

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

**THE PORNO
REVOLUTION**

**AN INTERVIEW
WITH *HUSBANDS'*
JOHN CASSAVETES**

**THE SENSUOUS
WOMAN INDEX**

LEARY IN ALGERIA

**PLAYBOY SIZES UP
SMALL SAILBOATS
AND A HOT NEW JAG**



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PLAYBILL

TIMOTHY LEARY'S escape from a California prison late last summer and his subsequent rambling endorsement of the Weathermen, which appeared in the underground press, caught us—as well



O'FAOLAIN

as the authorities—by surprise. We had interviewed Leary (September 1966) and published an article of his (*Episode and Postscript*, December 1969) when he was still a guru to the "Love Generation" (that phrase has an incredibly ancient sound less than five years after we first heard it) and we remembered him as a gentle, loquacious eccentric. To find Leary and confirm his apparent philosophical switch, we couldn't just call the underground and inquire if Tim were around and felt up to talking. So we asked a man who has had his own troubles with the law, former safe-cracker Donn Pearce—author of *Cool Hand Luke* and alumnus of various French jails and the Florida State Penitentiary (class of 1950)—if he would try to run Leary down. Pearce, who's going straight these days as a free-lancer out of Miami, located Leary in Algiers with his wife, Rosemary, and Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panther leader in exile. Finding himself regarded, for the first time in his life, as a representative of the establishment, Pearce spent five frustrating days with the Learys, trying to penetrate their cloudy rhetoric and instinctive suspicion. ("What we have here, Donn, is a failure to communicate.") Then he came back to the States, confused and a little angry, and wrote *Leary in Limbo*, a highly subjective but revealing account that is sad, funny—and prophetic. As for Leary's future, Pearce says, "I think he'll either come back in a year or so, or commit suicide. He won't be able to take that environment and its obscurity."

Back on Leary's old turf, California, you can find just about anything you want these days in the way of vicarious erotica. John Bowers talked to some entrepreneurs and "sex stars" in this thriving industry and wove his observations into *The Porn Is Green*. Bowers expected to meet people "of a high order of seediness, wearing masks," but was pleasantly surprised by their civility and frankness. James Kavanaugh, the Roman Catholic priest who quit the cloth after making waves with his book *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, wonders about the health of the social revolution in *The New Salvationists*. An apostle of joy since his break with asceticism, Kavanaugh believes that what the world needs now is a little more fun. He would derive no joy from *An End to All This*, by Administrative Editor Richard



ALLEN



MORLEY



DEREK

Koff, an apocalyptic article based on Koff's conversations with scientists who believe that, at present growth levels, any combination of unchecked pollution, world population and resource depletion heralds the end of the

world. MIT professor Jay Forrester and his associates have fed the frightening trends into a computer to predict just what will get us first—if we don't shape up. Forrester's analysis, *World Dynamics*, will be published this month by Wright-Allen Press. Koff, who as a licensed engineer is probably the only person on our staff who could fully comprehend what Forrester is up to, appears convinced. Richard says it was "difficult to find anything hopeful in the study Forrester did, except that he did it."

This month's lead fiction, *Murder at Cobbler's Hulk*, by Sean O'Faolain, is infused with the kind of ironic humanity that seems naturally set in Ireland, a land of blood, charm and literature. Earl L. Robertson's *Sorry I Had to Leave You at the Nile* is the story of a strange courtship, updating the old conflict between Platonic and physical love. There's no love lost between the veddy, veddy British actor Robert Morley and the French. In *Morley Meets the Frogs*, he wryly explains that this genteel antipathy is a result of their obvious—to an Englishman—shortcomings and the fact that they claim title to a land of which they are clearly unworthy. Reg Potterton, *PLAYBOY's* Associate Travel Editor, pays tribute to Scotland in *Take the High Road*; and former Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman interviews John Cassavetes, the actor and director whose recent film *Husbands* took a split decision from audiences. Cassavetes has some choice words on that subject.

In *I'll Put Your Name in Lights*, *Natividad Abascal*, Woody Allen entertainingly advertises a new film comedy—written by, directed by and starring the self-effacing Woody Allen. Bob Abel and Michael Valenti produced *The "Sensuous Woman" Index*, a satire of that best-selling sexual primer, under the pseudonyms "A" and "V" (full names just don't make it anymore). TV actress Linda Evans spent a few hours in front of John Derek's lenses, then pulled a switch and took the photo of Derek that appears on this page. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy recounts *The Jaguar Story* and Bill Robinson offers his *Pick of the Day Sailors* for those who would like to go down to the sea in small ships; the feature is illustrated by Martin Hoffman. And there's our July Playmate, Heather Van Every, who—just by being in Denver—is one mile higher than Tim Leary. It's that kind of issue.



KAVANAUGH



BOWERS



ABEL and VALENTI



PURDY



ROBINSON



HOFFMAN



KOFF



POTTERTON



PEARCE

PLAYBOY



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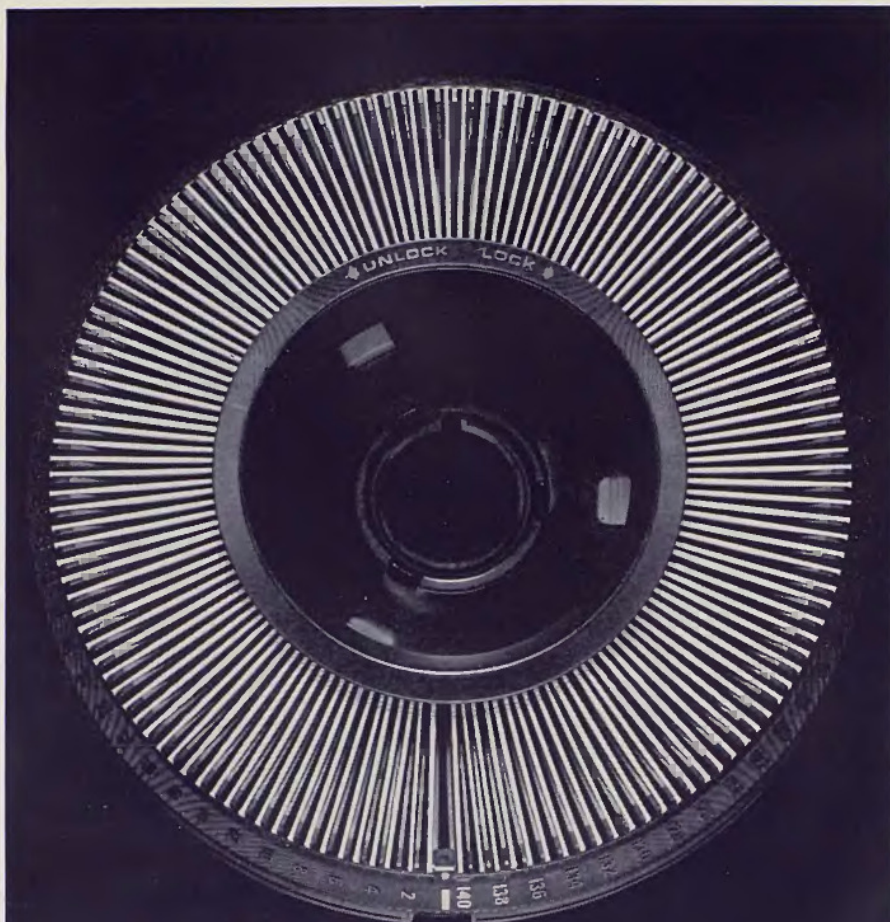
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ACTOR'S ACTOR

I just finished your personality piece *Great Scott!* (PLAYBOY, April). Saul Braun has written an excellent article about an excellent man and actor, George C. Scott. The insights into the man, at home and at work, give us a glimpse of what makes him tick. Braun deserves a hefty pat on the back for a job well done.

Harold Barton
Altus, Oklahoma

When an actor refuses an Academy Award nomination, the question arises, "What kind of a nut is this?" In a remarkable article about a remarkable talent, Braun provides the answers. It is about as close to the core as you are ever going to get. I enjoyed it tremendously.

Tom Ewell
Owensboro, Kentucky

Tom Ewell is another well-known actor's actor.

As Saul Braun indicated, George C. Scott did spend a week on my show as co-host. Yet I find myself questioning whether it was really *the* George C. Scott. During that week, there was none of the anger I keep reading about; he was charming, personable and cooperative. He was, in fact, responsible for one of the *comedy* highlights of my almost ten years on the air. If it was not George C. Scott who was with me that week, I want to take this opportunity to congratulate the best impressionist in the world. I would also like to congratulate PLAYBOY on your absorbing *Great Scott!*

Mike Douglas
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What a good job Braun did on the George Scott story! I've worked with George and share what I'm certain is the feeling of every director who's had the experience—that if he's not the best actor in the English-speaking world, he's close enough so that it's not worth arguing about. He cares, and cares very deeply, about what he does. Let me tell you a story: We were filming a segment of *East Side/West Side* and it was late Friday, at the end of a very hard week. George and I had gone to the screening room to look at a first cut of a prior

show we had done, one we felt very strongly about because of its content and two particularly fine performances. What we saw was pretty bad, nothing like what we knew we'd put on film. So, at 11 o'clock at night, we drove to the apartment of the executive producer, David Susskind. George's last words to me were, "Be quiet for the first three minutes. Let me do the talking." David opened the door in his stocking feet and was very gracious during an hour-and-a-half discussion, with George doing most of the discussing. The show in question had been shot in Harlem and showed that part of the city as it is: poor and dirty. That was the point. But the film editor, a lady of deep social consciousness, felt that showing Harlem dirty on television was a sign of anti-Negro bias (nobody said black in those days) and she simply never showed that film to Susskind or his associates, changing the whole attack of the story. As a result of George's leading the charge, David spent all day Saturday and well into Saturday night with me in the cutting room, missing a dinner party in his home, and we completely re-edited the picture. For our trouble, we received eight Emmy Award nominations, including one each for James Earl Jones and Diana Sands.

Tom Gries
Beverly Hills, California

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Paul Theroux's *The Miss Malawi Contest* (PLAYBOY, April) is funny and touching—and brutal. He chose an absurd setting and a comic structure to make a really serious point. But the point involves more than just the ethnic question. There are many kinds of Ambi creams available besides those that turn your skin white (or blue). Score one for Theroux—and one for Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, in which Polonius says, "This above all: To thine own self be true. And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Robert Mallman
Houston, Texas

HOMOSEXUALITY PANEL

I read with interest the panel discussion on homosexuality in your April

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issue. Your frank treatment of the topic will help develop tolerance and understanding of the homosexual qualities that until now have been almost nonexistent.

It is crucial that the Christian silence his hostility to the homosexual and realize that to be gay is to be part of God's creation. Rather than attempting to make the homosexual heterosexual, we must help him accept his homosexuality and live with it without guilt. To do so, we must attach no morality or immorality to homosexual feelings, attitudes and acts. We must speak not of ethics and homosexuality but of the ethics of homosexuality. Because of the alienation by society and the church, the homosexual is forced to believe that it makes little difference what he does, that it is in being a homosexual that the immorality lies. This is false. Deep relations between two members of the same sex are not only morally permissible but they are to be sought, encouraged and supported.

The Christian who shares the homosexual condition is a very real factor in our midst. Perhaps no single group of human beings is subjected to greater injustice, persecution and suffering than he. Nowhere else does Christ's challenge to the church remain unanswered to the same degree: "Whatever you do to the least of these my brothers you do to me."

The Rev. David Stanton, Director
Catholic Homophile Guild
Winnipeg, Manitoba

I must ask you to correct a very serious error in the information provided about the panelists in your *Playboy Panel: Homosexuality*. You state that *The Ladder* is the magazine of the Daughters of Bilitis, published in San Francisco. But it has not been connected with that organization for a full year. *The Ladder* is an independent Lesbian and women's liberation magazine—and our present mailing address is P. O. Box 5025, Washington Station, Reno, Nevada.

Gene Damon, Editor
The Ladder
Reno, Nevada

PLAYBOY asked most of the right questions in its symposium on homosexuality, but the panelists did not always give the right answers. No one really picked up on the question of homosexuals and the Armed Forces. Men in a free society should not have to discuss their private sexual behavior with an agency of the Government for any reason. In an effort to screen out homosexuals, the Pentagon makes all draft-age men tell at the time of their preinduction examinations whether or not they have homosexual tendencies. Every man who answers that question yes or no is thus compromised on a personal matter that is nobody's business. It is a process whereby all 19-year-olds register their sexual feelings

with the Government. Homosexual men are faced with two dubious choices: perjury or self-incrimination. If a homosexual chooses to tell the truth, he is immediately asked to give proof of his assertion. While it is not a crime to be homosexual, there are numerous laws in 49 of our 50 states against the commission of homosexual acts. Furthermore, from a clinical point of view, homosexual tendencies are not something that can be proved. Many masculine men who declare their homosexual tendencies are drafted arbitrarily and later given less-than-honorable discharges for being homosexual. Contrariwise, if a homosexual chooses to perjure himself, he will also be drafted. And during his term of service, he runs the risk of being discovered and of receiving a stigmatizing, less-than-honorable discharge in consequence.

Don Slater
Committee to Fight Exclusion
of Homosexuals from
the Armed Forces
Los Angeles, California

It is unfortunate that the treatment of homosexuals can lie in the hands of professionals like Dr. Irving Bieber. Specifically, I am referring to those psychoanalysts and psychologists who adhere to harmful, clinical concepts that categorize homosexuals as a product of "disordered sexual development," inherently promiscuous and sexually compulsive, and contend that homosexuality is "incompatible with a reasonably happy life." If such condemning attitudes were held by all psychoanalysts and other members of the medical profession, the treatment of homosexuals would certainly be a total failure. It is very sad that, as Phyllis Lyon said in the *Panel*, "there's too much ignorance, even among professionals."

Edward Spivak
Lehman College
Bronx, New York

When I started to read the *Panel*, I hoped that PLAYBOY would find some new aspect or at least report new trends on the subject of homosexuality. I was disappointed, as was everyone else in our office who read it. Dick Leitsch offers the most realistic approach, yet his views seem somewhat shrouded in antiquity. Dr. Bieber's status as an armchair observer is just that. We would like to extend him an invitation to visit our office for a crash course in reality and perhaps a month's duty on our survival phones.

I believe that PLAYBOY could serve to bring out the more pertinent aspects of today's gay struggle, such as the endless fight against police entrapment and brutality, military and draft problems and the updating of legislation for equal rights for homosexuals. Perhaps PLAYBOY

has yet to realize that gay liberation in its many forms involves more than social gatherings. We would welcome a PLAYBOY analysis of homosexuality in 1971 instead of 1951. In short, I, for one, don't feel that the value of this discussion justifies the cost of publishing it.

Gary M. Lareau
Gay Liberation Front
Los Angeles, California

Homosexuality isn't a sickness, but in our present society, it is often a sad way of life. Perhaps your *Panel* will help change that, if only a little.

Richard Miller
Los Angeles, California

SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

National Off Road Racing Association (NORRA) member number 2913, David Stevens, author of *Baja's Queasy Rider* (PLAYBOY, April), unquestionably gets the checkered flag as first in his class (Off Road Humor Writer/Rider w/Under 500 c.c. Bladder Displacement) for a very funny article. Although most of us in organized off-road racing take the sport more seriously than David does, it was refreshing to bounce along with him and laugh our way through the check points from Ensenada to La Paz of the Mexican 1000. As long as men and machines are built for this kind of endurance, we will continue to provide them with races like the Mexican 1000 (in November) and the Baja 500 (in June). Our compliments to David Stevens on his wit and humor.

Ed Pearlman, President
National Off Road Racing
Association
Glendale, California

ESP MESSAGES

Jules Siegel's article on extrasensory perception, *Sixth Sense* (PLAYBOY, April), was excellent reading and very thought-provoking. The scientists tell us that we use only a small portion of our brain. Isn't it conceivable that somewhere in the large unused portion we might have a built-in transmitter and receiver? The nerves are constantly sending electrical impulses to the brain in the form of electrons. Now, when an electron passes through a wire, it creates a magnetic field, so couldn't an electron passing through the nerves and the brain set up a similar field? There is so much happening in the brain electrically and maybe even chemically that it's hard not to believe that we are on the threshold of many discoveries.

Dennis A. Jurewicz
Cumberland, Maryland

Before we are overrun by people having "halo" trouble, we would like to clear up quotes mistakenly attributed to us. Siegel quotes Craig Vetter as supposedly relating what we told him about bent

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prongs on halos and associating this with material in our book, *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*. Vetter did not interview us and we did not say this. Vetter was a guest at a crowded party we attended at the invitation of a Chicago TV producer. Another guest did mention "prongs on halos," a "syndrome" we'd never heard of—so any readers with prong problems will have to apply elsewhere.

Unfortunately, Siegel relates this funny bit to a new Soviet system of photography based on the well-known "corona effect." Soviet technologists use this along with many other modern scientific methods and instruments in their physiological, use-oriented ESP research. Unfortunately also, Siegel uses the facetious prong anecdote to judge the credibility of the work reported in our book, doing a disservice to many Soviet researchers of high standing in the pure sciences who are probing the frontiers of such human psi potentials as outer-space telepathy, PK, dowsing and eyeless sight. The credibility of our book might be better judged through the lengthy referenced bibliography, appendix and chapter-long assessment by Western scientific authorities. Occasionally in *Sixth Sense*, Siegel mentions intriguing explorations by these same Soviet scientists. Yet he mentions our book, the source of this data, only in an unfounded, ridiculous context. It's hard to understand why this occurred in an otherwise balanced article.

Sheila Ostrander
Lynn Schroeder
Toronto, Ontario

Author Siegel stands by his evaluation of "Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain"—but he, Craig Vetter and PLAYBOY acknowledge the pitfalls of reporting on cocktail-party conversations.

I read Siegel's article with great interest and was flattered to discover that he mentions me. However, though I would like very much to believe in ESP, I received a classical scientific education and therefore must side with the men Siegel denounces as "a kangaroo court of academic bigots." I do believe that there are vast powers of the human mind as yet undiscovered; I just don't believe that psi is the answer. When these powers are found, they will be so unexpected that we'll all be amazed and will wonder why we wasted so much time on ESP. The fact that I wrote a carefully worked-out novel, *The Demolished Man*, about telepathy means nothing. Didn't Oscar Wilde say that a man's belief in something doesn't necessarily make it true? A fiction writer's attempt to make something seem true doesn't necessarily mean that he believes it.

Alfred Bester, Senior Editor
Holiday Magazine
New York, New York

Siegel quotes a statement by me that appeared in *Science News* to the effect that "we don't feel we have proved anything." This statement was correct at the time it appeared in the October 1967 issue of that magazine. To report it in 1971 without giving the date or noting our current position—that our continued efforts have, in our opinion, confirmed the telepathy hypothesis—is to leave the reader with the impression that no further experimental evidence was forthcoming in the intervening three years.

Montague Ullman, M.D.
Maimonides Medical Center
Brooklyn, New York

ZUBIN AND ZAPPA

I found the F. P. Tullius article, *Zubin and the Mothers* (PLAYBOY, April), about the head-on collision of two musical worlds—Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention rock group performing with Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic—most amusing. For the future, I recommend: Goheadon, Frank! Goheadon, Zubin! But never together.

Miklos Rozsa
Los Angeles, California

Rozsa is a prolific composer of film scores whose credits include "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis" and "El Cid."

I suspect it to be an indication of my middle age that I find F. P. Tullius' description of the Zubin and the Mothers rencontre tiresome. The exposition of so much noisy egotism is an indication of the mental age that Zappa is so very lucratively exploiting. To shock the complacent, to shake up the conformist, to rattle those of constipated mind is and always has been the duty of every intelligent creature and every truly creative artist. But it is a sad indictment of our times that screaming and obscenity are the only means left to effect change. Even more distasteful is the financial profiteering that is part of the whole symbiosis. If these neoprophets donated one third of their appearance fee to the sad and needy, perhaps even to those establishment symphony orchestras such as Zubin Mehta's, then one would feel better able to accept them as a part of society. I congratulate Tullius on his graphic and lively description of the encounter between the classic orchestra and Zappa's group. Zappa is obviously a very talented man. A pity he sees fit to blast his ideas through a cannon at huge regiments.

Yehudi Menuhin
London, England

TOGETHER A WINNER

I am pleased to inform you that the Award Committee of the National Conference of Christians and Jews has selected PLAYBOY for a special award in

intergroup communications for its January 1970 series of articles called *Bring Us Together*. I would also like to add my personal congratulations to PLAYBOY for a job well done as well as my thanks for publishing the series.

Michael H. Goldstein
Director of Public Information
National Conference of
Christians and Jews
New York, New York

THE VANISHING LIBERAL

Jack Newfield's *The Death of Liberalism* (PLAYBOY, April) well delineates the evolution from liberal anti-communism to more "Populist" movements such as SDS. It is largely a transition helped by the liberals' inability to confront the CIA, Harvard Yard diplomacy and McCarthyism and by their reluctance to recognize both the oppression of 53 percent of our population (women) and the inexcusable income distribution in this nation. But just as great a crime comes from the fact that, having no viable examples of American concern for human beings, many of our youths must look to Asia and Africa for spiritual leadership. The liberal-conservative coalition on travesties such as the Chicago Seven trial pushes many not just beyond nationalism but into self-disrespect and hatred for the nation. Newfield's article should not be read as a mere descriptive but, rather, as an encouraging prescriptive for tomorrow.

Terry A. Stith
Boston University
Boston, Massachusetts

Even though Newfield is a radical, his article is accurate and truthful. The only recommendation I would add to his is that liberalism take a much stronger stand against lawlessness and subversion and come up with meaningful programs for court and prison reforms.

Richard C. Dougherty
Roslyn, Pennsylvania

KICKS ON ROUTE 66

After reading Richard Matheson's *Duel* (PLAYBOY, April), I'll probably never pass a truck on the highway again. Easily the most chilling story of the year, it has a build-up that's like a semi barreling down a hill, gaining speed all the way. I thought the truck driver would turn out to be somebody the hero knew; leaving him an anonymous menace to the very end made the story all the more terrifying.

Ross Saunders
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

KILLER MAN

PLAYBOY's March article *Shark!* by Peter Matthiessen proved to me that the killing frenzy of humans (like butchering sheep to excite the sharks) can drive



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a dignified great white shark into its own killing frenzy. It took two years of effort by men like Peter Gimbel and his crew to prod white sharks to live up to their so-called killer reputation. This is what science calls experimenter's bias. Sharks eat people sometimes but very seldom. People eat people sometimes but very seldom. In my own underwater work, my directions to my divers were explicit. I did not allow any provoking of sharks and I did not allow any spearfishing. A struggling, bleeding fish is the call signal for any normal man-eating shark. While they take the fish from the man, they may take a piece of the man by mistake. My fine divers and cameramen spent many thousands of hours among sharks from Australia to the Bahamas. Sharks were always around but none of us were ever attacked by them. We filmed hundreds of *Sea Hunt* and *Flipper* shows and many features, among them the underwater sequences for *Thunderball*, in which my men had to capture 49 tiger sharks. I was with them and none of these sharks turned against us. Lightning kills more people than sharks do and motorcars kill thousands more. Considering the billions of possible shark-man encounters, the safest place on earth is in the ocean, swimming among normal sharks. Peter Gimbel's work in studying and filming white sharks will teach us a lesson: Fear not nature, but fear what man is doing to it.

Ivan Tors
Vantors Films Ltd.
London, England

HIP TRIP

True or False? Yoko Ono Is Heavier than Rod McKuen (PLAYBOY, April), your quiz by David Standish and Craig Vetter, did what it announced it would do—"unzip the hip façade from even the spiciest of freaks"—and then some. Maybe it will bring down some of the hip elite from their hipper-than-thou trips. I'm glad to see such a feature in your magazine and you are to be congratulated for leading the way in the over-ground print media. Right on, PLAYBOY.

Tony Davis
Los Angeles, California

Regarding question number nine in David Standish and Craig Vetter's quiz, my middle initial is not R, it is P, for Patrick. Standish and Vetter have made a glaring mistake—unless there is a dude named Jay R. Lynch making his bid for status in this man's pop culture. If this is the case, I shall be forced to appeal to my followers to off this impostor.

Jay P. Lynch
Chicago, Illinois

An underground artist and nitpicking culture hero, Lynch is the creator of that dynamite duo, "Nard n' Pat."



