" "She must be a member of women's liberation, the poor child!" "Are you a female homosexual?" This kind of badinage is neither seductive nor amusing; it merely makes me wonder how many women haters and other lunatics are wandering around free.

If a prostitute seeking customers used such brazen verbal approaches to passing males, she would quickly be arrested for disorderly conduct; but the police never seem to think that men who act this way need to be restrained. So I have to face this ordeal every day, just because I'm young and attractive and choose not to wear a bra.

Judi Rosenstein  
New York, New York

#### A FEMININE REVOLUTION

Feminists with slogans such as "If it's sex or freedom, we'll take freedom!" are doomed to failure before their campaign really gets rolling. They are reinforcing the Victorian image of woman as a sexless, sterile image on a pedestal—beautiful but lifeless. The greatest obstacle today to equality for women is their own reluctance to acknowledge that their sexuality contributes significantly to their total personalities.

For centuries, women have had to live in a male-oriented world, where they were told what was acceptable sexual behavior and how extensive their sexual interests should properly be. The result was that women became conditioned to believe that they had to impose various restraints on their natural sex instincts and drives. Regrettably, many authorities in the medical field and other areas still ignore the effect of this conditioning and





*Interlandi*

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theorize that women by nature have different sexual feelings than men. Thus, most males, as well as many females, regard these self-imposed limitations as inherent and unalterable feminine characteristics. The fallacy persists that men are active, aggressive, domineering and adventurous in their sexuality, while women are passive and can turn off their sex drive at the behest of moralistic injunctions (whether of the traditional kind or the women's liberation variety). As long as this notion is generally believed, equal status for women is inconceivable.

It is a well-known fact that other cultures have long permitted equality among the sexes and in these cultures, women may enjoy sex as actively as men, if not more so. How long before modern women in our culture achieve similar equality depends on how long it takes them to realize that placing self-imposed curbs on natural, healthy drives is totally self-defeating.

Malcolm L. Mitchell, F. R. S. H.  
Vancouver, British Columbia

#### ORGASMIC MYTHOLOGY

For the past two years, as women's liberation has gathered momentum, I've heard repeatedly about an essay titled "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm," written by Anne Koedt, a radical feminist. This paper was recently reprinted in a journal called *The Radical Therapist*. Having been told that "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" is a basic women's liberation document, a cornerstone of the movement, I looked forward to reading it but was disappointed when I finally did.

According to Miss Koedt, women achieve orgasm through direct stimulation of the clitoris. She complains, however, that men want their women to reach orgasm while having vaginal intercourse—during which, of course, the clitoris is not directly stimulated. Many women, she says, can't reach orgasm this way and are led by male propaganda to think of themselves as frigid or immature.

And why do men insist on vaginal intercourse? Miss Koedt points out that it provides greater pleasure for them than any other kind of sexual stimulation; that there is a kind of conspiracy on the part of men to keep women in ignorance of the fact that they don't need vaginal penetration to enjoy sex (if they learned the "truth," they'd realize they don't need men); and, finally, that vaginal intercourse, being unsatisfying, weakens the sex drive of women, making them easier for men to control.

To demonstrate that men intentionally oppress women, Miss Koedt insists that everyone knows the truth about clitoral *vs.* vaginal orgasms. "Today, with anatomy and Kinsey and Masters and



Johnson, to mention just a few sources, there is *no* ignorance on the subject."

Well, there is *some* ignorance, apparently—and it's displayed by Miss Koedt. She refers to Masters and Johnson, but she hasn't read them carefully, or she would know that many women can easily achieve orgasm during vaginal intercourse and that the absence of direct clitoral stimulation is not a cause of frigidity.

Miss Koedt cites marriage manuals that assert that a woman is successful as a mature female only if she enjoys orgasm through vaginal stimulation. For every such manual she mentions, I can produce half a dozen that insist that a man is successful as a male only if he produces orgasm in his mate. Many of these manuals make the point that a woman's orgasm should be produced (to use a radical phrase) "by any means necessary." Dr. Albert Ellis goes so far in *Sex and the Single Man* as to advise men that the index finger is a more effective instrument for stimulating a woman's genitalia than the penis. Ellis and his

readers don't quite fit the women's lib picture of the penis-proud male chauvinists demanding that women have orgasms their way or not at all.

Masters and Johnson, in *Human Sexual Response*, make it quite clear that the issue of vaginal *vs.* clitoral stimulation is hardly an either/or proposition. They have observed that women do not usually desire direct stimulation of the clitoris, because this organ is too sensitive for that. Women frequently manipulate the *mons* area when masturbating and it can also be stimulated during intercourse. But the most important fact neglected by Miss Koedt is that the clitoris is stimulated in intercourse; it is stimulated by the traction of the penis on the *labia minora*. In fact, Dr. Masters has said, "It is physically impossible *not* to stimulate the clitoris during intercourse, and I'm not referring to direct penile-clitoral contact" (*Playboy Interview*, May 1968).

Miss Koedt says, "We are living in a male power structure which does not



want change in the area of women." Somehow or other, despite the existence of this power structure, *Human Sexual Response* came to be researched, written and published and has become a best seller. And it refutes both the myth that there are separate vaginal and clitoral orgasms and Miss Koedt's countermyth that vaginal intercourse is an activity women don't naturally care for and is a poor substitute for clitoral stimulation. Despite the supposed male conspiracy to keep women down, there are millions of men in America who are concerned about their mates' enjoying orgasm and are applying to that objective the knowledge acquired from works such as *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*.

Although Miss Koedt's paper is still accepted as a representative statement of the women's liberation viewpoint, it really isn't fair to the feminist movement to suggest that any one document speaks for all members. A critique of "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" is also circulating among movement people,

though it is not as well known to the popular press. Called "Fucked-Up in America," it was written by Nancy Mann. Miss Mann points out the inaccuracies in Miss Koedt's physiological analysis and suggests other reasons why women have trouble with sex. Miss Mann concludes, "I'm sure it's no coincidence that so many people in this country have bad sex. It goes along with the general disregard for human pleasures in favor of the logic of making profit. . . . But for women to blame it all on men (or men to blame it all on women) is bad politics." With the cautionary note that it would be wrong to infer that sexual hang-ups can arise only in a profit-oriented society, I would say, "Amen" to Miss Mann.

Thomas Campbell  
New York, New York

#### WOMEN'S LIB PAMPHLET

My friends and I have been reading about feminists and women's liberation for many months and we weren't really sure where we stood on the subject.

Having read in the July *Playboy Forum* the text of the leaflet that was distributed at the Playboy Mansion last April 15, we've formed an opinion. Any group that promulgates such barely coherent, illogical trash is not deserving of support.

Fredrick R. Douglas  
Los Angeles, California

The Chicago Women's Liberation Union made a regrettable, thoughtless move in demonstrating outside the Playboy Mansion last April. Not only does the action itself—obstructing an anti-war fund-raising event—typify the destructive factionalism that afflicts the left, but the pamphlet *PLAYBOY* quoted is no brief for the women's claim that they can hold their own with men. If such childish, poorly written rhetorical windmilling is the best this group can produce, then they ought to give up their dreams of glory and go back to being, as they put it, "shitworkers."

Joe Fischle, Jr.  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

#### HIP KAPITALISTS

Anyone with half a brain can see why the Chicago Women's Liberation Union demonstrated against *PLAYBOY* while a Vietnam Moratorium Committee fund-raising party was being held at the Playboy Mansion. *PLAYBOY* is a bourgeois magazine; it only gives lip service to the anti-war movement in order to increase its sales; it is not politically sincere.

*PLAYBOY* tries to present itself as a hip kapitalist magazine, but there is no such thing as a hip kapitalist. Objectively, you serve Amerika just as much as *The Wall Street Journal* does. Kapitalism gives you the right to exploit women, which you do by representing them as sex objects rather than people in your articles, pictorials and cartoons. This appeals to the bourgeois doctrine of male supremacy.

It was against your hypocrisy and your male chauvinism that the Chicago Women's Liberation Union demonstrated. I say, "Right on!" to them.

Sp/4 J. J. Strachan, U. S. Army  
Fort Hood, Texas

Krap.

"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 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.



"Now I know why this is called a cockpit!"



## FACES OF MURDER

(continued from page 98)

deposit slip. In 1966, it was Charles Joseph Whitman, 25, architecture student, former altar boy, youngest eagle scout in B. S. A. history, crack shot in the Marine Corps and husband of a beauty queen, who stabbed his wife and mother, took the elevator to the 27th floor, then climbed the stairs to the top of the tower in the middle of the University of Texas campus and killed 14 more, including an unborn baby, and wounded 31 others. In 1967, it was Leo Held, 40, a balding lab technician, school-board member, boy-scout leader, churchgoer and affectionate father of four, who walked into the paper mill where he worked in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, shot to death five of his fellow employees and wounded four others, then killed one neighbor and wounded two before being killed by police. Two years ago, it was a 33-year-old cub-scout leader and little-league coach named Martin Fitzpatrick from the tiny upstate New York village of Martville, who one night held up a service station in nearby Sherrill and shot and killed two policemen when he was stopped during his getaway.

Psychiatrists are fond of reassuring us that murder is the product of aberrancy. "No normal person will commit murder," said the late Dr. Ralph Banay, former head psychiatrist at Sing Sing prison. "Normally, people are able to control any impulse that is dangerous to themselves or to other people; they have sufficient defenses against the force to kill." Which tells us only that normal people don't act abnormally; that if they do, then, obviously, they're abnormal. The confusing and frightening thing is that murderers frequently appear in the guise of outwardly normal people who do not fit the image of the "bestial killer" or the "vermin in human form" described by J. Edgar Hoover. The public can understand a Mad Dog Coll or a Two-Gun Crowley as a psychopath for whom life has no meaning and who would as soon knock off a gas-station attendant as cash a bad check. Indeed, tracking them down and bringing them to justice is satisfying, if for no other reason than that it allows the public to punish itself in surrogate for the murderous urges that lurk in its own unconscious. "Society loves its crime," says psychiatrist Walter Bromberg, "but hates its criminals."

Similarly, the public can understand murder when committed by flat-out maniacs, who, after all, are not responsible for their actions. Letting them live in mental institutions is the humane thing to do. It's also the self-interested thing to do, because in recognizing that they are sick and we are merciful, we allow ourselves an escape route, should our own



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darker thoughts burst above the surface.

But the McBrairs, the Whitmans, the Popes and the Helds stir feelings of uneasiness. To the stranger who reads of them in the newspapers, even to the casual acquaintance who works with them or drinks beer with them, often they seem like decent enough fellows whose bad qualities, if any, do not mark them as potential madmen. The disconcerting inference is that every average person with average problems harbors somewhere within him a similar demon that simply has not made its presence known.

This fear, like the fear of *being* killed, is grounded in a number of misconceptions about the nature of murder, the kinds of people who commit it and the kinds of people who become their victims.

Though the McBrair case may seem uncomfortably familiar, it is a statistical rarity. It warrants attention chiefly because it fits so neatly into our murder mythology that combines facts with cultural traditions and folk beliefs in order to explain a type of human be-

havior both threatening and mysterious. The fact is that people do kill one another. Cultural tradition holds this to be evil—and probably part of man's basic nature. Folk belief concludes that murder must therefore be the work of either an evil person or a good person who is overwhelmed by the evil impulses we all possess. The trouble with this devil theory of murder is that it has almost no bearing on the realities of homicide as a continuing and complex social problem; yet it still influences the thinking of the police, the press, the public and even social scientists. Traditionally, the public has imagined the majority of murderers to be bona fide criminals—men who kill simply to get what they want or make good an escape or leave no witnesses to a crime. This murderer is the cartoon character with bent nose, unshaven jaw, cap pulled down and collar turned up, poking a pistol into the ribs of an honest citizen walking home on some dark street. The killer who does not fit this stereotype is usually relegated to another:

the malevolent stranger, belly full of booze, who provokes an argument and then whips out a gun or a knife.

This is a badly distorted picture of homicide—one that has been created chiefly by lawyers, lawmakers and law enforcers and promulgated by superficial journalistic accounts, e.g., "POLICE SEEK GUNMAN IN TAVERN DEATH." In a murder trial, any good defense attorney seeks to prove, or at least to suggest, that his client's deadly deed resulted from impulse and circumstance and not from premeditation. Short news stories frequently convey nothing beyond the fact that somebody was found dead on the street as the result of an argument. At the same time, legislators and police tend to translate homicide statistics into "crime waves" and "crime in the streets," for the simple reason that this type of violence often persuades voters and taxpayers of the need for tougher laws or higher police appropriations.

Only in the past few years has this picture of the robber-killer and the homicidal stranger undergone some change. Going beyond the raw statistics, criminologists began to study actual cases and made the rather startling discovery that one's murderer is most often *not* a stranger at all, but a friend or a relative. For example, of the 13,650 murders committed in 1968, 42.2 percent occurred during arguments between acquaintances. An additional 33 percent involved even closer relationships: one spouse killing another (13.7 percent), parents killing their children (3.3 percent), more-distant relatives killing one another (8.7 percent) and lovers doing the same (7.2 percent). Only about one murder in four stems from the commission of some other crime or is the work of a total stranger. In his extensive study of murder in Philadelphia, sociologist Marvin Wolfgang discovered that, statistically, wives face more danger in their bedrooms from gun-wielding husbands than they do from strangers lurking in dark alleys. For husbands, the highest-risk area is the kitchen, where the wife has access to her butcher knife.

Compared with relatives and acquaintances, the professional criminal actually represents a surprisingly minor threat. Of the 986 murders recorded in New York City in 1968, only 83, or less than nine percent, were committed during muggings or holdups. Only 5 were committed by burglars and rapists accounted for 12.

If people are generally misinformed about who kills, they are equally misguided about where murders occur. More and more, researchers are finding evidence indicating that while murder may occur more frequently in the cities, its roots are rural. A study in St. Louis comparing murderers with sex criminals



"Oh, Lord, I can act!"





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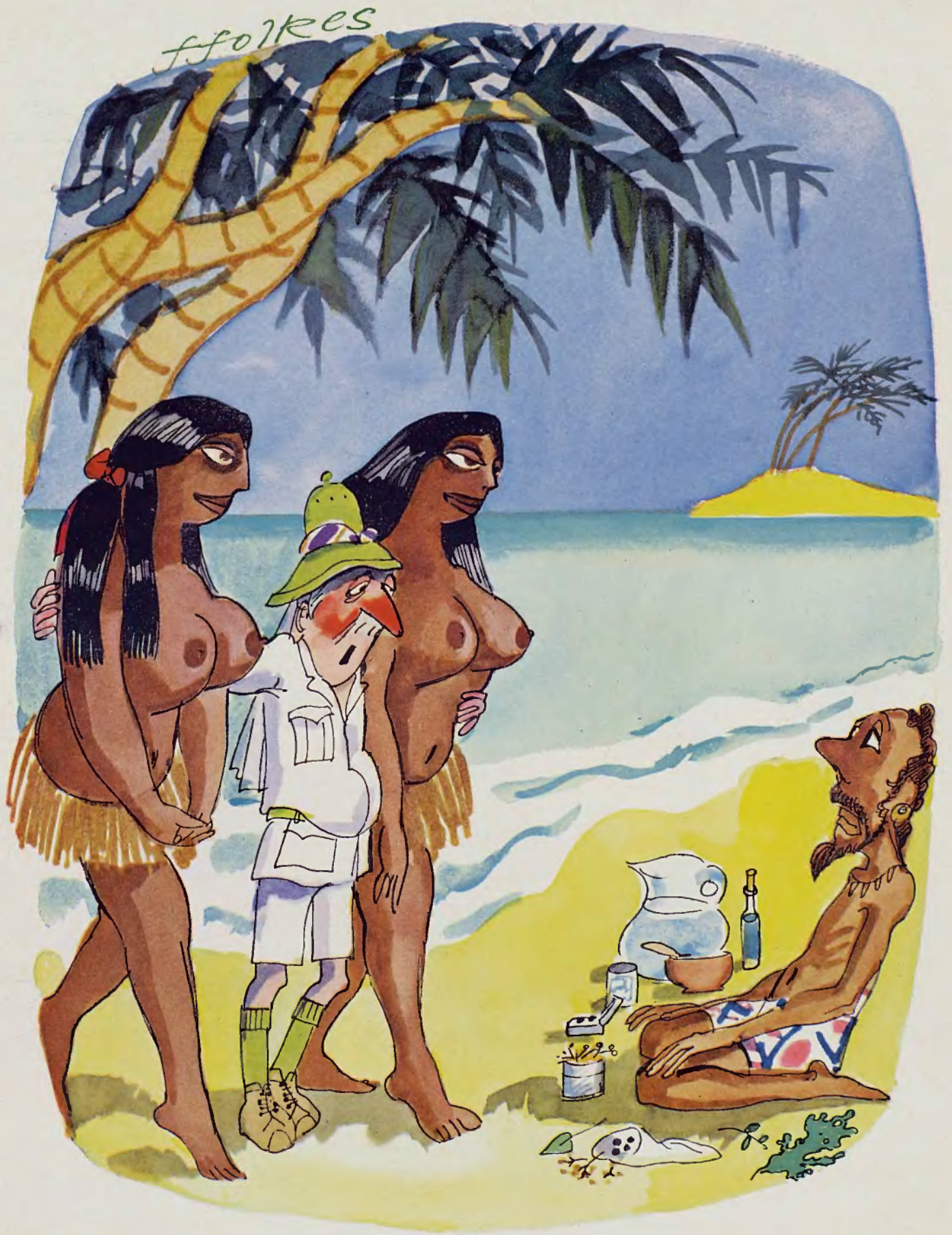
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and chronic lawbreakers found that the one common denominator shared by the killers—and by none of the others—was an upbringing in the country. This appears to be supported by the fact that the South—which contains more than one quarter of the country's population and where most people are from relatively small towns and cities—accounts for nearly half the murders in the United States. In contrast, only 17 percent come from the highly urbanized Northeast. And while New York has the largest number of murders in the country, its rate—8.5 per 100,000—is relatively low. Houston's is 14.7; Baltimore's, 13.6; St. Louis', 11.8; Cleveland's, 9.6. What's more, no matter where you live, if you're black, your chances of getting murdered are about ten times greater than if you're white. Negroes, while comprising only 12 percent of the population, are the victims of 54 percent of the murders. And in some cities, the rate for a black male between the ages of 25 and 34 reaches an incredible 100 per 100,000. As for the murder trend over the years, it is not quite so depressing as J. Edgar Hoover would like to paint it. One of his favorite statistics indicates that since 1960, the murder rate has climbed a frightening 52 percent. What he neglects to mention, however, is that until 1958, the rate had been declining steadily for many years and that in 1968, at 6.8 per 100,000, it was still only half the rate of the early Thirties. And when you consider that the younger population, which accounts for most of the violence, is growing much faster than other age groups, the murder rate is even lower than the statistics imply.

The revelations of Wolfgang and others—that considering the deadliness of our friends, we don't need enemies—were surprising, indeed, and possessed sufficient irony to attract the attention of journalists and academicians alike. But if these findings helped correct the myth of the homicidal stranger, they provided the foundations for a new one: that the killer is an average law-abiding citizen who one day blows his cool.

This revised murder myth is almost as distant from reality as is the one it replaces. After conducting extensive studies of violent crime and victim-offender relationships, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence came to the following conclusions:

- Serious assault and homicide are essentially the same crime. It's the fate of the victim rather than the behavior of the assailant that distinguishes them. The two crimes, therefore, cannot be meaningfully separated in studies of violent behavior.

- Violent crime is primarily a big-city phenomenon, concentrated in the slums

and committed by males between the ages of 15 and 24.

- Homicide and assault occur disproportionately among blacks living in urban ghettos and, despite popular beliefs to the contrary, this type of violence is overwhelmingly *intra*racial.

- The victims of assault and murder in the cities generally have the same characteristics as the offenders.

- By far the greatest proportion of all serious violence is committed by repeaters.

From these and other recent studies has emerged a more realistic picture of the killer, of his victim and of homicide itself. Instead of the "average law-abiding citizen" whose deed is out of character, the majority of murderers are persons with previous arrest records, often for other violent crimes, who cap their careers of antisocial behavior with a final, fatal deed. More surprising, the majority of their victims have arrest records as well and in many cases appear to precipitate their own murders by threats or provocative actions. In most cases, both the killer and his victim were drinking prior to the dispute that ended in murder and they were likely to be acquainted or related.

In short, people who kill and people who *get* killed tend to have a lot in common. Most of them live within what Wolfgang has called a "subculture of violence"—in urban ghettos or rural honky-tonk society—where physical aggression is often considered an appropriate, even requisite response to certain situations; where frustrated, deprived, angry young people live on the periphery of crime and pursue a life style that ultimately puts them at one end or the other of a bullet.

However, if killers and their victims seem to belong to a murder-prone class of people, they do not necessarily conform to the public's image of brawling barflies and shrieking wives. Such persons tend to represent what psychologist Edwin I. Megargee has described as the undercontrolled personality—one who has a low tolerance for frustration or provocation and who readily vents his temper and aggressive impulses. When such people do commit murder, it's more by chance than by choice: The desire to retaliate, humiliate, defeat or punish an antagonist rarely includes a genuine determination to kill. The murders that result from these "acts of passion" usually are the result of miscalculation or no calculation—a knife or a pistol was too close at hand, a whiskey bottle proved harder than the head it cracked. More genuinely "murderous" is the person whom Dr. Megargee describes as overcontrolled—one who constantly fights with himself to contain his temper and

aggressiveness, until it bursts in what can only be called a homicidal rage. He is the person who rarely exchanges insults or black eyes but one day stands over the body of another, coldly and methodically firing shot after shot until the gun is empty.

Dr. Megargee compares the undercontrolled person to a low dam that easily lets water—or aggression—spill over the top. On the other hand, he says that "the chronically overcontrolled type is very different. He is like a dam that is both too high and too rigid. There is no water in the dam that can be discharged and forgotten, no emergency bypasses or spillways. Not a drop gets through and the people downstream are dry and careless, perhaps even contemptuous. The thought of disaster never occurs to them. But the pressure builds up and must finally have a vent. Since the structure was not built to handle major strains, one drop too many may cause a complete rupture and release the pent-up fury all at once."

In Jim McBair's case, the dam was monumental. And if it existed merely to lull his friends into a false sense of security, it certainly accomplished its task. If there's one thing that everyone in Wautoma agrees on, it's that Jim McBair never caused any trouble—until that one night. When asked what he was like, in fact, the people in town answer like members of a chorus. He was a mild-mannered guy. He never got into fights nor was he ever abusive. He was never mean and he seldom even became angry. The only time his father remembered his hitting anyone was when Jim was 12 years old and he beat up a boy who had socked his younger brother. Yet for Jim, the dam blew so fast and the fury burst forth with such a tremendous force that it scares him even today to think about it. "When I first got here," he says about prison, "I'd notice that people bringing me food would sort of edge away from me, as if they were frightened. And I'd say to myself, 'Damn, now, you've killed four people,' and sometimes I'd wonder just what sort of person I am. The psychiatrist told me I shouldn't think about it too much. He said that probably I'd never find the answer and it wasn't good to think about it."

While Jim doesn't think about it much, other people do and studies on the subject are legion. Some studies, such as those by psychiatrist Manfred Guttmacher in his book *The Mind of the Murderer*, provide a lively casebook of crime, filled with exotic killer types from fetishists to sadomasochists—but offer little basis for making generalities. Some present elaborate theories, ranging from Karl Menninger's "episodic dyscontrol"—a state in which a killer uses murder to ward off an attack of psychosis—to Frederick Wertham's "catatymic crisis,"



in which a person finds murder his only release from unbearable strain. Others look to the parents as the real culprits. In their study on *Murderous Aggression by Children and Adolescents*, Drs. William Easson and Richard Steinhilber see the parents as a pair of Freudian Fagins who unconsciously use offspring to vent their own aggression—the child's act of murder becomes simply the carrying out of his parents' inner-felt hostility. Then there are the more traditional parental failings: weak father, strong mother; overstrict father, overloving mother. Dr. Shervert Frazier, a psychiatrist at Columbia University's Psychiatric Institute, found in his examination of six killers in Minnesota that "remorseless physical brutality" was a common experience. This was not just a parental penchant for the strap. One of Frazier's killers as a boy was continually beaten black and blue by both his father and his mother; another was beaten while stripped naked and hung upside down by his feet. "It's hard," says Dr. Frazier, "when you've been treated cruelly and brutally not to break down and do the same to someone else."

There is little doubt, of course, that the brain damage suffered by Richard Speck—his prison psychiatrist toted up no fewer than eight times when he suffered head injuries severe enough to make him lose consciousness—had so weakened his resistance to violent impulses that his mental responsibility for the murder of eight Chicago nurses was decidedly

diminished. Nevertheless, he was sentenced to be electrocuted. And recent studies at the Harvard Medical School found evidence of brain damage or malfunction in about half of a prison sampling of aggressive inmates. Yet the physical and the psychic are so intertwined that neither the organic theory of murder favored by some medical doctors nor the environmental theory favored by sociologists can claim supremacy. "Our organic theory doesn't account for all violent crimes," says Dr. Frank Ervin, one of the Harvard researchers, "and neither does the prevailing emphasis on environmental factors. The two influences undoubtedly overlap." Sometimes, figuring just where the blame does lie is itself a complicated task. The autopsy performed on Charles Whitman after he was killed by the Texas police revealed a small brain tumor. However, his life until the murders had been such an emotional slugfest with his father that Dr. Frazier, one of the doctors appointed by the state to study the case, considers the evidence of brain damage irrelevant. "You don't need that tumor to explain his murders," says Dr. Frazier. "He had enough other things going for him."