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STEPPENWOLF GOLD
 THEIR GREAT HITS
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 For All We Know
 9 MORE
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LOVE S'GON
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 9 MORE
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ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
 Sweetheart
 PLUS For the Good Times
 When There's No You
 9 MORE
 BELL

199950

THREE DOG NIGHT
 GOLDEN BISQUITS
 El's Coming
 Mama told Me
 Easy to Be Hard
 9 MORE
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201780

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 PLUS Theme from "Love Story"
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SIMON & GARFUNKEL
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 9 MORE
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 3
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191825

RAY STEVENS
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 5 MORE
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NEIL YOUNG
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 GREATEST HITS
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191809

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 FOR THE GOOD TIMES
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193748 *

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 Young Girl
 10 MORE
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TOM JONES
 I WHO HAVE NOTHING PLUS
 PLUS Dances of Darkness
 9 MORE
 BELL

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 DALLAS TAYLOR & GREG REEVES
 Déjà Vu
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 LOVE STORY
 PLUS It's Impossible-My Sweet Lord • 8 MORE
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 Keep Fallin' On My Head
 Sung by B.J. THOMAS
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186114

THE ASSOCIATION
 GREATEST HITS!
 Cherish
 Windy
 11 MORE
 W

172254

SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
 STILLNESS
 Plus For What It's Worth
 11 MORE
 AM RECORDS

198473

CARPENTERS
 CLOSE TO YOU
 PLUS We've Only Just Begun
 10 MORE
 AM RECORDS

196444

Beethoven's GREATEST HITS
 COLUMBIA

173674

Led Zepelin
 ATLANTIC

196717

laura nyro
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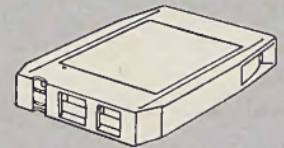
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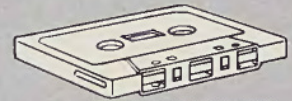
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Ordinarily, a pizza convention might not have piqued our journalistic curiosity, but this one—a “regional symposium”—happened to be just four blocks from our office and afforded the opportunity to stretch our legs and maybe even score for a slice or two. At first glance, it seemed like a typical hotel-ballroom gathering: a few hundred conservatively dressed types milling around the tables and displays, wearing name badges and talking loudly. But we left, some hours later, staggered by the discovery that America’s pizza people are no longer the colorful ethnic snack vendors of the Fifties’ pizza-parlor fad. They have organized themselves into a militant minority of culinary crusaders who are at this very moment plotting the overthrow of the burger barons and the fried-chicken franchisees.

Behind all this is the North American Pizza Association, barely three years old but 2000 strong, which has been barnstorming the country, mobilizing the nation’s proud, individualistic *pizzeros* (if we may coin a term) into action against their common enemy, armed with the latest developments in pizza technology—gleaming stainless-steel machines that do just about everything except add the anchovies. The N. A. P. A. battle cry, predictably, is “Pizza power!” After reading another of its slogans—“Pizza makes me passionate”—we were buttonholed at the convention by a host of pizza-philes who averred that pizza is not only “a highly nutritional convenience food” but also the epicurean wave of the future. “Do you realize,” one told us, “that a person could eat pizza three times a day, three different ways, never get tired of it and never get scurvy?” He was wearing a pink-and-orange button bearing the familiar peace symbol plus the words AND PIZZA. With eyes aglitter, he spoke of a bilious new world of pizza making that would cause an old-guard cheese-and-sausage man to blanch: Hawaiian pizzas with pineapple and ham, omelet pizzas, even pizzas topped with nuts, hot dogs and/or chili.

What impressed us most was the deep

emotional commitment pizza makers have to their art and craft. For the consumer, they avow, this zeal will pay off in faster service, in hotter delivery (via jeep-mounted ovens and such) and even in better-tasting pizza. But we’re just sentimental enough to lament what seems to be the passing of the old corner pizzeria, manned by a showman in the window who swirled an expanding disk of dough high in the air, caught it nimbly and sent it spinning up again. At the N. A. P. A. symposium, there was one such fellow striving to keep this tradition alive, and we joined the crowd of on-lookers. Alas, one whirling disk, almost two feet across, hovered a moment at its apogee, and then wrapped itself around his head.

This sign was spotted at a departure gate at Washington National Airport: MOVIES FOR TODAY’S TWA TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHTS: MATURE MOVIE—“LOVERS & OTHER STRANGERS”—SMOKING PERMITTED. GENERAL MOVIE—“ON A CLEAR DAY”—NO SMOKING.

How’s that again? *How to Make Her in Five Languages*, a book that translates Italian come-ons into English, French, German, Swedish and “American,” offers such sure-fire conversational gambits as “How do you do? Shall we get close?” “Please direct me, I have a sex problem,” “*Scusi*, are you interested in Indian eroticals?” and “Are you here alone, or should I try your mother first?”

Rock music has been accused of damaging the eardrums, promoting drug abuse, communizing youth through hypnotic suggestion and, in general, undermining Western civilization. We’ve taken none of these threats too seriously, but we blanched a bit at the news that loud rock music can reduce sexual activity. During a California-senate hearing on noise pollution, several experts testified that high noise levels—including rock music—make people irritable and introverted, thus reducing their sex drive and

their sexual compatibility. We are now playing our rock records at a lower volume and mulling over another warning issued by the scientists: that thin-walled apartments may be an important but unrecognized source of sexual inhibitions for many American couples.

This curious announcement was posted on a wall in the 50th Street IRT station in Manhattan: “TAPEWORM FOR SALE. Nice pet. Eats what you eat. Goes where you go. Phone. . . .”

We applaud the title of the little book of Martha Mitchell quotations that hit the stands not too long ago. It’s called *On with the Wind*.

If you’ve observed an unusual number of bachelor friends heading for Maryland in recent days, it may be attributable to the following classified item that ran there in *The Howard County Times*: “Females in heat must be properly confined not to entice males from home. If disregarding the law continues, we will be forced to take offenders to court.” Before you make travel arrangements, let us hasten to add that the notice was sponsored by the Animal Welfare Society, which apparently felt that a mention of species was unnecessary.

During a Parliament debate on violence in England, Lord Stonham pointed out that British crimes against property far outnumber crimes against people. “We are,” he concluded proudly, “a nation of thieves, not thugs.”

Incidental erotic intelligence: According to the Tennessee Public Health Service, the highest rate of illegitimacy in the state is in Cocke County.

While on duty in Vietnam, Marine Sergeant C. L. Waldrep purchased an aluminum cooking pot made by a Chillicothe, Ohio, firm. On the container was a guarantee that the pot would be

replaced if it failed to give satisfactory service during normal use. Waldrep used it not only for cooking but also for shaving and was quite pleased with it until an enemy mortar attack put a hole through it. Writing to the company for a replacement, Waldrep pointed out that mortar attacks are quite normal in Vietnam. The company agreed and sent the sergeant a new utensil—this one painted in camouflage green and brown.

A Lucas County, Ohio, judge couldn't find a Bible to swear in the newly elected county commissioner, so he left the room and returned with an official-looking black book. After the ceremony, the judge turned up the front cover of the book he had used for the oath: *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*.

The Danish government, which legalized pornography for adults two years ago, has now published a children's sex-education book. Written by two schoolteachers and disarmingly titled *The Little Red School Book*, it advises youngsters that masturbation—no matter how frequent—is completely harmless and that they should shrug off any warnings to the contrary. If any stodgy elders express concern over masturbatory excesses, the book suggests: "Ask them how frequently you ought to do it. That will usually shut them up."

Just what the doctor ordered: A woman in Kielce, Poland, took a prescription to the pharmacist, who told her he couldn't fill it. The doctor had written: "I would very much like to see you at six o'clock tonight."

This pointed threat appeared in the Personals column of the Anchorage, Alaska, *Daily Times*: "To the low-down airborne pot-pinchin' thief who found my lovely garden of pot across the inlet: Stealing is stealing and your karma will get you."

Yellow journalism: The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company in San Francisco has steadfastly refused to add a listing for "Homophile Organizations," on the grounds that its Yellow Pages represent "almost the last standard of common decency and good taste in the advertising industry." One homophile organization has been protesting this policy to the state's public-utilities commission, which has so far agreed with the phone company. In a petition for another hearing on the matter, the Society for Individual Rights not only cites the directory's numerous classified ads for strip joints and topless-bottomless night clubs but also notes that the phone company's sensibilities were not offended by

a two-column display ad for a restaurant named Magnolia Thunderpussy.

Thanks a Lot Department: Firemen in Portland, Oregon, were called out to rescue a cat from the branches of a tree. Afterward, they turned the truck around to head back to the station—and ran over the cat.

On one segment of TV's *The Galloping Gourmet*, Graham Kerr told his audience that he has determined, after considerable research, that Eve had been tempted by the banana—not the apple.

BOOKS

It's been nearly a decade since James Baldwin startled white liberals with *The Fire Next Time*, in which he announced that white was joyless, black was beautiful and old dreams of racial integration were irrelevant. "Black has become a beautiful color," Baldwin explained in a typically unsentimental insight, "not because it is loved but because it is feared." Moreover, "White people cannot . . . be taken as models of how to live. Rather, the white man is himself in sore need of new standards, which will release him from his confusion and place him once again in fruitful communion with the depths of his own being." A few years later, Stokely Carmichael, kicking up dust on a Mississippi highway, shouted, "Black power!"—a battle cry that may have crossed Baldwin's mind but that had never quite passed his lips. The ideas he had been promoting with such elegance and restraint were now assuming an unbridled life of their own—in the streets. The process reached an ironic climax when Eldridge Cleaver, sprung full-grown from Folsom Prison, denounced Baldwin for his "most grueling, agonizing, total hatred of the blacks," not to mention his "most shameful, fanatical, fawning, sycophantic love of the whites." Baldwin doubtless forgave Cleaver for that river of vitriol. "In a society that is entirely hostile," Baldwin had written years before, "every American Negro . . . risks having the gates of paranoia close on him." It was true that the early Baldwin had seemed to brood more about whites than blacks, but by 1955, in his introduction to *Notes of a Native Son*, he could describe himself as "a kind of bastard of the West," whose origins were not in Europe but in Africa. Ultimately, what distinguished him from the Cleavers and the Carmichaels was his fundamental optimism. Baldwin believed that the suffering black man could lead the innocent white man—innocent because he did not grasp the enormity of his crime—straight to salvation. "You must accept them and accept them with love,"

he advised in a "Letter to My Nephew" (1962). "For these innocent people have no other hope. They are . . . still trapped in a history which they do not understand; and until they understand it, they cannot be released from it." A noble notion—too noble, perhaps, for the feral Sixties. Now, in *A Rap on Race* (Lippincott) between Baldwin and anthropologist Margaret Mead, we see how much of his dream has been shattered. It is a remarkable dialog, with Baldwin continually bouncing his rhetorical despair off Mead's common-sense humanism. When Martin Luther King was alive, Baldwin tells her, "we hoped to bring about some kind of revolution in the American conscience. . . . Of course, that's gone now. It's gone because the Republic never had the courage or the ability . . . that was needed to apprehend the nature of Martin's dream." And later: "I no longer care . . . whether white people can hear me or not. It doesn't make any difference at all." Mead's good manners are usually equal to Baldwin's grief. She forgives him his parochialism but not his defeatism. Baldwin: "What is happening in my country now is unacceptable to me. And if it has to go under in flames, that is too bad. I will go with it, but I won't accept it. I will not accept it." Mead: "Yes, but what is the difference between when you say you won't accept it and I say I will work to change it?" The debate remains unresolved, yet we are left with the impression that the Baldwin-King dream has not been altogether extinguished. For when Mead argues that white souls may still be salvageable, Baldwin reveals some of his old-time humanity. "Oh, I know that," he says. "I have watched it. I have lived too long and too hard a life and been saved by too many improbable people not to realize that."

Thanks in part to Baldwin and in part to his misinterpreters, the inability of whites to reap the pleasures of sex is now widely accepted as natural law. It may surprise some, therefore, to learn that many blacks can't make it either. Anyway, that is the opinion of Calvin C. Hernton, a black writer who has no patience for sexual racism but who is willing to put up with a fair amount of male chauvinism. In *Coming Together* (Random House), Hernton makes some interesting, if not altogether original, points about sex and blacks. Historically, he notes, whites viewed black women as "mammies and sluts" and black men as sexual virtuosos. But in truth, the black man was "desexed," because whites had destroyed his "sense of being the ruler and provider of his family." Nowadays, says Hernton, black men are trying to break out of that psychosexual prison, but black women won't let them. "Just because a black woman 'shakes



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that thang,' it does not necessarily mean a thing. . . . Many of them are teasers; they are modeling their wares not for black men but for their own sex, often of the other race." Most of Hernton's "evidence" is personal and anecdotal. We see him lecturing uptight black coeds at a Michigan college, "striking out" with a pretty black woman who prefers a handsome white football player, arguing with bitchy Lesbians at London cocktail parties. His conclusions may be shaky, but his research is entertaining.

"At his best," wrote Herbert Gold some years ago, "the novelist . . . treasures his experience and husbands his memories; he keeps the doors and windows to feeling open late into his age; he keeps the fireplace burning." Now, in *The Magic Will* (Random House), a superb collection of reminiscences that shuttle between autobiography and fiction, Gold puts another log on the fire. His memories are ironic and full of tolerance for the foolish yearnings of men, himself included. In a reminiscence of teenage love, Gold remembers being alone in an elevator with his heart's delight: "Donna pressed a button. We rose toward the stratosphere, slowly creaking. Oh space and gravity and Otis!" In *I Want a Sunday Kind of Love*, a divorced father claiming his visiting rights spends Sunday with his two daughters. "He held Paula's hand and remembered his own grandfather shaking his hand, holding it, holding to life by an arthritic claw. The way ancient aunts kiss and uncles clutch, he thought, is how I hold my daughters." Few writers today, caged as they are in the rhetoric of sex or politics, are able to make such fine connections or to convey them so well. Gold is essentially a chronicler of sensibilities, and even when he writes on political topics—the rape of Biafra, the degradation of Haiti—he worries more about people than issues. In Biafra, he watches starving children lining up at a feeding station: "Nobody begged. . . . The laughing optimism of this suffering people makes you believe in something congenital, hormonal, inbred about good nature. The building [is] painted with the letters LITTLE HOUSE OF SMALL REGRETS." Gold is the treasurer of regrets, small and large.

In *Anti-California: Report from Our First Parafascist State* (Little, Brown), Kenneth Lamott despairs that the young, or any other regenerating force, can prevent the entire country from sliding into the "parafascism" that, he claims, already characterizes California. His evidence is a series of short pieces detailing the collapse of humanistic values and institutions in California. It's a prejudged case

and could be made just as lopsidedly by a writer in any other state. A journalist with a preconception can always find what he's looking for. Although Lamott asserts that the Democratic Party in California "hardly exists anymore except as a convenient fiction," Ronald Reagan is uncomfortably aware that this "fictive" party controls both houses of the state legislature. Hardly any part of this facile doomsday book can, in fact, withstand close analysis. If *Anti-California* is too easily pessimistic, *Now Is the Time* (McGraw-Hill), by Oklahoma's U. S. Senator Fred R. Harris, is a Sunday-morning act of faith that a new day of Populism is about to flower in the land. Yet Harris' book is useful for its perceptions about the workings of the political process. There are solid, if familiar, arguments for electing the President by popular vote, controlling the costs of election campaigns and otherwise inviting more participation in the political process by those who now feel left out. Harris comes through as a decent, resilient man who may well show up on the national ticket during the 1970s but is not likely to be elected to the Academy of Arts and Letters. A more probing—and informative—examination of the processes of American politics is *To the Victor . . . Political Patronage from the Clubhouse to the White House* (Random House), by Martin Tolchin, city-hall bureau chief for *The New York Times*, and his wife, Susan, an assistant professor of political science at Brooklyn College. Anyone seriously interested in the redistribution of power must first understand the dynamics of power; and the Tolchins lay it all out in a series of analyses of the patronage machinery on local, state and Federal levels. They are not polemicists; they let the facts make their own political points. But they do underline that the worst danger of the current system is the "impact of patronage on policy, and the exclusion from patronage of those unable to reciprocate political support." The poor are not only excluded but also controlled by those who do exercise policy. In *Regulating the Poor: The Functions of Public Welfare* (Pantheon), Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward, professors at the Columbia University School of Social Work, argue that a primary instrument for controlling the poor is—and long has been—the administration of welfare. The writers maintain that relief policies are cyclical. They are "initiated or expanded during the occasional outbreaks of civil disorder produced by mass unemployment, and are then abolished or contracted when political stability is restored." Piven and Cloward advocate full employment at decent wages, along with a realistic national minimum income. They strongly doubt that these benefits will soon be forthcoming, so

they urge that everyone eligible get onto the relief rolls in order to explode welfare costs and so force fundamental reforms. That strategy is grounded more on wish than on political reality. A more instructive manual for those of the poor—and other classes—who want to affect policy is Saul Alinsky's *Rules for Radicals* (Random House). A pioneer community organizer, Alinsky is free of cant, romanticism and illusions. He restores to pragmatism its formerly good name as he makes clear the variety of methods by which those without power can organize to make their demands irresistible. The book is illustrated with stories from Alinsky's rich experience and ends with what may be the climax of his lifework—a national organizing drive of the middle class through the collection of stock proxies in order to change the policies of corporate conglomerates, and thereby of government itself. It's our guess that the tough-minded Alinsky is more likely to be right than the doomsayers about the chances for democratizing America in the 1970s.

Did you know that two of the most penetrating samples of contemporary literary criticism were first scrawled on walls? They are: MARCEL PROUST IS A YENTA and FRANZ KAFKA IS A KVETCH. Furthermore, Edward Albee found the title of his first Broadway smash, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, in a public john. These tidbits are among the thousands to be found in a highly entertaining book called *Graffiti: 2000 Years of Wall Writing* (Cowles). Its author, Robert Reisner, who actually teaches a course in graffiti at Manhattan's New School, has assembled a wonderfully funny scholarly work—the kind of thing that the British do so well and that we could use more of over here. Reisner's essays on such subjects as "W. C. Latrinalia" and "Sex and Homo-Sex" are followed by "Collector's Choice," a compendium of multilingual wall *Schrift* arranged by category. A few more raisins from the text: OTHELLO WAS A BIGOT. REALITY IS AN OBSTACLE TO HALLUCINATION. LIFE IS A HEREDITARY DISEASE. PRAY FOR OBSCENE MAIL. PORTNOY'S MOTHER IS A SHIKSA.

The closest thing to being wired into a writer's brain is to read *The Prisoner of Sex* (Little, Brown) by Norman Mailer. When Mailer starts a sentence, he's like a surfboard rider hanging onto the crest of a wave, riding it poised on the edge of disaster, not certain whether he'll make the beach: "Sex is reason, sex is commonsense, sex is ego and prudence and scum on the sheets as the towel is missed on the pull-out, sex is come by your kink and freak will I on mine, sex is 50 whips of the clitoris ping-pong through with all the authority of a

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broken nerve in the tooth, poor middle-class bewildered plain housewives' libido coming in like an oil well under the paved-over barnyard of a bewildered cunt, modest churchgoing women with plastic vibrating dildo." His exploding images capture the emotions that rage beneath the ideas he struggles to express; his unexpected insights often puncture the bubbles of stereotyped feelings to reveal the raw surface within. ("So do men look to destroy every quality in a woman which will give her the powers of a male, for she is in their eyes already armed with the power that she brought them forth, and that is a power beyond measure—the earliest etchings of memory go back to that woman between whose legs they were conceived, nurtured, and near strangled in the hours of birth.") On one level, *The Prisoner of Sex* is Mailer's counterattack to Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics*, and he savages the author, her book and women's lib with relish. But Millet is merely the grain of sand that catalyzed *The Prisoner of Sex*, a pearl of sexual philosophy in which Mailer turns to the mysticism of conception and accepts it as an expression of God, an affirmation of life.

In *The Price of Women* (Jarrow), David Allen, too, sallies forth in defense of the male sex—but he might better have stayed home. His thesis is absurd: The female is a biologically subordinate creature, and in submitting to the male—who is dominant by virtue of his genetically endowed aggressive drive—she fulfills her feminine destiny. Here are some samples of Allen's thinking: "There is little difference between subordinating oneself to a boss and submitting to a lover." "The moment a girl is physiologically ready for conception her mind stops growing." "Every orgasm is accompanied by the penis-shrinking knowledge that [the modern male] may just have forged another \$1500-per-year link in his chain [of dependents]." Such champions we males can do without.

Not much new evidence is offered by Germaine Greer in *The Female Eunuch* (McGraw-Hill), one of the battalion of books flying the flag of women's liberation. But the author, a lecturer at Warwick University in England, does succeed in bringing together a substantial amount of fact, plus a considerable amount of fancy, in presenting the case for the oppressed female. Her main charge is familiar: Women are robbed of their unique capacities for the enjoyment of life because from birth they are programmed to behave according to artificial and preconceived ideas of femininity. Miss Greer grants that the oppression of females is not a conscious plot by men. She sees it evolving over the centuries in such a way that today neither sex can even recognize what it is

doing to the other. And, just as the guard must stay in jail to keep the prisoner there, men, too, are trapped by the social system. Worst of all, as the author points out, is that women handcuff and shackle themselves. So pervasive is the myth of femininity that women have become its chief victims—they believe they are the kind of human beings society tells them they should be. Miss Greer is no man-hater; she ridicules feminists who have no use for the opposite sex ("A clitoral orgasm with a full cunt is nicer than a clitoral orgasm with an empty one, as far as I can tell, at least"). Like most polemics, however, *The Female Eunuch* states the problem with power but collapses when it comes to conclusions (that women, for example, shouldn't marry or, if they do, it should be to men who are their intellectual inferiors—"A worker husband could well be proud of a 'thinker' mate"). But her basic appeal is to both sexes as equals: Men and women of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but the chains that divide you!

Straight kids who grow up in a super-straight community such as Blackwood, New Jersey, where people leave their doors unlocked at night and the police force has trouble keeping busy, seem unlikely prospects for suicide. Yet after their disappointment over local response to the first national Moratorium Day, on October 15, 1969, Craig Badiali and Joan Fox ran a vacuum-cleaner hose from the exhaust pipe of their car through a predrilled hole in the floor, got in and turned on the motor. In *Craig and Joan: Two Lives for Peace* (Viking), Eliot Asinof has tried to reconstruct the events preceding and following this startling act. Though he was denied conversation with the subjects and the cooperation of many of the town's institutional representatives, he has parlayed lengthy interviews with their high school friends and Craig's brother into a compelling book. Why these two "typical" high school kids methodically took their own lives is not simply explained. Of the 24 suicide notes they wrote, only the two to their respective families were ever delivered, partly on the advice of a pair of National Institute of Health doctors who specialize in arriving on suicide scenes to forestall "epidemics." Craig wrote, "Why—because we / love our fellow / man enough to / sacrifice our lives." That Craig and Joan intended to die for peace is undeniable. The larger unanswered question is whether the suicides were a reaction of two kids unable to face reality or whether what they did was the ultimate rational response to an irrational world.

The acclaim that Sanche de Gramont recently won with *The French* is likely to widen with the publication of *Lives to Give* (Putnam), a coolly thoughtful,

often exciting novel about France during the Occupation years of World War Two. "An occupied nation becomes a nation of foxes—sly, cowardly and unscrupulous," writes the author. This astringent note is struck early and maintained throughout. De Gramont skillfully evokes the France of 1940, already sapped in spirit by the futile politics of the Thirties, her supposedly proud army short on weaponry and morale, her people more set on accommodation than resistance, more sympathetic to Pétain's servile "middle road" than to the defiant (and exiled) banner of De Gaulle. Taking four representative Frenchmen—a civil servant, a schoolteacher, a general and a professional revolutionary—De Gramont retraces the separate destinies that led them into the Resistance and thence to a shared ordeal in trying to elude a tenacious Gestapo chief. While so many of their countrymen are taking their honor to the pawnshop, strewing the way with comfortable rationalizations, these four make their stand and bear the consequences without benefit, from either the author or themselves, of the rhetoric of heroism.

In his new novel, *The Barefoot Man* (Simon & Schuster), Davis Grubb brings on a character named Jack Farjeon and stands back as this out-of-work-and-luck guy follows his own elemental impulses. Grubb has been criticized for overpsychologizing his characters' motivations, but Farjeon's doings require no such comment. The only thing readers will want to know is what he's going to do next. In this headlong tale of suffering and revenge, all its hero asks out of life is a crack at the man who killed his pregnant wife in a battle between striking coal miners and professional strikebreakers. Farjeon's brutal quest may not say a great deal for his character or brain power, but in Grubb's hands he becomes a creature both pitiable and fascinating. If the novel has a flaw, it is the superfluous appearance of a one-dimensional reforming Senator, whom Farjeon is called on to rescue in a mine-sabotage disaster. But all in all, this is the best Grubb since *The Night of the Hunter*.

Also noteworthy: The protean and often cantankerous intellect of John Kenneth Galbraith is on impressive display in a collection of his essays, *Economics, Peace and Laughter* (Houghton Mifflin). All were written during the Sixties, a decade during which Galbraith was publicly linked with the themes of the title, as professor of the first, outspoken advocate of the second and artful provoker of the third.

Tom Mayer's *The Weary Falcon* (Houghton Mifflin) records five personal, melancholy, highly dramatic episodes of the Vietnam war in a style sharp as shrapnel

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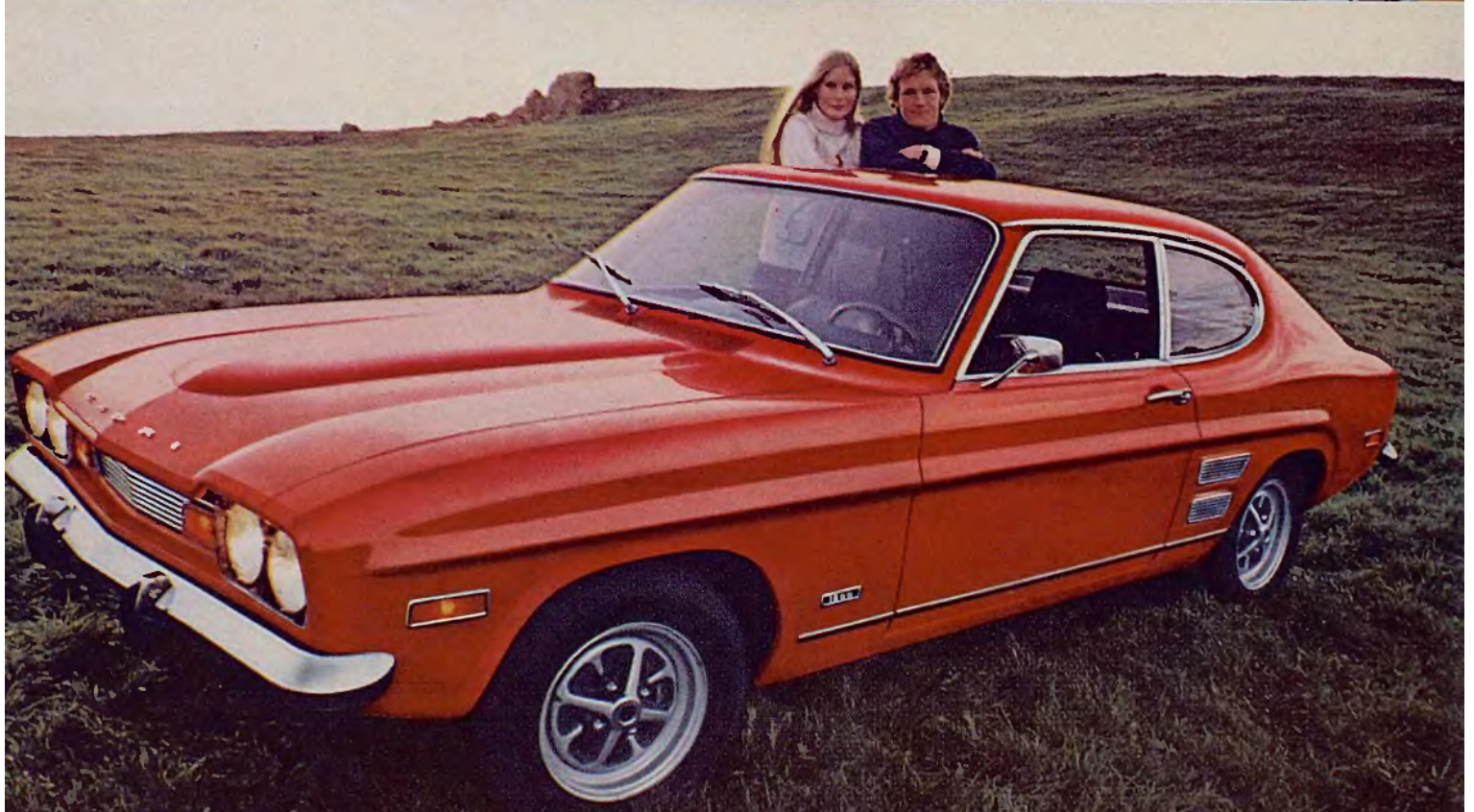
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and reminiscent of Hemingway at his reportorial best. One episode, *Anson's Last Assignment*, appeared in *PLAYBOY* in August 1967.

With a *frisson* of morbid pleasure, we direct your attention to Gahan Wilson's new collection of cartoons, *I Paint What I See* (Simon & Schuster). If a perusal of this volume gives you a sense of *déjà vu*, it is in part a tribute to the eerily hilarious quality of Wilson's work and in part because many of the cartoons appeared first in *PLAYBOY*. If you've seen one Wilson, you'll want to see them all.

That the real world can be as bizarre as any cartoonist's imagination is evidenced by the versatile Jules Feiffer in *Pictures at a Prosecution: Drawings and Text from the Chicago Conspiracy Trial* (Grove). Interspersing sections of the trial transcript, frankly rearranged and presented out of context, with sketches of the leading figures, Feiffer offers the reader "a sense of what it was like to do time in Julius Hoffman's courtroom." And a very odd sense it is.

DINING-DRINKING

Over the river and through the woods, then take a left, and *still* there are miles to go before you dine—or so it seems if you're traveling from downtown Chicago to the *Dragon Inn* (18431 South Halsted Street) in south suburban Glenwood. But it's well worth the trip (by car, not by cab). The *Dragon* specializes in the ancient and exotic art of mandarin cooking, which was the world's only great cuisine for centuries before Marco Polo brought its elements back to Europe, where it inspired the Italian and, later, the French cuisines as we know them today. Run by its attentive hostess and part owner, Mrs. Julius Sih, the inn offers more than 50 mandarin dishes, some of which are so elaborate that they must be ordered 24 hours ahead of time. (There's also a fully stocked bar and a well-rounded wine list, including hot or cold sake.) A highly recommended opener is Hot and Sour Soup, a pungent, succulent concoction filled with vegetables, shredded pork and stealthy spices known for their slow-fuse action. The Cold Appetizer Plate—an artfully arranged platter of Wine Chicken, Woo Shang Beef (cured with subtle herbs and crushed cinnamon), pea pods, sliced abalone, jellyfish, black mushrooms, a red-hot sauce and carrot slices carved in the shape of butterflies—exemplifies a mandarin chef's historically prescribed goal: to create appetizing contrasts in the appearance, texture, colors, aroma and taste of his food. Moving on to the main course, our particular favorite is Peking Duck (order a day in advance),

the classic mandarin masterpiece. It's served on a large platter ringed with crisp, golden pieces of duck skin surrounding moist and tender meat, along with a thick, sweet *tien-mien* sauce (made from plums and seasoned with gentle herbs), pineapple rings, brushes of scallion and tissue-thin pancakes. Combine the aforementioned, crepe style, in a pancake, after daubing on sauce with the handy scallion, and prepare to turn on taste buds you didn't know you had. For a fitting finale to this imperial feast, we suggest a unique dessert—which also must be ordered in advance—that's not listed on the menu: *loi sa twan*. You'll receive a tray of bite-size dumplings made from red-bean paste rolled in a sticky boiled rice dough, which you cover with a blanket of powdered sugar, sesame seeds and crushed peanuts. This bizarre dish is mandarin fare at its most insinuating, for many baffled diners can't decide whether or not they like it, as they eat one, then another and another, until they're finished, dazed and satiated but determined to return as soon as they've recovered. The Dragon roars from 11:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. Tuesday through Thursday, Friday from 11:30 A.M. to midnight, Saturday from 5 P.M. to midnight and on Sunday from noon to 10 P.M. It's closed Monday and accountably busy otherwise, so reservations are recommended (312-756-3344).

MOVIES

A recent work "discovered" at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York has won its wings for theatrical release. The young producing-directing team of Joel L. Freedman and Philip F. Messina lucked into *Skezag* through a chance meeting with a drug hustler on an East Village street corner. *Skezag* (the title is a form of skag, the word for heroin) is about a handsome 21-year-old black hustler named Wayne Shirley who got into drugs during his service in Vietnam. "I know I got the fuckin' gift, man . . . the gift of gab," snaps Shirley, shifting into high for a rap session full of humor and hurt and human tragedy. Shirley's story of how he felt the first time he killed a man in battle would be too corny for fiction, but it's tremendously moving and persuasive here. Further intimations of tragedy are sensed with the arrival of two junkie pals, Angel Sanchez and Louis "Sonny" Berrios, who have a lot of trouble finding their veins. The confrontations that follow are among Shirley and the film makers, Shirley and his buddies, Shirley and himself. Drugs are great, he insists, if you're smart and don't get hooked. *Skezag's* powerful climax is a second encounter with Shirley, four months later, when his habit has finally got the upper hand, and

he looks like a man caught in the act of suicide. Although *Skezag* adds nothing new to the realm of spontaneous encounter cinema, it is a remarkable statement on drug abuse—its social and psychological causes as well as its disastrous effects. Since completion of *Skezag*, Angel has joined the film makers on the reel-and-rap lecture circuit, Sonny has been sent to a rehabilitation center and Shirley is in a New York jail, charged with three counts of armed robbery.

Made in 1967, *La Collectionneuse* is the fourth of French writer-director Eric Rohmer's Six Moral Tales, seemingly imported now in response to the American success of tales number three (*My Night at Maud's*) and five (*Claire's Knee*). All share roughly the same theme and plot structure—a young hero, enamored of one woman, is temporarily distracted by another, but finally rejects her, or is rejected by her. A rather slender hook on which to hang a half-dozen movies, however wryly philosophical they may be; yet Rohmer is a confident stylist who can partly conceal the fact that his characters are pretty dull sticks, all in all. Staunch admirers of *Claire's Knee* will undoubtedly find *La Collectionneuse* a comparable delight. We found it better—though still inferior to *Maud's*—reflecting a dreamy summer mood with images of bare feet, hours as empty as shells and flies forever buzzing lazily in the sun. The film's eye appeal is enhanced by the splendid scenery around St.-Tropez, where the talkative hero (Patrick Bauchau) goes to spend a Riviera holiday while his mistress (Mijanou Bardot, Brigitte's sister) is away in London. To do nothing and do it well is the young man's only declared aim in life, so it isn't surprising that he merely contemplates the possibility of making it with a sleep-around girl (lissome Haydee Poltoff, as the man-collector of the title) who just happens to share a friend's summer villa. "You enjoy complicating things . . . I'm fed up with all your profundities," complains Haydee, the kind of girl who can give promiscuity a good name. Amen, Haydee.

The hero of *Cry Uncle*, as played by an amusing slob named Allen Garfield, ought to be run out of town by Sam Spade. Garfield's Jake Masters is a pot-bellied private eye and spare-time sexual athlete, well over 30, who treats women exclusively as sex objects—and, at one critical point, finds himself in bed somewhere balling a corpse. Madeline Le Roux, Maureen Byrnes and Deborah Morgan are among the warm bodies at hand in director John G. Avildsen's blunt parody of all the detective thrillers and skin flicks anyone has ever seen. Though *Cry Uncle* is a pretty trivial encore for the director of *Joe*, last year's

explosive tribute to a hard-hat, Avildsen has the virtue—rather rare these days—of approaching sex with irrepressible impudence, exploiting pornography for fun as well as profit. Garfield and his nephew apprentice (Devin Goldenberg) make a sort of Batman and Robin team, out to solve the unsavory case of a multimillionaire whose lewd home movies have led to blackmail and murder. Definitely *not* for nephews who are on the shy side of puberty or still digging Disney films about forest rangers.

A world-famous pianist (Curt Jurgens) who is dying of an incurable disease grants a rare interview to an impoverished young journalist (Alan Alda). "You have Rachmaninoff hands," wheezes the old man, fanning the reporter's withered hopes for his own career at the keyboard. After this florid beginning, *The Mephisto Waltz* (based on a novel by Fred Mustard Stewart, titled after the composition by Franz Liszt) plunges into the subject of modern witchcraft like a direct descendant of *Rosemary's Baby*. There's a lot of mumbo jumbo about soul transference, which means that the dead can inhabit the body of a properly bewitched victim and use it for anything from making love to making music. Which means, further, that Alda becomes one helluva piano player. His subsequent problems concern the choice he must make between two bodies perfectly designed to give a man trouble—one belonging to Barbara Parkins, as the late pianist's devilish daughter, the other to Jacqueline Bisset, who is diabolically beautiful as the reporter's anxious wife. Director Paul Wendkos works flamboyantly, stressing optical tricks—until every possible reflecting surface becomes a symbol of psychological distortion. Though well supplied with suspense, *Mephisto* lacks the master's touch that made *Rosemary's Baby* (with Roman Polanski in attendance) a born winner.

Four diver-photographers, a beautiful blonde spearfishing champion and a mood-spinning folk singer are signed on for a sea voyage from South Africa to Ceylon to Australia in *Blue Water, White Death*, producer-director Peter Gimbel's aquatic documentary about his search—vividly chronicled by Peter Matthiessen in the March PLAYBOY—for that cool predator, the man-eating great white shark. *White Death* is beautifully photographed, intrinsically fascinating and sometimes even funny—though whenever the cameras are on deck rather than underwater, the moviegoer may sense that he is at sea with a pack of well-heeled, rather disorganized dilettantes. Booking a folk singer for the expedition appears to have been Gimbel's effort to keep his crew diverted and to set things up for a soundtrack album. The difference between

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Gimbel and a superior film maker such as France's Jacques-Yves Cousteau is the difference between an adventurous sportsman and a sea-loving scientist. Why and how the precarious balance of marine life is maintained in the mysterious ocean depths doesn't really pique the curiosity of Gimbel and friends. These aquanauts are professional daredevils—the first to swim freely among a school of hungry sharks as they devour the carcass of a dead whale. Both men and fish prove their cold-blooded daring beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The trouble with most of the current exploitation flicks is that nothing is left to the viewer's imagination—and those who churn them out seem to have none, either. The *Kama Sutra* smorgasbord and the zoom lens have limited possibilities. (See *The Porn Is Green*, page 78.) Nonetheless, in *The Telephone Book*, writer-director Nelson Lyon has infused the sack saga with originality and occasional flashes of wit. The film is all about the makers—and receivers—of obscene phone calls: in particular, the telephonic titillation of Alice, an audio-erotic dumb blonde (Sarah Kennedy, whose screen debut in this film was previewed in PLAYBOY's May issue), by a honey-voiced phone-booth Lothario (James Harder). Alice almost jumps through the looking glass in her search for the owner of that irresistible voice. In a literally and figuratively climactic confrontation, she learns that her man is all Bell and no balls. The creep sadly declines her fevered overtures and takes Alice instead to adjoining phone booths in Central Park, where they engage in an all-night verbal orgy—conveyed by a hard-core cartoon sequence so gross that one is forced to question not only Lyon's taste but his intentions as well. His taste in talent, however, is impeccable: Dewy-eyed Miss Kennedy projects a beguiling, Goldie Hawnish blend of befuddled innocence and sexual avidity that promises her a bright future—in far better fare than this.

There was little to wax romantic about in the Depression-stricken Appalachia of 1935—nor, for that matter, is there today. By filming *Fools' Parade* in and around Moundsville, West Virginia, director Andrew V. McLaglen has captured the dusty, threadbare look of the place and the time. Along with the usual emblems of the era—baggy pants and signs advertising triple-dip ice-cream cones—there are N. R. A. posters, hungry hobos beside the railroad tracks and characters whose greed is at least partially motivated by need. Which helps lift *Fools' Parade* a cut or two above the usual melodrama of pursuit. Written by James Lee Barrett from a novel by Davis

Grubb, the screenplay occasionally gets too explicit about ordinary little men courageously defying the fickleness of fate, and director McLaglen shows a taste for mountain corn. Nevertheless, the movie is strong and simple and is performed with contagious gusto by actors who seem to know they have mounted a winner. James Stewart—sporting a grisly glass eye that he removes from time to time as a talisman—leads a trio of former prisoners (his cohorts are Strother Martin and young Kurt Russell) who emerge from the state penitentiary with high hopes of staying alive and on the right side of the law. They plan to open a general store in a distant community, staked by a \$25,000 check—Stewart's savings from a 40-year stretch in the prison mines as a convicted murderer. What the three men don't know as they eagerly board a train to get out of town is that a ruthless prison guard (George Kennedy) and the local banker (David Huddleston) have hired a team of professional killers to make sure that Stewart never cashes his check. *Parade's* bad guys are unequivocally evil—if you're looking for nuances, try another movie—but once they pick up the scent of blood money, their zest for the hunt is something to see.

Waterloo, for the benefit of those who may have skipped earlier filmed lectures about the Napoleonic Wars, tells how Napoleon Bonaparte met his final defeat in battle near a village not far from Brussels and gave the world an everlasting symbol of failure and shattered hopes. This elephantine epic is another Waterloo for all concerned. Russian director Sergei Bondarchuk, roughly picking up where he left off with his monumental *War and Peace*, does *Waterloo* in the same literal, ponderous manner. What's missing, alas, is the genius of Tolstoy. The battle scenes are vast, colorful and slightly confusing; even the actors seem to sense that it's every man for himself. Rod Steiger, always assuming the trite stance with hands locked behind him while he sweats and sobs his heart out as Napoleon, looks beaten before he starts. Steiger's haphazard performance is matched by that of Christopher Plummer, as an urbane Duke of Wellington who appears to be enjoying a private joke about the behavior of well-bred Englishmen under fire. American, British, Russian, French and Italian workers and performers were involved in every phase of *Waterloo*, making this Italo-Soviet coproduction a genuinely international catastrophe.

Mixing real-life drama with rudimentary storytelling is one of the riskier ways to use the documentary techniques known as *cinéma vérité*. The method approaches maximum impact in *Derby*,

which opens up the public and private life of 24-year-old Mike Snell, a handsome Ohio boy with a mighty desire to put Dayton behind him and blast a niche for himself amid the rough-and-tumble of the roller derby. If nothing else, this ironic essay on the American Dream would be remarkable for the freedom achieved by director-photographer Robert Kaylor with a cast of derby superstars plus Snell, his wife, his father and friends, who play themselves with astonishing unself-consciousness. Seldom has the quality of life in the lower-middle depths of the U. S. A. been more graphically depicted than when *Derby* follows Snell's wife and a friend of hers (the girls are wearing identical sports clothes, for no particular reason) to a trailer park, where the women shrilly lodge complaints with a resident trollop who has been driving by at night to honk her horn at their husbands. The movie is sad, scary, brutal, hilarious as it sizes up Snell's world (punching the time clock in a factory, getting bleary on booze, making it with somebody new now and then to relieve the home-and-kids routine) and the seedy glamor of the skating circuit. Director Kaylor knows how to score points editorially—as when the hushed crowd at a roller-derby contest, all set for a session of gut-crunching violence on wheels, learns through a loud-speaker's static that the national anthem cannot be played that evening. Technical difficulties.

French director Roger Vadim is essentially a pinup artist whose first American film, *Pretty Maids All in a Row*, might be mistaken for an attempt to bring back the Goldwyn Girls. (For the fullest top-to-bottom view of Vadim's *Pretty Maids*, see PLAYBOY's April issue.) Here, Vadim offers these raving beauties as murder victims in a black comedy supposedly meant to say something about the casual manner of American violence. Murder makes out in a high school where Rock Hudson, as coach and student counselor, balls eight of the comeliest cheerleader types—and slays three of them. Rock also persuades a zingy substitute teacher (Angie Dickinson, who looks wrong for the classroom but dead-right for the bedroom) to do what she can for an undergraduate boy virgin (John David Carson). As the faculty superseducer, Hudson seems pretty bland. Yet the real problem with *Pretty Maids* is that Vadim approaches humor, drama, suspense and social comment as if his deeper purpose were always to find an expanse of bosom bursting from an unbuttoned blouse.

In his first time at bat as a movie director, Edwin Sherin—who directed *The Great White Hope* on Broadway—shows creditable restraint, with *Valdez Is Coming*, one of those small but serious-minded Westerns that never swagger

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when it's better to stand still. A low-key performance by Burt Lancaster sets the tone, with Lancaster curbing his athleticism to concentrate on his title role as a frontier constable whose Mexican ancestry provides a contemporary peg whereon to hang a tale. Racial pride motivates *Valdez*, the saga of a turning worm who gets a bellyful of white arrogance after he has unknowingly killed an innocent black man at the whim of an ironfisted landowner (Jon Cypher). Ridiculed when he tries to collect a pittance of charity for the black man's pregnant Indian widow, Valdez declares a private war on the landowner, kidnaps the woman Cypher intends to marry (statuesque Susan Clark) and stakes his life on forcing the scoundrel to pay a \$100 ransom into a widow's fund. The ensuing cross-country pursuit of the constable and his captive is, in fact, a kind of moral wrestling match between two strong-willed men. We won't reveal who wins, lest we spoil it for some innocent who has never placed a bet on Burt Lancaster.

Pushing 40, an American writer of lurid fiction comes home to Manhattan with a 16-year-old English bride. Is it necessary to add that complications follow? Their love idyl cools a little, because the writer can't write with rock music blaring; he also finds it a drag to do time in jail after rescuing his wife from her rather impulsive participation in student riots. A heavy company of celebrities has been collected to support cuddle-pup Susan George in her title role, but Honor Blackman, Orson Bean, Paul Ford, Jack Hawkins, Trevor Howard, Robert Morley and Kay Medford fail in their worthy efforts to make this frail comedy look consequential. The most interesting thing about *Lola* is the presence in a top romantic role of Charles Bronson (as the writer), a pug-faced American movie actor who used to play thugs and roustabouts—until he went to Paris and melted millions of hard French hearts as a kind of Bronx Belmondo. Returned to English-language films with his new image intact, Bronson at first glance may seem an unlikely candidate for movie stardom. Yet he is assured, ugly-beautiful and projects a hip, casual attitude toward sex that Europeans undoubtedly interpret as American know-how.