Similarly, the chromosome theory—that murderous behavior can be attributed to the presence in a killer's genetic make-up of an extra male chromosome—is now being labeled an equally unreliable test. There seems little question that the XYY imbalance—normally, the male gene contains one female chromo-

some (X) and one male chromosome (Y)—does exist more frequently in certain prison populations than in the outside world. For example, last January, Dr. Lawrence Razavi of the Stanford Medical School released a study in which he found six cases of imbalance among 83 men at the Treatment Center for Sexual Offenders in Bridgewater, Massachusetts—an incidence 35 times higher than the 1 in 500 found in the population at large. But he and others who have made similar studies are still unwilling to accept the genetic imbalance alone as a direct cause of antisocial behavior. In the first place, the things a chromosome imbalance does lead to—height a full six inches above the average, a propensity for skin problems such as acne—would only help compound the social difficulties faced by a man already plagued by emotional problems. "He may be teased," says researcher Dr. Gerald Clark of the Elwyn Institute in Pennsylvania, "and react with resentment and antisocial behavior. Even if his behavior were no more aggressive than the others', his fearsome height and build could bias the courts or the psychiatrists to institutionalize him at a younger age than a small or normal-sized delinquent." In the second place, no study has been made of the estimated 200,000 XYY people living outside prison and presumably leading normal lives. In fact, between 1965, when the condition was discovered, and 1966, the cases of XYY imbalance uncovered were all in otherwise normal people with no criminal records or unusual behavior patterns. Their very existence would seem to indicate that the violence found in XYY males is rooted in more than genetic happenstance. "It now appears," says Dr. Clark, "that the XYY male in general has been falsely stigmatized."

Simply describing the killer's state, physical or mental, at the time he commits his crime is of little more than academic value unless scientists can also describe the milestones along the way, unless they can help set up some kind of early warning system to tip off people before the explosion occurs. Here, unfortunately, is where theories become more shadow than substance. For one thing, society obviously cannot lock up every person whom a psychiatrist—let alone a policeman or a neighbor—suspects of being a potential killer. For another, the murder signs themselves tend to be so fuzzy and indistinct as to defy accurate interpretation—partly because such signs are difficult to distinguish from the normal expressions of hostility or anger that most people never translate into violent action and partly because murder itself is not a singular phenomenon but a variety of behaviors, differently motivated and



"Who sent you? Nixon? Agnew? Mitchell?"



differently expressed, that have in common only their final, fatal result. In their study of abnormal brain function in violence-prone prison inmates, Harvard researchers found a penchant for, among other things, wife beating and getting into automobile accidents. But to begin tracking down potential murderers by forcing electroencephalograph tests on everyone who dents a fender or abuses his wife would be, if not unconstitutional, at least highly impractical. In his own study of 11 murderers in Texas, Columbia's Dr. Frazier found that they all had failed markedly to develop normal relationships with people as early as elementary school age. They would stand in corners and refuse to play with other children. This may be a handy index for identifying problem children—but killers, too? "Not all children who don't participate in games eventually murder," Dr. Frazier hastens to add.

Nevertheless, murderers will occasionally reveal their intentions. "People who are going to kill will telegraph it in some way," says psychologist Richard Bard of the City University of New York. "But it depends on who's at the other end of the wire. Often, the message falls on insensitive ears." Some of the telegraphy is almost unmistakable. For instance, four months before he

went to the top of the tower, Whitman talked to a school psychiatrist and told the doctor of his vague desires to do exactly what he ended up doing.

Sometimes the message comes as a burst of violence that seems completely out of character with the murderer's usual personality. After Leo Held shot the 12 people in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, reporters found out that he wasn't as sweet a guy as he let on. A year earlier, he had admitted to a doctor his fears that people where he worked were plotting against him. Later, during a spat with a 71-year-old widow who lived next door, Held hauled off and beat the old lady with the limb of a tree. Whitman—eagle scout, former altar boy, hard-working student, etc.—similarly turned out, on closer inspection, to be a deeply troubled individual who alternated between heavy doses of stimulants and depressants, between wife beating and expressions of remorse, and who had few friends capable of tolerating his moods, bad temper and irresponsible behavior.

Psychologists are aware that persons like Held and Whitman often make good impressions on casual acquaintances, while abusing strangers or people close to them. This denotes a poorly adjusted personality wrestling with conflicts and tensions but able to escape

them briefly when confronted with the need to impress someone favorably and temporarily. It is this description of a murderer that reporters are first to pick up when interviewing the landlord and fellow employees of someone who has exploded into violence. But there is another force at work here—a seemingly universal human trait that searches for irony in situations. Just as the ugly duckling must turn into a beautiful swan (or you don't have much of a story), the notorious bank robber or the murderous maniac is almost invariably described as a good boy, a well-behaved student, from a good home and wonderful parents—an average fellow who, through some quirk of fate or circumstance, turns out to be bad. But in reality, whenever the history of a celebrated murderer does not reveal him to be an outwardly aggressive or hostile person, it usually finds him to be an individual suffering monumental personal and emotional problems that he has attempted to conceal from others but to which he ultimately surrenders. Depending on the individual—whether he internalizes his problems or projects them—he may either retreat to the privacy of his bedroom and blow his brains out or, like some cornered animal, lash out blindly at anyone who comes in range.

In mass murder, the victims typically

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17317 CASALS—  
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34525 HELLO OOLLY  
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TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS



66611 JAMES BROWN—  
Soul On Top  
King LP



33495 BLIND FAITH  
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



33257 CHARLIE BYRD—  
Byrd Man  
River LP, 8TR



31799 THREE DOG  
NIGHT—It Ain't Easy  
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



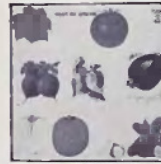
17273 HANDEL—Water  
Music  
Phil LP



17263 GREGORIAN  
CHANT  
Phil LP



44365 JACQUES BREL  
—If You Go Away  
Phil LP



33486 CREAM—Best  
of Cream  
Atco LP, 8TR



44309 BEST OF  
NINA SIMONE  
Phil LP



44373 HAIR: French  
Original Cast  
Phil LP



16759 TCHAIKOVSKY  
—1812 Overture  
Mercur LP



67503 SMITH—  
Minus—Plus  
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



34506 ZORBA THE  
GREEK—Soundtrack  
TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS



33065 JOAN BAEZ—  
David's Album  
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



30606 TEMPTATIONS  
—Psychedelic Shack  
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS



33078 WEAVERS—  
On Tour  
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42715 BEST OF MJQ  
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33083 COUNTRY JOE  
& FISH—CJ Fish  
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



66546 RARE EARTH—  
Get Ready  
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44369 MYSTIC MOODS  
ORCH.—Stormy Weekend  
Merc LP, 8TR, CASS



33052 JOAN BAEZ—  
Any Day Now (2 records)  
Vangu LP



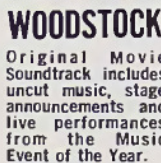
31795 RICHARD  
HARRIS—Love Album  
Ounhi LP, 8TR, CASS



4782 APPLAUSE  
—Original Cast  
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



33489 BEST OF BEE  
GEEES  
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42745 WOODSTOCK—  
Soundtrack (3 records)  
Cotil LP



33443 IRDN  
BUTTERFLY—In A  
Gadda-Da-Vida  
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—  
Messiah (3 records)  
Phil LP



30462 FOUR TOPS—  
Greatest Hits  
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



43793 SPANKY AND  
OUR GANG—Greatest  
Hits  
Mercur LP, 8TR, CASS



30609 SUPREMES—  
Right On  
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



17064 MOZART: Sym  
Nos. 25, 29, 32—  
Lon. Sym, Davis  
Phil LP



33029 BUFFY  
SAINTE-MARIE  
—Gonna Be A  
Country Girl Again  
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



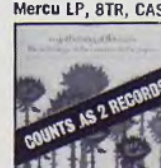
42704 CROSBY,  
STILLS, NASH &  
YOUNG—Deja Vu  
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



44195 FOUR SEASONS  
Gold Vault of Hits  
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



31973 JOHN COLTRANE  
—Selflessness  
Impul LP



31798 MAMAS & P-  
PAPAS — Gathering of  
Flowers (2 records)  
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



33044 RICHARD AND  
MIMI FARINA—  
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play no role in the drama that brings them death; they are merely the convenient targets of an indiscriminate rage. In felony murder—homicide resulting from the commission of another crime, such as armed robbery—the victim may invite death through injudicious behavior or be killed out of panic or sadistic impulse, but he is blameless with respect to motives and circumstance. However, in the majority of homicides, which occur among relatives or acquaintances, the victim may unwittingly or unconsciously collaborate in his own destruction—a fact that only recently has attracted the attention of criminologists.

It may be an oversimplification to say that without victims, there would be no murders; but equally inaccurate is the traditional notion that the killer is *ipso facto* the aggressor and the corpse the innocent victim. For instance, Dr. Banay found evidence that some victims may actually use their murderers to effect a suicide they cannot pull off themselves—a situation usually much too subtle to be revealed either in police records of a killing or in the trial of the murderer. In caricature, the crime might evolve out of the classic barroom drama: A self-hating person, projecting his hostility, becomes the pugnacious drunk who wiles away his unhappy evenings getting plastered and picking fights—until he finally encounters a hothead with a pistol. If he presses his attack despite the gun (or, in some cases, because of it), he may well achieve his goal of self-destruction in a manner that relieves him of any sense of personal responsibility. Equally classic is the domestic brawl that concludes with one spouse brandishing a knife or a pistol and the other saying, "You haven't got the guts to use it!" In short, homicide is often a *response* to aggression, physical or psychological, by an unstable individual who simply has been pushed too far.

In the countdown months leading up to the murders, McBair was going through personal hell. The relationship with his wife, Carol, begun five years earlier as a casual flirtation during a Saint Patrick's Day party, was always in a precarious state near misery for both of them. They were separating constantly; it got to be so often that McBair can still rattle off the pattern. "First there would be family fights," he says, "started with little or no reason. Then she would begin the anti-Jim campaign with her mother.

The third step would be filing papers for

## THE CHARLES WHITMAN PAPERS

SHORTLY BEFORE NOON on Monday, August 1, 1966, Charles Joseph Whitman barricaded himself on the observation deck of the University of Texas tower in Austin and began shooting everyone he could see through the telescopic sight on a high-powered Remington hunting rifle. Because of the many buildings surrounding the tower and the vantage point it afforded a sniper, people on and off the campus were slow to realize that the distant, reverberating booms were gunshots; many understood what was happening only when someone nearby fell dead or wounded from a well-aimed bullet. In the first 20 minutes, Whitman hit at least two dozen people. Before police broke through his barricade, over an hour later, he had shot a dozen more—firing from an elevation of 231 feet and hitting his victims at ranges up to 500 yards. The final toll was 14 dead and 31 wounded. Unlike most mass murderers, Whitman had prepared his offensive with meticulous attention to details and apparently knowing that his actions would be recorded as an atrocity. During the previous night, he had killed his wife and his mother and left letters and a poem—never before published—that offer chilling insights into the workings of a mind that could remain lucid and analytical while planning and committing murder.

Sunday, July 31, 1966, 6:45 P.M.

I don't quite understand what it is that compels me to type this letter. Perhaps it is to leave some vague reason for the actions I have recently performed. [At this point, Whitman had harmed no one; his wife and mother were elsewhere in the city, still alive.]

I don't really understand myself these days. I am supposed to be an average reasonable and intelligent young man. However, lately (I can't recall when it started) I have been a victim of many unusual and irrational thoughts. These thoughts constantly recur, and it requires a tremendous mental effort to concentrate on useful and progressive tasks. In March when my parents made a physical break I noticed a great deal of stress. I consulted a Dr. Cochrum at the University Health Center and asked him to recommend someone that I could consult with about some psychiatric disorders I felt I had. I talked with a Doctor once for about two hours and tried to convey to him my fears that I felt come [*sic*] overwhelming violent impulses. After one session I never saw the Doctor again, and since then I have been fighting my mental turmoil alone, and seemingly to no avail. After my death I wish that an autopsy would be performed on me to see if there is any visible physical disorder. I have had some tremendous headaches in the past and have consumed two large bottles of Excedrin in the past three months.

It was after much thought that I decided to kill my wife, Kathy, tonight after I pick her up from work. . . . I love her dearly, and she has been as fine a wife to me as any man could ever hope to have. I cannot rationally pinpoint any specific reason for doing this. I don't know whether it is selfishness, or if I don't want her to have to face the embarrassment my actions would surely cause her. At this time, though, the prominent reason in my mind is that I truly do not consider this world worth living in, and am prepared to die, and I do not want to leave her to suffer alone in it. I intend to kill her as painlessly as possible. . . .

About 7:30, Whitman stopped typing to answer a knock at the front door. He admitted a classmate and his wife, who were surprised to find the usually tense, moody Charles Whitman uncommonly relaxed and amiable—in retrospect, like a man who had finally found the strength to make an agonizing decision and could rest in the knowledge that, for good or bad, he was irrevocably committed. The classmate was even moved to remark to Whitman that he wasn't biting his fingernails. Whitman only smiled. To his visitors, he seemed carefree, pleased with himself.

About 9:30, Whitman said goodbye to his friends and drove to pick up Kathy. He took her home and stayed there until she went to bed, then he drove to his mother's apartment in another part of the city. In the bedroom, he stabbed her in the chest with a bowie knife and somehow crushed the hand on which she wore her wedding and engagement rings. On a legal pad, he wrote:

Monday, 8-1-66, 12:30 A.M.

To Whom It May Concern:

I have just taken my mother's life. I am very upset over having done it. However, I feel that if there is a heaven she is definitely there now.



## *last recorded thoughts of a mass murderer*

And if there is no life after, I have relieved her of her suffering here on earth. The intense hatred I feel for my father is beyond description. . . .

Whitman completed the note with an elaboration of his hatred for his father, an expression of love for his mother and the hope that "If there exists a God, let him understand my actions and judge me accordingly." Then he drove back to his cottage and stabbed to death his sleeping wife. In the margin of his unfinished letter, he added:

Friends interrupted, 8-1-66, Mon., 3:00 A.M.

*Both Dead.*

I imagine it appears that I brutally killed both of my loved ones. I was only trying to do a good thorough job.

If my life insurance policy is valid please see that all the worthless checks I wrote this weekend are made good. Please pay off all my debts. I am 25 years old and have never been financially independent. Donate the rest anonymously to a mental health foundation. Maybe research can prevent further tragedies of this type.

Charles J. Whitman

Give our dog to my in-laws, please. Tell them Kathy loved "Schocie" very much. . . .

During the next several hours, Whitman readied himself. At one store, he bought extra ammunition; at another, he bought an automatic shotgun, which he took home and sawed off in gangster fashion. In a footlocker and a bundle he packed the shotgun, two rifles, three handguns and miscellaneous supplies, including food, toilet paper and a bottle of underarm deodorant. About 10:30 A.M., he drove with his arsenal and supplies to the University of Texas campus and dolled them toward the administration building and its tower. When he reached the reception room at the observation level, he clubbed to death the middle-aged woman who tended the guest register and dragged her body behind a couch.

Moments later, a boy and a girl came in from the outside walkway. They saw an armed man in coveralls and assumed that the school was thinning out its pigeon colony again. "We smiled and said hello. He smiled back real big and said, 'Hi. How are you?'" They walked around a sticky reddish puddle on the floor and left. More sight-seers—a family—arrived within minutes and were met by blasts of buckshot that killed two of them and wounded two others. Then Whitman blocked the door with a heavy desk, went out onto the tower's fortresslike parapet and began shooting—at first over the top of the 18-inch-thick outer wall, later through drain spouts that served as gun ports and afforded protection against riflemen on the ground. He knew how to allow for his own downward angle of fire and adjusted his scope accordingly. He hit a reporter running at full speed across an open space. He put a bullet through a light airplane circling overhead.

Some 90 minutes after the shooting began, two city policemen and a deputized civilian crawled over the bodies on the stairway leading from the elevator to the observation level and forced their way into the reception room. Then they crept along the outside walkway, closing in from two directions. At one corner, the civilian poked his rifle around the edge of the building and fired blind; as Whitman whirled to answer the shot, the two policemen stepped out from the opposite corner and riddled him with buckshot and revolver bullets. Then one officer picked up a towel and waved from the parapet to signal it was over.

On the poem Whitman left, he noted, "8-1-66. Written sometime in early 1964 when I was in a similar feeling as I have been lately."

*To maintain sensibility is the greatest effort required—*

*To slip would be so easy, it would be accomplished with little effort. . . .*

*To burden others with your problems—are they problems?—*

*Is not right—However*

*To carry them is akin to carrying a fused bomb—*

*I wonder if the fuse can be doused—*

*If it is doused what will be gained*

*Will the gain be worth the effort put forth*

*But should one who considers himself strong, surrender to an enemy he considers so trivial and despicable. . . .*

divorce and then she'd be seen in public with other men." McBair was so afraid of a second divorce that he was incapable of asserting himself. He thought he knew where the blame lay—it was, in his eyes, always his own fault. "Maybe I was causing the trouble," he remembers thinking.

His wife, on the other hand, continued to go out with other men; and whenever he confronted her with evidence of her affairs, she flicked them back at him like darts, daring him to object. Once, when Carol was working at the Moose Inn as a barmaid and she and Jim were living at his parents' house, it was Jim's mother who threw her out when she came home from her job at three in the morning.

"I don't know, it seemed like wherever I turned, there were problems," says McBair. "The house payments, the car payments, the telephone and electric bills. I'd try to think things out, but they all seemed so big and I'd try to solve one thing and a bigger one would take its place." It was then he experienced the "tired" feeling. "It was not sleepy-type tired," he recalls, "but the sick type, like I wanted to vomit—but not from the stomach, from the brain." Even wild escape attempts provided no relief. Once, he took Carol and fled to a small town in Canada with \$1700 he'd taken from his and his father's joint checking account. He was planning to set up a resort bar and somehow make a break to freedom. They were back within a week. What's more, there was trouble about the \$1700 check.

Finally, around Christmas 1966, Carol was instituting her last set of divorce papers. Bills were mounting. Jim had bought her a cottage on Fox Lake, in the woods. There were payments on that to be made. He injured his back on the job at a local sand-and-gravel company and after that, just didn't bother going in to work. He lost 20 pounds within a few months. Along with the tired feeling then came thoughts of suicide, of lying down in the middle of the highway and letting a truck run over him. He tried to talk to someone—the family court commissioner, the judge, the district attorney, the social worker and the priest. His friends in town, meanwhile, noticed little. Bodie Severins, of course, knew that Jim always seemed to be getting into one kind of mess or another, but the depths were unsuspected. As for the others, they wouldn't even listen. Working all week on the farms, they had no thought on Saturday night but to go into town and



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drink and get a girl. "The guys around here," explained one paunchy crewcut farmer who said he, too, was one of Jim's friends, "they don't want to hear a guy crying the blues on their shoulder all the time, telling them what a bad time he's having and this and that. When we come into town, we want to have fun."

The day before the murders, though, even Jim's father noticed that he was acting strange. The two were to go ice fishing up at Devil's Elbow on the Wisconsin River. Jim dragged himself along, but instead of going down to the river with his father, he stayed in the camper truck and slept. "He stayed there all day," his father remembers. "I sent a boy back to tell him his dad wondered where he was. But he never came down."

The next day, Jim got up and worked inattentively on his income-tax return. This time, he told his father he didn't want to go fishing. In the afternoon, he went over to the cottage to see Carol and talk about their income tax and about what to do with the children. She was in a bad mood and baited him and picked at him. At one point, she answered the telephone and Jim heard her talking to one of the men she'd been going with. Jim told Carol that he hadn't thought she was still seeing him. Carol said she couldn't stop him from calling. Jim left and went over to the man's house. The man denied seeing Carol. Jim stopped in a phone booth on the way back and watched the man drive by with Carol's brother. He followed them to the cabin, then crept up to a window to watch. He saw the man stand behind Carol and put his arm around her. Then he nuzzled her with his cheek and they kissed. After the two men left, Jim walked in and confronted Carol with what he'd just seen. Didn't he notice that advances were made by the man? Carol asked. Jim said yes, but insisted that she could have turned him away. Then Carol got angry. She asked him who he thought her real lover was. "I think then I just blurted it out," says Jim. "I think it's your attorney," I said."

It was a wrong guess and it encouraged Carol to sharpen her taunts. "What happened to the 'great detective?'" she asked. "Didn't the great detective notice that on Thursday night I wasn't wearing any underpants?" Jim and Carol had made love on Thursday night. "Where do you think I was all the rest of the evening?" she asked. Even to Jim, the answer was clear. Then Carol asked: "And how do you like seconds on the old punching bag, dear?"

Jim spun his car out of the driveway and drove over to Camp Waushara. He remembers Severins asking him something about stopping off at the Coop after closing, then Carol's brother poking him in the shoulder and accusing him of

causing trouble between Carol and the other man. Jim remembers telling him he'd been out at the cabin and had seen it all, so there was no use lying about it. Carol's brother left. Jim finished his beer and got into his car to drive to his parents' home. "I was going 90 miles an hour and I remember looking down at the speedometer and thinking it was like I wasn't even moving." When he got there, he went into the house to get his hunting clothes—insulated underwear and boots, the tan-plaid jacket. "Colleen [his sister] asked me where I was going and I said something about a snowmobile party. I remember taking the .22 and taking shells out of the cabinet. I remember feeling along the stock to see if there was a loading ramp." Jim drove into town and bought some beer and then drove around some more, ending up in a parking lot across from the restaurant in Wautoma run by Carol's mother. "I could see through the window and could see Carol working in there. There was something crazy going through my head, something about going in and shooting myself in front of her mother and all the people. It was something about letting everyone see what these people had driven me to and bleeding all over the restaurant floor."

Then Carol came out and got into a car with some other people. Jim followed them to the cabin by the lake. And that's when the shooting began.

At the trial, the jury found Jim McBair guilty of premeditated murder and, since Wisconsin has no capital punishment, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. This means, says his lawyer, a state legislator named Jon Wilcox, that if things work out, Jim could be free by 1979. In the meantime, he is happy where he is. He works as a nurse in the prison infirmary. During his spare time, he reads psychology books and when he gets out, he says, he's thinking of becoming a social worker and helping other people in trouble. As for Carol, he still loves her. "But, and maybe this sounds funny," Jim says, "since that day, I can't remember her face. I don't have a picture, but you'd think after being with someone for that long, you'd remember. But I don't. I don't remember what she looked like."

His father said that friends had been very good to the family since the tragedy. When Mr. McBair went into the hospital more than a year ago, he got maybe 100 get-well cards from neighbors. But Jim's father didn't get well. He died last fall of stomach cancer. Before he died, he talked a little bit about his son. "I've asked myself why a thousand times," he said, "but I still don't have the answer. We go up to see Jim whenever we can, and he seems more relaxed now. He's earning a dime a day and I guess he feels no one is after him anymore."





# Nixon

(continued from page 105)

this early episode was the tip-off that instead of using his anti-Communist domestic base and his freedom from responsibility for the Johnson policies to underpin a bold attempt at negotiated peace, Nixon would move with caution and suspicion, guard his political face and risk little. It was also the tip-off that no more than L. B. J. would the new President try to push a reluctant Saigon further toward negotiations than it wanted to go.

So Vietnamization, not negotiation, became the slogan of his Administration. The President began and has continued a program of widely spaced combat-troop withdrawals, with the explanation that he intends to build up the Saigon government and its army to do what they had never been able to do before—fight their own war. This, Nixon explained, would cause the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong to agree to a settlement before they had to deal only with the newly trained and equipped South Vietnamese, who would not be inclined to negotiate with Communists. He did not explain, however, how many American support troops would be required to remain in South Vietnam, for how long; and he never made it clear whether he really believed that the South Vietnamese could eventually win their own war, or whether he only wanted to reduce American casualties to the point that the political situation in this country might permit him to fight on by proxy for as many years as required. Even so, whatever marginal gains toward disengagement Vietnamization might have represented may well have been blasted by the widening of the war to Cambodia. And with the single exception of the troop withdrawals, which left vague how many years there might be a costly American military presence in Vietnam, there was nothing new.

Nixon's memorable campaign tactic of referring without explanation to a "plan to end the war" had been especially deceptive—the new President seemed only to put forward Lyndon Johnson disguised as Dr. Kissinger. All of the familiar, specious arguments were revived: self-determination (although historically, South Vietnam has no claim even on nationhood), free elections (for a country with no national democratic tradition), the necessity to honor American commitments (apparently ad infinitum) and support-the-only-President-we-have (no matter what he does). As he announced the American invasion of Cambodia, Nixon even managed to go Johnson one better. The "world's most powerful nation," he proclaimed, "when the chips are down," must not act like "a pitiful, helpless giant."

Some who had watched at close range the painful unfolding of the American role in the war, with all its attendant disillusionments and failures, looked on in something near disbelief as most of it was gone through again—the same old belligerent "free world vs. Communist aggressors" rationale for the war policy, the same sort of deceptions and subterfuges L. B. J. had used in carrying it out. Nixon, for instance, gave solemn assurances that the Cambodian invasion was designed solely to "clean out the sanctuaries" and protect withdrawing American troops; but as subsequently disclosed by high Administration sources, the reasons were, instead, to prop up the shaky Lon Nol regime in Phnom Penh and to warn both Hanoi and Moscow not to trifle with a tough guy like Dick Nixon. There was also the same fatal determination Johnson had so often shown to force the North Vietnamese by military pressure into the kind of settlement Nixon wanted, as well as the "Presidential" insistence on fighting the war on his own terms, no matter what Congress or draft-age citizens or anyone else thought or said about it. There was also the same sense of overwhelming miscalculation that has haunted so much of the intervention in Indochina.

The strike along Cambodia's southeastern frontier flushed the Communists from their sanctuaries, but it led directly to their taking a commanding role in Cambodia's northern countryside. Instead of diminishing the threat to the Lon Nol regime, the incursion may well have increased it by inciting local Communists and the North Vietnamese to take a more active and overt role.

A further agony of the Cambodian mission was that, once again, the Communists were prepared for the move and successfully evacuated their troops and intelligence. The invasion that was going to destroy the central headquarters ended in a display of captured sacks of rice. *The New Yorker's* distinguished Southeast Asia reporter, Robert Shaplen, estimated that it would take the Communists about six months to resupply what was destroyed. That did not seem to be a smashing blow in a war that they have been waging for 25 years.

The President's record on crucial domestic issues has been as unsettling as his foreign policy to those who had hoped for a new Nixon. No one, to be sure, ever expected the new Administration to give a strong forward push to the black cause, to do more than keep in motion what already was going forward, while easing the fear and antagonism of whites who felt themselves threatened by black economic and social gains. But it came as a numbing shock to many liberals—to many others, too—to find a national

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Administration 16 years after *Brown vs. Board of Education* compiling a record that could be publicly labeled "anti-Negro" by Bishop Stephen G. Spottswood, chairman of the board of the NAACP, not a militant organization. A Government sworn to enforce the law and the Constitution instead appeared to align itself, in case after case, with the white resistance rather than with the aggrieved black minority.

At the end of 1964, for instance, there were 2,164,000 blacks registered to vote in the Confederate states. In 1965, after the march from Selma to Montgomery, the monumental Voting Rights Act was pushed through Congress by the Johnson Administration. By the fall of 1969, the Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council could report 3,248,000 registered blacks, an increase of more than 1,000,000, of which 897,000 had been gained in the seven states affected by the law. Yet, by then, the Nixon Administration, under the spell of the President's Iago, Attorney General John Mitchell, had asked Congress not to renew the key provisions of the act. When Congress passed it anyway, Leonard Garment, a Nixon aide involved in civil rights matters, telegraphed Bishop Spottswood a brazen claim to credit for a measure "stronger in its present version, since it incorporates the existing Voting Rights Act and suspends literacy tests nationwide."

The Administration in the summer of 1969 publicly abandoned the Johnson Administration's effective "guidelines" for desegregation, then retreated from using the most effective means ever devised for integrating schools—cutting off Federal funds to districts that maintain segregation. It fell back on the policy of Federal court action that previously had achieved desegregation of only about one percent of Southern black students in nearly a decade. Since then, Mitchell's attorneys, many of them reluctant dragons, actually have gone into Federal courts several times, not for the relief of blacks suffering from school segregation but for the relief of white school boards refusing or delaying desegregation. HEW's civil rights enforcement chief, Leon Panetta, was forced to resign for trying to push integration. One of the things that kept his boss, Robert Finch, in hot water at HEW was his attempts, however ineffective, to move ahead on school desegregation. Not until after George Wallace had survived the Alabama primary, and only a month or two before school opened for 1970, did the Administration file suits to achieve substantial desegregation.

Against this program of retreat, Administration propagandists assiduously ballyhoo the so-called Philadelphia Plan, which requires construction unions working on Federally funded projects to give opportunities to minorities—a tough program on paper, but one of almost no impact so far—and the provision of a

one-and-a-half-billion-dollar fund to aid desegregating schools and to improve some all-black schools. The fund and the Philadelphia Plan, it is claimed, are of immediate and practical—not theoretical—impact; watch what we do, not what we say, the Administration insists. But "immediate and practical impact" also will come from the "no-knock" arrests and the "preventive detention" permitted by the Administration's stringent crime bill for the District of Columbia, which just happens to have the largest black majority of any American city. And the impact the appointment of G. Harrold Carswell might have had on the Supreme Court does not seem at all theoretical to anyone familiar with this kind of Southerner. Moreover, after Carswell's defeat, it was to white Southerners, not to the blacks against whom they have consistently discriminated, that the President of the United States addressed his bitter sympathies. That had immediate and practical impact, too, as did Pat Moynihan's surprisingly insensitive use of the words "benign neglect" to describe his proposed stance for the Nixon Administration toward blacks.

The years of Federal insistence on the rights of black citizens *had* created in the minds of many whites—particularly the disadvantaged—fear, animosity and legitimate concern for their own rights and needs. But in seeking, as every available political test suggests it has done, to win the favor of those whites by substantially retreating from the cause of the blacks, the Nixon Administration not only overlooked many of the moral and legal imperatives of the matter but, in fact, heightened the fears and tensions all around. It was not possible for mere retreat to satisfy the outright segregationists among the backsliders—only surrender could do that. And the retreat merely confirmed the blacks' long-standing suspicion that when push came to shove, the white folks would not go much further than token gestures.

The single most inglorious retreat by the Administration on civil rights has been the slowdown in desegregation of Southern schools. Yet that dismal record is being hidden by one of the slickest PR efforts the Nixon men have tried. Before he took office, for example, civil rights officials measured how many pupils from all-black schools in the South actually had been "desegregated" by counting only the blacks assigned to individual schools that continued to be at least 50 percent white. This reflected the idea that genuine desegregation is achieved only when students from formerly all-black, usually disadvantaged schools are assigned to classrooms with enough white students so that they are not transformed into either all-black or predominantly black schools. For the fall of 1970, Leonard Garment proclaimed

what appeared to be a staggering increase from 164,000 to 1,000,000 black students expected to be in "desegregated school systems" in the South; at the same time, Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard said that 97 percent of Southern black pupils would be in integrated school districts when the schools opened for the 1970-1971 year.

But in fact, the sweeping "gains" claimed by Garment and Leonard will be achieved to a large extent by counting this year the number of children attending school in districts with some degree of desegregation—a far different thing from the earlier school-by-school criterion. Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota, the chairman of the Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, has pointed out that in "this kind of hocus-pocus," Garment and Leonard include, for instance, many black pupils in Columbia, South Carolina, who still will be in *all-black schools* but will be counted under the Nixon method as having been desegregated, because administratively they are in a desegregated district.

This kind of thing ought to be borne in mind as the Nixon Administration and the courts follow up on the numerous desegregation suits the Justice Department filed in the summer of 1970. At almost the same time, the Administration was helping devise a "desegregation plan" for Richmond, Virginia, that would leave the city with numerous all-black schools, and it asked a Federal court of appeals to modify a district court plan that would have completely eliminated segregated schools in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Close scrutiny of the Administration's handling of the issue of tax exemption for private all-white "academies" in the South will further confuse those who try to pin down Nixon's commitment or lack of same to school desegregation. The Southern Regional Council counts almost 400,000 pupils already enrolled in these dubious institutions, most of which are of recent vintage and low quality, and were obviously set up to avoid public school integration. Former HEW Secretary Robert Finch announced earlier this year that he and other good guys were battling within the Administration to reverse the Treasury's policy of granting these academies tax exemptions—under which the contributions that are their only means of support are tax-exempt. Finch said this was an unconstitutional form of Federal subsidy to maintain racial segregation, which it patently was; but he did not say who was on the other side of the battle, nor why Nixon needed to have it fought before him at such length.

Last spring, however, the Supreme Court held that local governments could



grant local tax exemptions for church properties; seizing that as a "precedent," the Justice Department argued in Federal court that the white-academy tax exemptions were an act of "benevolent neutrality" to benefit education, rather than a subsidy to sustain segregation. This, as Reese Cleghorn of the Southern Regional Council later wrote, meant benevolent neutrality toward, and tax exemption for, such institutions as "the one-teacher Holy Bible Church School in Lamar County, Georgia, which has no accreditation, no drinking fountains, no waste disposal, no rest rooms and very obviously little education, and where interested public school officials have been turned away by men with guns."

This position was not only untenable but ludicrous, and in July, with suits pending in court, the Internal Revenue Service "rescued" the Justice Department from it by ruling that it would revoke the tax-exempt status of private schools that continued to practice racial discrimination. Attorney General Mitchell was said by Administration sources to have approved this policy change, despite the earlier position of the Justice Department, and the IRS ruling was depicted as the outcome of a mighty policy battle within the Administration.

If there was such a battle on such a transparent question, it only makes one wonder the more whether this Administration has any real commitment—aside from legal obligations—to school desegregation. Its bumbling and stumbling on the tax-exemption issue alienated everybody, including Southerners, and evoked wrathful threats from J. Strom Thurmond to lead the Confederacy back to George Wallace.

The Nixon record on the economy, if by no means brilliant, was at least more straightforward than on Vietnam and race—although here, too, the President showed fondness for talking tough and doing little, as when he proposed a tax on leaded gasoline with much fanfare, then abandoned it to its predictable fate among members of Congress facing an election year. In fact, Nixon proved a master of this play—for instance, in a 1970 State of the Union message that was almost entirely devoted to proposals for saving the natural environment. It was followed by a succession of inadequate programs, notably a ten-billion-dollar plan for myriad sewage-disposal plants that turned out to be four billion dollars Federal and six billion dollars state, or a Federal rate of expenditure less than that already authorized by Congress.

The Nixon Administration does have to be credited with a minor cutback in defense spending and with what appears to have been a zealous but vain effort to

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hold down Federal spending enough to produce a budget surplus and curb inflation. But this resulted primarily in funding social programs on a level even lower than previously, without major impact on inflation. Right at the outset, Nixon could not find the political courage to retain the Johnson-imposed surtax on incomes, in order to reduce consumer buying power and increase Federal revenues; and in his first year in office, he was stampeded by the Democratic Congress into acquiescence in an ill-advised tax reduction that not only damaged his own anti-inflation efforts but, for years to come, will haunt any President trying to find funds to meet national priorities.

The Democrats, sensing the one political opening they really know how to exploit—the opportunity to run against Herbert Hoover and the Depression—are trying to make it appear that the Nixon economic sin is his failure to impose “guidelines” for wages and prices, or even wage-price controls. His real failure, however, was in permitting tax reduction at a time of inflation so rampant that the Federal Reserve had pushed interest rates out of sight in an effort to squeeze the money supply.

So, by mid-1970, in three vital areas where even his opponents might most reasonably have expected Nixon to have made demonstrable progress, he had little to exhibit, although the economy showed signs of coming around at last; and on the race question, at least, the situation had retrogressed. For these reasons alone, Nixon had failed by most measures to restore Presidential credibility in its most important sense—that of broad public confidence in the office and in the man who occupies it. That kind of credibility has to be based fundamentally, almost mystically, on a general belief that the President is doing his best to hear and heed all interests and points of view, then trying to act for the general good.

But even these failures, taken in sum, were not more damaging to Presidential credibility than the most ironic and menacing development of all. In just 18 months, the President who had promised, above all, to “bring us together” had fostered one of the most divisive Administrations in history—one that had pitted groups, sections, even generations, against one another, either in ignorance and ineptitude or for short-run political gain, and one that in its harsh commitment to law and order had openly threatened dissent and unorthodoxy by means ranging from conspiracy trials to blustering oratory.

Vice-President Agnew's attacks on “effete snobs,” bad apples, university officials, black militants, the press, former Democratic officials and members of Congress were the loudest and best publicized of these acts; but they were not so

ominous as Mitchell's insistence on prosecuting the Chicago Seven under a statute of dubious constitutionality or his department's relentless pursuit of the Black Panthers. Even worse than these vendettas was the legislation Mitchell approved or sponsored that would invade the Bill of Rights and the American legal tradition. In a special category of menace was Mitchell's extension of “national security” wire tapping and bugging, without court orders or any other sanction or safeguard, to domestic individuals and organizations that he or the President considered a threat to national security. That certainly included the SDS, but no one could know who else.

The President himself made his own unique contributions, the more shocking for their source, to the climate of divisiveness and vengefulness. His slashing attack on the Senate for rejecting Carswell was a blatant appeal to white Southern chauvinism and paranoia. This was followed, if not exceeded, by his denunciation of “bums” on the campus; his implied approval of the brutal lawlessness of pro-war demonstrators by his reception of the hard-hat leaders within days after construction men in New York had set upon and beaten nonviolent peace demonstrators; his callously worded statement following the senseless Kent State deaths that they “should remind us all once again that when dissent turns to violence, it invites tragedy.” Even, ludicrously, Nixon's request that Johnny Cash come to the White House and sing *Welfare Cadillac* suggested what the leader of all the American people really thinks of some of them; for this song, which Cash flatly refused to sing, labels the poor in America as shiftless con men sponging on the silent majority.

It was no wonder in such an atmosphere that, as never before, the faceless permanent bureaucracies of Washington were hard at work compiling, through new computer techniques, the raw material of thought and behavior control in America. The FBI, the Secret Service, the Army, several Cabinet agencies—all were building their “data banks” of millions of dossiers on “persons of interest”—from potential Presidential assassins to student dissenters. The FBI was reported to have made lists of the people who had paid for transportation to Washington during the last peace march there. There was no visible Administration restraint on this activity; and what might ultimately be done with all that information about private American citizens was only too easy to imagine in the Washington of Agnew, Mitchell and Richard Milhous Nixon.

. . .

No President of modern times has so tempted the amateur headshrinkers of the Washington press. It is a temptation,

perhaps, that should be resisted strenuously—yet every good reporter knows that ours is a Government of men as well as a Government of laws, and that in the case of Presidents, the men quite often prevail over the laws. So it is to Nixon himself that one must finally turn, if he would study the difference between the logical expectations of 1968 and the results of 1970.

The expectations were logical but not therefore justified. The logic is borne out by Nixon's most important score. In his proposed Family Assistance Plan, he laid out the broadest welfare reforms since the original Social Security Act, thus validating in at least one area the basic liberals-for-Nixon script of 1968: Only a conservative Republican critic of doles and handouts could have got away with a guaranteed-income program, however limited, that would cost more and put more people on the welfare rolls, without being labeled a bleeding-heart do-gooder. Just imagine what the House would have done to such a proposal by, say, John F. Kennedy; but Nixon actually got the support of chairman Wilbur D. Mills of the Ways and Means Committee, that stern guardian of the morals of the poor. The program has run into trouble in the Senate but may yet be rescued by hard Administration lobbying.

Despite an agonizingly slow start and the one-vote Senate victory by which he won the Safeguard ABM system upon which he had insisted, Nixon also entered what appears to be real bargaining with the Soviets on nuclear-arms control; in July, the United States put a substantial package of proposals on the table at Vienna; there was virtually no outcry from the right wing, again suggesting the rationale of sending a conservative to do a liberal's work.

It is only fair to point out that no political administration, and Nixon's less than most, functions in a vacuum, nor does what it might wish to do. Even had he not let the Democrats run over him on tax reduction, for instance, Nixon would have found himself strapped for cash to invest in social programs until he could bring the war to a close and head off the inflation. He was confronted with a Democratic Congress and an implacable liberal opposition not prepared to grant even good intentions, let alone lend political support, to the nemesis of Alger Hiss and the low-road campaigner of the Fifties. The difficulties the Family Assistance Plan encountered in the Senate and among entrenched professional welfare workers provided the most shocking example. And when, on good evidence, Nixon's education specialists pointed out that the Johnson Administration's much-touted compensatory education program for ghetto schools had accomplished little or nothing, the education establishment





*"No doubt about it, Arnie. . . . This is the most enthralling suicide note I've ever read."*

responded to this threat to its pocketbook with outraged cries of racism.

Still, these expectable difficulties have not been the whole story. In the first place, Nixon has not operated confidently from a conservative base he considered secure; instead, he has been constantly looking over his shoulder, as if in fear that the dreaded right wing might be gaining on him. George Wallace's survival in the Alabama primaries kept the South divided, and Ronald Reagan's anticipated re-election in California kept a potential insurgent in threatening position in one of the key Nixon states. In practice, therefore, the hopeful liberal-moderate rationale for electing a Republican conservative took a reverse bounce; the President talked disengagement and negotiation, but he fought and widened the war. He put up one and a half billion dollars to aid the integration of schools and took on the segregated construction unions with the Philadelphia Plan, but the symbols he provided to hold the backslashers in line—the Carswell nomination, for instance, or the desegregation slowdown—were so divisive that they far outweighed his gestures in the other direction.

Another good reason why the theories of 1968 proved unreal in 1969 and 1970 is that the theorists simply overlooked the extent to which Nixon is himself exemplary of the attitudes and experience of those to whom he had appealed in the campaign. His is by no means an old-line Republican Administration, grounded in Wall Street, the loftier reaches of the Ivy League and the industrial establishment; men of *noblesse oblige* such as William Scranton and Henry Cabot Lodge seem to serve it at arm's length. It is, instead, an Administration of the newly affluent middle class—wealthy construction men, Western entrepreneurs, arrived ethnics, the new managerial class, Southern Republican state chairmen and the like, whose collective wisdom (with honorable exceptions) seems to run to a notion of most Americans as television-watching football fans, desperately worried that blacks will burn up the cities and drive down prop-

erty values, that students will overthrow the Government and that taxes will go up, so that the poor can work less. Thus, the affairs of the country, at a time of change and turmoil and severe intellectual challenge, have fallen into the hands of a group of well-intentioned, even able men of relatively narrow experience and conventional-to-conservative social attitudes. Nixon himself is not only typical; this Administration is his creation.

In their management of racial matters, for example, the likelihood is that the President, Mitchell, former HEW Secretary Finch and Assistant Attorney General Leonard—like the white middle class in general—have little conception of the depth of black despair or of the vast gulf between the conditions in which black men exist and those in which white men live in America, and less recognition of the casual, almost instinctive racism of so much of white America. This is not only a more charitable, it is a more logical explanation of their policies than that they are simply under the thumb of Strom Thurmond and other Confederate generals. The Nixon Administration is not so much anti-Negro, as Bishop Spottswood charged, as it is typically white and middle class—a subtly different thing, if not much less damaging.

Again, the plain meaning of the report turned in by Chancellor Alexander Heard of Vanderbilt University was that the Nixon White House had little or no understanding of the student political movement in America—which was what, in his famous letter. Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel had already tried to tell the President. Dr. Heard suggested, for instance, that the President's famous Lincoln Memorial chat with students about football and surfing had been, in the days following the Kent State deaths, like "telling a joke at a funeral."

The theorists of 1968 also forgot the extent to which personality dominates American politics. It is Nixon's personality, perhaps even more than his political outlook, that shapes his Administration. For instance, in his days as what Lyndon Johnson once called a "chronic cam-

paigner," Nixon was known as a technician of politics, who would study his problems and prospects and, like a systems engineer, put together a solution or program to which he was likely to remain faithful to the end, even when circumstances changed or demanded *ad hoc* response. This game-plan approach appears to have carried over into the White House—in Vietnamization and the Southern strategy, for instance—so that the Nixon Administration often gives the impression of being more calculated than dynamic, as does its leader.

There was a revealing moment this past summer in Nixon's television appearance with three network newsmen. Asked by NBC's John Chancellor why he had chosen the conversation "technique," Nixon picked up the word right away and repeated it twice. He was using that technique, he explained, because others had used it, the time seemed ripe and the reporters could "follow up" on their questions. His absorbing interest in the technique—the Presidential gadget and how it would work—was manifest, just as it had been in the 1968 campaign, when he would proudly discuss how cheap and effective was his rediscovered technique of nationwide radio addresses.

Early in his Administration, Nixon had spoken several times of weighty decisions as if they were tangible objects. He would meet with his advisors on Saturday and make the decision whether to build an ABM system; in a few days, he would sit down with the National Security Council and make "the decision" on Middle East policy. This left something of an impression of documents being signed and filed, once and for all, rather than a sense of shifting situations being watched, weighed, managed by fallible but dedicated, responsive and intelligent men.

This emphasis on technique and the President's fondness for policy-making machinery and all sorts of "councils" suggest a sort of compensation for what seems to be his tin ear for the subtleties and rhythm of politics. He may know how to devise and follow a game plan (perhaps right out the window), but no



instinctive politician would have shut himself off from the student peace marchers to watch a football game, nor made the "bums" remark the morning after the Cambodia speech, nor let John Mitchell speak to the segregated Delta Council the week after the Jackson State killings. Add to this the Administration's taste for obvious political cosmetics. When District of Columbia crime took a seasonal downturn, the Justice Department claimed its hard-nosed policies were responsible; and when the troops invaded Cambodia, they barely managed to get there before Herb Klein, leading his tame "inspection committee" of friendly governors and members of Congress. The picture that emerges is one of technique without vision, of a mechanistic Administration dedicated as much to political mileage as to substantive achievement.

No one has contributed more to that impression than Richard Milhous Nixon, who has himself given a major reason why in his book *Six Crises*. Discussing his preparations for the "second debate" in 1960, after John Kennedy had "won" the first one, Nixon wrote: "In the final analysis, I knew that what was most important was that I must be myself. . . . I went into the second debate determined to do my best to convey three basic impressions to the television audience—knowledge in depth of the subjects discussed, sincerity and confidence."

He seems still determined to convey those qualities, and that is a large part of the trouble. Anyone who is determined to convey sincerity and confidence can rarely be sincere or confident, and Nixon seldom seems either. It is patently

only surface sincerity, for one famous example, to say that one would rather be a one-term President than to preside over a "second-rate power"; precisely because the statement is so obviously *designed* to convey patriotism, self-sacrifice and dedication, it does not really do so.

As for confidence, through the contrived sincerity of Nixon's television appearances, one catches more disturbing glimpses. The quick unexpected attacks, for instance, on Clark Clifford and George Ball not only ought to have been beneath a President (although the only such personal moment in which Lyndon Johnson indulged himself publicly was directed at Nixon) but they ominously recalled Nixon's earlier incarnation as the hard-hat of the Eisenhower Administration. Under pressure, as President, he appears still reluctant to stay away from the jugular. Or perhaps such jumpy reaction is only another version of the chest-thumping talk of the April 30 speech on Cambodia. That evening, the President spoke of humiliation and defeat as if he personally would have to suffer them for the nation, of will and character as if only power and battle could prove them, of the overwhelming strength of the United States as if it had to be demonstrated to exist.

This struck many listeners as something more personal than superpatriotism, as a disturbing preoccupation with manhood and its more muscular symbols. A day or so later, in a conversation about the real reason behind the invasion of Cambodia, someone suggested to me that the answer was obvious: Nixon

invaded Cambodia because he could never make the first string.

Glib as it may be, that verdict still has a certain ring of insight. Why, for instance, did Nixon presume to mention his relatively small Cambodia decision—again, he spoke of it as if it were something he had placed in an envelope and sealed with wax—in the same context with the war-and-peace decisions of Wilson, F. D. R., John Kennedy in the Cuban missile crisis? Why, later, did he allow comparison of his Cambodian campaign to Stalingrad and D day? What was the wellspring of his bitter but historically inaccurate complaint that in denying him Haynsworth or Carswell on the Supreme Court, Congress was not passing judgment on them but invading prerogatives granted to every other President?

So we come back, I think, to Captain Queeg—a limited man, not quite sure of himself, therefore going by the book, yet determined at all costs to measure up to great demands and to have his due in return. This is not necessarily ignoble; in fact, one senses that Nixon, like Lyndon Johnson before him, is making mighty efforts as Commander in Chief and director of foreign policy, to live up to the great teachers and precepts of the post-War era—Truman, Acheson, Dulles, Eisenhower, collective security, resistance to aggression, American leadership of the free world against the Communist world.

With the same single-mindedness, his domestic course seems to unwind relentlessly from the narrow but embracing conviction that the country is moving right, going conservative, perhaps even faster than he can, and that his mission and his fortune is to sail with the tide and protect us all from the monsters of the right wing. But is there such an irresistible trend? Are those monsters so menacing that any compromise is justified if it seems to head them off? Might not even great teachers and landmarks of national policy have become inadequate or out of date in a time of such swift and profound change?

What is hardest to detect in Richard Nixon is a concept of America rising clear and promising in his own heart, his own mind. And what, as leader, he seems most seriously to lack is the ability to improvise, innovate, make do, recognize and adapt to changed reality, all with the same goals in mind—steady vision with flexible response. Lacking them, is the game plan deepest in Richard Nixon's soul only to prove himself—once the chronic campaigner, one of life's most famous losers—as big a man as any of his predecessors? If so, and if he characteristically sticks to that goal come hell or high water, we can continue to expect a tin ear to be turned to great opportunity.



"I don't generally speak to strangers, but you've been sitting on my hand for the past half hour."



## FRENCH RESTAURANT (continued from page 173)

is, shall we say, undernourished?"

*Comme ça.*

When ordering, a few suggestions are essential. If you do not know the place, do not ask for dishes involving sauces. French sauces are masterpieces of camouflage. With eggs, herbs and low cunning, they can mutate leftovers into a "*spécialité de la maison*" or promote a flaccid pancake to a "*plat du jour*." Unless you order your steak blue or rare, do not plan on coming back. Medium rare is a sin, as well as a sacrilege.

Without looking at the fruit or vegetables, ask if they are fresh. As for seafood, make it very clear that you will have nothing to do with it if it has been frozen. Anything from a can or a deep-freeze demands an instant tantrum. In France itself, there is only one dressing for salad: oil, vinegar, salt and freshly ground pepper. Possibly mustard with endive or fried bacon with dandelions.

Find out if the chef will prepare special dishes, given adequate forewarning. French chefs are bored in America; give them something to concoct that is not on the menu.

A few words on drinking. It's advisable to drink only wine. Start with an aperitif, not a martini. Admittedly, it is now a faddish thing in France to drink Scotch. But if you *must* have Scotch, at least have

it with Perrier. (Mineral water is good for liver, kidneys and other quaint organs, anyway.)

Make it a *duty* to complain about the importer's inept selection of wines. Many wine merchants are unsavory weasels who take advantage of the American pioneer's naïveté. Every year, leftover French wines are auctioned and bottled as "*grand cru*." So order only estate-bottled wines. Just check the cork for its imprint, and insist on sniffing it when it is extracted.

If you feel hesitant about ordering wine, ask the wine steward for the best. But specify that you will have nothing to do with beaujolais, a wine that, like the unicorn, does not exist. Rosés, with rare exceptions, are for maiden aunts. As for after-dinner drinks, never ask for brandy, but specify fine champagne (cognac), Armagnac, calvados, mirabelle or kirsch. Only then, over liqueurs, should you smoke—preferably a cigar.

Now, back to general behavior:

Harass the owner with suggestions. Demonstrate his imperfections. Compare his place with others. Complain about the wineglasses.

"How about flowers on the table? Or will I have to bring my own?"

"Would you consider it sacrilege to change the menu—say once a year?"

"What a pity you lost your chef!"

(The French have no sense of humor whatever but are very sensitive to irony. So play the game.)

If you find a place to your liking, return to it. To become an *habitué de la maison* is the best arrangement in the world. You will be cajoled with drinks on the house. Your whims will be commands. Cultivate the *patron*; chat with him and listen to his complaints. Be the ruler of a kingdom. Your ladies will be impressed by your powers and fellow diners will jealously attempt to cajole such elegant fare, such sensitive service.