A small new wave of romantic nostalgia hits movie screens with *Summer of '42*, director Robert Mulligan's tribute to all the teenage lads who ever lost their virginity during a long hot summer. The setting is an island off the New England coast during World War Two. As the boy, Gary Grimes offers a freckly new face on which director Mulligan (with the collaboration of novelist-scenarist Herman Raucher) can write all there is to say, and then some, about the



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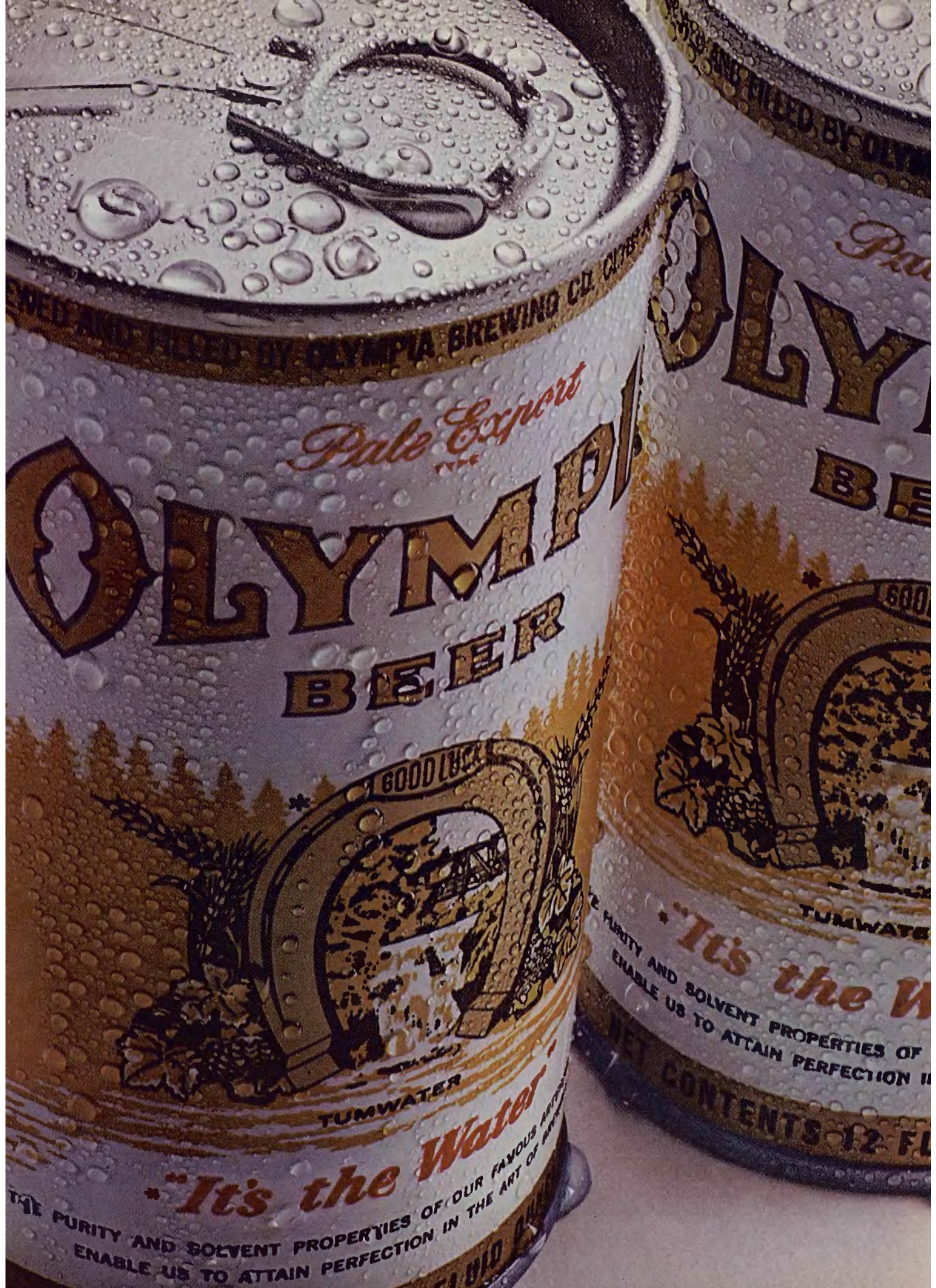
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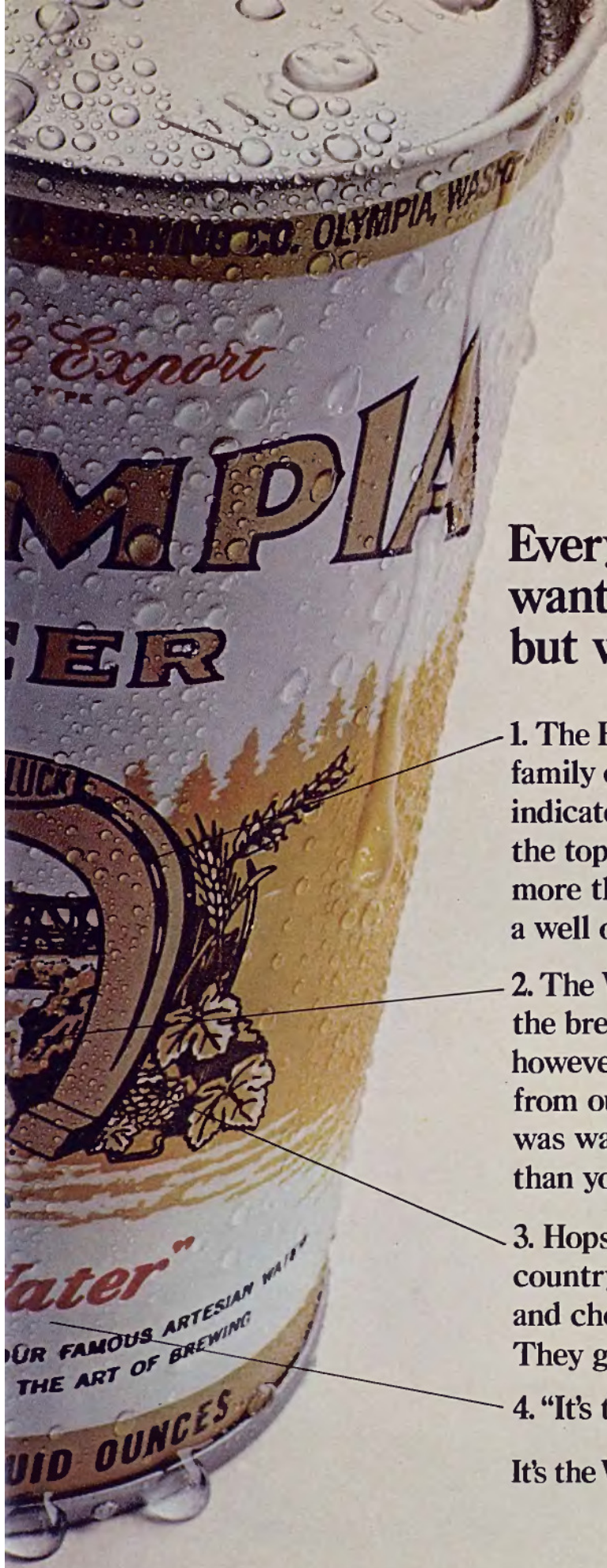
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awkwardness and charm and yearnings of callow youth. As the girl—a soldier's wife who needs a young shoulder to cry on when the inevitable telegram comes—model Jennifer O'Neill has the kind of wind-swept beauty that photographs exceptionally well against grassy dunescapes; she looks great in the view of a camera that sees just about everything through the eyes of an infatuated 15-year-old named Hermie. An amusing episode about the boy's first mission to buy condoms from a neighborhood druggist and a bungled beach orgy with a couple of local girls could have benefited from some judicious editing.

RECORDINGS

The game has been popular for years—no doubt because it requires only one pop star with a few relatives. It begins when someone like James Taylor hits with a 1,000,000-selling record and plenty of press; then, before you can say "I've seen fire and I've seen rain," the game is on—and suddenly it's raining records by three other Taylors. Brother Livingston was first to do a follow-up with *Livingston Taylor* (Atco). It has a pleasant folkish flavor, laced with a down-home version of *Six Days on the Road*, but he sounds—and writes songs—so much like his brother that the record could practically be a James Taylor bootleg. If there's a difference, it's that Liv's voice—on cuts such as *Sit On Back*—is slightly stronger; otherwise, it will do fine for anyone who can't wait for a new James Taylor album. Not so with brother Alex, who was next in line. His *With Friends and Neighbors* (Capricorn) shows him to be the family's resident rock-'n'-roller—with a whiskey-drinkin' voice that sounds more like Ronnie Hawkins than gentle brother James. The album has its flat spots, but *Take Out Some Insurance* is a good funky roadhouse jam and *All in Line* rocks all the way home. The latest participant in the Taylor derby is *Sister Kate* (Cotillion). Her LP glitters with such supersidemen as brother James, Carole King, Merry Clayton, John Hartford and—most interesting, since Kate sounds like her understudy—Linda Ronstadt. If that seems like a safe way to cover for a voice that hasn't quite arrived yet, well, it is. The material ranges from overproduced Memphis soul on *Look at Granny Run, Run* to solid Nashville slick on *Country Comfort*—with an unfortunate go at Joe Cocker's *Do I Still Figure in Your Life* in between. If this is, indeed, The Year of the Taylors, then it's a year that's uneven and slightly derivative—but things could be worse.

With James Earl Jones as its star, there wasn't much chance that *The*



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Great White Hope was going to be eclipsed by the follow-up film documentary, *Jack Johnson*. But its sound track on Columbia is extraordinary, having been supplied by Miles Davis, who heads up a brilliant contingent—John McLaughlin, guitar; Mike Henderson, bass guitar; Steve Grossman, reeds; Herbie Hancock, keyboards; and Billy Cobham, drums. Davis chose a modern idiom for the sound track and it works, conveying the crackling tension, bravura and melancholy of the black champion's life. It works so well, in fact, that Brock Peters' electrifying closing words, as Jack Johnson, seem completely natural verbal extensions of the music.

The self-acknowledged Founder of Rock 'n' Roll, Little Richard, can again be heard in his middle-period glory on *Cast a Long Shadow* (Epic), two discs from 1967, the year of his comeback. Sides one and two contain the great oldies from the Fifties, re-created in the somewhat hype atmosphere of a Columbia Records studio, here called the Okeh Club (Okeh was the label of original issue) and filled with imported fans and assorted screamers. Mr. Outrageous—besides presenting classics such as *Lucille*, *Tutti Frutti*, *Long Tall Sally* and *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On*—extols, just as he does today, his natural hair, his beautiful body, his general greatness. Sides three and four show Richard in more varied musical settings—his 1967 style—but with no loss of his expressiveness in the intervening years. The frenzied ebullience, the meaningless cries, the incredible ego have truly become a pop institution. These records, if nothing else, are a lesson in how rock music at its best communicates. We don't need Richard to tell us that everybody learned from him. "Ooh my soul, ooh my, my, my!"

What is there left to say about Rod McKuen? His new two-disc compendium of aspirated gas, *Pastorale* (Warner Bros.), will surely be seized on by his admirers as further evidence of the bard's fecund genius. The rest of us may finish up our listening looking as haggard as poor Rod appears on the back cover, lying in a fallow field with some deer. Some of the many tunes aired here are simple, catchy and properly suggestive of pastoral life. *Pastorale: Part I* tells you things about cattle you may not have known and *Before the Monkeys Came* is a cutesy allegory about Eden before the Fall. But there's a gross surplus of wheezing and sentiment, McKuen's stock in trade, which is not helped by the presence of members of the Westminster Symphony Orchestra. The themes have mostly to do with the

glories of pristine nature, with love lost, love tried and love found. McKuen tells us how to view an object, understand a feeling. We suppose there are some people who have to be told.

Over 40 years after he first recorded the songs in *Quintessential Recording Session* (Halcyon), the irrepressible and seemingly indestructible Earl Hines has set himself down in front of a piano and done them again. Although we haven't heard the original versions, we're more than happy to settle for what we have here. There are *My Monday Date*, *Chicago High Life*, *Blues in Third* and five others to let you know that Fatha is still a king of the keyboard. Available by mail for \$5.98 from Halcyon Records, P. O. Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

Aquarians with an ear for musical astrologizing should not miss the classic exercise in that vein—Gustav Holst's *The Planets* (Deutsche Grammophon), newly recorded by the Boston Symphony under William Steinberg. Holst was a visionary turn-of-the-century Briton with a passion for the occult and an aptitude for stunning orchestration. Passion and aptitude came into perfect alignment in *The Planets*, which limns the astrological characteristics of the solar system in music of meteoric dexterity and otherworldly beauty. The famed Bostonians, now recording for the German company, never sounded better.

Seven young blacks look grimly out at you from the inner covers of *War* (United Artists), while the outer surfaces have pictures of black hands giving the fashionable three-finger salute. Inside, one of the songs suggests, "War is the answer to all of your hang-ups." How do you feel now, Charley? You really want to buy this album? Yeah, go ahead and buy it, because it contains some fine, fresh-sounding music. It is jazz and soul using rock and Latin elements merely to contribute, never to dominate. There are interesting instrumental/vocal textures, as in *Sun Oh Son*, and long, building, incantatory choruses, as in *Lonely Feelin'* and *Vibeka*; throughout, there are dynamic variations and rhythmic stresses that most rock bands can't begin to achieve. The musicians are all proficient and they are most decidedly getting it together. The answer may be War, after all.

Modern jazz has clasped the flute to its bosom and claimed it as its own. There are any number of excellent flutists plying their trade today—Jeremy Steig, Paul Horn, Roland Kirk, Charles Lloyd, Yusef Lateef, James Moody, Herbie

Mann, Frank Wess, Hubert Laws—and the last three have new albums that are first-rate. Mann's *Memphis Two-Step* (Embryo) emphasizes his catholicity; the personnel behind him varies, as does the genre of his material. There's a hard-driving horn sound on *Soul Man* and *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*, a softer rock sound on *Memphis Two-Step* and an even more delicate approach on the remaining four items. Mann takes it all beautifully in stride. Wess, an all-round reed man, has a great advertisement for himself in *Wess to Memphis* (Enterprise). Recorded in Muscle Shoals, it's a nitty-gritty affair, as Wess, accompanied by a group of unidentified but adroit musicians (the alto sax of Eli Fountain is featured on *Ooh Child* and *Fool on the Hill*), produces a clean, incisive sound that cuts right to the heart of the matter. No frills or fancy stuff but well worth an extended listen. The most interesting flute disc is Laws's *Afro-Classic* (CTI). Aided by bassist Ron Carter, vibist Dave Friedman, Bob James on electric piano, Fred Alton, Jr., on bassoon and a clutch of rhythm men, Laws has tried to combine Bach, Mozart, Francis Lai (the *Love Story* theme) and James Taylor (*Fire and Rain*) into a total statement that melds African rhythms with classical and contemporary music. He has succeeded admirably in making it all hang together.

Mason Proffit deserves more acclaim than it has gotten so far, and its new disc, *Movin' Toward Happiness* (Happy Tiger), should make the group a Proffit with honor. This is tight, well-played country-and-western rock. Tales of outlaw heroes, ramblin' musicians and Tennessee-mountain witches combine with songs of bitterness over war and the rape of the Indians. The only mawkish intrusion is *He Loves Them*, an overwrought ballad about a wife murderer-poet-father. The group redeems itself handsomely on *Old Joe Clark* and *Let Me Know Where You're Goin'*, both of which feature driving banjo work by John Talbot.

Brian Auger's *Oblivion Express* (RCA) begins like a pretty ordinary trip. *Drag-on Song*, with its amplified guitar and organ textures, comes on with all the trite trappings of heavy rock. But then, with *Total Eclipse*, things get lighter and the pathway into modal rock (a systematic use of fixed scales) gets more intriguing. Auger and his three companions are skilled and inventive enough to keep your interest, especially on *The Light*, on which Brian's organ solo makes good musical sense and the tune's possibilities seem well exploited. *On the Road* moves nicely and is a good vehicle



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for Jim Mullen's lead guitar. On the whole, a worthwhile journey for those who want to pursue one of the newer, jazz-oriented directions in rock.

Gershwin / Alive & Well & Underground (Avco Embassy) offers the listener a marvelously pleasant package, indeed. There are only two performers, but they're more than enough. Versatile pianist Leonid Hambro performs on the opening *Rhapsody in Blue* with Gershon Kingsley, the synthesizer man, who goes on alone to handle *I Got Rhythm* and a medley from *Porgy and Bess*. With the electronic world at his finger tips, Kingsley is a man of many parts, adding futuristic dimensions to the Gershwin material, so that it sounds as fresh as the day it was written.

THEATER

Take a deep breath before entering the world of *Follies*. Harold Prince and Stephen Sondheim's enterprise challenges musical form and tradition on an even larger scale than their hit *Company*. This show is immense—technically and artistically, as well as physically. On the surface, it's a lovelorn letter from disappointed middle age to the innocence of youth. Underneath, though, it's a serious yet always entertaining extravaganza about the havoc of time and the illusions of romance. As a recapitulation of the good old days and the good old musical styles, *Follies* is a more enjoyable and original show than *No, No, Nanette*. The book, by James Goldman, is adequate, and the music and lyrics, by Sondheim, are superlative, a pastiche of everyone from Gershwin to Porter. There are blues songs to end the blues, nostalgic numbers to burn down the old nostalgia—tunes that are at once familiar and dazzlingly new. The show takes place at a reunion of *Follies* girls in a theater about to be razed. The place is full of ghosts, with statuesque showgirls as movable scenery. The present intrudes in the persons of two ex-*Follies* girls (Alexis Smith and Dorothy Collins) and the stage-door Johnnies they married (Gene Nelson and John McMartin). Under the artful direction of Prince and choreographer Michael Bennett, the musical arrests the present and confronts it with the past. Yvonne De Carlo simply sits on a stair and sings a touching song of survival, *I'm Still Here*. Mary McCarty smashes out a tune and the stage is bathed with a reflection of the glory that was: a long line of lovely clattering chorines. The cast is fine, particularly Miss Smith. Sardonic and sexy, she adds fire to a stage already ignited with theatrical imagination. At the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway.





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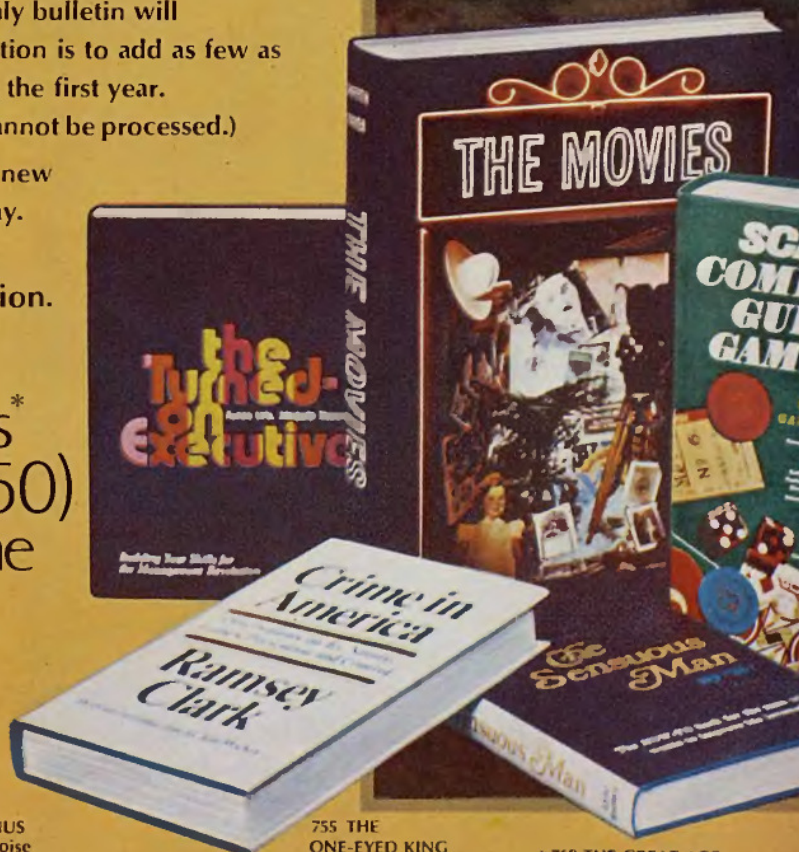
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girl and I are due to get married in about three months, having lived together for the past year. The ceremony means nothing to me, but apparently it means a great deal to her, as she has been getting more and more insistent about it. I have no great objection to marriage—at least I *think* I have no great objection—but lately, she tells me that I grind my teeth a lot while I sleep, something I never used to do. Does this mean, perhaps, that subconsciously I don't want to get married after all?—S. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

You said it, we didn't.

As a person who is left-handed, I find myself continually handicapped by products that are designed for right-handed people—a prejudice that is little recognized but is a source of constant annoyance. Recently, a friend told me that it's possible to buy left-handed playing cards, which struck me as the type of put-on to which I'm constantly subjected. Are they for real?—R. O., Phoenix, Arizona.

Playing cards for left-handed people are no put-on. The symbols in the corners of ordinary playing cards are in the top-left and bottom-right positions and are hidden when a card hand is fanned by a left-handed player. Left-handed playing cards carry the symbols in all four corners. Also available for the left-handed are special scissors, diaper pins, irons, frying pans (both sides of the pan have a pouring spout), flour sifters, corkscrews (the left-handed one turns counterclockwise), golf clubs, guitars (left-handed Paul McCartney had to go to Germany to find one), wrist watches, electric handsaws (some of those made for a right-handed person can be dangerous when operated by a southpaw), tape measures, etc. Most of these, as well as other items, are available from Anything Left-Handed, Box 4669, San Jose, California 95126.

I am stationed overseas and ordinarily receive a letter from my fiancée every week or so. Unfortunately, during the past two months I have received only one letter and a birthday card and other than that, complete silence, even though I have written to her a number of times. Her mother usually handles the incoming and outgoing mail at her house and since I know she never liked me, I fear that she is intercepting my letters—as well as those her daughter writes. How can I handle this sticky situation?—M. R., APO New York, New York.

Aside from sticking pins into a wax doll containing some of the mother's finger-

nail filings, there's not much you can do. But if you suspect your girlfriend's mother of blocking the mail, certainly your girl—who knows her better than you do—must suspect the same and would take care to mail her letters personally. Maybe the question isn't one of getting the letters but of getting the message. Why don't you place an overseas call and find out?

My business partner makes a point of ordering liquor by brand name when he's in a bar or a restaurant. I consider this an affectation; he thinks I'm a fool for not ordering what I really want. What does *The Playboy Advisor* think?—T. F., San Francisco, California.

We wouldn't go so far as to call you a fool, but we do tend to agree with your partner. Ordering liquor by brand name obviously enables the drinker to enjoy his personal preference in potables—his brand is usually superior to the one used by the bartender in making drinks for more easily satisfied customers. (Such liquor saves the house a substantial amount, but drinks made from house brands may also cost the customer less.) There are other advantages to ordering by brand name. To request a specific brand for a guest is a mark of hospitality; it also enables the drinker to sample the brands he may want to consider for consumption at home. Incidentally, when you shift from the bar to the dining room, brand orders are sometimes ignored by the bartender, meaning that you probably pay a higher price for a cheaper liquor. At the bar, of course, you can usually see from which bottle the bartender is pouring when he makes your drink.

I have been dating a fellow off and on since we were in high school, seven years ago. We have come to care for each other very much as friends and, recently, as lovers. Unfortunately, while he is sincere and tender in his lovemaking, he hurries his foreplay too much. Is there a tactful way of teaching him the finer points and getting him to slow down? He has dated quite a bit and thinks he knows everything, so I hate to deflate his ego, but he usually thinks I'm ready long before I really am. I love him, but I hate the thought of marrying him and being miserable in bed for the rest of my life. Can you suggest something?—Miss N. K., Gary, Indiana.

Why deflate his ego at all? Tell him how much you love the preliminaries and remind him that haste is the enemy of love. We might add that one of the keys to your problem may be indicated in your



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phrase "his foreplay." As a result of misinformation given in many sex manuals, foreplay has for too long been considered an exclusively male province; actually, it should be practiced by both of you (in which case he's sure to like it more). You ought to apply as much energy and enthusiasm to stimulating him as he does to you; otherwise, he's going to be bored—not stiff but limp.

I was recently told that during the past decade, more than 25,000 crimes were prevented and criminals apprehended by private citizens using their own firearms. Is there any way to confirm this?—P. A., Atlanta, Georgia.

During the past few years of debate on the vices and virtues of firearms, neither side has been able to nail down any sound statistics on the protective value of guns, because of too many variables: where a person lives, his competence with weapons, his occupation, his judgment, the local crime rate, and so forth. Two years ago, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence studied this matter and concluded only that (1) more than 500,000 business firms in the U. S. keep firearms for protective purposes and that these weapons may, indeed, deter or prevent some robberies; (2) several million householders also keep guns loaded and handy for protection, but the risk of misuse or accidents statistically far exceeds the threat from armed intruders. Hard facts, though, are difficult to come by. An alerted householder, armed or not, will usually scare off a burglar or trespasser and he may or may not report the incident. Police reports often do not record the legitimate use of a legally owned firearm unless shooting actually occurs. And citizens who report to police that they have foiled a crime often tend to exaggerate.

Last summer, I started dating a girl and we had a great deal of fun together. In the fall we both, comfortably and willingly, gave up our virginity—to each other. Our sex life has been increasingly satisfying, but now, after these idyllic months, she says she's in love with me. I've been honest with her all along in making it clear that I am not ready to settle down and that I am not in love with her. Until now, our fondness for each other seemed balanced and mutually limited. It bothers me to realize that because I do not love her, I will now very probably hurt her. What should I do?—S. T., Wichita, Kansas.

Continue to be as honest with her as you have been—and recognize the fact that if you cannot return the love she feels for you, then the end of the affair is not just coming, it has already arrived. You can remain her friend, but to remain her lover under these circumstances

would be cruel. Start dating other girls and don't give in to the temptation to go back to the old one just because, sexually speaking, she is available. Sadly, the only ones who have the strength to end a love affair are those who are not in love.

As a teenage tippler, I've more or less made a hobby of cataloging which states will allow me to drink and which ones won't. Until recently, only Louisiana and New York would allow you to sample anything you wanted as an 18-year-old; however, I'm sure I read lately that Alaska had lowered the boozing age to 19. I could also have sworn that Nebraska allowed one to do the same at the age of 20. Am I mistaken or—horrors!—did *The Playboy Advisor* goof in the March issue?—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Our researcher may have been tipping himself while checking the alcohol inventory. Both Nebraska and Hawaii, which allow drinking at the age of 20, were omitted from the list of liberal states; and Alaska and Maine reduced their drinking ages (from 21 to 19 and from 21 to 20, respectively) after our March issue went to press.

My girlfriend and I are 19 and we've been in love for the past year. Since it will be a long time before we can get married, we're becoming eager to share the mysteries of premarital sex. I say mysteries because both of us come from very sheltered backgrounds and don't know much about the subject. Can you suggest some source of honest, forthright, common-sense advice?—J. V., East Lansing, Michigan.

Read "Sex Before Marriage," by Dr. Eleanor Hamilton. This book, written by an experienced family counselor, discusses such specific subjects as birth control, sexual response, gynecological impediments to orgasm and noncoital techniques. The author suggests guidelines for determining your own readiness for pre-altar intercourse and explains how to accomplish defloration with a minimum of pain.

Supposedly one of the most horrifying films ever made was MGM's *Freaks*, released in 1932. Apparently it was so frightening that it never enjoyed wide distribution. What I would like to know is, was the film really that terrifying and were the prints destroyed, as I've heard?—S. W., Nashville, Tennessee.

There are many contenders for the title of the most horrifying American film ever made, and certainly "Freaks" is high on the list. Directed by Tod Browning, it achieved its horror not by using make-up or special effects but by casting genuine freaks. Assembled from all over the world, they included a living torso, an armless wonder, dwarfs and pinheads, among others. The freaks

were not presented as monstrous but as very human; the horror is internal, when, in the end, the viewer finds himself sympathizing with the villains of the film—normal human beings—because the physical appearance of the freaks has made it next to impossible to emotionally identify with them. Although "Freaks" was cut in some states and banned from the United Kingdom for 30 years, prints are still available through such rental companies as Audio Film Center.