If you have not visited a restaurant for some time, tell the *patron* you were abroad. Ask him if he got your card. ("What? You didn't get my postcard from Tours? I had such a fine meal there one night that I wrote you a note. Ah! The mail just does not work anymore.")

To be in, you must know the waiters' and captains' names. One of them should be your pet, operating under your omnipotent tutelage. Occasional chitchat and grand tips will perpetuate your *entente cordiale* and make you even more impervious to the Gallic outrages perpetrated on those unfortunates who have not heeded our advice.

Let your name be known, and your profession, if it is a glamorous one.

Now, à table. *Bon appétit! En garde!*



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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 170)

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, you're not suggesting that he go unpunished.

**KUNSTLER:** The answer ought not to be punishment in the sense that you just put him away in a cell. We need to create new institutions to *treat* someone like that. And we also have to work to make sure that no matter what he's done, he gets the best possible defense. A man accused of a crime, no matter how brutal, is supposed to be guaranteed a competent defense under our judicial system. But that doesn't happen. A white-collar executive who has acted in collusion with other white-collar executives to restrain trade will get a very good lawyer and is likely to be penalized by no more than a fine. But a poor man whose crime stems from being at the bottom of society—and from the deprivations inflicted on him by society—is not going to be able to afford as good a lawyer as the white-collar executive. He won't even be able to afford bail. And he won't have the resources to begin to have independent investigation done on his behalf. Such a defendant is railroaded, even though the system likes to maintain that everyone gets due process of law and has the full protection of the law.

But the system just doesn't work that way for the great masses of criminal defendants. A single hour in any magistrate's court or in any night court in the United States will teach anyone this elementary fact of American life. So, in that sense, I'm convinced that most criminal cases *are* political cases. And, on reflection, I must modify my previous statement about the merits of the adversary system, because *these* defendants don't have the quality of lawyers or the amount of resources necessary to put up a first-rate defense. That's why there have to be more lawyers who are willing to fight like hell for such a defendant while educating society at large about the social forces at the root of the defendant's crime.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds both optimistic and idealistic; yet at one point in the Chicago trial, you said to Judge Hoffman: "I am going to turn back to my seat with the realization that everything I have learned throughout my life has come to nought, that there is no meaning in this court and there is no law in this court." That's an extraordinarily strong statement for an attorney to make. It implies total disillusion with the legal system. During the same trial, on the other hand, you also said: "I think if this case does nothing else, perhaps it will bring into focus that again we are in that moment of history when a courtroom becomes the proving ground of whether we do live free or whether we do die free." Which of the two do you really believe? Do you still think our

legal system is viable, that justice can prevail?

**KUNSTLER:** That first statement of mine occurred during an extremely emotional situation in the courtroom, when I was reacting to the arbitrariness of the court in not allowing Ralph Abernathy to take the stand for the defense. The second statement came from my summation, during which I was trying to persuade the jury to acquit the defendants or at least become a hung jury. The purpose of each statement was different. One was a spontaneous reaction; the other was a calculated attempt to win a jury over to a point of view. I don't think there is a severe contradiction between them. I do think the courts have a place in the struggle in which we're engaged. If they're going to be used as instruments of the system, then the people who are being persecuted for their political beliefs can and must use them as their *own* instruments—not only to protect themselves but also to expound their political beliefs in every way they can. And in that kind of situation, I believe the lawyer has a definite place in the struggle.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you conceive of the courts, by your criteria, becoming true instruments of justice?

**KUNSTLER:** There's a chance. I think I must be an optimist, and I would guess the Chicago defendants must be optimists, too, because apparently we do believe in the possibility of reclaiming American life and society and of making justice possible. I don't think we'll ever reach the millennium, but I think there's a chance of our achieving a more just and free society. I don't know how just and how free; but if I thought there were no possibility, I'd be fighting a battle of no significance. So I would say that I'm restrainedly optimistic as to what the future will hold.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you were radicalized by the Chicago trial into believing that much more action *outside* the courts is necessary. What do you mean by your own radicalization and what, precisely, are you advocating that people do outside the courts?

**KUNSTLER:** I was, indeed, enormously radicalized by the Chicago trial. But the process of my radicalization had started before then. I think it began for me just after the 1968 Democratic Convention, when a number of Black Panthers were beaten up in the corridors of a courthouse in Brooklyn by a group of off-duty policemen. I saw nothing done about it—even though the policemen were readily identifiable, even though the badge numbers of those who wore them were phoned in, even though there had been uniformed policemen present who could recognize the off-duty

cops engaged in the attack. It was then that I realized more forcefully than ever that black men in general—and Black Panthers in particular—could really expect nothing from the courts in the way of justice. When I went out to the Chicago trial, I was already well on the way to my present conviction that it is the role of the American left to resist rather than merely protest; to resist illegitimate authority, to resist injustice in the courts, to resist the draft, to resist any payment of taxes to support the war in Vietnam, to resist the domestic and foreign policies of a Government that crushes people on every level, to resist the oppression of women, to resist *all* the things in this society that tend to degrade and destroy people.

**PLAYBOY:** In one of your many campus speeches in recent months, you urged students to "resist illegitimate authority and don't stop until things have changed"; but then you added: "If Government can't solve all of today's pressing problems, then perhaps it's time for the Government to get out of the way and let someone else do it." What did you mean?

**KUNSTLER:** I meant that if resistance didn't make Government respond to the urgent needs of the people, then it would be necessary for the movement—that is, all those who feel much the way I feel—to move from resistance to revolution. Now, my hope is that we will be able to bring about fundamental changes in this society by resistance rather than by revolution. But I would remind you that in his most recent book, *Points of Rebellion*, William Douglas, Justice of the Supreme Court, makes the point: "We must realize that today's establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to its tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

**PLAYBOY:** Would you be more specific about the nature of the resistance you consider necessary during this period?

**KUNSTLER:** Well, my definition of resistance is people on a local level taking matters into their own hands, but not essentially in a violent way. For example, if, after a certain amount of protest by students and faculty, a college refuses to end its R. O. T. C. program and sustains an element of the Armed Forces as part of its scene, the students can take over that college by occupying its buildings. That's not merely protest—marching around the administration buildings with signs or writing letters to Congressmen. Taking over the buildings is a physical action; that's resistance. Another form resistance could take would be the burning down of a particular college building at a safe time; that is, when no one is in it, when no danger to human life is involved.

**PLAYBOY:** You condone arson?

**KUNSTLER:** Yes, if a point has been





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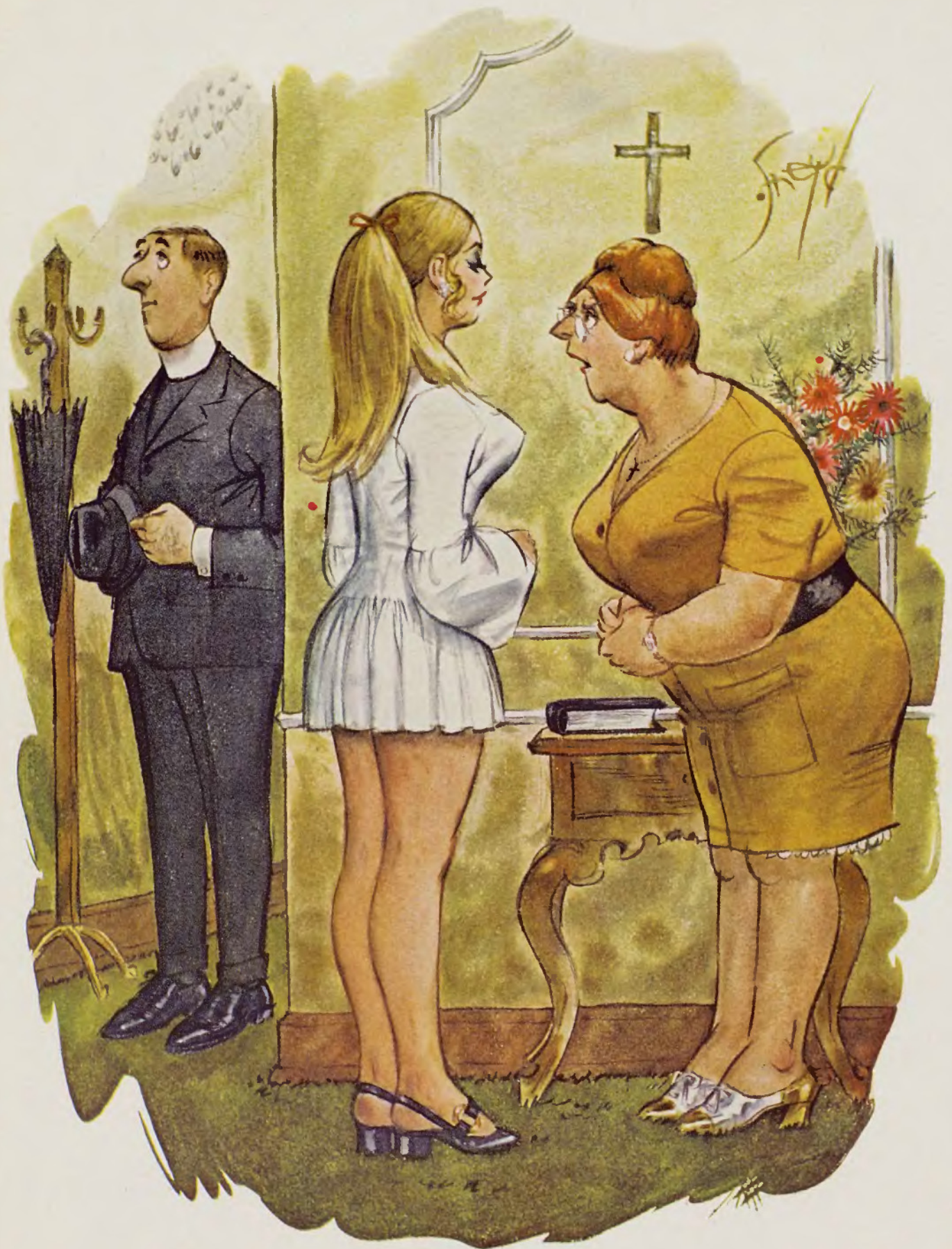
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*"Now, before I meet this fancé of yours, tell me one thing.  
Is he a Catholic?"*



reached in a given situation where the mechanisms of society are not responding to serious grievances. It depends on the situation.

**PLAYBOY:** Apart from the morality of destroying the property of others, how about the consequences? The money for a college building might well have come from wealthy alumni and the property loss might well be covered by insurance companies; but what of other kinds of arson in the name of resistance? If a bank is burned down, the uninsured savings and investments of thousands of people would be wiped out. And if the fire spreads to small stores, the entire life's work of the owners of those stores is destroyed. Do you condone this kind of arson?

**KUNSTLER:** Admittedly, there is a danger that this could happen, and my hope is that we can get the system to respond without having to engage in this kind of resistance. But when you talk about arson, you must remember that Hiroshima was a pretty good example of arson, and that was an act of the United States Government. But I don't want to see buildings burned down. What I'm saying is that burning, in a particular situation, may become a way to attain a legitimate political goal when all other recourse is closed. And if that happens, even if precautions are taken, there is the possibility that individuals as well as institutions will suffer severe property damage. There are times, however, when concern about property damage is overridden by the need to resist governmental oppression. I emphasize again that all other steps should be exhausted first. That's what happened before the American Revolution; and that revolution—even though there was a great deal of property damage—is honored in our textbooks.

**PLAYBOY:** You use the American Revolution as an analogy, but isn't the system you are now resisting the result of that revolution? Of what use was resistance then if it led to what you oppose now?

**KUNSTLER:** Well, it was called a revolution, but what happened then was the transfer of power from the crown to the colonists. It wasn't intended nor did it lead to a more equitable distribution of power here. One group of haves took over from another in what was essentially a perpetuation of early capitalism in America. We really haven't had a fundamental revolution in this country. I used that analogy from history only to show that this country was founded in resistance. For America to become what it has professed to be—but has never actually become—will now take more acts of resistance.

**PLAYBOY:** As an attorney affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union, how

can you advocate resistance that inevitably transgresses the rights of those who don't agree with the resisters?

**KUNSTLER:** I don't know whether I would use the term the right to transgress the rights of others, but every time there's a labor strike, for example, the strikers are in one way or another making life inconvenient for other people. Remember the postal strike earlier this year? Many people not only claimed that it was an illegal strike but also maintained that it was interfering with their right to receive their mail and to conduct their businesses. That strike probably caused a lot of damage to a lot of people. But that happens whenever you have the forceful assertion of rights by one group. Inevitably, that assertion affects the rights of others. I think that kind of conflict is part of living in what is—with all its grievous faults—a democratic system. The exercise of some rights will, for a certain time, have a drastic effect on the rights of others. For example, the Government wants to fight a war in Vietnam. It interferes, therefore, with the rights of its citizens by forcing young men to put their lives in jeopardy by becoming part of the Armed Forces, to go into exile or to go underground. This is certainly an interference with individual rights. It's a fact of life that the assertion of one set of rights interferes with others.

**PLAYBOY:** Is dissatisfaction with the present system as widespread as you think? Do you believe most of the young would still be willing to think and act in terms of resistance if the war in Vietnam suddenly ended?

**KUNSTLER:** I certainly hope so. I would hate to think that the war in Vietnam—which is, after all, a reflection of many of the underlying pernicious forces in this society—could be the only catalyst for resistance. There is so much that goes on in this country that should be resisted—the oppression of women, for example, which I believe to be a crucial issue. And that, by the way, is another example of resistance that has already begun. It has been women, in the main, who—often by direct confrontation—have forced legislatures around the country to revamp and even repeal abortion laws. But there is so much more that remains to be resisted: the oppression of black people, the existence of poverty, the unequal distribution of wealth, the destruction of natural resources, the way Indians and Mexican Americans are treated, the unfairness of the courts. These are among the injustices that call for resistance, and I think those calls will be answered. I think there is a large reservoir of people, particularly among the young, who will turn the Seventies into a decade of movement from protest to resistance. They will

have no choice, because I firmly believe that neither Government nor other elements of the power structure ever yield to anything but fear.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that kind of resistance likely to cause a massive counterreaction that will lead to such repression that no resistance will be possible?

**KUNSTLER:** That's a chance you have to take. The argument you've just posed is always advanced by people who fear that mass resistance to injustice will produce storm troopers and the end of any progress whatsoever. The same argument could have been—and was—made during the Weimar Republic: Why oppose the brownshirts so strenuously, when the more forcefully you resist them, the more likely you are to put them in power? Well, as it happened, the brownshirts were *not* sufficiently resisted and, as a result, they *did* get into power.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of the fact that they had more guns than the opposition, *could* the brownshirts have been resisted with enough force to prevent them from getting into power?

**KUNSTLER:** They certainly could have been, particularly if large-scale resistance had started earlier. The basic difficulty in that situation wasn't that the Nazis had more guns but that the opposition was so splintered—among the Communists, the Socialists and the other radical groups—that the brownshirts were given enough time to take power. If there had been organized, large-scale resistance, the brownshirts could have been beaten off the streets instead of being able to seize the streets and beat up Jews as they moved toward a take-over. The options during the Weimar Republic were the same as the options are now: to allow particular evils to continue for fear that opposing them will lead to larger evils, or to go ahead and attack those evils and take your chances with the future.

**PLAYBOY:** With regard to the future, Dave Dellinger said just before being sentenced by Judge Hoffman: "Our movement is not very strong today. It is not united, it is not well organized. It is very confused and makes a lot of mistakes, but there is the beginning of an awakening in this country which has been going on for at least the past 15 years, and it is an awakening that will not be denied. Tactics will change, people will err, people will die in the streets and in prison, but I do not believe that this movement can be denied, because however falsely applied the American ideal was from the beginning when it excluded black people and Indians and people without property, nonetheless there was a dream of justice and equality and freedom and brotherhood, and I think that dream is much closer to fulfillment today than it has been at any time in the history of this country." Doesn't that seem to you



**A touch of Turkish  
smooths out taste  
in a cigarette.**

**Who's got it? Camel.  
Start walking.**



**"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."**



an overly optimistic assessment of the present condition of the movement, when, as you say, so much remains to be done?

**KUNSTLER:** No, I think Dave is right. Even though we are in as severe a period of repression as any I've experienced in my life, this is, nonetheless, a time characterized by dissent more vocal than any other in American history. And it's a period in which there is more and more coming together of people who are the butt of repression. And even though there are no formal alliances among the political dissidents in the United States, there is a growing feeling of comradeship and of working together. So, on the one hand, you have massive repression; but on the other, you have the beginnings of massive resistance.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find the many splits now so apparent within what used to be called the New Left—the direction in which the Weathermen are going, for example—ominous?

**KUNSTLER:** No, I think these are only tactical differences. From my own experience, and I'm in contact with many groups, I don't really see an enormous ideological split. There are ideological differences that are debated endlessly, consuming a great deal of time. Perhaps they have an importance I don't truly understand. But I'm convinced, on the basis of my own reception and the reception the Chicago defendants receive on college campuses and elsewhere, that there is much more unity of spirit on the left than the Government believes. The trial of Bobby Seale and other Panthers in New Haven, the trial of the Panthers in New York and the Chicago trial are among the focal incidents that are galvanizing people. I think large numbers of people are beginning to realize that if we truly stand together, we can bring about a resistance to illegitimate authority.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonviolent resistance?

**KUNSTLER:** Essentially, yes. Violent in the sense that buildings are taken over, but that's only property. So far, I don't think the movement has been responsible for anything that can seriously be called violence. Yes, some plate-glass windows have been broken; a few cars have been overturned; there have been some bombings of unoccupied buildings; and even a branch bank in Santa Barbara has been burned.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't consider those actions violent?

**KUNSTLER:** What I've been describing have been isolated, fragmented acts. And if you put them all together, they're so picayune, compared with one B-52 raid over South Vietnam in terms of real violence to human beings, that it's offensive to apply the term violence to what some of the more militant factions in the movement have done.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you're saying that violence is simply a matter of degree, that it's less immoral to burn a bank than a village hut.

**KUNSTLER:** I'm not against violence on a philosophical level nor on an emotional or a moral basis. I don't accept the premise that all violence under all circumstances is inherently bad and thereby invariably contaminates whatever is achieved by it. Good can come out of violence. Slavery was ended by the violence of the Civil War. The Nazis were defeated by violence, and once they had come to power, I don't know of any other way they could have been defeated. There were, as you know, attempts to assassinate Hitler; and if one of those attempts had succeeded, I think good would have come of that. So I don't believe all violence to be inherently bad, and I don't rule out violent protest if all other means of resistance have failed.

**PLAYBOY:** Violence directed at whom?

**KUNSTLER:** If it comes to that, the question will be answered by local groups responding to local situations. But I emphasize once more that I believe that in terms of the situation *now*, there are other means that can be tried. I don't condemn those who have engaged in burning and bombing, because their activities are the result of frustration and bitterness and the refusal of Government to respond significantly to just demands. But I do feel that the Weathermen's approach, in particular, is not tactically sound now. My differences with them haven't been on ideological grounds—because I share a lot of their feelings about the type of world they wish for. But I do differ with them on tactical grounds. I believe that the type of action epitomized by the Weathermen is of a kamikaze nature that can only result in the destruction of *our* people. As in the basement of that town house in Greenwich Village.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you defend in court the people who survived that bombing in the Village? And if so, on what grounds?

**KUNSTLER:** Yes, I would defend them; but before deciding on the grounds, I would want to talk to them about the issues they would want to raise in court. They might well want to state the political reasons for what they were doing and planning, as the Catonsville Nine and the Milwaukee 14 chose to do when they were brought to trial for destruction of property after burning draft-board records.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you equating what the Catonsville Nine and the Milwaukee 14 did with the explicitly violent objectives of the Weathermen? The first two groups weren't engaged in bombing and don't believe in using guns or any other weapons.

**KUNSTLER:** I'm saying that if people have the same goals I have, I'll try to do what

I can for them. As I said, I disagree with the tactics of the Weathermen, but I think they should be protected. If I were asked to give shelter to those now in flight from the authorities, I might conceivably do that, though it could be in violation of the law.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you disagree with the Weathermen's tactics, but in speeches to young people since the Chicago trial, your own rhetoric has increasingly become the rhetoric of violence. You've said, for instance: "If you believe that such matters as the war, the shooting of Black Panthers and babies starving in Appalachia are wrong, then you must be ready to go to the wall if peaceful resistance fails. If they mean anything, if they are life-and-death issues, then you must be prepared to offer life or death and hope it will not be necessary. You may have to take the final step. You may ultimately be bathed in blood. So will others. If the people who really control power do not feel you will really do these things, then the whole effort for change will evanesce. If they feel you *will* do it, they will act." They will act, but how?

**KUNSTLER:** It's my belief that if there are large enough numbers of resisters who make their seriousness of purpose felt, the Government will respond affirmatively, rather than take the risk of precipitating large-scale violence in the streets. Even knowing that they have the superior forces, infinitely more armaments, I don't think those in power would want the turmoil that would come if large numbers of people took the final step. And I wasn't advocating that the final step be taken now but, rather, that the Government be told in unmistakable terms that there are people who are willing to go farther if peaceful resistance fails. I said, "You must be prepared to offer life or death and *hope it will not be necessary*." That's my hope, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you convey that hope while raising a clenched fist as you say these things?

**KUNSTLER:** It's not easy for me to raise a clenched fist. It's not natural for me. It's a gesture I didn't use until I became involved in the Chicago trial. But the clenched fist is a gesture of resistance. And, as I have said to audiences, "We have clenched the fist with mass resistance, and we can only open it in two ways: We can open it in brotherhood, if the system has the capability of responding to immediate human ends, or we can open it to curl the index finger around a trigger. These are the choices. In time, the system will have to make its choice. And when it makes its choice, it makes ours."

**PLAYBOY:** Even if you don't curl your finger around a trigger, there is a distinct possibility that you will have to





*"Tell me it's not just another case of a grateful patient's infatuation with his nurse."*



spend some time in prison anyway—for contempt of court. If that sentence isn't overturned, what will you do in prison? And when you're released, will you, as an ex-felon, be able to practice law?

**KUNSTLER:** I would hate jail. I never knew how good it felt to be free until the moment I found out I wasn't going to have to go to jail right away. If and when I have to go, of course, I'll deeply miss my family and all the other people I like to be with. But I would try to do something meaningful in prison. I'd write, read, think. As for after prison—if I do have to serve a sentence—it's far from certain that I wouldn't be able to practice law. I've been convicted not of a felony but of what is classified as an offense. If there were an attempt to take away my license to practice, I'd fight like hell not to lose it, I'll tell you that. But even if that came to be, I have other skills. I can write; I can lecture. Or maybe I'd just drive a truck for a commune. In any case, I would try to stay

useful. There'll be a lot of work to be done.

**PLAYBOY:** For the revolution?

**KUNSTLER:** I continue to believe in the possibility that we can bring about real change without revolution. That is, without violent revolution. With unity, guts, stamina, exhortation, constant stimulus to get people moving, we—students, especially—can turn history down a new path. And if we're successful with mass resistance, violent revolution need not come. That's why I keep speaking for unity, and that's why I feel it so necessary to inform as many people as possible of what the basic issues are, of what the basic choices are. The sole reason I'm giving this interview to **PLAYBOY** is because it reaches a large audience, many of whom—perhaps most of whom—have not been exposed to the type of movement politics we've been discussing. I want to win those people over to at least an understanding of what not only my life is all about but also the lives of the Weathermen, the Black Panthers, the

women's liberation movement, the Indians who occupied Alcatraz, the Appalachian poor, the ghetto residents—white and black alike—and all the other oppressed people of this country.

**PLAYBOY:** You say that's the sole reason you agreed to this interview. Why?

**KUNSTLER:** Because my basic attitude toward **PLAYBOY**, my deepest feelings are that the magazine symbolizes so much that is utterly deplorable in America today. Not only does it serve as a slick showcase for the crass and destructive materialism that has transformed the early American dream of an egalitarian society into the cruelest of illusions, but it demeans and degrades women in a manner as inequitable as it is gross. Moreover, it parades what it terms a new and revolutionary sexual philosophy as some sort of legitimate sociological concept, while hypocritically devoting itself to the maintenance of a gigantic commercial empire built on the compelling nature of human love and desire. I have come to the conclusion, however, that if a new social order is ever to be constructed in this country, it's vitally important for those of us who believe in the necessity of such an achievement and who may have, from time to time, access to the mass media, to take advantage of such transitory contact in order to reach an audience that is usually denied us.

To put it another way, it might be tragically irresponsible for anyone who seeks a revolutionary transformation of the goals and values of this society to refuse to utilize every means of persuading others of the necessity of such a result. These considerations, it seems to me, more than outweigh the serious emotional and political disabilities of **PLAYBOY**, the television networks and the other mass media. Accordingly, albeit with some real misgivings, I have consented to being publicly interrogated by **PLAYBOY**. It is my heartfelt hope that this interview will serve, even in a minuscule way, to bring about the end or drastic alteration of a way of life symbolized by **PLAYBOY**, a way of life achieved by the incessant, unrelenting and conscienceless oppression of millions of men, women and children, both here and abroad. If this is possible, then I think that chance alone is well worth any momentary assault on my psyche and sensibilities.

**PLAYBOY:** Rather than reply to your allegation that **PLAYBOY** is somehow involved in and symbolic of human oppression—which **PLAYBOY** despises and opposes as vigorously as you do—we would prefer to let reasonable readers of this magazine draw their own conclusions about the validity of your indictment. And we thank you for taking the time to talk with us.



*"But how can we tell our people that the Americans will soon have to choose between guns and butter without telling them what butter is?"*



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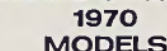
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# MUSKRAT FUN (continued from page 149)

he stood and exulted in the freedom around him and his success of the day, trying to package it all in his mind for retelling back in Winston Falls. There was such life about him, such tolerance for one's fellow man! The citizens of this cosmopolitan city allowed one another to pursue their own fancies and pleasures with a minimum of interference.

"Buy a *Barb*?" said a soft voice behind him.

Owen turned. The girl was thin. She wore an old Army field jacket and faded Levis. There was a depth of sadness in her eyes. Owen could not tell if it came from hunger or from some vast cognizance of the universe. She held a paper toward him. "*Berkeley Barb*?" she said.

"No, thank you," said Owen. It was instinctive. He had been bred to refuse solicitations in the street.

"Come on," said the girl. "You'll learn a lot about our city."

Owen certainly wanted to know more about the city. But he could not give money to a cause of which he might not approve. "No, thank you," he said.

"Truth," said the girl. "Facts, realities. Can the search for knowledge ever hurt you?" She smiled and Owen felt that she knew far too much about his thoughts.

"OK, I'll take one," said Owen. He pushed a quarter into her hand and fled to his hotel room, where he spread out the *Barb* on his bed.

The first few pages contained nothing but vitriol on the treatment of student protesters. Then he came to the classified-ad pages. San Francisco, he instantly saw, was a far more liberal city than he had ever realized. All kinds of sexual practices were freely advertised. As in all spheres in which professionalism begins to take hold, the language was highly specialized. Owen puzzled his way through. There were sufficient hints for him to have an idea what a ham-and-eggs specialist was advertising. It was pretty obvious what were the practices of kroons and falcators. But one advertisement left him totally puzzled. It read simply:

MUSKRAT FUN ANYONE?

There was a telephone number, no further information.

Owen had trouble getting to sleep that night. He tried to count sheep, but they turned to muskrats and slithered off under the fence.

At breakfast, he went carefully through the *Barb*, looking for more clues. There were none. So at the airport, he pulled together his resolve and called the number in the advertisement.

The voice that answered was husky, almost a whisper. It could have been a man or a woman. In the background, Owen heard the sounds of water splash- ing and wild giggles of pleasure.

"I'm calling about the ad in the *Barb*," said Owen. He tried to sound mature and nonchalant.

"What kind of muskrat fun are you looking for?" said the voice.

"I don't go in for any of that way-out stuff," said Owen, thinking fast.

"He doesn't go in for any way-out muskrat fun." Owen heard the voice shout to someone in the background. There was an outburst of laughter at this remark.

"Let me talk to him." This time, the voice was obviously a girl's. There were muted protests and then she spoke to Owen. "How about some of that flat-tail stuff?"

There were shouts and a struggle at the other end of the wire. The first voice came back on. "I apologize," it said. "We're a very serious group here, for the most part."

"I can see that," said Owen. "What particular aspects do you specialize in?"

"Not so fast," said the voice. "I still don't know what *you* want. Get specific. What do you think of paw dipping, for example?"

Owen made a quick guess. "It's OK with me," he said.

The voice went cold. "Forget it, buster. That's one thing you won't find in our group." And the line was dead.

A loud-speaker was announcing the loading of Owen's jet. There was no further chance to find his answer.

On the evening of his return to Winston Falls, Owen took his girlfriend, Linda Hammacker, parking out by Lander's Lake. The moon rippled the water with shreds of light. Linda snuggled up against him. "I missed you," she said. "Tell me all about San Francisco."

Owen explained the warmth of the city and its wonderful people. He described the great freedom of expression of the metropolis and the nature of the *Berkeley Barb*.

"What do you mean you couldn't understand the language?" said Linda.

Owen fished the muskrat advertisement out of his pocket and turned on the dome light so she could read it.

Revulsion flashed across her face. She flung the ad away from her. "You think that's the kind of thing you show a girl?" she cried.

"What's the matter?" said Owen. He was genuinely puzzled. The week before, he had told her a couple of the rawest jokes he knew and she had been convulsed with laughter.

"You thought I wouldn't know what that meant, didn't you? Then you and your filthy buddies could have a good laugh over it."

"No, not at all," protested Owen.

"Well, I do happen to know just what

that's all about," she said. "Take me home."

Owen vowed his innocence, but she curtly informed him that if he did not drive her home, she would walk. They drove in silence to her house, where she slammed the car door in his face and ran inside.

Owen tried to call her three times after that. Twice, she hung up when she recognized his voice. The third time, her father answered and, when Owen gave his name, made it quite clear that he was no longer welcome in his house or as a friend of his daughter. He added that if Owen continued to molest her, the authorities would be informed.

Owen loved Linda and did not want to lose her. But he realized that if he could ever make amends, muskrats would be banned forever as a subject of discussion.

Someone else should be able to tell him. His parents? His sweet, sheltered mother would not know. His father might have picked up that kind of information in the Army. But Owen dared not ask him. As president of the Winston Falls Junior Chamber of Commerce, he maintained a smut-free conscience. "If you don't think about that kind of thing," he would tell Owen, "you won't get into any trouble." From what had already happened, Owen could not dispute this advice. But he had to find out.

What about the boys on the company bowling team? Only Arch had been around enough so he might know about muskrats, but Owen did not trust him. Arch was loose-tongued; he might spill the fact that Owen had asked him.

Owen mentally ran down a list of the secretaries at the plant, crossing them off one by one as being too naïve to know or, if they did, being too shocked at his asking. He stopped at the name Alice Mittenger. She was a possibility. She was a pert young divorcee who was not the least bit reticent about discussing the intimate episodes that had brought an end to her marriage. She had lived in California. She would understand. Within a week, Owen found her sitting by herself in the company cafeteria and asked if he might sit with her.

"Sure," she said. "I hear you've been to California."

Owen took this opening and edged the conversation around to the diversities of sexual practices in the Golden State. He mentioned the *Berkeley Barb*.

"Swinging," said Alice. "My kind of rag."

"It's wild," said Owen. "I couldn't figure out what half the ads were saying."

"Like what?" said Alice.

Owen decided to move cautiously. "What's a ham-and-eggs special?" he asked.

Alice explained with a lucidity that





*"He summoned the royal mount, you idiot. No one said anything about a horse."*



made Owen squirm in his chair.

"And muskrat fun?" Owen tried to keep his voice nonchalant.

Alice hit him in the face with her tuna-fish sandwich, plate and all. "You think because a girl's divorced you can say any kind of filth you like," she screamed. "We'll see just how long your kind lasts in this company."

Owen discovered that Databyte could act most rapidly when the moral well-being of its employees was threatened. An hour later, he found himself escorted to the front door and handed a check for two weeks' pay. "If it had been my personal decision, you'd not get a penny," his manager had said with open hostility. "We have no use for your kind around here."

So Owen stood in the parking lot and contemplated his future. It was useless to stay in Winston Falls. Word would get around about his dismissal. No one would hire him and no one would give him the information he sought. But Owen had glimpsed his place of freedom. In San Francisco, he would find the truth from those wonderful people who could accept any form of expression.

He lied to his parents about a job offer and boarded a bus for the Coast. The trip was a nightmare of rushed meals in stainless-steel cafeterias and nights spent dozing, listening to the roar of trucks passing on the empty desert. He stumbled out of the bus station in San Francisco, his mouth foul with the taste of air-conditioned cigarette smoke. But he had arrived. The city was the same, cool and glistening in the damp night. He found a telephone booth and called the muskrat number.

This time, a heavy and solidly masculine voice answered. "Yes?"

"This the muskrat place?" said Owen.

"Yeah," said the voice.

"I'm wondering if I can talk to you about joining," Owen said.

"Sure," said the voice. "Just tell me where you are and we'll come have a chat."

Owen had not dreamed it would be so simple. He gave his location and waited in the foggy night. Less than five minutes later, two men in heavy trench coats came up the street. "You the guy who's interested in some muskrat stuff?" said the bigger of the men.

"Yes, sure," said Owen.

"You been a muskrat very long?" said the man.

"Oh, a year or so," said Owen.

"How often?" said the man. "Once or twice a week?"

"Yeah," said Owen. "Something like that."

"Any of the flat-tail stuff?" said the other man.

"Oh, none of that," Owen said.

"Paw dipping?"

"Certainly not," said Owen.

"We got plenty on him as it is," said the first man. He made a swift motion with his hand and four burly policemen emerged from the shadows, pinned Owen against a wall and searched him.

"He's clean," said one of them.

"You think he'd carry one of those things with him?" said the first plainclothesman. "Take him in and book him."

As the patrol car carried him to headquarters, Owen tried to clear his thoughts. His arrest was not a total disaster, he told himself. Even if he were sentenced, they would have to describe in detail the crimes of which he was supposedly guilty.

He was wrong. His court-appointed lawyer was a nervous young man just out of law school, who obviously wanted the case closed and forgotten as rapidly as possible. With ill-concealed revulsion, he questioned Owen briefly about his actions.

"Judge Meyers goes heavy on this kind of thing," was his comment when Owen had finished. "The best thing to do is to plead guilty and hope that he didn't have any sausages for breakfast."

"How's that?" Owen said.

"Sausages, Italian sausages," said the lawyer. "If he eats them, he gets indigestion. And when his stomach aches, things go hard for the guilty."

"But," said Owen, "I don't think I'm guilty. Don't I have to be caught in the act or something?"

"Are you kidding?" said the lawyer. "They've taken the teeth out of most of the laws, but not this one, thank goodness. You're the first one I've ever heard of who didn't admit that just thinking about it is grounds for a good stiff sentence. In my opinion, you should welcome a bit of time in jail. A chance to think over what you've been doing. Get a grip on yourself."

The lawyer thought he could get Owen a light sentence if he were willing to plead guilty to lewd and lascivious conduct and Owen reluctantly agreed.

Judge Meyers turned out to be an iron-faced gentleman who disposed of traffic violations with a crisp efficiency that chilled Owen's heart.

Then Owen was called to the bench and his lawyer entered his plea. The judge motioned to the bench one of the plainclothesmen who had arrested Owen. "This one of them muskrats?" he asked.

The man nodded.

The judge belched and agony flicked across his face. "What's the maximum?" he asked the clerk.

"Sixty days."

"Sixty days," said the judge. "Next case."

Owen thanked his lawyer for all he

had done for him and was taken off to serve his sentence.

His cell was already occupied by a thin and bearded young man whose face radiated great compassion and understanding. He rose and greeted Owen warmly. "We must forgive their brutality," he said. "It is the only way they can express a need that society has suppressed."

"I don't understand," said Owen.

"Inhibition," said the youth, with the passion of his cause glowing in his eyes. "sexual inhibition. War! Lust! Man's inhumanity to man! Do you know what drove Napoleon to conquest? The mores of his society forbade him from the sexual expression he desired with Josephine. His only socially acceptable outlet was war! But it is possible to achieve a new morality of freedom, freedom for any means of expression."

"Any?" said Owen.

"Of course," said the young man.

"Does that include kroons?" said Owen.

The youth laughed. "The Greeks accepted kroons," he said.

Owen was still cautious. "How about falcators?" he said.

"Half the Chinese aristocracy during the Ming dynasty were falcators."

"And what about muskrats?" said Owen, with his heart thudding in his chest.

The joy of a beloved discourse dissolved from the youth's face. It was replaced by a look of wary cunning. "They always bring up muskrats," he said. "They do not understand that there are some things that are natural and some that are unnatural and abhorrent."

"What's so wrong with a little muskrat fun?" said Owen. "As long as you stay away from the flat-tail stuff."

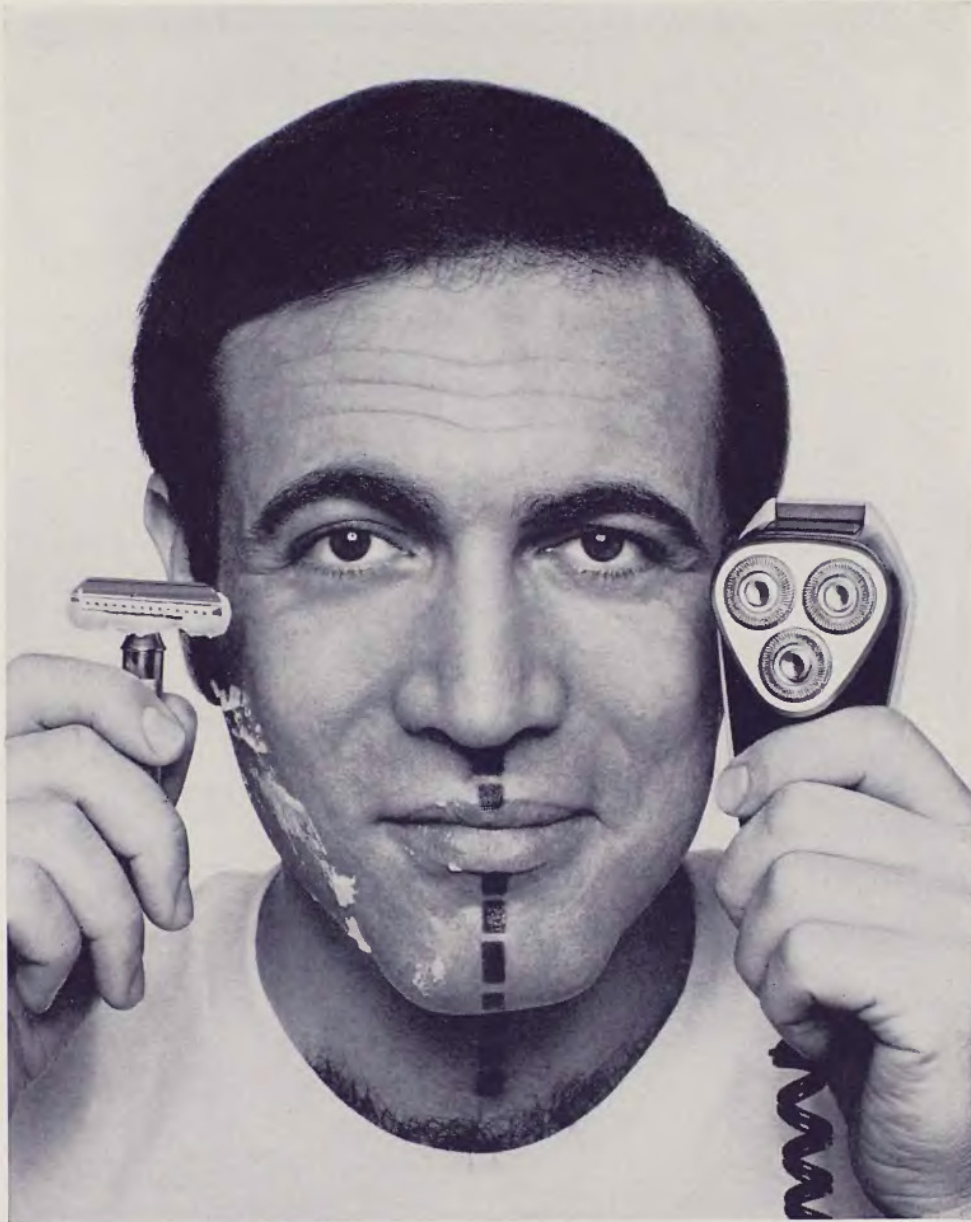
"You foulmouthed punk," said the youth. "It's creeps like you that are destroying our cause. Filth and garbage riding on the clean wave of our purity. They may force me to dwell with dirt; I need not communicate with you." He climbed into his bunk and turned his back to Owen.

On the following morning, the young man demanded to be removed from Owen's presence, and for the rest of his stay, Owen occupied a cell by himself. He wrote to his parents a full confession of what had happened and received a letter from his mother.

Your father has forbidden me to write to you. But I want you to know that I still believe in you and know that you will seek to live the rest of your life dedicated to redeeming yourself in the eyes of society. Of course, we can never have you in our home again. But somewhere, there must be a religious order that will



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In an independent test, some very independent men shaved one side of their face with a platinum or chromium blade.

They shaved the other side with our Tripleheader 35T shaver.

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Seven out of ten said our Tripleheader shaved them as close or closer than either the platinum or chromium blade.

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The Tripleheader comes in both a Cord and a Rechargeable model.

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**Norelco**  
You can't get any closer.



take you in and help you toward salvation, at least in the eyes of God.  
 Ever disappointed,  
 Mother

Owen crumpled the letter and hurled it into a corner of his cell. The fire of despair was beginning to burn within him. He had been trampled by the world only because he had been curious. Even in San Francisco, freedom was a lie.

Or was the flaw within himself? Had he been wrong in asking for understanding before belief? "Muskrat fun," he said to himself. "Muskrat fun." The words had a lilt to them, a simplicity that belied obscenity. If there was truth, it was in the simplicity of belief. The world in its madness could not face the searing light of such faith.

During the last week of his sentence, Owen refused all food, took only small sips of water and spoke to no one. When he was released, he stood on the sidewalk outside the jail and smiled at the people about him. "Muskrat fun," he said aloud. "Muskrat fun for everyone."

A couple of passers-by turned and looked at him. "Muskrat fun," Owen said as he started walking slowly up the street. "Muskrat fun for everyone!" His words rang clear in the bright morning sunshine.

The mob gathered slowly behind him. At first, it was just a few toughs who trailed him, watching and wary in their tight pants and leather jackets, plus a couple of drunks, stumbling along, caught in the first hint of excitement.

"Muskrat fun!" Owen shouted. "Muskrat fun for everyone!"

Slowly the crowd began to build. Two passing sailors turned and looked at each other when they heard his cry. "That's not what I'm fighting to defend," Owen heard one of them say. They joined the pack behind him.

Now Owen could hear catches of voices. "Not going to let it go on." "People gotta act!"

The next time Owen glanced back, he saw that they had grown to almost 50. There were businessmen, stalking along with their briefcases clutched in their white-knuckled hands. And women, swinging their shopping bags with menace in their eyes.

"Muskrat fun!" Owen shouted. "Muskrat fun for everyone!" He rolled the words long and loud, thrilled with the power of his voice.

The mutter of the mob rose in response. They were moving closer. Owen began to recognize one man's voice raised above the rest. "The law's too slow! We gotta take our own action!"

A fat matron in a fur jacket moved out of the body of the crowd and jabbed at Owen with her umbrella. "You show me, lady," came the man's voice. "You got more guts than the whole lot of 'em."

"Muskrat fun!" Owen shouted. "Muskrat fun for everyone!" The words were solid now, cannon balls fired into the guts of the world.

The crowd pressed up beside him. Angry faces spat at him and disappeared. Suddenly, there was a mass of people blocking his way. Owen was forced back against the wall of a building, confronted with a semicircle of hostile faces. He

stared at them one at a time, until each turned his eyes away.

Owen leaned against the solid brick of the wall behind him. His head reeled with hunger and the purity of his belief. As a defender of an unknown faith, he had no doubts about his cause, for doubts are spawned of details.

"Tell me," he shouted, "what is wrong with muskrat fun? Muskrat fun for everyone!"

The faces distorted into angry snarls. Faintly, there came to Owen the wail of distant sirens. Then the crowd bulged and a figure burst through. It was the young man from Owen's jail cell. He stood beside Owen and raised his hands for attention.

"Do not do it," the young man shouted. "You're playing into their hands. All they want is a martyr for their rotten cause."

The crowd moved restlessly. Heads in the front turned to look behind them. The sirens wailed closer.

He saw that they were wavering on the edge of reason. Once again, he would be cheated.

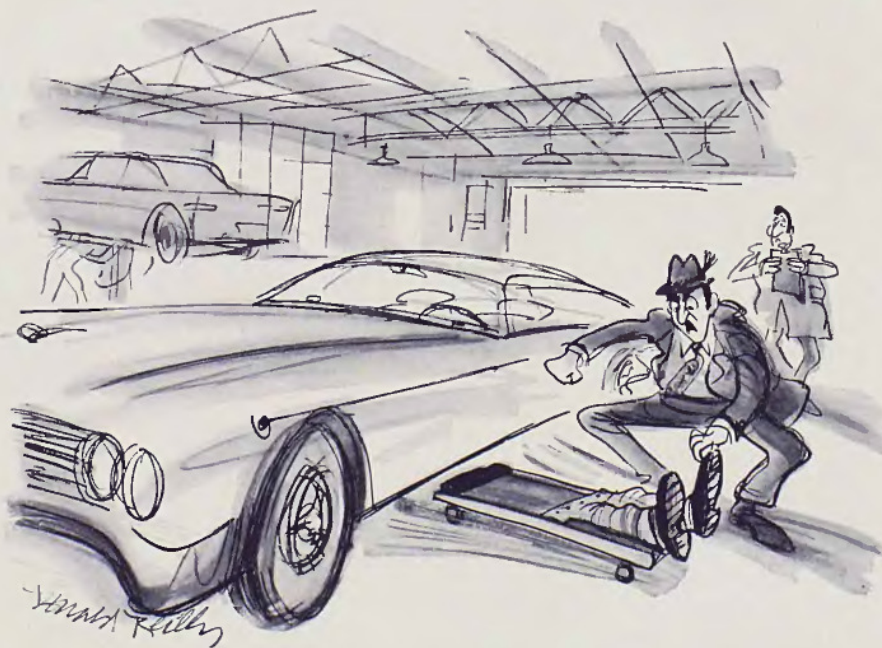
"Muskrat fun!" he shouted. All the fire of his belief was in his words. "Flat-tail stuff! Paw dipping!"

A stone hit him in the chest before he had finished his cry. The young man tried to throw himself between Owen and the crowd, but arms came out of the mass of people and dragged him away. The crowd spread apart a little for more throwing room. Then they began. Stones. Half bricks. Bottles. They came arching down on him from the back of the crowd and straight at him from those in front. Owen stood with his hands at his sides and felt the pain spouting over his body. In his last view of the mob, he saw the girl who had sold him the *Barb* smiling at him with sad wisdom. She was taking smooth rocks out of the pockets of her field jacket and handing them to a businessman in a black overcoat who stood next to her. "For my kids!" the man screamed as he threw. "For my kids!"

Then pain smashed against his forehead and drove him to his knees. Instantly, the crowd was upon him, kicking and jabbing. The last sounds that Owen heard were the squealing of tires and the fading wail of the sirens.

So Owen died and joined the vast army of those who destroy themselves for causes they do not comprehend. But he died in full belief, which is a comfort.

Do you think that Owen was a fool? If so, make sure you know the heart of your belief before you die for it. In any case, one word of caution: Stay clear of that flat-tail stuff.



"Just as I thought!"





## GIANT CHICKEN-EATING FROG

(continued from page 138)

expectations, has turned out to be just like every other male. At last, hungry and weakened by the ordeal, mysteriously aroused by the divine imperative to reproduce her species and softened by a lot of jive from him about how he's going to make it big at the track, she succumbs.

Slowly at first, but with growing fervor, their bodies begin to undulate in the ageless rhythm of the love act. Tenderly he caresses her, planting deft kisses on her tympanum, which in frogs is a highly erogenous zone. Her eyes begin to roll around their turrets and she begins panting, murmuring little endearments and oaths, stropping the fine edge of his passion. "More," she whispers, "more, oh, more." Their rhythm grows more frantic and his maleness begins pistoning into the vortex of her desire with incredible driving impact. Suddenly, her body tenses as she feels the approach of a torrent of ecstasy. He, gripped by the realization that they are moving toward that exquisite consummation, grows more and more aggressive in his surges. At last, she cries out, "Now, baby, now!" and they are borne away on a tidal wave of sweet, poignant fulfillment. The convulsions subside and, after a few final spasms, they slumber, locked together in amo-

rous embrace. Hours later, he awakens and hops into the woods for a chicken dinner, leaving her in the lurch with about 25,000 offspring.

It should be eminently clear that any creature which behaves so shamelessly should either be rated X or eliminated altogether. But there is a much better reason for wanting to see this species snuffed out and it has to do with a subtle ecological process known as the Chicken-Peasant-Chrysler Chain, named after the man who first observed it, Sir Winfred Chicken-Peasant-Chrysler.

The sharp decline in chicken production in South and Central America is directly and indisputably due to the predations of the Giant Chicken-Eating Frog. A *Fortune*-magazine survey of the top 10,000 chicken farms in the rain forest shows a precipitous drop from 17 gible-months per mestizo-bushel in 1950 (corrected to account for lame burros and inflation) to 11 in 1969. *Fortune* had a great four-color graph to illustrate these figures, but I ripped it while removing it from the magazine, so you'll just have to take my word for it.

As a result of the decline in the chicken business, workers are leaving farms to seek employment in the cities of South and Central America and are being

hired by the burgeoning auto industry, which is making a strong bid for the United States market with a pollution-free steamcar. Even if South American cars manage to capture only five percent of the American consumer market, it will prove ruinous to Detroit manufacturers and have serious consequences for the economy in general. Think of Henry Ford II, belly bloated with hunger, a pathetic tin plate extended with thousands of others toward the relief worker dishing out watery stew . . . well, you get the message.

Happily, a countertrend is developing. Some Latin-American farm laborers are choosing to work in nitrate mines instead of the car industry. Nitrates are used for fertilizer, and runoff of these chemicals into waterways promotes a process known as eutrophication. Bacteria attack the fertilizer in the water, consuming oxygen, turning everything into a slimy green algae and driving all life away. And that includes Mr. Leptodactylus.

Wall Street will be anxiously watching developments down there, and you can bet it will be putting its chips on the nitrate mines in the battle to hold the line for the automobile industry. How does this affect you, the small investor? For crying out loud, how should I know?



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## DIOGENES' SEARCH (continued from page 116)

able to win the trust of the bookmakers. Indeed, some bookmakers began soliciting his business so they could use his handicapping to adjust the point spread they planned to offer their lesser customers. "If I get seven points on a game, the guy who follows my pick will get only six and a half points from the same book only five minutes later." In any case, he eventually became one of that very small, very exclusive group of men who bet only top money on sports.