My sister maintains that the best suntan lotion is one you can make yourself by mixing baby oil with iodine. She says it's much better than commercial lotions. Is there any truth to this?—L. L., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Not much. The baby oil will reduce the drying effects of the sun, while the iodine may temporarily dye the skin. Most commercial preparations contain chemicals that act as sun screens—they absorb some ultraviolet rays and let you stay in the sun longer with less risk of burning. Other preparations contain sun blocks, which reduce tanning but also tend to prevent burning. Nearly all the various oils and lotions contain moisturizers to protect the skin from drying.

Why is it that men frequently wake up in the morning with an erection? We called it a "piss hard-on" when I was a kid, but I doubt that that's the answer.—H. S., New Orleans, Louisiana.

You're right—a full bladder is coincidental, not causal. Erections occur during 80 percent of the periods of sleep most associated with dreaming, according to Dr. Ismet Karacan, professor of psychiatry and director of the sleep laboratory at the University of Florida. These periods are referred to as REM periods, for the rapid eye movements that occur during them. They become longer toward morning and the likelihood of waking up during one of them, and thus waking up with an erection, obviously becomes greater toward dawn. In addition, recent research has shown that REM sleep is associated with periods of increased concentrations in the human body of plasma testosterone—the major male sex hormone—which reaches a peak during the last REM period. However, it is not yet definitely known whether the high concentrations of testosterone cause erections.

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



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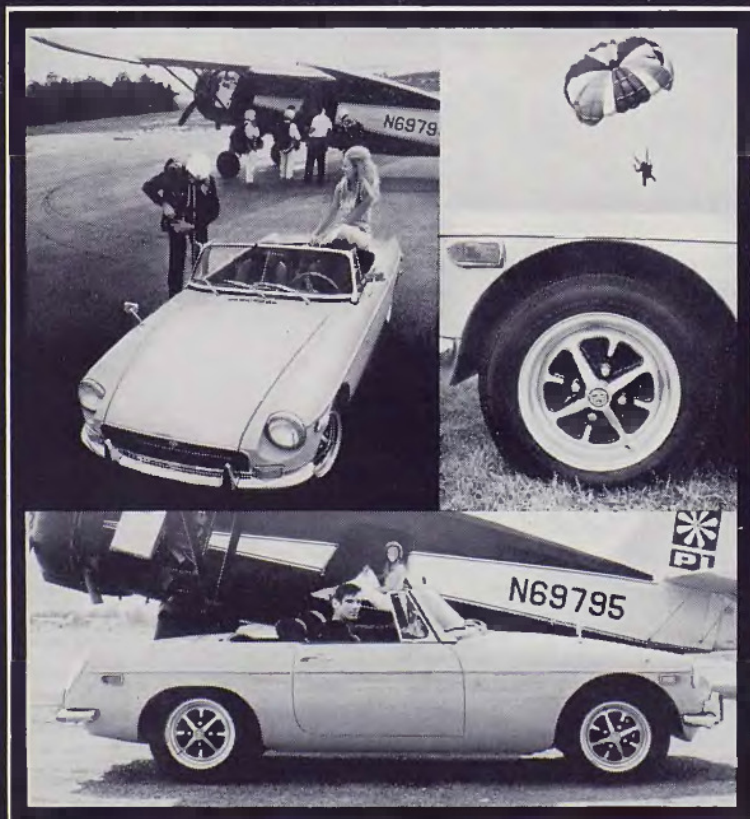
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

REVOLUTIONARY REPRESSION

When I was young—over a decade ago—the sexual revolution was a healthy rebellion against the more idiotic taboos of orthodox churches. It was an assertion of simple, common-sense propositions based on tolerance, *laissez faire* and humanistic rationalism. The left, still hung up in its own kind of puritanism, either ignored this movement or pronounced it individualistic and counterrevolutionary.

Now, alas, the left has moved into the sexual revolution and imbued it with the fanaticism and dreariness of all its causes. As a result, amorphous sexual guilt (one of the most pernicious causes of neuroses) is making a huge comeback everywhere. The left, it seems, can't touch any cause without turning it into an excuse to lay guilt trips on other people: except that, unlike the older puritans, it prefers to load the guilt onto those who are statistically average or normal, rather than on the statistically deviant.

This is rubbish either way. As a Yippie leader said in one of his few perceptive moments, "You can't do good unless you feel good."

The lady-wrestler types in women's lib are the worst offenders (but not the only ones). I am a married heterosexual; therefore, the Mao-Mao faction of the new feminists would say I am exploiting my wife. Despite my right-wing bias, I do have some normal human self-doubts, so I have brooded over this a bit and asked my wife several times if she thinks I'm exploiting her. She says everybody should be so exploited. This will not satisfy the lady Leninists, who will quickly reply that my wife is brainwashed. I reply, elegantly: bullshit. My wife is quite aware of the real economic exploitation of women in America and is active in one of the non-misanthropic feminist groups.

Gay liberation is also, under its Marxist leadership, turning very ungay and downright ugly. No sane person of common decency approves of the discrimination against homosexuals in this society, but such *laissez faire* is not enough for this crowd. They want us all to become gay. I recently read an article by one of their spokesmen who said a man who can't love other men is neurotic. It was clear, in context, that love meant sex to the author. Well, I love a few men I know, but I don't want sexual foreplay

with them. (To me, that's what homosexuality is: foreplay without the full sexual act.) I also love my dog and my parakeet, but I don't want sex with them. Am I therefore to be consigned to the Dark Ages?

The orgy crowd and the swingers and the swappers are also a drag. They can bed with 12 people of four sexes and two tin whistles if they want and I don't give a hoot, nor do I think the police should pester them. But, again, this live-and-let-live attitude isn't enough. The propaganda from this crew tells me that if I don't join them in that big bed (bringing along my wife and, probably, my children as well), I'm some kind of psychological cousin of Cotton Mather and the witch-hunters.

To all these missionaries, I say: Do your own thing and let me do my thing. We've seen enough pseudorevolutionary repression from Lenin onward. I don't want any of you becoming commissars over my sex life. "Mind your own business" is still the most revolutionary slogan in the world.

Thomas Ross
New York, New York

THE PLAYBOY ESTABLISHMENT

As a longtime PLAYBOY reader and Playboy Club keyholder, I must confess that my romance with your philosophy is wearing thin. While you continue to express a sane attitude on war, racism, law and abortion, you are also growing more and more out of touch with women—the central ingredient that originally made you successful. At the beginning of the Sixties, when dissent was starting to crack the cocoon of tradition, yours was a progressive voice. Like an archer drawing his bow, PLAYBOY promised to propel us into a new era of rationality, self-expression and fulfillment for all. Unfortunately, the arrow of enlightenment has now left the archer far behind. Women, like blacks, homosexuals, students and other repressed groups, are seeking a more meaningful role in shaping their own destinies—and the PLAYBOY establishment, instead of helping, now takes a reactionary position, mindlessly continuing to portray women only as sexual objects while lampooning every female aspiration toward equal status and opportunity.

During the past ten years, I have grown out of adolescence and have

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learned to value other qualities in women than those exhibited in your pages. I wish PLAYBOY, also, would grow into manhood.

Paul R. Freshwater
Cincinnati, Ohio

During 1970 and 1971, we have featured such women as Mary McCarthy, Dr. Mary Calderone, Joyce Carol Oates, Janis Joplin, Joan Baez and Virginia Johnson, all of whom are primarily notable for their contributions to society. Our female readership is over 3,000,000—higher than that of most women's magazines—and "The Playboy Forum" reflects this in the high percentage of letters from intelligent women discussing a variety of issues, including women's liberation. We have editorially supported equal pay, equal opportunity, legal abortion, day-care centers and other feminist goals. Our lampoons have been reserved exclusively for that small, shrill faction of women's lib that believes equality cannot be achieved without destroying heterosexuality. In short, you must be more careful when you go to the newsstand—you are buying some other magazine and mistaking it for PLAYBOY.

VIRGIN LIBERATION

Hand in hand with the expansion of the boundaries of sexual freedom in the United States today goes the denigration of virginity. Rigid, puritanical sexual mores are being replaced with a liberal sexual code that is often equally cruel. The American Virgin Liberation Front has been formed to extend sexual freedom to those who practice virginity. A. V. L. F. is not against sex; it seeks only to establish freedom for those persons who wish to refrain from sexual activity. Virginity is not a damnable state.

Sexual license is now extended to boys and girls, many of whom are unable—either physically or, more importantly, psychologically—to cope with their own sexuality. Yet these same boys and girls are often coerced into sexual activity by their peers (in many cases, through shame or the threat of ridicule and ostracism). Young people must be free to feel that sexual activity is a personal decision and that there is no loss of personal worth if one decides, for whatever reason, not to engage in intercourse. Being a virgin is not shameful.

Virginity in post-adolescent life often bears the burden of cruel innuendoes. It is often depicted in song and story as a joke. Whereas a celibate state was once held in high regard, now virginity is labeled as odd or, at least, questionable. If virgins wish information or help regarding their lack of personal sexual involvement, they should be able to find competent professional medical help without suffering feelings of guilt or fear of detection. Virginity is no laughing matter.

There is a round-the-clock drive by

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

UP THE FLAGPOLE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The U. S. Supreme Court, by dividing evenly, upheld the flag-desecration conviction of New York City art-gallery owner Stephen Radich, who exhibited a construction consisting of a U. S. flag draped around a sculptured penis. Attorneys for the exhibitor argued that the constitutional guarantee of free speech means that artistic expression may not be punished even if it holds the flag up to contempt. Four members of the Court did not salute when this proposition was run up the flagpole, and Justice William O. Douglas abstained. Radich faces up to 60 days in jail or a \$500 fine.

A few days later, however, the U. S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D. C., reversed the 1968 conviction of Yippie Abbie Hoffman for wearing a shirt resembling a U. S. flag. The Government contended that Hoffman had defaced the flag (or shirt) by wearing buttons on it reading WALLACE FOR PRESIDENT, STAND UP FOR AMERICA and VOTE PIG YIPPIE IN 68. The court noted that Hoffman, in any case, had not altered the shirt, which he had obtained commercially.

In New York, a three-judge Federal court ruled that buttons, decals and other items employing U. S. flag designs are protected as a form of free speech; and the supreme court of North Dakota has ruled that the "peace flag"—an American flag with the stars replaced by a peace symbol—does not desecrate Old Glory because it is not an official U. S. flag but "something entirely different."

MILITARY MAIL PRYING

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A confidential Army directive orders military commanders in Vietnam to intercept and confiscate personal first-class mail containing pacifist or other dissident publications sent to soldiers there. According to The New York Times, a spokesman for the Army has confirmed the authenticity of the directive, but a spokesman for the U. S. Postal Service stated that no Government agency, including the Army, has the right to seize first-class mail without a court order. Such an order, the postal official said, could usually be obtained only if a specific mailing was judged to present a clear and present danger to the United States.

PIECE OFFICERS

In California, the keen eye of the law sometimes takes a long while to focus. An undercover vice-squad cop in San Francisco answered a married couple's ad in an underground newspaper, paid

them a \$70 modeling fee and then conscientiously filmed their sexual activities for a full hour before arresting them.

An even greater endurance record was set by Los Angeles vice-squad detectives who sat through a nude dance act at a local night club again and again before deciding what charges to file against the performers. The crucial issue: Did the dance climax with a climax? After 75 viewings, the detectives deduced that the concluding choreography was real sexual intercourse, not simulated, and the performers were so accused. In court, however, the defense attorney, insisting that the intercourse was only simulated and that the dance was art beyond reproach, arranged a performance for the judge, jury and press. Reporters couldn't decide whether they saw fucking or faking; the jury found the defendants guilty of lewd conduct, however.

SCREWED

NEW YORK CITY—In ruling that Screw—a lively, pungent and proudly prurient sex tabloid—is obscene, a New York municipal court has devised a novel legal tactic for harassing the foe from the rear. The three-judge panel carefully reviewed all the important legal precedents that extend free-speech guarantees to erotic publications, define the crime of "pandering" and establish the "redeeming social value" doctrine as a test of obscenity. The judges decided that Screw did not pander and that its editorial content possessed some social value. However, they did find that its advertisements—particularly the "personals"—offered merchandise and solicited actions, especially sodomy, that violate New York sex laws. Acknowledging that "censorship . . . is tolerated by our Constitution only when the expression presents a clear and present danger of action of a kind the state is empowered to prevent and punish," the court reasoned that because the ads "solicit acts in violation of our penal laws [they] enjoy no First Amendment protection," and this "degenerates to illegality the entire publication, coloring also with the brush of obscenity even that sprinkling of articles which contain some social value." Publisher Jim Buckley and editor Al Goldstein have appealed the conviction, which carries with it a \$1000 fine.

ITALY TAKES THE PILL

ROME—Italy's highest court, over strong Vatican objections, has abolished the country's laws against the advertising and sale of birth-control pills and other

contraceptives. The action by the constitutional court legalized what has already become an increasingly common practice; many Italian doctors have been prescribing the pill ostensibly for other health purposes. Italian health-ministry officials applauded the court ruling, blaming the anti-birth-control laws for the country's high rate of illegal abortions—an estimated 1,000,000 per year (the same as the number of live births), resulting in a probability of 30,000 maternal deaths annually.

In Dublin, the Irish senate shelved—and probably killed—a woman member's bill to repeal that country's 1935 ban on the import, advertising and sale of contraceptives.

PUNISHING THE INNOCENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled, five to four, that a state can deny illegitimate children the right of inheritance from their fathers. Rejecting the suit of a Louisiana woman whose daughter had been acknowledged by her father but never legally adopted, the Court held that the Louisiana law denying the girl any share in his estate was constitutional. The four dissenting Justices strongly objected that the ruling "cannot even pretend to be a principled decision" and merely reflects "the untenable and discredited moral prejudice of bygone centuries which vindictively punished not only the illegitimates' parents but also the hapless and innocent children." Washington observers saw this decision, among others, as sharply reflecting President Nixon's efforts to reverse the Court's liberal trend in recent years through the appointment of more conservative Justices.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

CHICAGO—Experiments with tetrahydrocannabinol (THC)—believed to be the principal psychoactive chemical in marijuana—indicate that the drug may have valuable medicinal qualities. At a meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, several researchers reported their own recent findings and also revealed the results of secret Army studies conducted between 1955 and 1959. The Army's interest in pot was centered in the effectiveness of certain marijuana derivatives as painkillers, tranquilizers and medicinal agents to reduce fever and alter the metabolism. In one formerly secret Army study, a single injection of a marijuana-based drug was found to plunge dogs into a deep, hibernation-like sleep lasting up to eight days with no apparent aftereffects. Such a drug could have important applications where large numbers of casualties cannot be given immediate medical attention, as in the case of a nuclear attack. A new study indicates that the "high" experienced by

marijuana smokers may not derive from THC directly but from a chemical by-product of THC that is formed in the liver and taken into the blood stream.

Meanwhile, in an effort to determine whether or not marijuana smokers increase their risk of lung cancer, the National Cancer Institute has ordered 2,000,000 ready-made joints for use in animal experiments. The reeferers are rolling out of a suburban Virginia laboratory supplied with marijuana confiscated by the Customs Bureau and should, therefore, be of "average national quality," according to an N.C.I. official. For security reasons, the institute declined to reveal which laboratory is turning out the joints.

STRAIGHTER DOPE ON DOPE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The country's education and law-enforcement officials have been urged to think twice before using many of the drug-abuse films and audiovisual aids now in wide circulation. The National Coordinating Council on Drug Abuse Education and Information reviewed nearly 100 movie and filmstrip programs and found 36 of them—including some of the most popular—scientifically unacceptable. Peter Hammond, the council's executive director, noted that "misinformation, a characteristic of many drug films, does more harm than good."

NARROW ESCAPE

DES MOINES, IOWA—State officials have authorized unemployment benefits for a Mason City woman who said she had to leave her job because a male co-worker kept patting her bottom and telling her risqué jokes. Her employer acknowledged that he had witnessed such incidents and had reprimanded the offender; the woman said the incidents continued, nevertheless, so she quit. The Iowa Security Commission ruled that her resignation could be attributed to company working conditions, qualifying her for unemployment payments.

PENSIONS FOR PROSTITUTES

BONN—West Germany's 50,000 taxpaying professional prostitutes, like other working girls, would like a retirement system complete with insurance and pensions. Six women, speaking for an undetermined number of co-workers, have held talks with welfare officials, insurance executives and a woman politician to try to iron out some of the legal wrinkles—such as the issue of compulsory versus voluntary old-age retirement. Meanwhile, the publisher of an erotic tabloid in Hamburg, generally regarded as Germany's sex capital, is polling the city's plush brothels to gather labor statistics and survey employee attitudes.

members of both sexes to initiate virgins into sexual activity. While there might be some instinctive urge that underlies this pursuit, whatever thrill of imagined conquest the pursuer obtains from the act of deflowering must be unequivocally denounced in a civilized society in the 20th Century. As man becomes more aware of his own personal freedom, he should be made aware of the freedom of others. This special area of conquest, of "getting the virgin," should be condemned for what it is—a heartless, barbaric sport.

Wendy Robin

American Virgin Liberation Front
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

JUST DELIVER THE MAIL

The following is an excerpt from an editorial in *The Washington Post* concerning postal censorship. It is heartening that this prestigious newspaper has joined PLAYBOY in taking an enlightened stand:

One wonders why Postmasters General have wanted to act as censors and why Congress has wanted to let them do so. . . .

If the mail were being delivered twice a day and with reasonable promptness and the Post Office Department had, among its personnel, a collection of sages standing around with nothing much to do, it would be easier to understand this departmental urge to uplift the national level of morality. But at least until the Post Office Department gets its own affairs in better order, it would be well, we think, to let censorship be practiced by adults in American homes on a do-it-yourself basis.

H. C. Archer

Falls Church, Virginia

SEXUAL OVEREMPHASIS

For some time, I've been troubled by the tendency in our media to overstress the importance of sexual activity for human happiness. Whereas, formerly, prudery led us to underplay the value of sex, now a person is led to feel that his or her life is a failure if he or she does not keep up an excessively high standard of sexual performance from puberty to the grave. A physician friend showed me, in a copy of the professional newspaper *Medical Tribune*, a letter written by Dr. Frederick Lemere, a Seattle psychiatrist. Dr. Lemere articulated my attitude more clearly than I've ever been able to when he stated:

Popular renditions of the observations of Kinsey and more recently of Masters and Johnson (*Human Sexual Inadequacy*) play up the idea that an active sex life is possible into the 60s, 70s or even 80s. The fact that many people find

themselves "over the hill" and pretty well finished with sexual ability, if not desire, in their 50s or even their 40s is seldom mentioned. . . .

The waning of sexual drive that occurs naturally with advancing years proceeds at a varying pace for each individual. Sexual "inadequacy" is therefore a highly individual and subjective evaluation.

Promotion of the importance of an active and prolonged sex life is a disservice to those who are disinterested in or unable to attain this image. Many perfectly normal people are made to feel "inadequate" and inferior. Their ego, especially the fragile male ego, suffers a severe blow, and the physician is called upon to restore sexual vigor. Unfortunately, the treatment of impotency is seldom effective. This is not to belittle the efforts of Masters and Johnson to cope with this problem, but neither should false expectations be fostered. When it becomes apparent that treatment is not succeeding, the more important task of the physician may be to help the patient make a wholesome adjustment to an event that need not be the "end of the world" but the beginning of a new and more appropriate set of values.

Fortunately for men, most women can take sex or leave it alone and are often glad to do the latter. . . . Women have a much greater capacity to adjust to the sexual realities of life than do men, and a man should not equate a woman's needs with his own.

We live in a society in which people are constantly trying to measure their worth by applying to themselves standards of success promulgated by various authorities. Now, it appears, one's life is not worth living unless his sexual activity continues at a level that is set too high, I think, for many people. It is cruel to raise expectations that can't be fulfilled.

George Brooks
Chicago, Illinois

It is cruel to allow people to suffer deprivation when deprivation could be replaced with satisfaction. Masters and Johnson treat, and write about the treatment of, people whose ability to function sexually is severely curtailed or non-existent. It is not their intention to lead normal people to think themselves inadequate. Although Dr. Lemere, with a bow in their direction, claims that "the treatment of impotency is seldom effective," the high percentage of cures Masters and Johnson have achieved suggests otherwise. Masters and Johnson found that aging men and women undergo changes in the physiological cycle of sexual response that may be misinter-

preted as loss of the ability to function sexually and, if this misinterpretation does occur, it can cause such problems as secondary impotence. To suggest, as Dr. Lemere seems to, that people can't maintain active sex lives in their later years is to set people up psychologically to expect their sex lives to halt, and this can be a self-fulfilling prediction.

Masters and Johnson point out that many people over 50 who no longer engage in sexual activity do have the physical capacity for it but have lost confidence in their ability and have convinced their partners that they aren't interested in sex. There may be people in their later years who simply do not want to engage in sexual intercourse anymore. Presumably, these people will not ask for help. However, if people are interested in sex, are physically healthy and have an equally interested partner, the psychological blocks to sexual functioning often can be removed. To state this is not to raise false hopes; to deny it is to spread false despair.

WARNING TO FAT HUSBANDS

I'm moved to write by *The Playboy Forum's* continuing discussion of extramarital affairs, their causes and results, rights and wrongs. I hear many men complaining that their wives have lost physical interest in them, and I know, in some instances, that these wives have transferred their affections elsewhere. Such men are quick to criticize any deterioration in their wives' personal appearance, but they also neglect themselves to an appalling degree. A man who is 50 pounds overweight and perpetually smokes cigars arouses no romantic feelings, yet there are men who think they can get into this condition and still have their wives eager to go to bed with them.

If a man wants to drive his wife into another man's arms, let him keep that cigar going, eat as much as he wants and never miss a single ball game on TV. As a wife who's sought her pleasures away from home, I know whereof I speak.

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

CONGENIAL CONTRACEPTION

I'm interested in evaluating different methods of contraception, not, however, on the basis of reliability but on the basis of fun. With most of the couples I know, the wife takes the pill, and most say that this is best because it permits sex at any time without the need for special precautions. However, some of the wives complain about such side effects as nausea, dizziness, swollen ankles and the like. It seems to me that these biochemical effects might make a person less interested in sex over the long run, and that a method that doesn't interfere with body chemistry, such as the diaphragm, might be better. Which con-

traceptive technique is most conducive to the enjoyment of sex?

Walter Jones
Washington, D. C.

Statistics show that when the contraceptive used is very reliable and does not interfere with sexual spontaneity (the pill and the intra-uterine device fill the bill on both requirements), people are more likely to feel like having intercourse. With methods that are less reliable or have to be applied at the moment of intercourse, such as condoms, diaphragms and spermicidal jellies, people feel less like indulging. Westoff, Bumpass and Ryder said in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality that women on the pill report having intercourse an average of 9.2 times a month, compared with 6.6 times a month for women using all other methods combined, and 6.1 times for women not practicing birth control (1965 National Fertility Study). The only groups that matched the indulgence frequency of pill users were women using I. U. D.s and women trying to become pregnant. The authors add that the Princeton Fertility Study showed that during a period of five to six years the frequency of intercourse for women not using the pill tended to drop off measurably, but pill users kept right on at the same rate.