He did not, however, become a very conspicuous member of that group. I've seen him at important conferences and coaches' meetings, circulating quietly, wiping the shrimp sauce from the corners of his mouth as he drops a word with one coach here, another coach there. Most coaches recognize him in a vague sort of way—they know they've seen him somewhere—but they don't quite remember where. He does not bother to enlighten them. He is trying, basically, to take the measure of the men and—by assembling odd bits of information—of their teams. He is seeking the exceptional in both. Mediocrity depresses him; he is excited by talent, however latent. What he dreams about is genius, but unfortunately, that is harder to identify. He is at the coaches' meetings because genuine quality is so hard to identify through the newspapers, particularly early in the season. For the baseball season is at its climax then and the sports pages are filled with baseball news, rather than detailed information on football. "I always lose money until the world series is over," he sighs. Once the coaches scatter and take refuge in their individual work, Diogenes has to rely heavily on the newspapers for information. He reads 20 to 30 of them a day. Some are air-specialized to him by friends all over the country. Others he buys on a brisk five-mile walk to a number of out-of-town newsstands every day. ("That's the way I get my exercise.") He pays no attention to the opinion of sportswriters. He has no respect for the wire-service polls. "One month, I took the A.P. leader three weeks in a row—three different teams they had up there—and I bet against them." He won all three bets and he regards the incident as interesting solely because he found so many people who were interested in losing money on what the pollsters say. "I could have gotten \$200,000 down on each of those games, there were so many idiots around," he says.

What he seeks in the newspapers is the information that will tell him what really happened one Saturday or what may happen the next. Here are some examples:

*The True Score:* "Let's say that Notre

Dame beats somebody 29 to 13," he says. "You study the papers and you see that the score was 14 to 13 with two minutes left. Then Notre Dame hit on a long pass for a touchdown. Now the other team has to pass to get into the game and Notre Dame intercepts one and takes it back for a touchdown. They get maybe three extra points on the two touchdowns and win by 16 points. But if you look close, you know the game was pretty much even."

*The Weather Score:* He watches to see whether the local weather affected a game and then makes an appraisal of how the teams will do under different conditions. Some years ago, for example, he was handicapping a game between Army and Illinois. In the season openers on the Saturday before, Army beat Boston College 44-8, while Illinois lost to an impotent Indiana team 20-0. Illinois didn't merely lose; it looked bad—very, very bad—while doing it. It fumbled ten times; it had its backs sloshing aimlessly in the mud; it could not mount an offense that was coherent, much less effective. But when Army opened as a 13-point favorite over Illinois, Diogenes quickly picked the Illini. For he knew why the team had looked so bad against Indiana. All spring and early autumn, Illinois had worked on a spectacular series of spread-formation pass plays. They were aimed at exploiting the skills of a particular pass-catching end. But Illinois' opening game against the Hoosiers was played in a strong gale and in a heavy rain that immersed central Indiana; indeed, tornadoes hit towns not far from where the game was played in Bloomington. In that stormy weather, Illinois had no chance to put the ball into the air or to use its fancy spread formations. Instead—particularly with ten fumbles—it had to go to a "safety-first" offense with no fancy-Dan tossing of the ball: Just give it to the fullback and hope that he hangs onto it long enough to reach the line of scrimmage. Obviously, it was not the offense the coaches had taught nor one that the team was accustomed to using. Thus, Illinois looked unbelievably bad against Indiana. But Diogenes figured that the score didn't reflect the game so much as the weather. More than that, he felt Illinois had come out of the game with a most subtle but important advantage: Army had not been able to scout Illinois' spread formations and—because it had been the first weekend of the season—it may not even have known they existed. So Army had no idea of what Illinois could do—and would do—on a dry field. Diogenes was right. The following Saturday came up clear and dry. Illinois sprang the spread formations on the unsuspecting Cadets and

won the ball game 20-14. Diogenes collected an easy \$40,000. "It really wasn't what you could call an upset," he says.

*Injuries:* "Defensive injuries are the most important," he insists. "If a team has an injury on offense, the coach can work around it, unless it's the quarterback who's hurt. He can always have another halfback carry the ball or another end catch it. Or, if it's a lineman who's hurt, he can set up the game plan so that he—or his replacement—doesn't come under any unusual stress. But on defense, there's no way the coach can hide that weakness. The offense of the other side will always find that injured man—or the substitute who's got to be weaker than he is—and they'll work and work against that weak spot until they break it. You've got to remember that the offense has the choice of time and place—where to attack and when. The defense can't say, 'Please don't hit our right-side linebacker again, because he's got a twisted knee' or 'Please don't hit the man we put in for him, because he's a green kid and he doesn't know what to do when you come at him.' You know the offense is going to go after that guy until it breaks him. And that throws the pressure on some other part of the defense and soon the offense has found a way to break through. And eventually, the whole defense begins to disintegrate. That's why a defensive injury hurts a team—affects the score of a game—more than an offensive one."

After studying the newspapers, Diogenes spends eight hours or so on Sunday handicapping the games of the following Saturday. He has a number of rules that are as much personal as professional. For one thing, he's a "dog" bettor. "Sixty percent, sometimes 75 percent of my bets are on the underdog," he says. He believes that "the dog is always trying," but he can never be quite sure what the favorite is going to do, particularly if it gets a big lead. "A lot of coaches throw the 'girls' into the game when they get ahead by a couple of touchdowns." (The girls—sometimes called the junkowskies—are the reserves.) It's important to Diogenes to know how the coach of the favorite regards winning big—whether he's afraid that running up a big score will jeopardize the job of a close coaching friend or whether he thinks it'll help him move up a few notches in the weekly wire-service polls. (Under Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame has labored hard to win as big as it can; since it doesn't play in a conference, its chief measure of prestige is in the wire-service polls—and Parseghian feels his team must not only win but win very, very big in order to reach the top in them.) It's this kind of information—how a particular coach feels about winning big—that Dio hopes to pick up in





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the social events surrounding the pre-season clinics, conventions and all-star games. "Any time the point spread gets to 20, it's worth a two-to-one edge in the odds if you know what the coach likes to do."

By instinct and insight, he looks for the 7- and 14-point spreads instead of the 6- and 13-point spreads. "The bookmakers hate 'em," he says of 7 and 14. "They're the killer numbers." The reason is that college-football teams still tend to score in multiples of seven. "The bookmaker has to pay me on ties and the 7- and 14-point spreads get a lot of ties," he says. (That's one difference between big-money betting and the parlay card game: The bettors on parlay cards lose on a tie.)

There was a change in all this when the two-point extra point was introduced into college football in 1958. This was an enormous boon to bookmakers, if only because it dramatically reduced the chances for ties at 7 and 14 points. Thus, they did not have to pay off so many bettors. "But the coaches have settled down now and they usually settle for their seven on a touchdown—unless it's late in the game and the final score is at stake," says Diogenes. Or unless the score is so lopsided that the effort for two points won't really change the outcome much.

Finally, he puts in the trends of the various teams and conferences. In the Southeastern Conference, for example, he accepts a lower point spread than elsewhere, because "they play more defense and less wide-open football than teams in other conferences do." In Texas and other areas of the Southwest and Southern California, he risks the bigger point spreads. "They put the ball up in the air and this opens up the game more"—because passes lead to more and quicker scores or because they lead to mistakes that allow the other team to score. When he turns to the Ivy League, he looks to Yale—not necessarily to win but to do better than the point spread says it should. For Yale has a certain tradition among bookies and bettors: It likes to win over the point spread. "What most people don't realize is that the year before last was the second time in the past five or six years that Yale went over the point spread almost every game. You show me 19 games in any two seasons where they went unbeaten and I'll show you 18 games where they went over the point spread." The implication was clear: The spirit of Old Eli is to beat hell out of anybody Yale is capable of beating hell out of.

To all this, he adds certain variables that can be discerned by any fan. Two of them are location and climate. "Watch those teams coming out of the lowlands to play at Colorado or Air Force Acad-

emy, particularly early in the season, when the visitors maybe aren't in such good shape. They get up in that thin mountain air, a mile high, and they run out of gas late in the game—they can't even catch their breath. But the kids going to those Rocky Mountain schools have been working out in that thin air all season—really, ever since they started school there—and they have more staying power." Similarly, he watches for undertrained, overweight teams visiting Dust Bowl colleges in the opening weeks of the season. "That hot summer sun in the bottom of the stadium—muggy, sweaty weather—it drives visiting teams crazy," he says. He remembers one September when West Virginia went to Oklahoma with a 23-game winning streak in its own conference, a 25-pound-per-man weight advantage over Oklahoma in the line and the exhilaration of a 66-22 win over Richmond in its opening game. West Virginia's reputation was so great—it had already been picked as a potential national champion in one pre-season analysis—that the situation was ripe to pick Oklahoma. Diogenes did exactly that. Then he watched without surprise as those whipplet-lean linemen from Oklahoma ran the ponderous linemen from West Virginia all over the field. In fact, Oklahoma unveiled a "jumping jack" offense that had its own linemen moving out of the line of scrimmage in a way that drove the West Virginia linemen frantic, looking for a way to put the right men in the right defensive slots. The new offense didn't score many points for Oklahoma—the score was 0-0 at the end of the first quarter—but it wasn't intended to. It was designed to wear out the mountainous West Virginia linemen in ineffectual effort—running uncertainly up and down the line of scrimmage, trying to figure out the jumping jacks, before the ball was snapped. It worked: A thoroughly fatigued West Virginia line collapsed in the second and fourth quarters and Oklahoma won 47-14.

Another variable is how the coaches feel about one another. The dogs work particularly hard against Ohio State—"Nobody loves Woody Hayes." On the other hand, "Nobody in the Big Ten ever wanted to beat the Elliots badly." They had—Pete and Bump—a certain tradition to them and many people in the Big Ten felt that they were endowed with greatness. It didn't quite work out that way; Pete and Bump are no longer coaching football in the Big Ten, but while they were, the sense of destiny was a powerful one. Diogenes recalls a Rose Bowl game in which Iowa, then coached by Forest Evashevski, was a 19½-point favorite over California, then coached by Pete Elliott. Diogenes made a side bet at two to one that Iowa would

win by 27½ points. Iowa was winning by 32 points in the fourth quarter when Evashevski apparently took pity on Elliott and sent in the junkowskies. Presto! California pushed down the field for a touchdown that reduced the winning margin—final score 38-12—and that reduced Dio's bank roll even more dramatically. "Well," he says, in the tone of a man who should have known better, "any time the point spread goes over 14 in a bowl game, you've got to be guessing."

Once Diogenes has made his picks, he begins shopping for business. In the days when high-stakes betting on college sports was flourishing, the market on college football opened at noon on Monday, New York time. Dio would get on the phone and work quickly; he liked to be finished within two or three hours, because the other big-money bettors would also be getting their bets in and the point spreads would begin changing to reflect the influx of money. "And a half point could mean an awful lot to me," he says. In more recent days, when a deep breath taken in interstate commerce might lead to a Federal jail sentence, the betting must be done where gambling is legal—i.e., Las Vegas—or where it can be kept confined to a single state, as in Florida, particularly Miami. If Dio is not in either of these towns, he exercises extreme caution. He will not admit to buying an out-of-town newspaper (which is in interstate commerce) nor to listening to an out-of-state football game, much less to placing a bet by a long-distance phone call: He is scrupulous about obeying Federal laws. On the other hand, he is willing to admit the obvious: It is not terribly difficult to get to Las Vegas or to Miami within a few hours from virtually any part of the country.

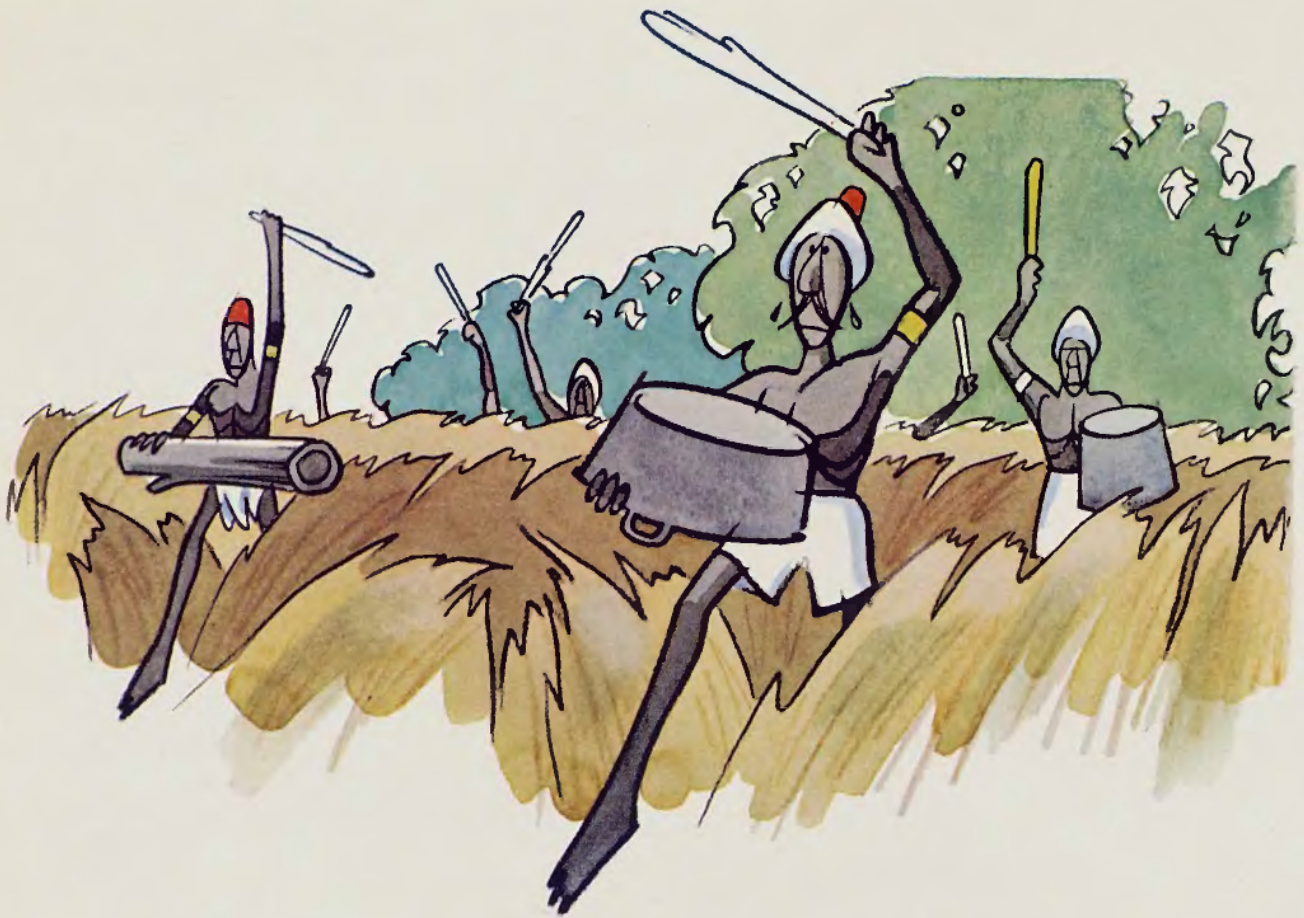
Once his bets are in, he doesn't sit back and forget about them. He's always looking for that shift that will make for a brilliant opportunity. He fondly remembers the occasion when Pittsburgh opened as a six-point favorite over Penn State. Dio took the underdog—Penn State and six points. During the next few days, he watched the point spread drop from six to four to two to even. At that point, he went back into the market and put a "ton of money" down on Pittsburgh. "There was no way I could lose," he explains. Here's why:

1. If Penn State won or tied the game, he'd win the first bet.
2. If Pitt won the game by any margin, he'd win the second bet.
3. If Pitt won by six points or less, he'd win both bets.

As it happened, Pittsburgh came from behind to win the game 14-13. So Dio won going both ways.

He doesn't expect to do that often. "That kind of opportunity comes along only every couple of years," he says. But





Shirley W. P.



neither is he satisfied with half a loaf. "If you're half right, you're a loser," he says. He cited some of the mathematics of the art—kindly, like one conveying truth to little children. "If you bet only ten games, you must be 60 percent right"—not on who will win or lose (which is easy enough) but on picking the point spread. Assuming the minimum bet—\$11,000 a game—the investor who wins six out of ten nets \$16,000, while the better who's half right, picking five out of ten, loses \$5,000. "So the difference between being half right and 60 percent right is a difference of \$21,000—and of being a winner or a loser." To be sure, the more bets you make, the more the tyranny of the odds goes down. On 20 bets, you must be right only 55 percent of the time (11 wins). On 40 bets, you must be right only 52.5 percent of the time (21 wins) to come out ahead. But though the percentages go down, Dio's goals do not. "You've got to decide whether it's worth all the time and tension to get down 40 bets—that's an absolute minimum of \$440,000—just so you can come out one grand ahead." For most people, he feels, it isn't. "You can do better putting your money elsewhere."

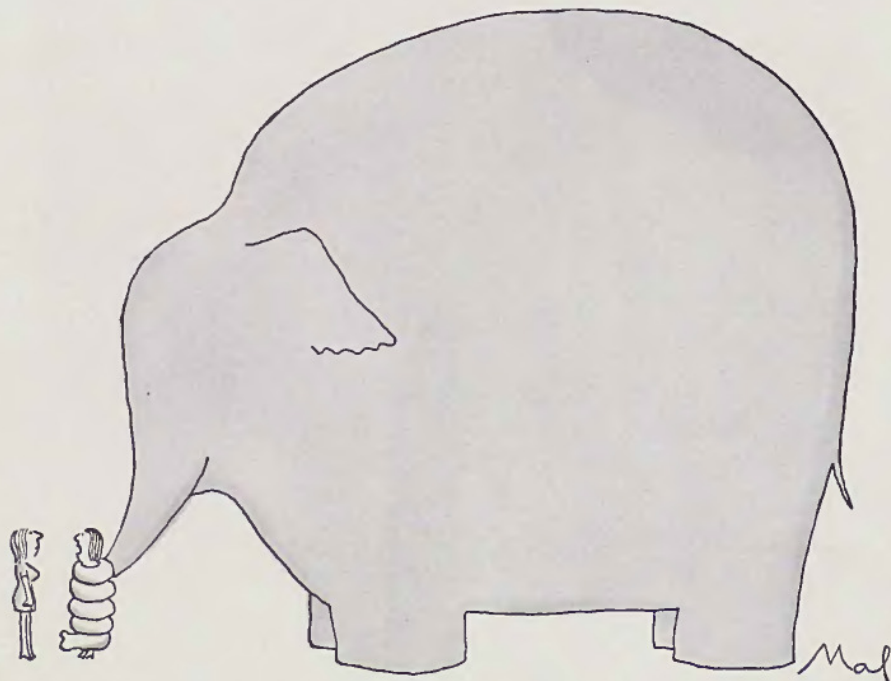
Over the years, Dio's judgment and integrity have provided him with not only a comfortable fortune but also an unusual stature: He became, very quietly, a consultant to college-conference authorities who wanted to know if there was anything provably corrupt in their conferences. He would phone in a report once or twice a week, indicating whether he

noticed anything strange in the betting marts. He didn't want a fixed game; it only distorted his handicapping. He feels that "only the thieves" want a fix. So he felt he was helping himself, as well as college sports, by maintaining a surveillance on the hanky-pank within the game. (Some of the discoveries have become public knowledge—in one weekend, there was an attempt to fix two major games. On a less spectacular level, his stream of advice about how the betting was going on certain basketball games—in which a particular official invariably worked—led to the quiet dismissal of the official.) Even within strictly gambling circles, his judgment and integrity are regarded so loftily that he has been accorded something of the status of a Chief Justice. It is, of course, an informal relationship in which he is asked to adjudicate some of the peskier problems of betting. Take the time Alabama was a 14-point favorite over Miami in a game that was to be played on a Friday night in the Orange Bowl. When a heavy rainstorm was forecast for the Miami area, some investors took Miami and 14 points, in the belief that the wind, the rain and a muddy field would make it all but impossible for Alabama to score. They ignored only one possibility: that the storm would be so violent that the game would have to be postponed for a day. That's exactly what happened. By game time Saturday, the weather was clear and the field was dry and Alabama went out and whipped Miami 21-6, one point over the point spread. The original Miami backers—

losers all—immediately squawked and refused to pay up. They claimed that all bets were off, because the game was not played on Friday night, as scheduled. And everybody *knows* you handicap the weather and the playing field as well as the coaches, the teams and the star half-back's pregnant girlfriend. If a vital element of the game—such as its location or date or a successful abortion—changes its basic condition, then all bets are off: At least that was the claim. In time, the matter was bucked up to Diogenes, as the fairest and most objective man in the business. After considering the problem for a judicious time, he concluded that all bets *should* be off if the game does not go on as scheduled. It was a landmark decision in big-money betting. Since that time, no bet on a sporting event—except for outdoor boxing—carries over if the event is postponed to another day.

All this is not to say that Diogenes has not known frustrations. He is regarded affectionately on his old campus—if largely because he is such a generous contributor to its development fund—but not by his old employers, who evidently still hold a grudge. "I've gone into the bank several times to drop a \$15,000 deposit in their laps," he says, "but they won't take it." He has thought of buying stock in the bank and showing up to quiz the president at annual meetings. "But that wouldn't prove anything," he says quietly. In short, because of the *sub rosa* nature of his occupation, he has been unable to transfer its huge monetary rewards into a commensurate status in the world at large.

He knows the easiest route: to quit. The Government has smoothed the way for him. "The big bookmakers can't operate anymore," he says, "because of that law against phoning gambling information across state lines." As he talked, he communicated the effect of a good conversationalist quietly voicing some regrets over very good, very old cognac. The result of the Federal strictures, he thought, may be to throw big-money betting on sports into a more Victorian era, where it is conducted discreetly as a "gentlemen's game" between individuals—meeting, if necessary, face to face in an unlit closet (to keep the Feds away). But that would alter the excitement of high risk very little. And it would not alter the cerebral exercise involved in the art. As always, Dio says, the art would represent an expression of oneself—a reflection of a certain persona in the presence of high risk. "They can take the superficialities away," he says, holding up a brandy, "but they can't take away its substance. Or its enduring good taste."



"He's very possessive."



## SAUL BIRD SAYS *(continued from page 96)*

week in September, striding into his office. "I'm Saul Bird. I would like your signature on a petition," he said. Hubben spent many minutes reading the petition, examining its syntax, to give himself time to think. Saul Bird's presence in this small room upset him. The man was very close, physically close to Hubben—and Hubben could not stand to be touched—and he was very real. He kept leaning over Hubben's shoulder to point out things in the petition. "That is the central issue. That will break someone's back," Saul Bird said.

Hubben, rattled, could not make much sense of the petition except that it seemed to support excellence in teaching and the need for dedication to students and for experimentation to prevent "the death of the humanities." Hubben could not see that it had much to do with the case of Saul Bird at all. But he said, not meeting Saul Bird's stare, "I really must decline. I'm afraid I don't sign things."

"You what?"

"I'm afraid I don't—"

"You refuse to involve yourself?" Saul Bird said sharply.

Hubben sat staring at the petition. He read it over again. Would this awful man not go away?

"I think you'll reconsider if you study my case," Saul Bird said. "Most of the faculty is going to support me, once the injustice of the case is aired. Here is my own file—read it tonight and tell me what your response is." And he gave Hubben a manila folder of Xeroxed memos, outlines, programs, personal letters from students in praise of Saul Bird, dating back to March of the year that Saul Bird had signed a contract with Hilberry. Hubben sat dizzily looking through these things. He had his own work to do. . . . What sense could he make of all this?

On September ninth, he was to meet with Saul Bird at four in the afternoon, but the hour came and went. He was immensely relieved. He prepared to go home, thinking of how much better it was to stay away from people, really. No close relationships. No intimate ties. Of course, he liked to "chat" with people—particularly about intellectual subjects—and he enjoyed the simple-minded family dinners in the Kramer household, where he boarded. He liked students at a distance. Women made him extremely nervous. His female students were as colorful as partridges and as unpredictable—so many sudden flutterings, the darting of eyes and hands! The young men in his classes were fine human beings, but, up close, the heat of their breath was disturbing. Better to keep people at a distance. . . . And as Hubben thought this clearly to himself, the telephone rang

and Doris Marsdell announced that Saul Bird was on his way. "But he's an hour late and I'm going home," Hubben protested.

"You hadn't better go home," the girl said.

"What?" said Hubben. "What did you say, Miss Marsdell?"

"This is a matter of extreme importance, more to you than to Saul. You hadn't better go home." Shaken, Hubben looked around his dingy, cluttered office as if seeking help—but he was alone. The girl went on quickly, "Saul is a genius, a saint. You people all know that! You're jealous of him! You want to destroy him, because you're jealous, you're terrified of a real genius in your midst!"

"Miss Marsdell," Hubben said, "are you joking? You must be joking."

"I don't joke," the girl said and hung up.

When Saul Bird arrived 15 minutes later, he was in an excellent mood. He shook hands briskly, lit a cigarette and sat on the edge of Hubben's desk. "Did you read my file? Are you convinced of the injustice of this university?"

Hubben was extremely warm. "I'm not sure—"

"Most of your colleagues in philosophy are going to sign in my behalf," Saul Bird said. "What is your decision?"

"I wasn't aware that most of them were—"

"Of course not. People are afraid to talk openly of these matters."

"I still don't think—"

"My wife wants you to have dinner with us tonight. We'll talk about this quietly, sanely. Intelligent discourse between humanists is the only means of bringing about a revolution—until the need for violence is more obvious, I mean," Saul Bird said with a smile.

"Violence?" Hubben stared. He felt something in his blood warming, opening, coming to life in arrogant protestation against himself, his own demands. He was very warm. Saul Bird, perched on the edge of his desk, eyed him through glasses that looked as if they might slightly magnify the images that came through them.

"People like you," Saul Bird said softly, "have been allowed to live through books for too long. That's been your salvation—dust and the droppings of tradition—but all that is ending, as you



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we can't locate a baby sitter."*



know. You'll change. You'll be changed. My wife would like you to come to dinner. You're rooming with the Kramers, aren't you? Old Harold Kramer and his 'ethics of Christianity' seminar?"

Hubben wanted to protest that Kramer was only 46.

"People like Kramer, according to the students, are hopeless. They must go under. People like *you*—and a very few others—are possibilities. The students do admit certain possibilities. They are very wise, these twenty-year-olds, extraordinarily wise. The future belongs to them, of course. You are not anti-student, are you?"

"Of course not, but—"

"Telephone Kramer's wife and tell her you're eating out tonight," Saul Bird said.

Hubben hesitated. Then something in him surrendered: Really, it would not harm him to have dinner with the Birds. He was curious about them, after all. And then, it could not be denied that Saul Bird was a fascinating man. His face was shrewd, peaked, oddly appealing. He was obviously very intelligent—his students had not exaggerated. Hubben had heard, of course, that Saul Bird had been fired for incompetence and "gross misconduct." He did not teach his classes, evidently. He did not assign any examinations or papers and his students were allowed to grade themselves. But in the man's presence, these

charges faded, they did not seem quite *relevant*. . . . Hubben made up his mind. He would spend the evening with the Birds. Wasn't it a part of the rich recklessness of life, to explore all possibilities? And so it all began.

The group met informally at Saul Bird's apartment, at first two or three times a week, then every evening. Wanda went as often as she could—she had to work hard on her class preparations and on her dissertation, she was often exhausted, a little sick to her stomach and doubtful of her subject (*Landor*, Saul Bird had said flatly)—but still she showed up, shy and clumsy about this new part of her life. Saul Bird and his group were so passionate! They were so wise! They asked her bluntly how she could devote her intelligence to the analysis of a *medieval* writer when the world about her was so rotten. It was based on hypocrisy and exploitation, couldn't she see? The world was a nightmarish joke, unfunny. Nothing was funny. It was a fact of this life, Saul Bird lectured to his circle, that *nothing was funny*.

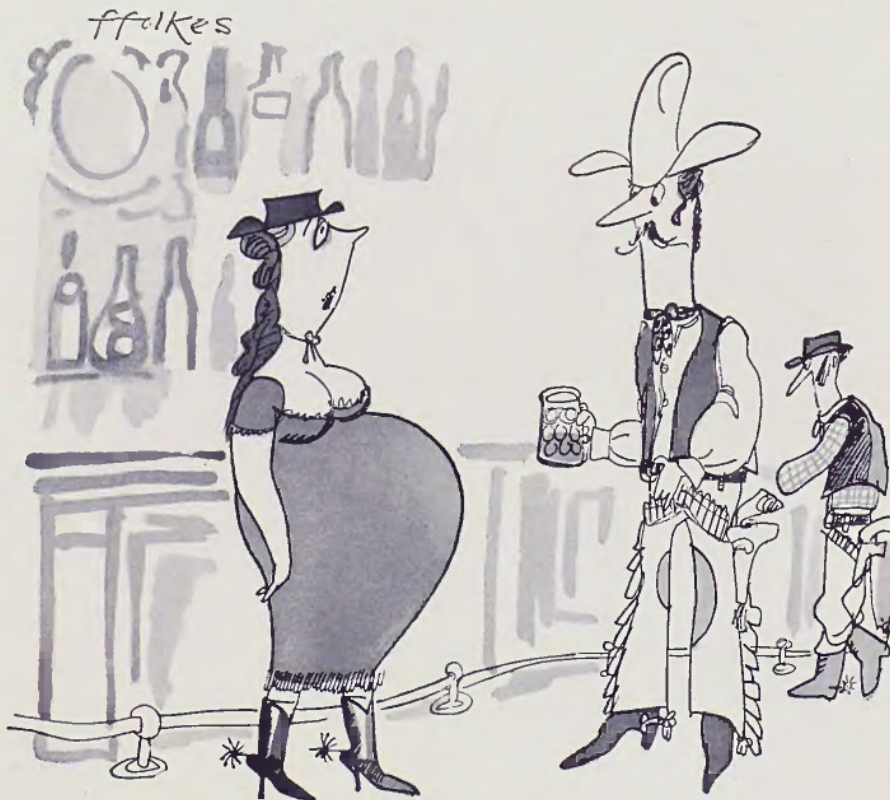
And he would stare openly at Erasmus Hubben, whose nervous jokes had annoyed the circle at first.

Hubben was transformed gradually. How had he been blind for so long? His students told him that half the faculty was going to be fired, hounded out, shamed out of existence, if Saul Bird was

not rehired. When Saul Bird was rehired, however, he would not be gratefully silent but would head a committee of activist faculty and students to expose the hypocrisy of the rest of the faculty. Their findings would be published. Would he, Erasmus, like to contribute anything to help with printing costs? As the fall semester went on, Hubben turned up at Saul Bird's more and more often, he stayed later, he became quite dependent upon these nightly meetings. How was it possible that he had known so little about himself? about his own stultifying life? He began to speak wildly, parodying his own professorial manner, and the saliva flew from his lips. He believed that Saul Bird listened closely to him. The very air of Saul Bird's crowded little apartment was exhilarating to Hubben; he and the two other faculty members who showed up regularly began to feel younger, to dress in an untidy, zestful, youthful manner. Hubben gained a new respect for Morris Kaye, whom he had never taken seriously. And a new lecturer, a young woman named Wanda, attracted Hubben's eye: Vague in her speech, flat-chested, her eyes watery with emotion or shyness, she did not upset Hubben at all and she seemed to admire his speeches.

On the walls of the apartment there were many posters and photographs, and those that caught Hubben's eye most often were of blazing human beings—Buddhist monks and nuns, and a Czechoslovakian university student. A human being in flames! Maniacal flames leaping up from an oddly rigid, erect human being, sitting cross-legged in a street! It was unimaginable. But it had happened, it had been photographed. Hubben had the idea as the weeks passed that only so dramatic an act, so irreparable an act, would impress Saul Bird.

When Wanda could not go to the apartment, she thought about the group and could not concentrate on her work. What were they talking about? They usually talked for hours—sometimes quietly, sometimes noisily. The air would be heavy with smoke. Everyone except Wanda smoked; even Saul Bird's little boy showed up, smoking. (The Birds did not exactly live together. Susannah had an apartment on the top floor of a building and Saul had a smaller apartment on the second floor, in the rear.) The little boy, Philip, would come down to visit and stand behind his father's chair, watching everyone. He was a fascinating child, Wanda thought. She feared children, usually, but Philip did not seem to be a child; he was dwarfish rather than small, wise and almost wooden, with thick kinky hair a little darker than his father's and his father's cool, intelligent face. He would not attend public schools and the Birds supported him. (Some kind of legal case was going on over



"They call me Calamity Jane."





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this.) He said little, unlike other children Wanda had known, and she was very pleased one day when the Birds asked her to take Philip out to get a pair of shoes. She took him on the bus. He was silent except for one remark: "Don't fall in love with my father, please."

Wanda laughed hysterically.

She began to lie awake at night, thinking about Saul Bird. He often looked directly at her, pointedly at her. He often nodded in support of her remarks. If only they could talk alone!—but the apartment was always crowded with students who were staying overnight, some of them even bringing their sleeping bags along. The young man with the orange hat, David Rose, had moved out of his parents' house and Saul Bird had gladly agreed to house him, for nothing. The telephone was always ringing. Susannah sometimes showed up around midnight, silent and dark. She reminded Wanda of a crow. But the woman was brilliant, her book on Proust was brilliant. Wanda despaired of such brilliance herself. Susannah had a deft, witchlike, whimsical style, her small face sometimes breaking into a darting, razorish smile that was really charming. And her wit frightened everyone—"If my husband could function normally, he would function normally," she said once, winking. And Hubben was always there. He sent out for pizzas and chop suey and hamburgers. K—"I am a character out of Kafka, pure essence," he declared—was always there. And the students, always the students. They seemed to live on air, disdaining Hubben's offers of food. They did not need food. They lived on the hours of intense, intoxicating dialog:

SAUL BIRD: What conclusions have you come to?

DORIS: That I was an infant. I was enslaved.

SAUL BIRD: And what now?

DORIS: Now I am totally free.

SAUL BIRD: You're exaggerating to gain our respect.

DORIS: No, I'm free. I'm free. I detest my parents and everything they stand for—I'm free of them—I am my own woman, entirely!

During the day, Hubben began to notice that his colleagues at the university were jealous of him. They were probably curious about the renewed interest in his notoriously difficult subject, logic. How strange that young people should begin to hang around Erasmus Hubben's office! Hubben spent hours "chatting" with them. *I must get closer. I must wake up to reality*, he thought. His colleagues were not only jealous of his popularity but fearful of it. He began closing his office door and opening it only to Saul Bird's circle. He took around Saul Bird's petition and tried to argue people into signing it. When Kramer would not sign it, Hubben became

extremely angry and moved out of the Kramer home and into a cheap river-front hotel. He told the Kramers that their attitude toward Saul Bird was disgusting. They were sick people, he could not live under the same roof with such sick, selfish people! Kramer, a professor of ethics, an old-fashioned Catholic layman, was brought to tears by Hubben's accusations. But Hubben would not move back. He would not compromise with his new ideals.

*I have friends now. I have real friends*, he thought 50 times a day, in amazement. He doodled little poems, smiling at their cryptic ingenuity—

*One savage kiss is worth  
a thousand savage syllogisms—*

and showed them to Saul Bird, who shrugged his shoulders. Though he was a professor of English, Saul had not much interest in poetry. He argued that the meaning of life was *action*, involvement with other *human beings*; the trappings of the past were finished—books, lectures, classrooms, buildings, academic status! He, Saul Bird, was being fired only because he represented the future. The establishment feared the future. In a proclamation sent to the local newspaper, calling for an investigation of the financial holdings of the university's board of governors, he stated: "Because it is my duty to liberate the students of this university, I am being fired. Because people like myself—and we are numerous in Canada and the United States—are loyal to our students and not to the establishment, we are being persecuted. But we are going to fight back."

"We certainly are going to fight back!" Hubben cried.

He hurried about the university with a wild, happy look. He felt so much younger! Though living in the White Hawk Hotel did not agree with him, he felt much younger these days; it was mysterious. He and the young lecturer Wanda Barnett often sought each other out at the university to discuss the change in their lives. At first, they were shy; then, guessing at their common experiences, they began to talk quite openly. "I was always lonely. I was always left out. I was always the tallest girl in my class," Wanda said, gulping for breath.

Hubben, feeling a kind of confused, sparkling gratitude for this woman's honesty, admitted that he, too, had been lonely, isolated, overly intelligent, a kind of freak. "And I was selfish, so selfish! I inherited from my father—a pious old fraud!—an absolute indifference to moral and political commitment. I skipped a stage in the natural evolution of mankind! But thanks to Saul—"

"Yes, thanks to Saul—" Wanda said at once.

Just before the break at Christmas, the

university's Appeals Committee turned down the Saul Bird case.

"And now we must get serious," Saul Bird said to the circle.

They began to talk of tactics. They talked of faculty resignations, of the denunciation of the university by its student population; guardedly, at first, they talked of demonstrations and breakage and bombings. They would certainly occupy the humanities building and only violent police action could get them out—maybe not even that, if they were armed. They could stay in the building for weeks and force the university's administration to rehire Saul Bird. As they spoke, they became more excited, more certain of themselves. The blazing suicides on Saul Bird's walls were luminous, as if in sympathy with their cause.

How could one live in such a rotten society? Why not destroy it with violence?

The telephone was always ringing. Sometimes Wanda answered, sometimes one of the girl students; if Saul Bird nodded, they handed the receiver to him; if he shook his head, they made excuses for him. He was not always available to everyone. This pleased them immensely, his belonging to *them*. When they did not talk directly of forcing the administration to rehire him, they talked about him, about his effect on their lives. They were frank and solemn. A first-year arts student, a girl, clasped her hands before her and said breathlessly, "Saul has changed me. No cell in me is the same."

K, enormously moved, sat on the floor and confessed, "He revolutionized my concept of reality. It's like that corny *Gestalt* of George Washington's face—once it's pointed out to you, you can't see anything else. Not lines and squiggles but only Washington's face. That is fate."

But sometimes, very late at night, the discussions became more intimate. It was in January that Saul Bird turned to Hubben, who had been unusually noisy that evening, and said, "You assure us you've been transformed. But I doubt it. I doubt that you are ready yet to face the truth about yourself."

"The truth?"

"The truth. Will you tell us?"

It was so late—around four in the morning—that only about 12 students remained, as well as Wanda, K and a recent convert, a peppy, bearded sociology lecturer. The air was suddenly quite tense. Everyone looked at Hubben, who tugged at the collar of his rumpled shirt.

"I don't know what you mean, Saul," he said.

"Of course you know what I mean."

"That I'm prejudiced? Against certain races . . . or creeds . . . ?"

Saul Bird was silent.

"I admit to a slight primitive fear . . .





*"For God's sake, Alice, this is no time for polite euphemisms."*



an entirely irrational fear of people different from myself. It's Toronto instinct! Good old Anglo-Saxon stock!" Hubben laughed.

"We know all that," David Rose said coldly.

"How do you know that? Did you—did you know that?" Hubben said. He looked around the room. Wanda Barnett was watching him, her face drawn with the late hour. K's look was slightly glazed. "But I like all human beings personally, as—as human beings. Today I was chatting in the lounge with Franklin Ambrose, and it never occurred to me, not once, that he was a—that he was a Negro—"

Hubben looked miserably at Saul Bird.

"Franklin Ambrose is not a Negro," said Saul Bird shrewdly.

Everyone barked with laughter. It was true: Frank Ambrose, a black man of 30, whose Ph.D. was from Harvard, who dressed expensively and whose clipped high style was much appreciated by his female students, was not really a "Negro" at all.

"What about Jews, Erasmus?" Doris Marsdell said suddenly.

"Jews? I don't think about Jews. I have no feelings one way or another. I do not think about people as Jews—or non-Jews—"

"Tell us more," another student said with a snicker.

"Yes, tell us."

"Tell us about your most intimate instinct," Saul Bird said. He leaned forward to stare down at Hubben, who was

sitting on the floor. "What is the truth about your feeling for me?"

"Extreme admiration—"

"Come, come. I think we all know. You might as well admit it."

"Admit what?"

"Your inclinations."

"But what—what are my inclinations?"

"Your obsession."

Hubben stared. "What do you mean?"

"Tell us."

"But what—what do you mean?"

"Your desire for me," Saul Bird said.

"I don't—"

"Your homosexual desire for me," Saul Bird said flatly.

Hubben sat without moving.

"Well?" said Saul Bird. "Why are you so silent?"

"I don't—I don't—" Hubben wiped his forehead with both hands. He could not bear the gaze of Saul Bird, but there was nowhere else to look. And then, suddenly, he heard his own voice saying, "Yes, I admit it. It's true."

Saul Bird lifted his hands in a gesture that matched the lifting of his eyebrows. "Of course it's true," he said.

The discussion leaped at once to another topic: tactics for the occupation of the humanities building. Hubben took part vociferously in this discussion. He stayed very late, until only he and a few students remained, and Saul Bird said curtly, "I forgot to tell you that Susannah and I are flying to New York this morning. Will you all go home, so that I can get some sleep?"

"You're going away?" everyone said.

A weekend without Saul Bird was a lonely weekend. Hubben did not leave the White Hawk Hotel; Wanda, staying up in Susannah's apartment in order to take care of Philip, hoped for a telephone call. While the child read books on mathematical puzzles, or stared for long periods of time out the window, Wanda tried to prepare her Chaucer lectures. But she could not concentrate: She kept thinking of Saul Bird.

Who could resist Saul Bird?

The White Hawk Hotel was very noisy and its odors were of festivity and rot. Hubben, unable to sleep, telephoned members of the Saul Bird circle during the night, chatting and joking with them, his words tumbling out, saliva forming in the corners of his mouth. Sometimes he himself did not know what he was saying. After talking an hour and a half with K about the proper wording of their letters of resignation, he caught himself up short and asked, startled, "Why did you call me? Has anything happened?"

The next Monday, on his way to class, he overheard two students laughing behind him. He whirled around; the boys stared at him, their faces hardening. No students of his. He did not know them.

But perhaps they knew him?

Getting his mail in the departmental office, he noticed that the secretary—a young woman with stacked blonde hair—was eying him strangely. He glanced down at himself—frayed trouser cuffs, unbuckled overshoes. She was so absurdly overdressed that she must sneer at an intellectual like him, in self-defense. She must.

And yet, perhaps she had heard . . . ?

He went over to the English department to see Wanda, but she stammered an apology: "A student is coming to see me right now. About the special edition of the paper."

"The special edition? Can't I stay and listen?"

"Not right now," Wanda said, confused.

Hubben had donated \$500 for a special edition of the student newspaper, which was going to feature an interview with "Saul Bird: Teacher Extraordinary."

He walked quickly back to his office and closed the door. His head pounded. He covered his face with his hands and wept.

*Saul Bird. . . .*

Saul Bird returned in three days and the activities of the circle were resumed. It was necessary to begin plans for the occupation of the humanities building in earnest. They must be prepared for violence. Now the telephone was ringing more than ever: The local newspaper wanted an interview to run alongside an interview with the president of the university; a professor in civil engineering,



*"Alfred always looks for the good in people."*



of all fields, wanted Saul Bird to come to dinner, because it was "time we all communicated"; the head of Saul's department wanted an explanation of all this intrigue; David Rose's father called to demand angrily what was happening to his son; long-distance calls came in from Toronto, in response to a full-page advertisement Hubben had paid for in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, headlined "WHY IS HILBERRY UNIVERSITY PERSECUTING A MAN NAMED SAUL BIRD?"

Wanda walked through a cold sleeting rain to watch a television interview show at the home of the Episcopal chaplain, Father Mott, a young, balding man who was Saul Bird's newest disciple. The show was a local production, rather amateurish, but Saul Bird spoke clearly and strongly and made an excellent impression. Wanda stared, transfixed, at his image on the screen. It was impossible to tell how short he was! He talked for 15 minutes in his urbane, imploring voice: "It must be smashed so that it can live! Those of us who are prepared to smash it are feared, especially by our own generation; but this fear is hopeless, it will stop nothing—the future will come, it will be heard! We may have to destroy higher education in both Canada and the United States in order to save our young people!"

"Dr. Bird," said the interviewer, "may I ask a more personal question? We've been hearing about a possible occupation of one of the university's buildings. Is there any basis to this threat?"

"Absolutely not," said Saul Bird.

The occupation had been planned for the following Tuesday, the second week in February. Wanda, who had been staying up almost every night, got so nervous that she could not sit still. She could not even stay in her office for long. She imagined that people were staring at her. The older faculty members, unsympathetic to Saul Bird, in some cases hating Saul Bird, began to look at her in a most unpleasant way. In the faculty lounge, Wanda believed that they laughed at her because she came in so rushed, her short hair untidy about her face, her books clumsily cradled in her arms. She blushed miserably.

February was dim and cold and few students showed up at her morning classes. Inspired by Saul Bird, she had announced that all students enrolled in her sections would be allowed to grade themselves at the end of the year. Saul Bird had predicted a renewed enthusiasm on the students' part, but in fact, the students were disappearing; what had gone wrong? Didn't they understand her devotion to them? She was so nervous that she had to hurry to the women's rest room before classes, fearing nausea. Sometimes she did throw up. And then, shaken, pale, distraught, she hurried across the windy quadrangle to her

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classroom, arriving five minutes late, her glasses steamed over.

As the date of the occupation approached, she became even more nervous. She could not sleep. If she telephoned Saul Bird, it often happened that someone else answered—it sounded like Doris Marsdell—and said loftily, "Saul is not available at the moment!" If she telephoned Susannah, the phone went unanswered. Erasmus Hubben, at his hotel, would snatch up his telephone receiver and say hello in so panicked a voice that Wanda could not identify herself. So the two of them would sit, listening to each other's frightened breathing, until they both hung up.

She kept thinking and rethinking about the past several months. Her mind raced and would not let her sleep. For some reason, she kept glancing at her wrist watch. What was wrong? What was happening? She caught a bad cold waiting for a bus to take her to Saul Bird's apartment and could not get rid of it. When she met other faculty members in the halls, she stammered and looked away. She could not concentrate on her dissertation. That could wait; it had nothing to do with real life. But people were looking at her oddly. When she hurried into the coffee shop to sit with K and a few students, it seemed that even these people glanced oddly at her. But it was Erasmus Hubben they were analyzing. "People just want to discredit his ad in the *Toronto Globe and Mail!*" Doris Marsdell said sourly. She had a very thin, grainy face, rubbed too raw and drawn with exhaustion; her blonde hair hung in strands. When she waved her arms excitedly, she did not smell good. "Sanity and insanity, Saul says, are bourgeois distinctions we don't need to observe. It's all crap! If society tries to say that Erasmus is unbalanced, that is *their* distinction and not ours. Society wants to categorize us in order to get power over us! Sheer primitive imperialist power!"

• • •

The occupation began on February tenth, at 10:30 P.M. Saul Bird's supporters—about 40 students and 8 faculty members and the wiry little Episcopal chaplain—approached the humanities building with their sleeping bags, helmets, goggles and food, but the campus police must have been tipped off, because they were waiting. These police—about five of them—blocked the entrance to the building and asked for identification cards.

Erasmus Hubben pushed his way through the shivering little group. "Are you the Gestapo?" he cried. "The thought police? What is *your* identification?" A few of the students began shoving forward. They broke past the campus police—who were middle-aged, portly men in uniforms that looked like costumes—and ran into the building.

"Fascists! Gestapo!" Hubben cried. His long dark overcoat was unbuttoned and swung open. Wanda, whose throat was very sore, wondered if she should not try to calm Erasmus. But something about the rigidity of his neck and head frightened her. "I dare you to arrest me! I dare you to use your guns on me! I am an associate professor employed by this university, I am a Canadian citizen, I will use all the powers of my station and my intellect to expose you!" he cried. The students inside the building were now holding the doors shut against the police, but this prevented the other students from getting in. The policemen moved slowly, like men in a dream. Erasmus was pulling at one of them, a plump, catfaced, frightened man in his mid-50s, and was shouting, "Are we threatened with being fired, indeed? Are these loyal students threatened with expulsion? Indeed, indeed? And who will fire us and who will expel us when this university is burned to the ground and its corrupt administration put to public shame?"

"Somebody put a gag on him!" one of the students muttered.

Then something happened that Wanda did not see. Did Erasmus shove the policeman or did the policeman shove Erasmus? Did Erasmus truly spit in the man's face, as some claimed gleefully, or did the policeman just slip accidentally on the steps? People began to shout. The policeman had fallen and Erasmus was trying to kick him. Someone pulled at his arm. Hubben screamed, "Let me at him! They are trying to castrate us! All my life, they have tried to castrate me!" He took off his overcoat and threw it behind him and it caught poor Father Mott in the face. Before anyone could stop him, Erasmus tore off his shirt and began undoing his trousers. Wanda could not believe her eyes—she saw Erasmus Hubben pull down his trousers and step out of them! And then, eluding everyone, he ran along the side of the building, through the bushes, in his underclothes.

"Get him, get him!" people cried. A few students tried to head him off, but he turned suddenly and charged right into them. He was screaming. Wanda, confused, stood on the steps and could not think what to do—then two young girls ran right into her, uttering high, shrill, giggling little screams. They were from her Chaucer class. They ran right into her and she slipped on the icy steps and fell. She could not get up. Someone's foot crashed onto her hand. About her head were feet and knees; everyone was shouting. Someone stumbled backward and fell onto Wanda, knocking her face down against the step, and she felt a violent pain in her mouth.

She began to weep helplessly.

• • •

Saul Bird, who had thought it best to stay away from the occupation, tele-

phoned Wanda at three o'clock in the morning. He spoke rapidly and angrily. "Come over here at once, please. Susannah and I are driving to Chicago in an hour and we need you to sit with Philip. I know all about what happened—spare me the details, please."

"But poor Erasmus—"

"How soon can you get here?"

"Right away," Wanda said. Her mouth was swollen—one of her teeth was loose and would probably have to be pulled. But she got dressed and called a taxi and ran up the steps into Saul Bird's apartment building. In the foyer, a few students were waiting. Doris Marsdell cried, "What are you doing? Is he letting you come up to see him?" Her eyes were pink and her voice hysterical. "Did anything happen? Is he still alive? He didn't attempt suicide, did he?"

"He asked me to take care of Philip for a few days," Wanda said.

"You? He asked you?" Doris cried in dismay.

Susannah answered the door. She was wearing a yellow-tweed pants suit and hoop earrings; her mouth was a dark, heavy pink. "Come in, come in!" she said cheerfully. The telephone was ringing. Saul Bird, knotting a necktie, appeared on the run. "Don't answer that telephone!" he said to Susannah. The boy, Philip, stood in his pajamas at a window, his back to the room. Everywhere there were suitcases and clothes. Wanda tried to cover her swollen mouth with her hand, ashamed of looking so ugly. But Saul Bird did not seem to look at her. He was rummaging through some clothes. "Wanda, we'll contact you in a few days. We're on our way out of this hellhole," he said curtly.

She helped them carry their suitcases down to the car.

Then, for three days, she stayed in the apartment and "watched" Philip. She fingered her loose tooth, which was very painful; she wept, knotting a handkerchief in her fingers. She could not shake loose her cold. "Do you think—do you think your father will ever recover from this?" she asked, staring at the little boy.

He spent most of his time reading and doodling mathematical puzzles. When he laughed, it was without humor, a short, breathy bark.

Saul Bird did not telephone until the following Saturday, and then he had little to say. "Put Philip on the Chicago flight at noon. Give him the keys to both apartments."

"But aren't you coming back?"

"Never," said Saul Bird.

"But what about your teaching? Your students?" Wanda cried.

"I've had it at Hilberry University," Saul Bird said.

She was paralyzed.

Preparing Philip for the trip, she





*buck brown*

*"Are you kidding? Of course we let them play through!"*



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walked about in a kind of daze. She kept saying, "But your father must return. He must fight them. He must insist upon justice." Philip did not pay much attention to her. A cigarette in the center of his pursed lips, he combed his thick hair carefully, preening in the mirror. He was a squat, stocky and yet attractive child—like his father, his face wooden and theatrical at once, a sickly olive hue. Wanda stared at him. He was all she had now, her last link with Saul Bird. "Do you think he's desperate? Will he be hospitalized like poor Erasmus Hubben? What will happen?"

"Nothing," said Philip.  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "He has found another job, probably."  
 "What? How do you know?" Wanda cried.  
 "This has happened before," said Philip.