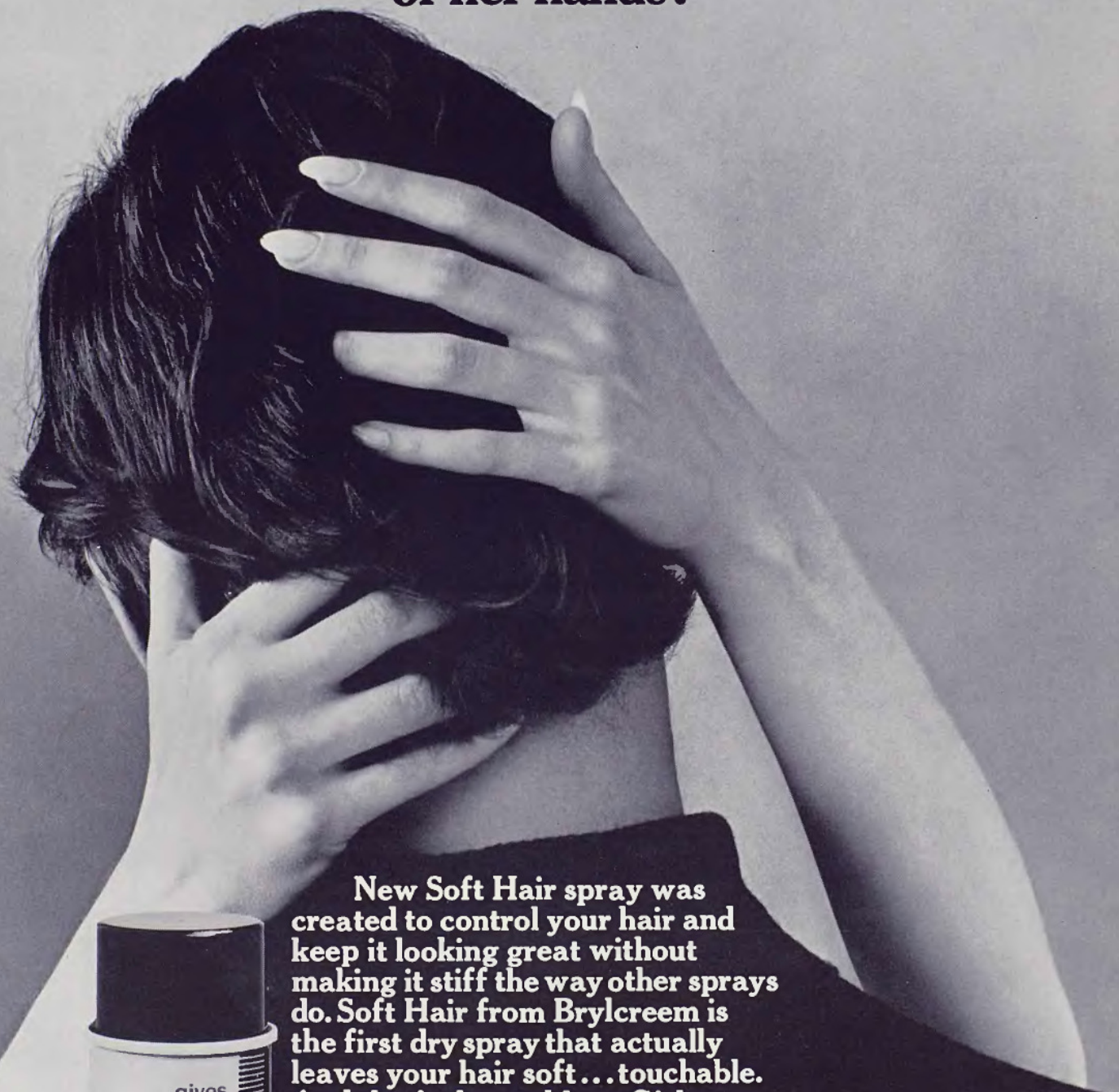
ABORTION IN THE SERVICE

In the April *Playboy Forum*, a letter stated that Americans stationed overseas were having difficulty securing the abortions permitted under new U. S. Department of Defense policies. Americans in this country have had difficulties, too.

My husband is a student pilot at a naval air station. After I had a positive pregnancy test, we decided to seek an abortion. The small base here has only a clinic; when necessary, dependents are referred to local hospitals at the Navy's expense. Since abortion is illegal in this state, I asked the clinic doctor if he could send me to a nearby larger base for the abortion. He inquired and was refused with the excuse that limited space allowed treatment of no one but personnel and dependents stationed at that base. The good doctor tried hard to find a military facility willing to perform the operation, but without success. He could only refer me to a California organization that supplied me with a list of civilian doctors and clinics in New York and Washington. The Navy would not help pay for the abortion nor for the transportation. As my husband and I prepared to sell belongings to raise the necessary \$500 or so (probably one half of what the Navy would gladly pay if I continued the pregnancy and had the child), a second test indicated that I was not pregnant.

Like many Department of Defense directives, this new abortion policy is misleading and ineffective. The Navy

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44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER Love Is A Soft Touch UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



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42704 CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG Deja Vu Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38373 IKE & TINA TURNER Workin' Together Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



65796 CAL TJADER Tjader-Ade Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



42768 ARETHA FRANKLIN Spirit In The Dark Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



44765 SHIRLEY BASSEY Is Really Something UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



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seems to have implemented it insufficiently. Please withhold my name and address if you choose to publish this letter. My husband has already felt the effects of the noise I've made about this mess.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

President Nixon undid most of the good that might have been accomplished by this enlightened Department of Defense policy when he virtually rescinded it in April. The new U.S. military abortion policy requires that individual bases adhere to the law of the state in which they are located. In conjunction with the directive, the President proclaimed his "personal belief in the sanctity of human life." Nobody laughed.

ABORTION HUNTING

After reading the recent letters in *The Playboy Forum* about abortion, I would like to share my experience with you. I am 20 years old and a junior at a university in Texas. I had an affair and became pregnant and, abortion being illegal in the state of Texas, was forced to seek a doctor who would perform an illegal operation. The search proved fruitless, in that none would guarantee me that I would have no complications. One doctor said he would help me for \$500 in cash, but he would not guarantee that infection wouldn't set in, and he insisted that I must have at least a week of bed rest afterward. The various other quacks I ran into were no more reassuring.

Thinking that perhaps Planned Parenthood in my city could assist, I called them. They helped me contact a problem-pregnancy referral service, which immediately began to make all the necessary arrangements for a legal abortion in New York State. Everything was explained fully to me over the phone; all I had to do was make my own plane reservations. This was on a Friday and, on Monday, I flew to New York. I was met at the airport by the agency there, taken to my motel, picked up Tuesday morning and taken to a clinic. When the simple ten-minute operation and the recovery period of an hour or so were over, they again picked me up and returned me to the airport. I was on a plane for home by six o'clock that evening. I experienced no pain, and the people I met at the clinic, both doctors and nurses, were wonderful to me. All this cost less than \$450.

I only wish that more girls who find themselves in this situation could know that there is qualified, legal help to be found.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK

Robert J. Johnson (*The Playboy Forum*, March) complains that women are not willing to do equal work for equal pay, since they avoid such things as heavy lifting and hard industrial jobs.

This distorts the goals of women's liberation. They are not asking to be allowed to do jobs for which they are obviously physically unsuited; there's no denying that a woman's body is different from a man's. Women are asking only that when abilities are equal, then job opportunities and pay be equal also.

Johnson also says "the most blatant area of sexual discrimination in our whole society" is "the divorce arena." In the state of Washington, alimony is not awarded as a matter of course and child support is kept in proportion to the father's income. A community-property law provides for a half and half settlement. This is a fair distribution, it seems to me, except for one thing: The woman is usually expected to devote many years of her life to caring for the children. How many men, though they love the children, would really want the responsibility of feeding, clothing, educating, entertaining and nursing a brood of children for 18 years?

Kim Drury
Bellingham, Washington

EQUITY IN DIVORCE

I've had the experience of sitting in court hearing a boy admit that at the age of 17 he'd had intercourse with my wife in my home. He told the court that my little son was standing in the doorway watching him prepare to leave. I produced in court a photograph of my son's leg, showing bruises that my wife admitted inflicting on him because he wouldn't go to sleep. The child suffered this punishment while theoretically under the court's protection, between the first hearing for divorce and the final trial. As the father, I was ordered to stay away from my boy during this period.

The judge summarized the case by granting me the divorce and declaring that I was an innocent man who loved and took good care of his family. He described my wife as one who cares only for the satisfaction of her own desires. He then awarded her half of our property and the custody of our children.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

LET ME BE

I have dated girls and experimented with them sexually, but they disgust me almost to the point of nausea. I hate their complicated sex organs and such unclean phenomena as menstruation. I deplore the coy game of "chase me until I let you catch me" that they play socially. On the other hand, I find myself strongly attracted to boys.

I live with my mother and sister and people have told me that the reason I am homosexual is that I have no male influence in my life. However, I don't feel unmasculine; I deplore femininity entirely. I don't believe in the gay-liberation movement and I don't have long

hair or wear faggy clothing. I mind my own business, work hard and am active in community-betterment organizations.

I don't want to change. I don't want to be heterosexual. I like being a homosexual and will continue to be one. Many people reading this letter will probably say I have some kind of mental problem and should see a psychiatrist. But it happens that I don't want treatment; I want to be left alone.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

OUT OF THE CLOSETS

The gay-liberation slogan, "Out of the closets, into the streets," hasn't brought an impressive number of gays into the open. One reason, of course, is that public avowal of our sexual orientation will cost a lot both in money and in emotional stress. Another reason is that we all know, through the grapevine, that many prominent gays, who have nothing to lose, are still keeping their own secret: why should we take risks that those in less jeopardy are afraid to take? In this connection, I was very impressed by an editorial in the homophile newspaper *Advocate* concerning novelist Merle Miller's proclamation of his homosexuality in *The New York Times Magazine* last January:

Everyone in the gay world knows that there are gays who are far more famous than Merle Miller and who could follow his example to much greater effect. Alas, most of them are so firmly entrenched in the closet that their money is not available to us even secretly, and they would denounce us at the drop of an innuendo. . . .

We can still hope, however, that, one at a time, one of those famous symphonic conductors or composers, or perhaps that son of a famous politician, those very great playwrights, some of those movie stars, that Congressman, a few prominent lawyers, plus a scattering of judges and doctors, and a few of those bigwigs in the high world of finance would declare themselves, too.

Millions of gays (and quite a few heterosexuals who live in literary or artistic circles) know exactly who *Advocate* has in mind. If these powerful and successful people are afraid to speak out, why should any of the rest of us do so? On the other hand, if these prominent persons showed Merle Miller's courage, millions of us would be inspired to do likewise.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

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Because we felt the need, we have established an American Atheist archives

and library and are attempting to locate all books dealing with atheism, agnosticism, free thought, humanism and so forth.

We shall appreciate any contribution of such books, magazines, booklets, flyers or leaflets, which should be sent to American Atheist, P. O. Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78767.

Madalyn Murray O'Hair
Austin, Texas

Militant atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair won the U.S. Supreme Court decision to ban compulsory prayers in public schools but lost her later case in which she contended that Bible reading and prayer by astronauts in space is unconstitutional. In February 1970, she founded Poor Richard's Universal Life Church, thus receiving tax-exempt status, in an effort to pressure courts to void that privilege for regular churches.

EIGHT-LETTER WORD

What a delight it was to read *Nearer, Silent Majority, to Thee* (PLAYBOY, February), by Saul Braun, and find a devastating rebuttal to the sophistries pawned off under the pseudonym *The Playboy Philosophy*. The author describes a young girl demonstrating at Honor America Day in Washington, D. C., whose Viet Cong flag was taken from her by a policeman. Out of all the sewage-soaked insults available to her, the worst thing she could say was "Fuck you." And of all the degrading names that history and modern invention have made available to a depraved mind, "You bastard" was the worst thing she could call him.

Literary license being what it is, the editors of PLAYBOY could have changed her words to make them more revolting. Hence, it seems evident that all in charge of producing your popular lust sheet must have displayed their unconscious gut recognition that nothing is more degrading to a person than the acts and attitudes expressed and implied in those four words.

This fact shows that the high-sounding rationale by which you support unrestricted license in sex is just a great big pile. The pile is made up of materials that stockmen call by an eight-letter word beginning with the syllable "bull." You know the second syllable. But to use that term to describe PLAYBOY's rot is still a much higher compliment than it deserves.

And after all, you are the one who said it.

William B. Coble
Midwestern Baptist
Theological Seminary
Kansas City, Missouri

No, you said it, whatever it was. Editorial license being what it is, we could have changed your words to make your reasoning seem clearer, but that would
(continued on page 169)

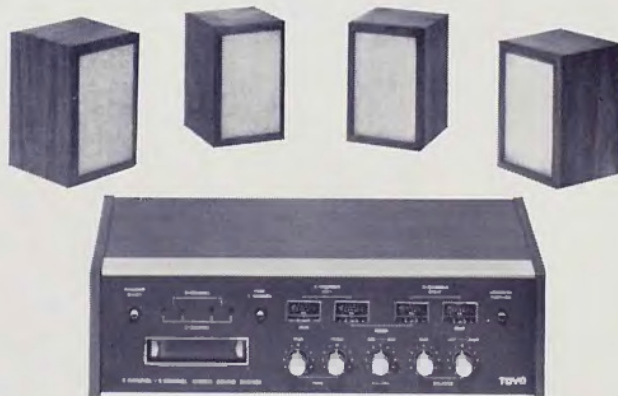
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN CASSAVETES

a candid conversation with the consummate actor and fiercely independent writer-director of "shadows," "faces" and "husbands"

In a year when the success of "Love Story" has shown signs of persuading the ailing American film industry to grind out a plethora of mawkish romances, John Cassavetes has singlehandedly scored a major victory for realism. In "Husbands," which he wrote, directed and starred in, Cassavetes limned an evocative portrait of three suburban executives confronted, upon the death of a close friend, by their own mortality. After the funeral, the three husbands, Cassavetes and co-stars Ben Gazzara and Peter Falk, get drunk and run off for a richly seriocomic weekend of gambling and gamboling in London; in the end, each in his own way, they come soberly to grips with the fact of middle age. The innovative, improvisatory style of the film inspired some reviewers to call it a self-indulgent cinematic conceit and others—most prominently Time—to overpraise it as "one of the best movies anyone will ever see . . . certainly the best movie anyone will ever live through." For Cassavetes, "Husbands" marked his first fully overground triumph in a stormy acting and directing career that has spanned nearly 20 years.

Born to Greek immigrant parents in New York City on December 9, 1929, Cassavetes grew up in more than a dozen Manhattan neighborhoods. "We

didn't have any money, but we never worried about it," he recently recalled. "We would move every 30 days—landlords were so anxious for tenants that they'd offer a month rent-free for moving in. When the month ran out, so did we." By the time Cassavetes was a teenager, his father was doing well enough in the travel business to move the family to Port Washington, New York. After a short-lived fling at college and a year of acting school, Cassavetes worked as a movie extra and then as a Broadway assistant stage manager before landing his first featured role in 1954—as a bullfighter in Budd Schulberg's teleplay "Paso Doble." His well-received performance quickly led to steady TV employment; during the next two years, Cassavetes acted in more than 80 video dramas, usually portraying a juvenile delinquent as introspective as James Dean and as mumbly as Marlon Brando. As those two superstars began bringing their legions of followers into movie theaters, Hollywood called on Cassavetes to re-create his TV hood roles, beginning with "The Night Holds Terror." He never got the right parts to make him a star, however, and he never went out of his way to make—or keep—friends in the front office.

Then, in 1954, he married Gena Row-

lands, a beautiful and accomplished young actress who, much to his surprise, was able to stabilize her mercurial husband. "I used to walk around angry all the time," Cassavetes remembers. "One night many years ago, we were backstage at a play and Gena said, 'You can't go around looking mad and not saying hello to people. There's Ben Gazzara—say hello to Ben.' She was talking to me as if I were a child, but she was right. That's how I met Gazzara. Gena got me to be civilized."

Not quite. On sets of television plays and movies, Cassavetes argued constantly with producers, directors and writers—and earned a well-deserved reputation for being difficult to work with. "Aside from cameramen," he once said, "everyone else on a set is the actor's natural enemy, because they just don't give a damn about what they're doing. You've got to go to war with people like that." Fed up with acting in other people's movies, Cassavetes embarked in 1957 on one of his own: "Shadows," a black-and-white film he made on a shoestring budget by shooting in 16mm and blowing it up to 35mm, which accounted for the film's graininess. Although it fared well in Europe, "Shadows" was a monumental bust in the U.S., despite favorable comments from such critics as The



"It's bullshit when people say that ego is a bad trip. It's the only trip. You are who you are because of your ego, and without it nothing counts. My sense of self makes me competitive."



"I think sex is dirty. I like it dirty. And the thing that makes it dirty is to grab something clean and defile it. Yeah! Most movies can't convey that illicit kind of thing, even though they try."



"Being short is a great character builder, even though it sure as hell doesn't seem that way when you first start out. You have to compensate for it: You become funnier, more outgoing."

New York Times's Bosley Crowther, who called it "fitfully dynamic and endowed with a raw but vibrant strength." The major studios also liked what they saw and Cassavetes was summoned to California to direct "Too Late Blues" and "A Child Is Waiting"—both eminently forgettable. "You can do well in Hollywood as long as you don't kid yourself that they want creative ventures—and I kidded myself," he said afterward. "You cannot work for a studio and make a personal film."

After these two abortive directorial efforts, Cassavetes acted in several undistinguished movies (such as "The Killers"), bided his time and saved his money. Then, he began shooting "Faces"; when the film was released almost four years later, it earned critical praise—and more than \$7,000,000. Cassavetes, however, remained as abrasive as ever. When a magazine interviewer congratulated him on the complex optical effects achieved in both "Shadows" and "Faces" through the use of hand-held cameras, Cassavetes snapped, "You stupid bastard. I couldn't afford a tripod." If he has often been rude to directors, producers and reporters, the actors he's directed swear by him. Says Seymour Cassel, who co-starred in "Faces," "John's totally dedicated to his films, to giving 100 percent of himself. When people give him less, he gets annoyed. Wouldn't you?" Peter Falk and Ben Gazzara are no less lavish in their praise. "Few people have an instinctive understanding of what is fake and what is real and immediate," says Falk. "John is one of them, maybe the only one." Gazzara goes even further. "John creates an atmosphere in which the actor can do no wrong," he says. "'Husbands' was a labor of love, the greatest, most creative experience I've ever had."

Having written and directed two profitable pictures in a row, Cassavetes now has the financial footing to launch several new film projects. This fall he'll direct Gazzara in "Two Days in Rochester"; he's searching for a story for his other "Husbands" co-star, Peter Falk; and as we went to press, he had just begun shooting his newest movie, "Minnie and Moscovitz," starring his wife and Seymour Cassel. While it was in rehearsal, PLAYBOY assigned former Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman to interview the fiercely independent film maker.

Reports Linderman: "I met Cassavetes in his office at L. A.'s Universal City—he has three connecting rooms in an old, converted motel. When I entered, he was on the telephone noting box-office receipts for 'Husbands,' talking to a production assistant about shooting locations for 'Minnie and Moscovitz' and also casting for 'Two Days in Rochester.' At least two inches shorter than the five feet, nine inches listed in his studio biography, he rose to greet me—with enthusiasm. That's how John Cassavetes

does everything in life. He's an animated man who delights in clowning and doing imitations of his friends; when Peter Falk dropped by the office late that afternoon, Cassavetes entertained a roomful of people—and Falk most of all—by imitating Peter's speech at a banquet they'd both attended. Although his thick black hair has begun to sprout slivers of silver, Cassavetes looks younger than his 41 years, probably because he keeps himself in shape by playing as much softball, basketball, tennis and touch football as he has time for.

"As we got to know each other, it became apparent that Cassavetes prefers to go through life either up or down—nothing in between—and he probably loves being angry almost as much as he dotes on his own goofiness. He also loves to argue. Since I'd arrived at noon, he invited me to lunch at a bar nearby; and while we guzzled beer and ate meatball sandwiches, Cassavetes debated politics, mostly in an effort to force me to challenge him. He had several meetings planned for the afternoon and asked me to stop by later on, just before that day's rehearsal for 'Minnie and Moscovitz.'

"When I returned several hours later, Cassavetes' wife had already shown up—ahead of time. Gena Rowlands is a lushly beautiful blonde in her mid-30s and is almost as shy as her husband and is extroverted; they complement each other perfectly. Cassavetes had spent some of the afternoon rewriting a scene in which Minnie, a single girl who's anxious to settle down, goes to dinner with a blind date. The table talk is uncomfortable and sinks to new lows as the scene unfolds. Cassavetes wanted to see how it played and, since no one else was around, he suggested I read it with Gena. I declined as politely as I could, but the pair of them shamed me into it. Cassavetes, of course, was as interested in putting me on the spot as he was in seeing how the scene played. I don't know whether he was being entertained by what he had written or by my delivery of it, but he kept snickering throughout my reading.

"Because the rehearsal lasted late into the evening, we weren't able to begin the interview until the next afternoon. Before we started, Cassavetes had been talking about direction. So, with the tape recorder switched on, I did my best to get even for the lousy trick he'd pulled on me the night before."

PLAYBOY: Before you became a director, didn't you once say, "On a film set, the only person less important than a director is a talent agent"?

CASSAVETES: When I said that, I was a giggling young actor; but I don't really take it back: I loathe directors.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CASSAVETES: Mainly because they decide. They decide this must be this, that must

be that, and they have set images of everything—and most directors don't allow for anyone else's images. God knows, there's no reason to be in the business except to express something, and directors are the only people who disallow that.

PLAYBOY: As a director, do you allow for other points of view?

CASSAVETES: I think I do; at least I try to. I'm always aware that somebody else on the set may have some good ideas. For instance, I sincerely think that Ben Gazzara knows a lot of things about acting and film making that I don't know, and I want them if he's got them. When we were working on *Husbands*, I wanted to know what he was thinking, because I wanted him at his best. Maybe what he knew made the movie a little better, and the same was true of Peter Falk. You have to work that way if you're worth anything as a director. Godard and Bergman work that way, but they're the exception.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CASSAVETES: Most directors are full of shit. They're concerned with nothing more than their own ambitions and pleasing a studio and an audience. And if it's not an audience they're concerned with, it's some personal problem that really has nothing to do with their work.

PLAYBOY: Which directors do you have in mind?

CASSAVETES: Look, this isn't a cop-out—at least I don't think it is—but I tune out directors that I hate until I forget their names. I remember all the directors I've ever liked working with as an actor—guys like Don Siegel and Robert Aldrich. The thing I feel directors have to realize today is that they must become like the Beatles: They must write their own material. It's really incredible that directors would allow someone else to write their scripts for them. I can understand that happening when a guy starts out, I suppose, but to make a career out of directing other people's work is just all wrong.

PLAYBOY: Do you think screen adaptations of novels and plays are bad per se?

CASSAVETES: Yes. A director should create his own films.

PLAYBOY: Would you have refused an invitation to direct, say, *The Godfather*?

CASSAVETES: Absolutely. Why make *The Godfather*? It's an entertainment? Terrific. I consider myself an artist, and whether I'm a good artist or a bad one is beside the point. I address myself to the art of film, and making a best-selling book into a best-selling movie is in no way art to me. Francis Ford Coppola is a great young guy and a terrific artist, but it's obviously going to cause him a lot of pain to direct *The Godfather*.

PLAYBOY: Why should that necessarily be the case—and why is it obvious?

CASSAVETES: I have one answer to both questions: Bob Evans, Paramount's head of production. When he got his job,



Vic Tennison, a contractor from Yucca Valley, California

owns this 1966 Toyota Corona.

Everyday it takes him some 175 miles back and forth to work. Many times it takes him on business trips around the country. 5,000 miles at a clip is nothing.

Yet Tennison's Corona has

still managed to survive.

"Oh, sure, I've put it in the shop a couple of times," he says. "For instance, I needed new brake shoes at around 100,000 miles. And I think we put in new rings at 139,000 and another rear end in at 175,000!"

Tennison does claim a secret youth formula.

"You buy a good car. You take good care of it. It takes good care of you!"

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We promise you a car that's

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Evans said he was going to give directors working with Paramount total creative control of their movies. That never really happened, of course, and to understand why, you'd have to understand the pure bullshit involved in dealing with major studios. At any rate, about \$150,000,000 after Evans became head of production, Paramount had made some winners, some losers, some pictures like *Catch-22*—God knows what that film was about; I still don't—and some pictures that were just lost in the shuffle. And then they make *Love Story* under tight studio control and it becomes a fantastic hit and Evans suddenly says he's a creative film maker. Did Evans direct it, write it, act in it, film it? He contributed his wife as the star. And when it turned out to be a winner, he announced that he's never going to give away creative control again. Give away? Who the hell gave him the right to give anything away? Evans is nothing! He's a hanger that was put in a closet and grew into a boy. The only thing he ever did was to manufacture a line of clothes. How dare he compare himself with an artist!

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you've had unfortunate business dealings with Evans.

CASSAVETES: No. In fact, I haven't had any dealings with him. As a person, Bob Evans is probably a very nice guy—but as an artist, you wouldn't even let him into the room. It's a wonderful thing for the film industry when it has a big picture, but the fact of the matter is that *Love Story* didn't have anything to do with Bobby Evans—any more than Paramount's failures had to do with him. Or with Charles Bluhdorn, head of Gulf & Western, which owns Paramount. Those people don't have anything to do with the making of a picture. They just say go ahead or don't go ahead; you can have the money to make a film or you can't have the money. If they were to tell the truth, studio executives would say, "We panic when they spend too much and we feel elated when movie-makers finish a picture on time and don't spend a lot of our money on it. Then we sit down and look at the picture and we like it or we don't like it. But we really don't know if the public will like it or not and we get worried because there's a lot of money at stake." That's the truth about those people.

PLAYBOY: By "those people" do you mean not merely Bob Evans and Paramount but all the major studios and their top executives?

CASSAVETES: It's true about everybody who's not involved in making a movie but only in financing one. No head of any major studio today has ever made a film himself, has ever sweated through the ordeal a moviemaker has to go through to get a picture filmed. They've only dealt with money, and anyone who says otherwise is a goddamned liar. Robert Evans is the laughingstock of Hollywood,

and I'm just using him as an example, because he said about the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

PLAYBOY: Are you as outspoken in your dealings with studio executives as you're being with us?

CASSAVETES: I don't edit what I say for anybody, but not all studio executives are dumb. Studios should have no pretense about what they are: moviemakers. They should stick with what they know how to do; and some of them do. But by the same token, an artist shouldn't interfere with a studio on money matters. If he does, he's stupid; because if he gets concerned with money matters, it's going to drain energy from his films, maybe even make him a little nuts. I'm probably a genius at business, but I have two producers to take care of that end of a film for me, because if I get too involved in the finances, I'll be distracted from my real work, which is moviemaking, not bookkeeping. In *Husbands*, if I had devoted more time to the budget, it would have taken away from the time I spent off the set with Benny and Peter, which would have affected my directing, writing and acting.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose Falk and Gazzara to co-star with you in *Husbands*?

CASSAVETES: No special reason except that I thought they'd be right for it and that the three of us would work together well.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

CASSAVETES: We worked well together. And we became friends on a level that's unqualified by duty or loyalty; those things don't count. The only thing that counts is that you're all doing the same thing, you're testing each other, testing yourself. In that situation, each actor is thinking, "How far up can I reach?" That's selfish—and honest. I don't think Peter and Benny were too concerned about how far I could go as a director; they were thinking about how far they could go as actors. And, in a realistic sense, Benny couldn't go anyplace unless Peter was good and unless I was good. So we knew we had to work on that level, and in order to do that, we had to get tight with each other.

PLAYBOY: Did the three of you hit it off personally from the beginning?

CASSAVETES: No, we were very wary of each other. We were all terrified that the three of us would get into a boring conversation and cease to be friends, which would make it impossible as actors to assume the friendship we needed as a background for our characters. One of the first nights we got together, we went to a bar and the table talk dipped, really got bad. Our characters' names at that point were Benny, John and Peter, because it's difficult for me to write for anonymous identities. To break what was getting to be a desperate silence, I said, "Look, since we have to come up with names sooner or later, why don't we each think of some? Let's all choose

the names for our characters—and whatever names we want, we'll have in the movie." We started to talk about them, and it reminded me of a bunch of pregnant women talking about their children.

Anyway, the first thing Peter said was, "I like Archie." And I answered, "C'mon, Peter, you can't be an Archie." To which he replied, "Jesus Christ, John, first you tell us to choose our own names, then when we do it, you say we can't. This is freedom?" Benny, not listening to Peter at all, said, "I'd like to be called Harold, after Harold's Show Spot," a New York bar he used to frequent. Then he thought for a second and said, "Or we could call me Harry—Harold will know who I mean." So he became Harry; Peter was Archie; and I always liked the name Gus, because it was Greek and a good name. By the end of the evening, we were really able to talk to each other, and when the picture began shooting, we were buddies. You need friends to function better; but that was our problem with the picture. When *Husbands* was finished, we all had a terribly empty feeling. The main reason we did so much press stuff together afterward—talk shows and interviews—was that we didn't want to give it up.

PLAYBOY: Is your relationship with Falk and Gazzara similar to the relationship of the three characters in the movie?

CASSAVETES: We lapsed into that once in a while after the film, but more infrequently as time went by. Certain parts of Peter and Benny are close to Archie and Harry, but it's really impossible to say which parts those are.

PLAYBOY: Were there any times on camera when you or Gazzara or Falk was being put down by the other two guys and reacted personally?

CASSAVETES: Sure, it was all personal—which is the point actors try to get to, where they can genuinely react to what you're saying. In *Husbands*, Gazzara's character was continually frozen out by me and Falk—and Benny was really getting personally paranoid about it. In a three-person relationship, there's always one guy on the outside, and during the picture, Benny was usually it.

PLAYBOY: When the three of you get together today, is Gazzara still the odd man out?

CASSAVETES: No, not at all. I would say that Benny's the motivating force in our friendship; he's probably the most articulate of the three of us. Not that Peter isn't articulate, but often he chooses not to be; he tends to be a little more contained. But when something displeases him, he'll come out of that container in a split second.

PLAYBOY: Though you were more or less an equal acting partner with them, you had final authority over Falk and Gazzara as the director. Did you have any

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difficulties playing that dual role?

CASSAVETES: I don't ever have trouble with authority. I don't relate like that to the position, mainly because I'm not *aware* of the position. The title of director or actor is only to establish continuity in our business. Ben and Peter couldn't *make* me a director. Either I'm a director or I'm not. Either they would have respect for me or they wouldn't, and that's not something you get on demand. So I didn't worry about it. Instead, we addressed ourselves to the problems at hand, and sometimes Benny solved them, sometimes Peter solved them and sometimes I did. As a director, I don't have any conditions except to enjoy myself while filming and to have the people I'm working with do the same. But I wouldn't want you to think the three of us made the movie without any disputes. We still have some violent disagreements about the film today; Benny and Peter disagree with me on a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

CASSAVETES: I can't really tell you, because if I understood them, I would have found a way to resolve them. Our biggest point of dispute had to do with the film's length; we were under a lot of pressure to make it shorter than 139 minutes, which the studio felt would result in bigger audiences. They may have been right. I could see Benny's and Peter's anxiety about that, but I could feel my own stubbornness, and I still say that our bargain was with purity and not with success.

Look, many people walked out on *Husbands*; I'm aware of that because Columbia would call me up to report that 52 people had stormed out of one theater in one day. Well, *Husbands* is an extremely entertaining film in spots, just as I think life is extremely entertaining in spots. Like life, it's also very slow and depressing in areas. The one thing it's not is a shorthand film. I won't *make* shorthand films, because I don't want to manipulate audiences into assuming quick, manufactured truths. If I had my way, *Husbands* would be twice as long as it is and *everyone* could walk out if they wanted to. Maybe I'll get better, but I can't change a movie merely to pacify people.

A lot of people got uptight about the scene in which Peter and I vomit in the men's room of a bar. The characters weren't vomiting just because they happened to be drunk; they got drunk so they could vomit—vomit for their dead friend. Some people may find that disgusting, but that's their problem. When somebody dies, I want to feel something. I want to be so upset that I could cry, throw up, feel the loss deeply. If that offends some people, then let them be offended.

PLAYBOY: Had Gazzara and Falk ever

approached moviemaking in that way before *Husbands*?

CASSAVETES: Peter says no, that this was the first experience he's had where working was really fun, where he was really creating a character and much of the character's dialog. I think that in Benny's first film—*The Strange One*, which he also did on Broadway—he probably worked in a freer way than usual. All of us were affected—most of it very positive—by making *Husbands*. Only time will tell if their good feelings about the film will hold, but at least it was an experience the three of us will never discount. I don't think three guys could get much closer to each other than we did.

PLAYBOY: Was all the physical touching among the three of you intentional?

CASSAVETES: No, not at all. Benny, for instance, is a thoroughly outgoing man, the kind of person who sees you, throws his arms around you, hugs and kisses you, and there's absolutely no feeling of self-consciousness about it; it's just his greeting, a very Mediterranean greeting. I guess. I always hugged my family and kissed them and still do with my son, who's 11. Peter's just a little bit more reserved than Benny and me—and he's a *very* exuberant person. Our backgrounds really show up in our friendship—Benny's Sicilian, I'm Greek and Peter's Jewish. I suppose we did touch a lot, but I'm not defensive about it.

PLAYBOY: It didn't seem that way in the film. After Gazzara has informed you and Falk that except for sex, he loves the two of you more than his wife, he delivers his self-kidding "fairly Harry" line, lest anyone think he's homosexual. Did you think such a disclaimer was necessary?

CASSAVETES: When Benny dropped that "fairly Harry" line on us, we all thought it was funny, because he was saying that maybe he'd be better off if he *was* queer, an absurd thought, something a million miles away from the characters. That was an improvised line; in fact, the whole moment was improvised. I don't know if the cold reality would be all that humorous for the character, but the feeling was comical.

PLAYBOY: *Husbands*—and *Faces* before it—deals with many sexual matters, yet there was no nudity in either film. Why?

CASSAVETES: Probably because I only like to see beautiful people nude, and in *Husbands*, neither myself, Falk or Gazzara is too much to look at naked. Peter and Benny might disagree. In *Husbands*, the girl I rolled around in bed with was tall and slim and looked terrific in her clothes, but I don't think she would have looked all that good undressed. I don't know, it just seemed that we could do the movie without it. I really think nudity in films is being overdone anyway.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've played nude scenes in other films, haven't you?

CASSAVETES: Don't remind me. I don't think there's anything morally wrong with seeing a nude body on the screen, but it offends me to watch people kiss without genuine love or passion. I don't think I've ever seen a good picture helped or hurt by nudity, but I've seen lots of pictures where nudity was self-conscious, where it was apparent that the actors were uncomfortable. Maybe I just can't handle the idea of seeing something on screen that's so personal—and dirty.

PLAYBOY: Dirty?

CASSAVETES: I think sex *is* dirty. I *like* it dirty. And the thing that makes it dirty is to grab something clean and *defile* it! Yeah! Most movies can't convey that illicit kind of thing, even though they try. I thought the nudity in *Rosemary's Baby* was called for. It didn't offend me as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think nude scenes have become almost obligatory?

CASSAVETES: The reason there's so much nudity in movies today is that we're becoming a voyeuristic society, and producers are responding to that demand with a great big supply. Not only are we becoming more voyeuristic, but I also think we're starting to lose faith in the idea that one man and one woman can totally please each other in bed. Sex is becoming something of a community activity; more and more people have to hop into the sack together in order for all of them to achieve sexual satisfaction. I wouldn't want to interfere with anyone's right to conduct orgies, you understand, but I personally think that kind of thing finally robs sex of all its delicious and very private pleasures. When sex becomes commonplace, when the girl you want is trying out half your suburban community and the same is true of you, where are the romantic and secret pleasures you need out of sex? I don't like sex to be ordinary and rational and organized and sane. But I don't like sex in groups and I believe in—and practice—fidelity in marriage. Maybe I should have gotten some of that into the movie, but *Husbands* dealt with the problems of three men facing middle age and all terribly affected by the death of their friend.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you were trying to say in the movie?

CASSAVETES: I don't know if the movie *tried* to make a statement; it either said something or it didn't. I'm really unable to interpret it. I've talked to people who've liked *Husbands* and some who think it's the saddest movie they've ever seen. I find that hard to understand. In the last scene in the movie, for instance, a lot of people think that when I return home and my two kids come out to see me—those were my own children, Nick and Xan—I'm kind of resigned to my lousy life and my lousy marriage. But that wasn't the case at all. The fact that Gus was about to get some heat from his wife because he'd gone off for a weekend in



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London isn't unpleasant to me. It's kind of flattering, really, when a man goes home to his wife and gets some static that way. You don't want too much of it, but you actually *need* a little bit—it's an indication that there's something there, that we're living, that people care, that our silly endeavors have some meaning. Which is why I can't see that scene as sad. Anyway, *Husbands* is over and done with and I'm now in the middle of the next movie, *Minnie and Moscovitz*.

PLAYBOY: What's it about?

CASSAVETES: It's a film about why two people get married, starring Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel, who did such a great job in *Faces*. Also appearing in the film will be my entire family on both sides and Seymour's entire family. As the casting might indicate, I believe totally in nepotism.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CASSAVETES: Because it impresses the hell out of my family and friends. Anyway, I conceived of *Minnie and Moscovitz* in early February and got the company, cast and script together within a couple of weeks. It didn't take long to write, because the idea has been around in my head for a while: how and why people get married. It's funny, I've always been against the institution of marriage, even though I've been at it—with Gena—for quite a while. And rewarded by it. But I don't really approve of a lot of marriages, because they seem to be false and lacking in spirit and individuality. I'm troubled by the idea that so many people get divorced and married again, and the idea that they have to say "I love you" and go through all the adjustment stuff again. I think the best way to examine a man and a woman and their singularity is through the institution of marriage. And both Minnie and Moscovitz are very singular people.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

CASSAVETES: Gena plays Minnie, a girl whose love affairs have all been with married men, and who's tried to fill her life up with work and hobbies. At the point you meet her in the movie, she's just decided to get married, so that she can fulfill herself as a woman; before it's too late, she wants to have a home and children, build her future and find a way to take care of her mother. Women have a tendency, when they get married, to say, "All right, I will now set my life in order," which is what Gena's character does. Seymour plays Moscovitz, a funny long-haired drifter who meets Gena at his place of business; he parks cars at a restaurant she wanders into. Like any guy, his instinct is to just go with the marriage thing; if you love a woman, you don't think marriage will change the relationship. The shock is that it does. Depending on the girl, sometimes it's for the better, sometimes it's for the worse. But it's always a

problem, because when a woman gets married, she insists on a new maturity while still holding onto the fun; a man doesn't usually know how to balance that combination very well, so either he tries to keep the fun or he gets terribly serious about being mature; he's usually unable to do both things.

PLAYBOY: Does directing your wife in a film—as you did in *Faces*—put strains on your marriage?

CASSAVETES: No, we've never had any problems that way. Gena is an actress and, therefore, is always looking to better her part or at least protect it; that's the only problem actors and directors ever have. Actors—and Gena is no exception—always worry that some dumb director will come along with a theory, tear up the script and, in the process, ruin their part. As a director, I have to reassure Gena that I won't do that and ask her to have confidence in me not to do that. We really have no problems on that score. As a matter of fact, because of the very personal nature of the way I work, directing my wife is probably easier than directing a woman I don't know.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be a happily married man, but two of the three pictures you've written and directed independently—*Faces* and *Husbands*—depict marriage as an excruciating state of male incarceration. Do you feel that way?

CASSAVETES: No, I don't feel like a prisoner at all. I just couldn't compare bachelorhood with marriage. The only things I remember about bachelorhood are loneliness, tiredness, sleeplessness and a certain camaraderie—based on a mutual solitude—that I shared with a lot of other young guys at the time. But I couldn't go back to that now. I look at my three kids and they're terrific; they give me a lot of pleasure, a lot of pain and a lot of concern—but I love them all. I love them on their own terms, not just because they're kids or because they're *my* kids; life is just better with them around. I enjoy Gena because she enjoys some of the same things I do, because she hates some of the things I like and because I hate some of the things *she* likes. We keep learning how to play together, so that I can step on her toes gently and she can step on mine gently and we can make a lot of noise. Our kids understand it to the point where we've all become some sort of a team, a group of people who really enjoy each other.

I don't think of our house as a prison, either, and I enjoy going back to it. That's a result of a hard struggle by my wife to make my home life as good as my outside life—and I have a terrific outside life. I enjoy my work, my friends, putting things together, being clever, being stupid, creating things, not creating things, losing and winning. And then I go home, and what has my

house got in it? It's got a way of life much more than it has people. I can feel the walls coming in on me when it's bad; but I can also feel a marvelous joy, a joy that means some kids tumbling down the stairs and almost breaking their necks, and me seeing where my kids are at and knowing that in order for them to really gain something from us, we have to give them something of ourselves. And I don't have to do it in a rush, because it's cool, it's going to be there for a long time. It's the same thing with my wife.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more about her.

CASSAVETES: She has a terrific sense of humor. And she's beautiful, a woman I'm always attracted to. But I really don't think of her when I'm away from her, and I hope she doesn't think of me when she's away from me. I don't think about my children when I'm away from them, either. I think about them and her when we're together. At the end of the day, though, when it's time to go home, I want to go home. I know a lot of people who don't like their families and who don't like going home. There are a lot of reasons for it, and most of them are sexual—and lead to withdrawal. I know that the people I see who don't get along at home don't get along in their lives. Oh, they can be socially acceptable and they can be polite, but they don't like to go to work and they don't like to go home. I don't say I have a great life, but I just don't know any better. If it's bad, I'm certainly not feeling any pain from it. I'm feeling joy from it, so I don't question it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you and Gena ever argue?

CASSAVETES: Yeah, we fight. I believe that any two people who disagree should really go as far as they can, and I think we do: screaming, yelling, petty acts of hostility and cruelty—but it's all meaningless. It's always meaningless if that essential love is there. Like a rubber band that you stretch out, no matter how far you pull it—and even if it stings snapping back—it returns, the love reappears.

PLAYBOY: Do you try to do things as a couple?

CASSAVETES: No, I hate that. I only want to be with my wife when I want to be, and I hope she only likes to be with me when she wants to be. It would be disastrous to have to do a lot of things you don't really want to do. I think we both try to consider the other person's true feelings. For instance, I'm not introverted, but when I go home, I like some private breathing time. It takes a while for a woman to get used to that, and not to feel something is wrong with her if her man wants five minutes alone just to go upstairs and wash and maybe smoke a cigarette. It's a serene pleasure: Don't bring me a drink, don't bring me anything, I just want to be left alone, and then, when I come down, I feel



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great, refreshed. Just because you're married doesn't mean you have to cease being an individual and stop doing the things you like to do.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Gena virtually give up her acting career to be your wife?

CASSAVETES: I don't know—only she would know that. I'm sure that if we were split up for long periods of time, our marriage wouldn't be as good as it is. We both considered that and made a pact that we'd always avoid long separations. When we first got married and were both acting, she would go with me if a job took me out of town. And if Gena got a job, I would go with her. We worked it out so that the jobs never took precedence over something more real—us.

PLAYBOY: Have you and Gena always gotten along so well?

CASSAVETES: Hell, no! The first time I saw her, I was with an actor, John Ericson, and I said, "That's the girl I'm going to marry." Well, it was a hard struggle to convince her. From my point of view, if I was going to give my precious self to a woman, she was going to have to love me unconditionally. I kept Gena under constant scrutiny, I was enormously jealous, filled with suspicions about other men and with the terror that those suspicions might be correct. She wouldn't put up with that. And finally I relaxed.

PLAYBOY: Is it important for you to be dominant in your marriage?

CASSAVETES: No. The important thing is that I am not her and she is not me, and that we remain individuals. It takes a long time to come to those conclusions, and that's the best way for us to work it.

PLAYBOY: Have you made any films you've never seen?

CASSAVETES: No, I've eventually seen them all, thanks to television. Some night I'll have nothing to do, the tube will be on about two in the morning and some cruddy film I did will start showing. Ah, what a wonderful feeling it was to see *Crime in the Streets* again recently. It was one of my first movies and I played a juvenile delinquent and my usual prop was a switchblade knife. I also watched *Edge of the City* on TV not long ago. In it, Sidney Poitier and I played two longshoremen who kept getting pushed around by Jack Warden—who eventually killed Sidney in a cargo-hook duel, and who I somehow managed to beat up at the end of the movie.

PLAYBOY: There's even more violence in films today than there was then. Why?

CASSAVETES: I don't know why it's escalated, but there's always been an appetite for that sort of thing, and I think there always will be. We all secretly crave it, for whatever reasons. And I'm no exception. I'll never forget the violence of *Public Enemy*, with James Cagney. I loved it. I didn't care *how* many people

got killed. But Cagney played a man you didn't want to see die. Whether he was right or wrong, he was a guy who could stand up to life and to as many gangsters as would come up against him; he was the toughest guy I'd ever seen. I'm sure Cagney's height didn't make any difference; you'd never believe he couldn't win any fight he got into. He was my childhood idol, the guy most responsible, I suppose, for getting me into films; I loved him. I love everything I've ever heard or seen about the man—especially his retirement. He stopped acting because he felt he just couldn't cut it anymore and he didn't want to louse up what people thought of him. He got old and content and he knew he no longer had the drive that had made him a great star. Cagney was an original. He set up a terrific force on screen; he always portrayed an average guy who could somehow knock down giants. He was almost like a savior to all the short guys in the world, of whom I am one. As a kid, I idolized him just because he was short—and tough.

PLAYBOY: Did your shortness cause you any grief while you were growing up?

CASSAVETES: I guess it did. When I was 14 years old, I think I was just about five feet tall, which meant that I had enormous problems getting dates with girls. So you have to compensate for it: You become funnier, more outgoing. Being short is a great character builder, even though it sure as hell doesn't seem that way when you first start out. It was a hell of a handicap, but it didn't louse up my childhood, because I had—and still have—a very rich family life. My mother is a warm and wonderful woman and my father is an extraordinary man.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

CASSAVETES: That's a long story. Are you sure you want to hear it?

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CASSAVETES: You asked for it. My father came over to America with his kid brother when he was 11 years old. He was born in Piraeus, Greece, and heard about this country when a missionary came through town one day, saying there was brotherhood in America, that if you wanted to work and learn, the American people would open their arms and hearts to you. Soon afterward, my father, his younger brother and sister began their trek here, going first to Bulgaria—where they deposited my aunt with relatives—and then to Constantinople, where they worked until they saved up boat fare. When my dad and his brother arrived at Ellis Island and were asked who they knew in America, my father, who'd heard of Providence, Rhode Island, said he knew someone there. He was asked for written proof of this and he said he didn't have any because the man, a very wealthy man, had arrived in New York on the boat before theirs. And then my dad pulled out his big line: "I want to work and I want to learn."

PLAYBOY: Did it produce results?

CASSAVETES: Absolutely; an immigration officer gave my father and my uncle five dollars for bus fare to Providence, and when they arrived, they didn't know a soul. My dad began looking for Greeks all over town, searching for that familiar dark-olive skin tone, until he found fellow immigrants who gave him work. Shortly after that, he got a job just outside Boston, working in an ice-cream parlor. And five years after he'd come here—at the age of 16—he'd really put it all together: He'd learned English to add to the Greek and French he already knew, he'd gone through the Mount Hermon School, near Boston, in six months on a scholarship, and he'd won a partial scholarship to Harvard University, where he worked his way through school. And every time he'd run into money difficulties, he'd say to someone, "I want to work and I want to learn," and somehow he'd get the money he needed to continue his studies. And he *did* work and learn.

The man is older now and he still works close to 18 hours a day. He won't stop; he's in travel and immigration, and he has plans to make millions. He's probably responsible for bringing in most of the Greeks who now live in America. My mother calls him the champion of lost causes; he's one of those Greek-American patriots who tries to move mountains. Right now, he's fighting an archbishop because the archbishop wants to replace Greek with English as the language in church services. A few months ago, I was having dinner with my mother and I asked her where my dad was. He was out on the street picketing the archbishop.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel a strong Greek identity?

CASSAVETES: I think of it as a great club to belong to. I speak Greek a little bit and, like any member of an ethnic group, I derive a good deal of pride from belonging. But I don't really carry it further than that.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the overthrow of the Greek government by the military junta?

CASSAVETES: Bad. Most Greeks are really insane about it, because their whole cultural background is freedom, and when somebody destroys that freedom, they become a little hot on the subject. My father's more philosophical and fatalistic about it. When I asked him what he thought about the military coup, he told me that governments are only people and that, like people, they rise and fall. But the junta, he said, is never going to starve to death—only poor Greeks, who will go hungry in the name of freedom, will starve. Of course, he also said that poor Greeks weren't much better off under the more liberal regime. The country still feeds off tourism, though, and with tourism falling off because of the political situation, the poor won't survive as well

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as they used to. Basically, my dad feels that violence is terrible and that politics is always temporary. But at the same time—and I share this with him—he would die for what he believes in. One day, in fact, he called me up and told me, “Listen, these young people of America are wonderful, and if you want to get involved with them and die for them, I just want you to know it’s all right, I’ll be proud of you. But don’t tell your mother I said so.”

PLAYBOY: Would you get involved in radical politics to the point of endangering your life?

CASSAVETES: No, I wouldn’t. I agree with a lot of what the kids are saying, but two things throw me off. It really disgusts me that most white militants hate middle-class people—and are middle-class themselves. That really makes me ill, because those kids ought to understand *why* their parents are middle-class, know about their parents’ fears; but instead of caring, they’d rather hate. These kids are so ashamed of their backgrounds that they go to all kinds of lengths to deny the fact that they’re middle-class; what makes them *not* middle-class now—sandals and jeans? An even more disturbing point to me is that the kids’ revolution began with peace and love, full of laughter and a real commitment to nonviolence. That’s all over now. It seems they’re only responding to establishment violence—and maybe they’re right—but by doing that, they make themselves no better than what they hate. And besides that, it won’t work. There’s no way the kids can take on the military.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a successful revolution is impossible, then?

CASSAVETES: No, ideas don’t die, only movements die. The ideas that came out of the youth revolution—fairness, love and a feeling for all of humanity rather than for the flag—are important ideas and I don’t think they will die. For my money, Martin Luther King will live far longer than any militant. King was killed, but his ideas may live on for thousands of years.

PLAYBOY: If you had a chance to talk to him, what would you say to a revolutionary such as Jerry Rubin?