In the taxi to the airport, she began to weep desperately. She kept touching the child's hands, his arms. "But what will happen to us . . . to me . . . ? The year is almost gone. I have nothing to show for it. I resigned from the university and I cannot, I absolutely cannot ask to be rehired like the others. . . . I cannot degrade myself! And my dissertation, all that is dead, dried up, all that belongs to the past! What will happen to me? Will your father never come back, will I never see him again?"

"My father," said Philip coldly, "has no particular interest in women."

Wanda hiccupped with laughter. "I didn't mean—"

"He makes no secret of it. I've heard him talk about it dozens of times," Philip said. "He was present at my birth. Both he and my mother wanted this. He watched me born . . . me being born . . . he watched all that blood, my mother's insides coming out . . . all that blood. . . ." The child was dreamy now, no longer abrasive and haughty; he stared past Wanda's face as if he were staring into a mystery. His voice took on a softened, almost bell-like tone. "Oh, my father is very articulate about that experience. . . . Seeing that mess, he said, made him impotent forever. Ask him. He'd love to tell you about it."

"I don't believe it," Wanda whispered.  
 "Then don't believe it."

She waited until his flight was called and walked with him to the gate. She kept touching his hands, his arms, even his bushy dark-blond hair. He pulled away from her, scowling; then, taking pity on her, staring with sudden interest at her bluish, swollen lip, he reached out to shake hands. It was a formal hand-shake, a farewell.

"But what will I do with the rest of my life?" Wanda cried.

The child shook his head. "You are such an obvious woman," he said flatly.

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# cassettes (continued from page 146)

\$30-\$100 range and serve tolerably well at the beach and other alfresco entertainments at which the listening is casually uncritical. Two typical models are the Norelco 1530 (\$64.95, cassette only) and 1570 (\$89.95, cassette plus AM/FM), weighing about five pounds each and featuring an ingenious tape-transport system with two separate motors, for record/playback and fast-forward/rewind. Similar gear is supplied by Admiral, General Electric, Motorola, RCA and other name-brand manufacturers.

The most interesting action on the portable front has been focused on cassette machines with stereo capability. Stereo portables are being promoted on the assumption that many listeners demand the same high quality outdoors as they can get indoors. Hitachi's Model TRQ-222 (\$119.95) does its binaural thing via two detachable swing-out speakers yet tips the scale at 11.7 pounds. It operates either on A. C. line current or on six "D" cells. Other stereo cassette portables worth investigating are the Ampex Micro 70 (\$189.95) and the Concord F-400 (\$179.50), as well as the Craig 2609 (\$189.95) and the Panasonic RF-7490 (\$179.95); the last two are equipped with a built-in AM/FM stereo radio.

Listeners on the go will also want to look into the new stereo cassette players for cars—a domain hitherto ruled by the eight-track cartridge. Both Chrysler and General Motors will be offering factory-installed cassette equipment in some 1971 cars and there is a proliferation of add-on units for either dashboard or floor mounting. Most of these automobile players come from Japan and look pretty much alike, no matter what the brand name. Almost all have slot-loading and push-button eject. Some feature automatic reverse—for example, the Bell & Howell Model 3700 (\$119.95). Others incorporate FM stereo—for example, the Aiwa TP-2010 (\$109.95) and the Roberts CC10FM (\$129.95). Yet others—such as the Hitachi TRQ-206 (\$119.95) and the Mayfair 222 (\$109.95)—offer recording capability for in-transit dictation. Anyone opting for the cassette system at home will probably want it on the road as well, in order to get double-duty from his cassette collection. But since the automobile gear is fairly new and untried, choice of equipment should be made according to the recommendations of the dealer who will install and service it.

Regarding the little cassettes themselves, both blank and recorded: As indicated earlier, Du Pont's new chromium-dioxide formulation seems to have a lot going for it, especially when used in cassette gear with bias and equalization adjustments. Du Pont isn't marketing the tape in blank-cassette form but is licensing other firms to do so. Germany's

BASF plant was already in production in midsummer and other major tape suppliers, such as Ampex, Norelco, Sony and 3M are expected to join the parade shortly. Meanwhile, high-density ferric-oxide-tape cassettes—most notably the "SD" line of 30-minute, 60-minute and 90-minute blanks manufactured in Japan by TDK Electronics—have won high praise from the experts.

Proper cassette assembly is as vital to smooth performance as high-quality tape. A fully configured cassette contains at least a dozen precision components (the exact number varies with the brand), many of them minuscule springs and rollers that must meet rigorous production tolerances. Thus, it's well to beware of blank cassettes made to sell at cut-rate prices. They're often shoddily put together and can cause annoying jam-ups in operation.

Every major record label now routinely releases new albums in cassette

format, and the catalog repertoire, both popular and classical, is reasonably extensive. But it's no secret that sales of recorded cassettes have so far proved disappointingly slim. Prices have been too high and fidelity too low for the cassette to compete successfully with long-playing discs. This situation will change as technical advances affect the design of mass-duplicated cassettes. Producers of quality recorded cassettes are certain to switch over to chromium-dioxide tape or the high-density ferric-oxide tape before long, and, in time, probably all recorded cassettes will have Dolby equalization. Four-channel cassettes are also on the way, most likely in a compatible configuration that will allow the same cassette to provide either regular or quadraphonic stereo, depending on what playback equipment is used. As *The New York Times* observed recently, "The lowly cassette has at last come of age."



*"Confound it! Not even token resistance?"*



## THE LANGUAGE GAME

idly mastering peasant dialects, then German would be but a hop, skip and umlaut away.

Expert replaced expert in the judge's seat. Professor Stein's right sleeve was powdered with chalk dust. Von Kaunitz had seized the lead, 310 points to 250. He was the master now—and he used his advantage with arrogant confidence, intent not simply on defeating Chao-Gomez but on humiliating him. Thus, instead of hammering directly east toward the *Reich*, he made an unexpected turning movement north of Paris, possibly in linguistic imitation of the famous Schlieffen war plan, and began pummeling his young challenger in a southerly direction, as though to demonstrate that he could triumph without any recourse to German whatever.

Chao-Gomez mopped his brow. The Amazon seemed hopelessly remote. Von Kaunitz was sweeping him into Provence. Surely, the old man wouldn't enter Spain! That would be too much to hope for—and so it proved; for after a bitter struggle at Marseilles (in which some of Chao-Gomez' rejoinders in waterfront patois brought blushes to the cheeks of Mme. Duval, seated in the front row), Von Kaunitz forced his way through the

(continued from page 148)

*Alpes-Maritimes* and crossed into Italy.

Chao-Gomez poured another glass of mineral water. His hand trembled slightly. The old man's intentions were clear now. He'd harry his victim over the Lombardy plain and then cut him to ribbons along the Dalmatian coast. If more were needed, Bulgaria would be close at hand: Chao-Gomez could be dissected at leisure by the finer points of Old Church Slavonic.

Score: Von Kaunitz 595, Chao-Gomez 350.

The chandeliers blazed pitilessly down, glinting like snowy Piemontese peaks in the Alpine sun. As Chao-Gomez floundered amid subjunctive inflections, Von Kaunitz pushed forward inexorably—not for nothing had he spent three wartime winters in Italy on Kesselring's staff! At Milan, Chao-Gomez tried to make a stand, but the old warrior dislodged him with staccato vernacular bursts, wheezing with ill-concealed glee.

Now the Veneto. Venice itself would be Chao-Gomez' last chance before he was propelled into eastern Europe. If only, like Marco Polo, he could survive the barbarian wastes to reach Cathay! His childhood years in Kwangtung had given him a native fluency in his moth-

er's Cantonese, and later he had acquired a familiarity with others in the Sino-Tibetan group; but at the same time, he reflected that Von Kaunitz, during his decade in the Orient (1925–1935), would not have neglected the opportunity to master Mandarin, at the very least. Not that it mattered: The blackboard, visible past the polished skull of Dr. Innocenti in the judge's chair, showed Von Kaunitz well up into the 600s, a fact that likewise was registered by the smile of satisfaction on Porter's face. Sonia wasn't smiling, though. She was regarding Chao-Gomez with a certain moody nostalgia, as though she, too, were remembering that it had been in Venice, during last year's convention, that they had met—Venice, where they had wandered hand in hand beside the Grand Canal and danced across the Rialto to the music of some midnight accordion! Ah, but it was a far different Venice now—an abstract lingual city through whose labyrinthine alleys Chao-Gomez retreated before the methodical fury of the Teutonic invader. This time, he was alone—or was he? Sonia's gaze seemed urgent, almost as though she were seeking to direct him.

Then he remembered. Of course. He'd accepted the challenge of young Volpi then—he always seemed to be taking wild dares when Sonia was around—and had learned ancient Venetic over a weekend (a Pyrrhic victory, as it turned out; for while he remained closeted with grammars and dictionaries, Volpi had been free to court Sonia).

Venetic was worth a try, even though Von Kaunitz might very well know it, too. But would there be a legitimate opening for it?

There was. Unwittingly, Von Kaunitz employed a phrase that was virtually identical in both the old and the modern tongues. Chao-Gomez swiftly responded in Venetic—and the old man hesitated, essayed a feeble response or two, and then, with a scowl, broke off. For the first time since Middle Breton, Chao-Gomez had won a clear victory. It was only a skirmish, true, and it could not possibly alter the outcome, but still it emboldened him, and he flashed Sonia a thankful glance. Her expression hadn't changed, though. Was she trying to tell him something else? Unlikely—she had nothing to offer him, in a professional sense. Although her father was renowned in Kasubian studies, she herself was at home only in her native Belorussian. Her French, for example, was execrable, and her English wretched. Not that this troubled her. She treated language as though it were merely a means of communication. She couldn't seem to take it seriously.

Chao-Gomez returned reluctantly to the battle. He had the initiative now—



"Notice that people don't smile at us the way they used to?"





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but where to go with it? Cautiously, he moved south, outdueling Von Kaunitz at Bologna and hacking a skillful path through the heavily aspirated consonants of the Tuscan countryside. All roads led to Rome, but Chao-Gomez feared his rival would maneuver him into Latin there and stone him with ornamented periods. Instead, he leapfrogged the Tyrrhenian Sea to Sardinia. It was a perilous diversion. Von Kaunitz tried to drive him north toward Corsica; Chao-Gomez held on grimly at Cagliari, praying at least for a draw.

There was a disagreement. Dr. Riva, occupying the judge's chair, awarded a slight edge to Von Kaunitz, but his decision was challenged from the audience by Professor Fiumi, whose view was supported by Drs. Stecchi and Pietre, both recognized Sardinian authorities. Dr. Riva was outnumbered; on the other hand, he was the judge. Professor Stein sought to calm the disputants, who began so strenuously to exploit the invective wealth of their respective provincial idioms that, perhaps fortunately, none could be understood. "Please, gentlemen," admonished Professor Stein, in vain. Fiumi was raging. Riva held firm. Chao-Gomez eyed the blackboard. Von Kaunitz had an apparently insurmountable lead: 735 points to 540.

"This situation doesn't seem to be covered by Professor Porter's rules," Professor Stein announced finally, breaking into the Italianate uproar, "but we've got to proceed anyway. I hope there'll be no objection if I declare a draw in this case. Initiative remains with Chao-Gomez."

As Dr. Riva wrathfully departed the judge's chair, Porter got to his feet. "I'm sorry, but the judge's decision—" he began loudly. He stopped, flushed red and sat down again. He'd forgotten about his laryngitis.

Now the way was clear to Spain. Chao-Gomez leaped to the Balears, thence to Valencia on the mainland. He scored as heavily in Iberia as his opponent had in Gaul, but it was no simple matter, for Von Kaunitz had traveled Catalonia in 1938 as an observer with Franco's armies; in Castilian regions, moreover, he was able to put forth an authoritative lisp. Chao-Gomez crossed the Tagus in a gloomy frame of mind. He had narrowed the old man's lead, but it wouldn't be enough. Von Kaunitz would surely top the 1000 mark long before Brazil could be traversed and the Amazon attained. Chao-Gomez glanced in Sonia's direction. She was stifling a yawn—hardly a sight to inspire heroic endeavors. He supposed she didn't really care if he lost. It was just a boring game to her. Even last night, when he'd tried to interest her in Goidelic chants, she'd complained that they were much too hard, and then had teased him:

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"I know a language you don't know," she'd said in what she assumed was correctly pronounced English.

"Nonsense, dear girl," Chao-Gomez had responded.

"It's true. And it takes only a minute to learn it."

Chao-Gomez had smiled at her indulgently.

"I'll teach you," Sonia had persisted, and he perked up, for it occurred to him that she might be speaking metaphorically of the language of love.

But he'd been disappointed. It had merely been a joke. And then Porter had come prowling into the dim corner of the lobby where they were sitting—

Disaster in Lisbon! Chao-Gomez, meditating on Sonia, had been careless with his labials. Von Kaunitz unexpectedly tripped him up, caught him, slipped past him—and by the time Chao-Gomez became aware of his lapse, it was too late. Professor Cabral, somewhat reluctantly, signaled a Prussian advantage. This time, there were no protests from the audience.

Chao-Gomez sat horrified. Beside him, Von Kaunitz uttered a triumphal grunt. No chance of Brazil or the Amazon now! Von Kaunitz was the one to make a transatlantic hop—and he chose French-speaking Martinique, as poor Chao-Gomez could have guessed.

The old man began cruising the Caribbean with masterly adroitness, choosing a course designed to bypass every Spanish-speaking territory. Instead of moving north into the Leewards, where Puerto Rico would block his way, he tacked south through the British Windwards (where Chao-Gomez could achieve no better than a draw), made a refueling stop, so to speak, at Dutch Curaçao, tantalizing his opponent with glimpses of the Venezuelan coast, and then steamed northwest to Haiti. They disputed in Creole there, but it was French Creole and the old pirate held his advantage. From there, he shot the Windward Passage past Cuba and picked his way among the Bahamas before making his entry into the United States.

The game was all but finished. Even as Chao-Gomez won a narrow and unexpected victory in the Moravian enclave at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, he realized the hopelessness of his position. He had done rather well—much better than he had hoped to do—but Von Kaunitz led him on the blackboard, 995 to 900. The old scholar would easily pick up his last five points no matter where the next battlefield might be. The tribal tongues of the American Indians were known to him from exhaustive studies at Yale in the 1950s; likewise, he had extensive familiarity with all forms of Spanish American, not to mention Incan and other pre-Columbian languages.

Chao-Gomez had but one chance—an impossible one: to win the 100-point bonus by shutting Von Kaunitz out entirely.

But how? Was there any available language within geographical striking range in which Von Kaunitz would be totally stranded, unable to utter a single syllable?

Chao-Gomez sat in silence. He had lost, that was all. He had avoided humiliation, at least, but there was little comfort in that reflection now.

"Want to call it quits?" That was Von Kaunitz' voice in his ear. Spitefully, the old man had spoken in Aztec, to let him know that there would be no escape anywhere south of the Rio Grande.

Chao-Gomez saw that Sonia was gazing at him intently and making little motions with her restless hands. What, was she urging him to try sign language? But Von Kaunitz knew sign language perfectly well. He frowned at her, perplexed. No, she didn't mean that. She meant something else. She framed words with her lips: *Remember what I taught you last night.*

He recoiled. No—that would be out of the question. He could never do that.

Sonia was smiling now, certain that he knew what she meant. He firmly shook his head, but she nodded back at him. *You've got to, she mouthed.*

Everyone was becoming a little impatient. Professor Stein glanced pointedly at his watch.

Von Kaunitz leaned close again. "Might as well give up," he whispered, in Mayan this time.

That did it. Chao-Gomez was stirred by desperation and rage. "Ixnay," he declared. "Evernay."

Von Kaunitz stared at him, puzzled. So did Professor Stein.

"Etslay eepkay oinggay," said Chao-Gomez, recklessly.

There was silence in the ballroom as learned professors pondered these strange phrases. All that could be heard were faint sounds of smothered mirth from Sonia's handkerchief, clapped to Sonia's mouth.

"Ontday ooyay ohnay isthay unway?" inquired Chao-Gomez, himself threatened by laughter.

Von Kaunitz began rapidly reviewing all possibilities. It must be some Indian tongue. Ojibway? No, not that. Nor Sioux. Seminole? Hardly. Conceivably, Algonquin—

"Aybemay ooyay oudshay itquay, ot-nay eemay," remarked Chao-Gomez, with easy fluency.

Great pearls of sweat gleamed on Von Kaunitz' brow. He winced so in concentration that his monocle almost vanished. Navaho? Pueblo? Apache, possibly. No, it sounded more like Hopi, and yet it couldn't be that, either—

"Urryhay, imestay eerlynay ongay," said Chao-Gomez.

Von Kaunitz was turning interesting shades of pink and gray. He was sifting frantically through everything he knew. Was it Eskimo? Toltec? Had Chao-Gomez jumped back across the Atlantic to Africa? But it wasn't Bantu or Berber; it had no relation to Amharic, Fulah, Swahili or Ibo—

Professor Stein felt it was time to proceed. "Judge, please," he requested. He glanced at the experts on Indian tongues, but Dr. Freemantle shook his head, Professor Cuttle shrugged his shoulders and Dr. Laughing Horse frowned in perplexity.

"We've got to have a judge," Professor Stein complained. "Otherwise, we can hardly validate—"

Sonia rose, pink-cheeked. Still struggling for composure, she walked toward the judge's chair. "Ooyay inway," she told Chao-Gomez, as she passed.

"Ivgay imhay unway ormay ancechay," said Chao-Gomez.

But Von Kaunitz was in the last extremities of his search. He was ransacking far continents now. Was it Gondi, was it Pushtu? Zulu, Tagalog or Tamil? Quechua or Urdu or Wu?

"It's pig latin," announced Sonia, as judge. "It's an American dialect, widely used by the young." She giggled. "One hundred points for Dr. Chao-Gomez. He wins."

The ballroom was in an uproar. Pig latin? Some of the professors dimly remembered it from childhood; many had never heard of it. Gray beards wagged and bald domes wrinkled. Von Kaunitz sat in stony bemusement, as though he were deep within the chancellery bunker, only dimly aware of the Russian artillery.

"My dear Miss Katkov," said Professor Stein. "I must point out that you are merely a guest at this convention and, therefore, unless you can provide us with corroboration from some member of the society itself—"

"I can, I can," said Sonia. "*He* taught me pig latin yesterday." She had gotten up. She was pointing at someone. "He told me all about it." She was pointing at Porter. "Idntday ooyay?" she demanded.

Porter rose to his feet. He knew when he was beaten. "Esyay," he admitted.

So Chao-Gomez won—and much later in the evening, after the lights in the ballroom had dimmed and the guests departed, he and Sonia celebrated by holding a long private conversation in yet another language, one that was remarkably free from inflected verbs and diminutive suffixes and all that admirable nonsense, and in which each of them was, happily, quite fluent.





# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**WE** FIND OUR GIRL MODELING FASHIONS IN NEW YORK'S GARMENT DISTRICT, WHERE VICTIMS OF THE HEMLINE WAR FAIRLY LITTER THE SHOW-ROOMS. AND WHILE THE FORCES OF THE MINISKIRT AND MIDISKIRT RAGE UP AND DOWN SEVENTH AVENUE, DUCKING PURSES AND SLAPPING WRISTS, ANNIE DISCOVERS SHE IS PARTY TO A PLOT TO **ELIMINATE THE SKIRT ENTIRELY** -



TELL ME, MY DEAR, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT MEN ARE ONLY INTERESTED IN YOUR BODY?



WELL, FOR ONE, RUDI, THEY'RE **CONSTANTLY** STARING AT MY BOSOM. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF MEN CONSTANTLY STARED AT **YOUR** BOSOM?

WELL, DEAR, **YOUR** BOSOM IS CONSTANTLY STARING BACK!



AND WHY ARE THEY ALWAYS WHISTLING AT MY LEGS... AND - AND PINCHING MY **BOTTOM!**

**STROKE! SMOOTH! STROKE!**

WHY?



AND WHY, WHY ARE THEY ALWAYS TRYING TO KISS ME ON THE LIPS... **WHY?**

**BRUSH! TINT! GLOSS! LICK!**

MY FRIEND, WANDA, SAYS THAT MEN THINK OF WOMEN AS OBJECTS -

**PRECISELY!** IT'S A MAN'S WORLD, MY DEAR, THE MEN ARE THE **SOMEBODIES** AND THE WOMEN THE **NOBODIES**. THIS SITUATION LEADS TO WARS... SHAPES NATIONS... AND AFFECTS THE DESTINIES OF MILLIONS!... AND DO YOU KNOW WHO CONTROLS THIS SITUATION? NOT THE POLITICIANS! NOT THE GENERALS -



-NO! THE ONE WHO HOLDS THE KEY IS THE **FASHION DESIGNER!** YES! AND WITH MY FALL LINE, I, RUDI GURNDITCH, WILL OVERTHROW THE WHOLE MAD, MAD SYSTEM!

MY LATEST CONCEPT - THE LINES, THE COLORS - IS SO IRRESISTIBLE, EVERYONE WILL WEAR IT! AS A MATTER OF FACT, AFTER I PUT YOU INTO ONE, I'LL WEAR ONE MY-SELF!









HE'S NOT RUDI! I'M RUDI!

WELL, IF HE'S RUDI... WHO ARE YOU?

I'M MEL.

ANNIE



MEL, YOU RAT!

YOU MUST BE SHEILA, YOU SNEAK!

NO! SHE'S ANNIE FANNY!

WILL EVERYONE STOP? YOU'RE MOVING AROUND LIKE A SHELL GAME!

ANNIE



SHE'S NOT ANNIE FANNY... SHE'S SHEILA!

NO, I'M NOT ANNIE FANNY... I'M MEL!

WELL, IF HE'S MEL, THEN SHE MUST BE RUDI, AND HE'S ANNIE FANNY!

I'M NOT SHEILA AND SHE'S ANNIE FANNY!

ANNIE



NOW THEY'VE GOT ME DOING IT! EVEN I DON'T KNOW WHO ANNIE FANNY IS!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I'VE COMPLETELY LOST MY IDENTITY!

ENOUGH UNISEX!

ANNIE

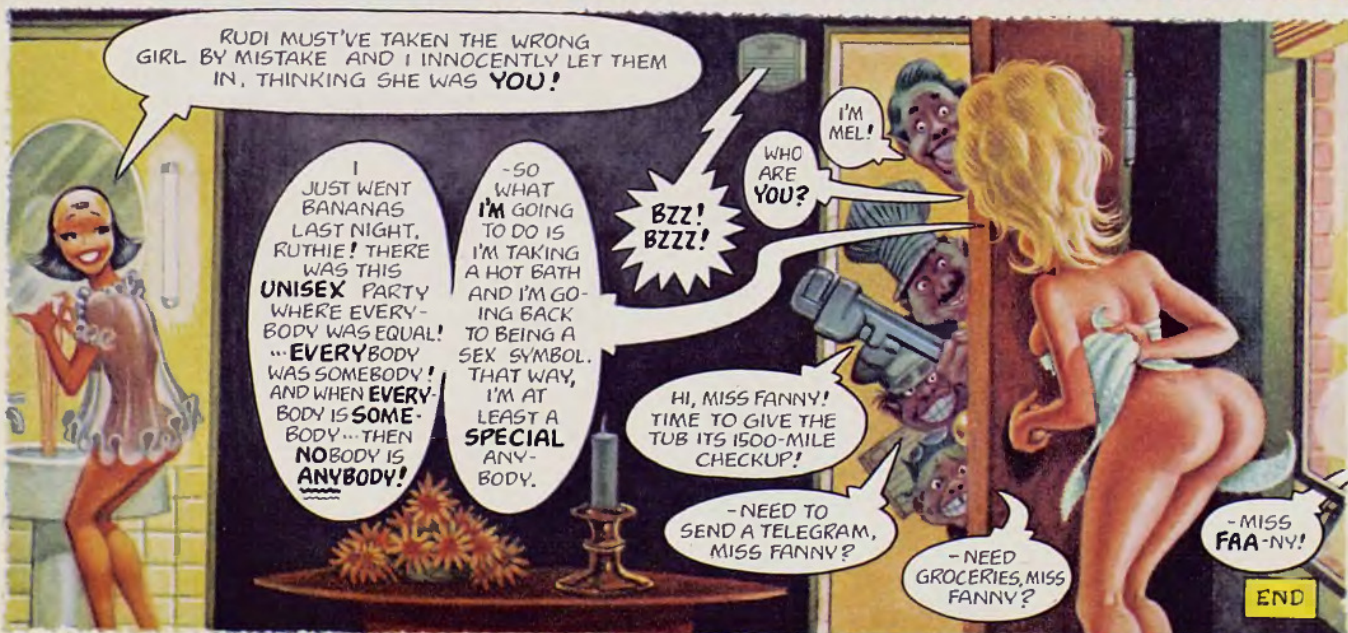


SEE? I'M MEL! - I MEAN LITTLE ANNIE FANNY!

SHE'S LITTLE ANNIE FANNY, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

EXIT

UP  
DOWN  
CLEAR



RUDI MUST'VE TAKEN THE WRONG GIRL BY MISTAKE AND I INNOCENTLY LET THEM IN, THINKING SHE WAS YOU!

I JUST WENT BANANAS LAST NIGHT, RUTHIE! THERE WAS THIS UNISEX PARTY WHERE EVERYBODY WAS EQUAL! ...EVERYBODY WAS SOMEBODY! AND WHEN EVERYBODY IS SOMEBODY... THEN NOBODY IS ANYBODY!

-SO WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IS I'M TAKING A HOT BATH AND I'M GOING BACK TO BEING A SEX SYMBOL. THAT WAY, I'M AT LEAST A SPECIAL ANY-BODY.

BZZ!  
BZZZ!

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M MEL!

HI, MISS FANNY! TIME TO GIVE THE TUB ITS 1500-MILE CHECKUP!

-NEED TO SEND A TELEGRAM, MISS FANNY?

-NEED GROCERIES, MISS FANNY?

-MISS FAA-NY!

END



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