CASSAVETES: I think Rubin’s terrific. God knows, Jerry Rubin might have been President of the United States—and *still* might be someday. He knows that you can’t listen to politicians too logically, because logic is ridiculous; logic has convinced everybody to do wrong things for centuries. But the truth is that people all want peace—peace of mind. And they need it as much as, if not more than, money. Ideals must be achieved by *caring*, not by force of any kind. It’s got to be done that way. The only response to violent revolution is violent repression. It’s an evolutionary process to get government changed; but it’s worth the wait, because

the quick way usually winds up costing a lot more than it gains. It takes courage to stick with ideals that change things slowly, but the whole idea of youth politics came out of love, and the kids shouldn’t desert it now; using force would make a lie out of everything they say they stand for. With Nixon in the White House, they may lose for now; but they’ll win in the end.

PLAYBOY: What kind of influence do you think Nixon has had on the country?

CASSAVETES: A miserable one. People who hate the militants and militancy but who don’t have the balls to go up against radicals themselves love this man, who says—through linguistic subterfuge—“I’m going to get rid of all these troublemakers.” He doesn’t come right out and say it; he has his Vice-President do it behind a cloak of euphemisms. And that’s the way most Americans like it. They don’t want to call it by its right name, but they fear and hate the radical young and they’d like to see them dead. But I don’t think Nixon will ever act on that impulse; it would alienate too many people he needs to vote for him in ’72.

PLAYBOY: We gather you won’t be among those who do.

CASSAVETES: He never should have been President in the first place; but I wasn’t enthusiastic about Humphrey, either. They killed the guy I wanted. I think Bobby Kennedy would have helped this country turn away from the things that have been ruining it since World War Two.

PLAYBOY: What sorts of things?

CASSAVETES: Before that war, America was a country of great innocence and idealism. Since then, it’s been completely undermined by its people’s hunger for profits. And that hunger is not limited to any ethnic group. I see it in everyone—Italian-, English- and German-Americans, Irish Catholics and, yes, even Greeks. *Everybody’s* been going for the money and saying the hell with society. I see people just throwing away their values, all the things that their ancestors and fathers always treasured. They’ve put money up as the goal of life, but money is no measure of the value of a man—*any* man. I know a lot of millionaires who do nothing but sit alone in their houses and wish they could have a friend to drink with or a woman they could truly love. All they have is their money. But they’re not really greedy for money; they’re interested in the zeros—in the game of making two dollars into \$20 into \$2,000,000 into \$20,000,000; *nothing* is enough.

The only people really interested in money are those who don’t have any or who don’t have enough. People plunge their careers and their lives headlong into making money and when they get it, they don’t like it, they don’t need it and they don’t know what to do with it.

I think money is the last refuge of people who’ve been scared by life, whose only way to survive is to acquire as much money and power as they can—to protect themselves. But from what? We’ve got to realize that money is *useless* beyond whatever it takes to feed, clothe and house yourself. As a matter of fact, the more you have beyond that—whatever it takes to free you from those basic concerns—the more difficult it is to find out what really matters and to get it for yourself. That’s one of the things I want to say in my films. I’m not going to be able to change humanity all by myself, but I’m going to do my part of the work, even though it may make no dent on anybody. It may not work, it may even be stupid, but I have to try.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the other things you want to say in your films?

CASSAVETES: Well, I can’t influence anyone not to blow up the world and I can’t teach anyone to stop killing other people; even if I could, I think we should all know that by now. But it’s been eating at me that the same people who hate kids and blacks also hate Jews. Anyone who can’t love will hate. It has no direction. It’s just there. But make that hater love—even for a moment. That’s what I’m trying to do. That’s what a lot of the young people are trying to do. But the odds are overwhelming. There’s too much hate and killing. The tragedy I feel now is that our 18- and 19-year-olds think about death. That’s an awful waste; it makes them old before their time. What we have today is a generation of young people who are already ancient—deadly serious and deadly *dull*. At 41, I’ve felt all the pain, smiled all my big smiles, proved myself to myself; what I have or haven’t got as a man isn’t going to change. But a young guy has a life to live, women to find, adventures to fly to. And if he doesn’t do it, he’s a fool, because by the time you’re 30, it’s marrying time.

PLAYBOY: Who says so?

CASSAVETES: I do. At that point, you’re ready to meet a woman—a woman who wants the same things women have always wanted: security and a place to put that baby. That’s part of the mystery of living, and when you get caught, remember we’re all little fish in the same sea and we really *want* to get caught, even though our tails are going to stop fluttering and we’re going to get eaten up for good. But if we’ve spent our youth living life to the hilt, we won’t mind it too much. In fact, we may even enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Does it disturb you to realize you’re middle-aged?

CASSAVETES: No, but at 20, you would never have caught me getting overly serious for too long, because I was into living and not into talking. Looking back on it now, I can see that my parents just opened themselves up to me and didn’t

worry. I've come to the conclusion that the only thing you can give your child is love—and if you do, there's no way to be wrong. You can be old-fashioned, new-fashioned, interfashioned or whatever, but if you really care, the kid will feel it. I get mad when I hear guys knocking parents who love them. The insensitivity that a kid has toward his parents is a natural thing, but it should never take the form of hostility and it shouldn't last beyond adolescence. A young man shouldn't worry about being suckled, he should just go out and be a man. Go into a diner and sit down with a bunch of hard-hats. Sit there and drink coffee with them and feel your manhood with them. Go to all the places you're uncomfortable in and prove yourself, because someday you're going to *have* to prove yourself. Do it while you're young and you'll never regret it. Take the word of a college dropout.

PLAYBOY: What school did you drop out of?

CASSAVETES: *Schools.* I was a totally uninterested student in high school. I didn't want to go to college, because college in the Fifties was just a way of getting a diploma, that I. D. card which would permit you to get a job after graduation. But it was important to my family that I go to school, and when my brother got out of the Army, he enrolled at Mohawk College, a veterans' school in Upstate New York; I went along. I stayed there for a year and then Mohawk was closed down and I went to Champlain, another New York State veterans' college. But I got kicked out of there pretty quick, mainly because I didn't want to be there. Classes were held in huge assembly rooms seating more than 200 students; the teachers would shout into microphones, and I wasn't getting anything out of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you give it a fair chance?

CASSAVETES: I didn't like the feel of school, so I split. I hitchhiked down to Florida for a few weeks and when I got back home, I bumped into some friends of mine—funny, funny guys, who said, "Hey, John, we just signed up at the American Academy to become *actors*, man. Come with us—the school is *packed* with girls!" So I went home to ask my family for some loot to go to the American Academy. I told my father—who was very disappointed about my leaving college—"Dad, I want to be an actor." That was a lie, of course; I just wanted to be near all those girls. My mother said, "An actor?!" But my father said, "At least it's something, let him be *something*." He finally gave me permission to go, provided I paid my way through, so I did some part-time work for a few months and then I asked him for some money and he gave it to me. Up until then, all I'd ever done was play basketball and run out with girls. I'd never studied or applied myself or



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been anything but completely lazy—and I'd never felt guilty about it. I couldn't wait for the next day to come, so I could get involved with some new girl and promise to marry her and then stop seeing her. In those days, I promised to marry just about every girl I took out. I felt if that's what they wanted to hear, that's what I'd tell them. Maybe it was dishonest, but at the time, it didn't seem so. And then I enrolled at the American Academy and I loved it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CASSAVETES: Because it was women—all kinds of girls—and showing off. I'd get up on stage and shout; a couple of the teachers liked that, because it showed enthusiasm. For a long time, that's all I thought acting was about—to show a lot of emotion. The louder I screamed, the better I thought I was. I really didn't get involved with acting except through osmosis, absorbing the life we led, learning from people I was lucky enough to meet. I attended the academy for a year and then spent two years making the rounds. I thought I was brilliant when I finally got my first acting job. I was an extra on a *Lux Video Theater* show. When it was over, I raced from the TV studio to where all my friends had met to watch the show and I said, "Did you see me?" They said they hadn't, even though they'd looked for me. I got indignant. "You morons," I shouted, "I was the guy in the iron mask who ran on and said 'Halt!' I was magnificent!"

PLAYBOY: Did you begin getting work regularly after that?

CASSAVETES: Yes, but not as an actor; I was hired by Gregory Ratoff—first as an extra in a film, then as an assistant stage manager on a play. My next acting job didn't come until months later, when I got a part on *Omnibus*. It was a Budd Schulberg script about a bullfighter and very easy to read. I weighed about 128 pounds in those days and really looked a little like a bullfighter; I was skinny and dark. And I'd been around New York enough to pick up on a Mexican accent.

PLAYBOY: Were you good in the role?

CASSAVETES: Very. The day after the show, as a matter of fact, 20th Century-Fox called my agent and asked, "Who was that Mexican guy? Does he speak any English? We may have a part for him." And a few days later, I was on my way to Hollywood for a screen test. I was up for the lead in Michael Curtiz' *The Egyptian*, a picture budgeted at \$5,000,000, which in those days was enormous. Marlon Brando had just walked out on the production and Curtiz had decided he wanted to go with an unknown. Edmund Purdom finally got it, but I had my shot.

Anyway, after the *Omnibus* show, I went into a bar to bask in my great reviews and I bumped into a director named Carter Blake, who'd been one of

my teachers at the American Academy. Carter said, "You really did a good job." And I said, "Why, thank you, Carter," really feeling and acting like a contemporary. And then he said, "You know, you're not going to do another job like that for a long, long time. You'll probably never work that hard again." I thought, "Hey, this guy's a dope," but he turned out to be right. There's something about the motivation of fear that makes you work terribly hard. That's why I like to mix professionals with amateurs in my films: Amateurs work amazingly hard. What professionals can give amateurs in the way of help, amateurs can give professionals in the way of inspiration. So everything I use as a director, I learned along the way by making all the errors myself.

PLAYBOY: What turned you on to directing?

CASSAVETES: As an actor, you don't get the freedom to function the way you'd like to; I know I never got the lines I wanted under other directors. I also wanted to direct because I wanted to revel in my individuality—to find out everything I'm capable of and to make the most of it, whether people like it or not. As a matter of fact, I even like it when they don't like my work. A lot of people absolutely hate my films, but that's fine, because I make films that *won't* please everyone, that actually cause a lot of pain to many people. I feel I've succeeded if I make them feel something—anything. Maybe I'm deceiving myself, but so what? I want to feel that I'm winning. I know that I don't function as a loser very well, and I didn't come into this world to be a loser. I want to win every game I can. I'm a complete egotist that way.

PLAYBOY: Does your ego ever interfere with your judgment?

CASSAVETES: My ego *determines* my judgment. I think it's bullshit when people say that ego is a bad trip. It's the *only* trip. You are who you are because of your ego, and without it, nothing counts. My sense of self makes me competitive, not with guys who are less talented than me but with people who are my equals or better. That's the kick for me.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you be fulfilled as an artist by being competitive with yourself?

CASSAVETES: No, that's not good enough for me. I would feel a lot better if there were 90,000 fantastic artists in the movie business and I was one of them than if I was the only one. I once heard an actor friend of mine say, "God, I'm working with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn and they're so great it's frightening." That turned my stomach; I would want to act with Tracy and Hepburn and tear them to pieces! And I hope they'd have wanted to tear *me* to pieces. I wouldn't want them to be bad, either; I would want them to be terrific—but I

would want to be *more* terrific. There is no actor in the world, no *person* in the world, who doesn't want to be the best at his profession. I think the basic thing wrong with a lot of current social philosophy is that this simple fact is denied. The reward itself isn't important, but knowing you're the best is.

PLAYBOY: Are you, perhaps, more interested in being number one than in the art of film making?

CASSAVETES: Even though I want to be the best, I don't think the only reason I make films is to be the best at it. In being creative, you just have to find out what you're trying to say and then say it. That's what I do in my films and that's why I make films. After being an actor for a few years, you really don't care about money, fame or glory anymore; those things are good, but you need something more. That something-more happened to me, like all good things in life seem to, through a lot of crazy circumstances and sheer luck. I'm a great believer in spontaneity, because I think planning is the most destructive thing in the world.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CASSAVETES: Because it kills the human spirit. So does too much discipline, because then you can't get caught up in the moment, and if you can't get caught up in the moment, life has no magic. Without the magic, we might as well all give up and admit we're going to be dead in a few years. Maybe we won't be able to breathe the cruddy air or we'll die in a car accident or some nut will shoot us or some asshole will drop the bomb. I think we need magic in our lives to take us away from those realities. That's what *Shadows*, my first picture as a director, did for me.

PLAYBOY: What were the "crazy circumstances" you mentioned?

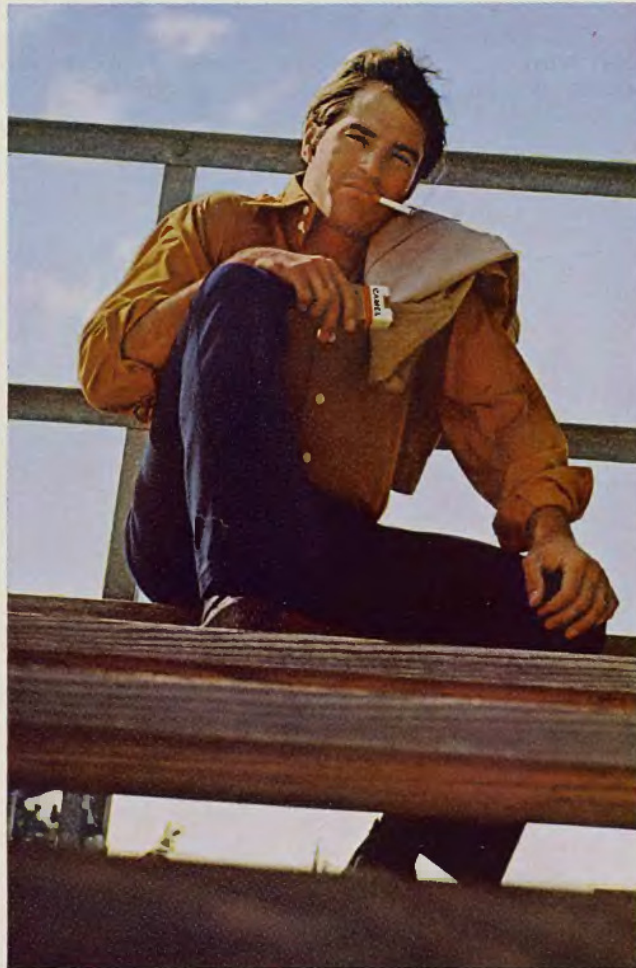
CASSAVETES: I was waiting at a bus stop in New York when I saw an old friend of mine named Burt Lane. A few years before, we had spent about 30 weekends writing a script based on a book about Belmonte, the bullfighter. The characters had come alive for us; but when we finished it, Burt and I disagreed about one scene, and nothing—screaming, fistfights, you name it—could get us to resolve the situation. So, to show our manhood, we threw the script away: We both felt it would demonstrate that we had the confidence and ability to write again. Anyway, the next time I met Burt, he told me he was about to take a job at an advertising agency and I was stunned. "You can't do that, Burt," I told him. "I won't *let* a friend of mine do that. Why don't you teach? You know more about acting and writing than anybody in the world." So I got about 19 young actors to form a class and everybody paid two dollars a head, including me. We formed a workshop, I

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started teaching one of the classes and I liked it.

Shadows began as an improvisation the class was working on. I dreamed up some characters that were close to the people in the class, and then I kept changing the situations and ages of the characters until we all began to function as those characters at any given moment. During one class, I was so impressed by a particular improvisation that I said, "Hey, that would make a terrific movie." It was about a black girl who passes for white; she loses her white boyfriend when he meets her black brother. That night I was going on Jean Shepherd's *Night People* radio show, because he had plugged *Edge of the City*, which had just been released, and I wanted to thank him for it. I told Jean about the piece we had done in class and how it could be a good film and he asked if I thought I'd be able to raise the money for it. "If people really want to see a movie about *people*," I answered, "they should just contribute money." And the next day, \$2000 in dollar bills came in to Shepherd.

One soldier showed up with five dollars after hitchhiking 300 miles to give it to us. And some really weird girl came in off the street; she had a mustache and hair on her legs and the hair on her head was matted with dirt and she wore a filthy polka-dot dress; she was really bad. After walking into the workshop, this girl got down on her knees, grabbed my pants and said, "You are the Messiah." I had to look that one up. Anyway, she became our sound editor and soon straightened out her life. In fact, a lot of the people who worked on the film were people who were screwed up—and got straightened out working with the rest of us. From that point on, it didn't matter to me whether or not *Shadows* would be any good; it just became a way of life where you got close to people and where you could hear ideas that weren't full of shit.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take to complete the film?

CASSAVETES: When I started, I thought it would only take me a few months; it took three years. I made every mistake known to man; I can't even remember all the mistakes I made. I was so dumb! Having acted in movies, I kinda knew how they were made, so after doing some shooting, I'd shout out something like "Print take three!" I'd neglected to hire a script girl, however, so no one wrote down which take I wanted—with the astounding result that all the film was printed. It was really the height of ignorance in film making. But we just loved what we were doing; we thought we were the cat's nuts. I think *Shadows* was the first truly independent film ever made in New York, and by

that I mean we made it without having to be beholden to any investors.

PLAYBOY: How was *Shadows* received?

CASSAVETES: When we finished it, we had two midnight screenings at the Paris Theater in New York and they were both absolutely disastrous. There was only one person in the theater who liked the picture and it wasn't me—it was my father, who thought it was "pure." Not necessarily good, but pure. All our really close friends had shown up, people who had helped us, who had contributed to the film in dozens of ways and who really wanted *Shadows* to be good. But no one tried to phony up their reaction to it; one friend of mine patted me on the shoulder and said, "That's OK, John, you're still a good actor." I could see the flaws in *Shadows* myself: It was a totally intellectual film—and therefore less than human. I had fallen in love with the camera, with technique, with beautiful shots, with experimentation for its own sake.

After watching the screenings, I saw all that and I wanted to fix it up. I thought if I could shoot for ten more days, I'd be able to make it into what I'd originally visualized. So I went out to raise \$15,000 and three sources quickly promised \$5000 apiece. I got the cast together and started shooting, and then two of the investors decided they had better things to do with their dough. But by that time, I didn't mind their pulling out. I was really proud of the film.

PLAYBOY: Did the new version meet with success?

CASSAVETES: Nope, just a lot of indifference. And since the investors had pulled out, I was responsible for the film's debts. I had all kinds of bill collectors after me. Gena was pregnant at the time, and I was so busy with the movie that not until the day I finished reshooting did I become aware that within a week she was going to give birth to our first child. A couple of days before our son Nick was born, I got a telephone call from Universal. This guy told me he had a TV series for me called *Johnny Staccato*, all about this night-club piano player who caught crooks. I said "Bullshit!" and hung up. I looked at my wife and she said, "You're absolutely right, John, you can't do that stuff." Then I looked at her belly and called the guy right back. "I'm sorry, I didn't know who you were," I said. "I thought it was a put-on or something. Tell me more about this piano player." I signed to do the series, I paid off the bill collectors and I was able to cut and complete *Shadows*.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy being Johnny Staccato?

CASSAVETES: No, I didn't. There were a lot of other things I wanted to do instead. But it wasn't a total bore. I directed five of the shows and tried to do each one differently, hoping to develop some

kind of style and technique. It was a pretty successful series, but after I finished paying off my bills, I used every possible method to get out of the show. I even went to the sponsors and told them their commercials were in bad taste. One of the sponsors was a deodorant company, and one of the commercials showed their product beneath a Greek statue while an announcer talked about "the mature male." I told them it was offensive to me as a Greek to put armpit soup under a masterpiece of Greek art.

PLAYBOY: Did they let you out of your contract?

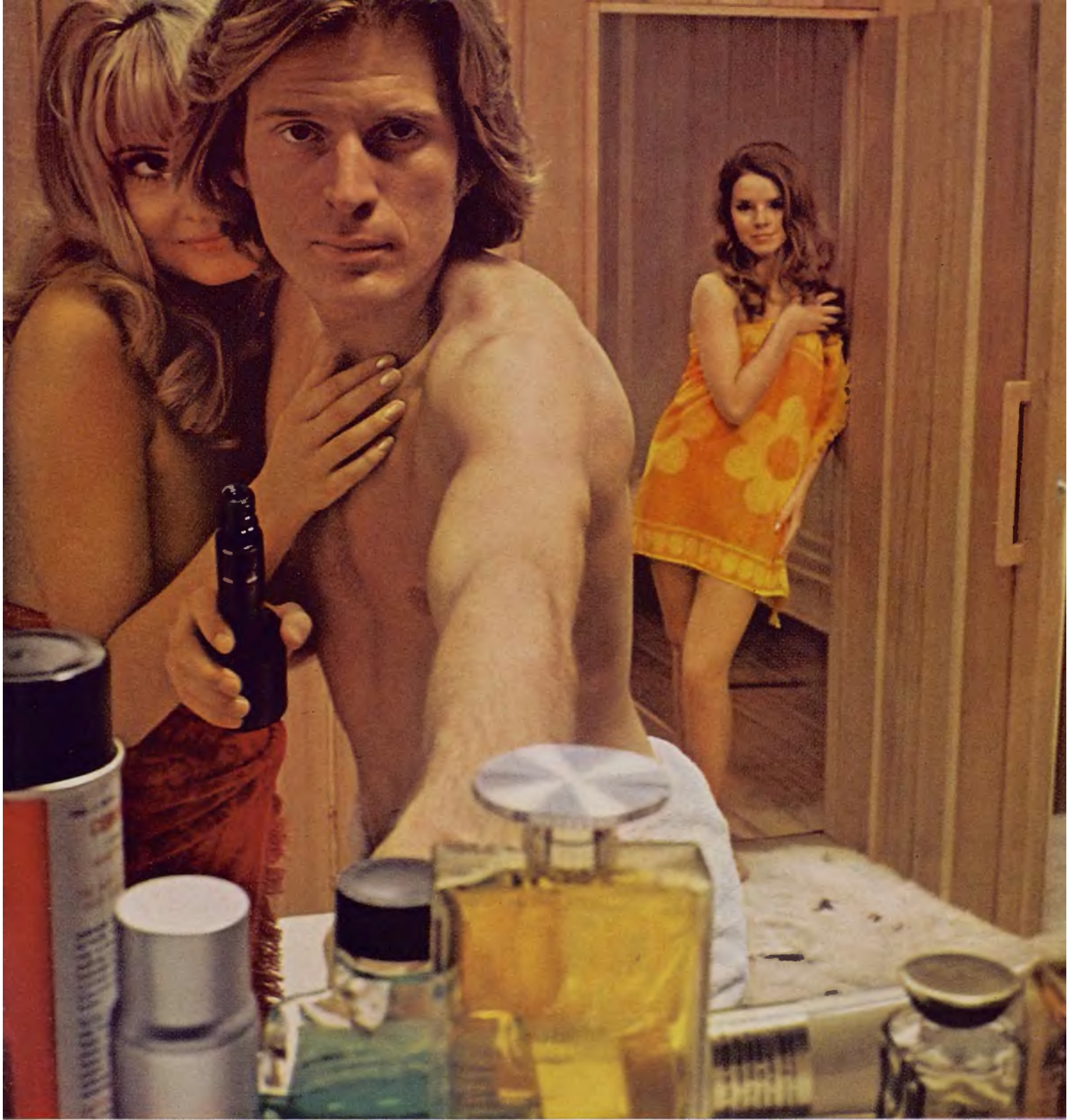
CASSAVETES: No, it wasn't until I started criticizing them publicly that they let me leave: I can be a despicable person. I then called my agent and said, "Look, I think I'm dead in this town for a while. Can you get me a job in Europe?" I was given a part in *Middle of Nowhere*, a movie being made in Ireland. Gena was going to join me later, so I asked Seymour Cassel, who'd been associate producer on *Shadows*, to go with me. Seymour did, and even got himself a role in the film. We had a ball in Ireland and, after the movie was finished, we went to London for a few days. While we were there, one of the directors of England's National Film Theater told me he'd heard of *Shadows* and he wanted to screen it. We made a date and I promptly forgot about it and returned to New York. A few weeks later, I got a frantic call, collect, from Seymour, who had decided to stay on in London. "Where's the film?" he screamed. "My God, they're holding this thing the day after tomorrow, it's a big event, everybody's gonna be in tuxes." He was talking about The Beat, Square and Cool Festival, a kind of underground-film competition. I sent the film over.

PLAYBOY: Did it win any awards?

CASSAVETES: All I heard was that the film arrived on time. Months went by, and I was about to buy a house in California, settle down and work as an actor again; I had long since forgotten about being a director. Then the phone rings and it's Seymour calling collect again. "Listen, John," he says. "*Shadows* was a great success at the festival and the critics are still going crazy over it. You've got to come over here and we've got to sell the movie to a distributor—it's either now or never." I couldn't figure out why people were still going crazy over the picture, since it wasn't being shown anywhere, but I didn't question it; I arrived in London at six the next morning and called Seymour from the airport. He didn't want to see me just then—he was in bed with a girl. Seeing that I had come millions of miles at his request, I called him a son of a bitch and told him I was on my way over.

When I arrived, he was saying goodbye to his girl in the street, and when we went upstairs, I asked to see the

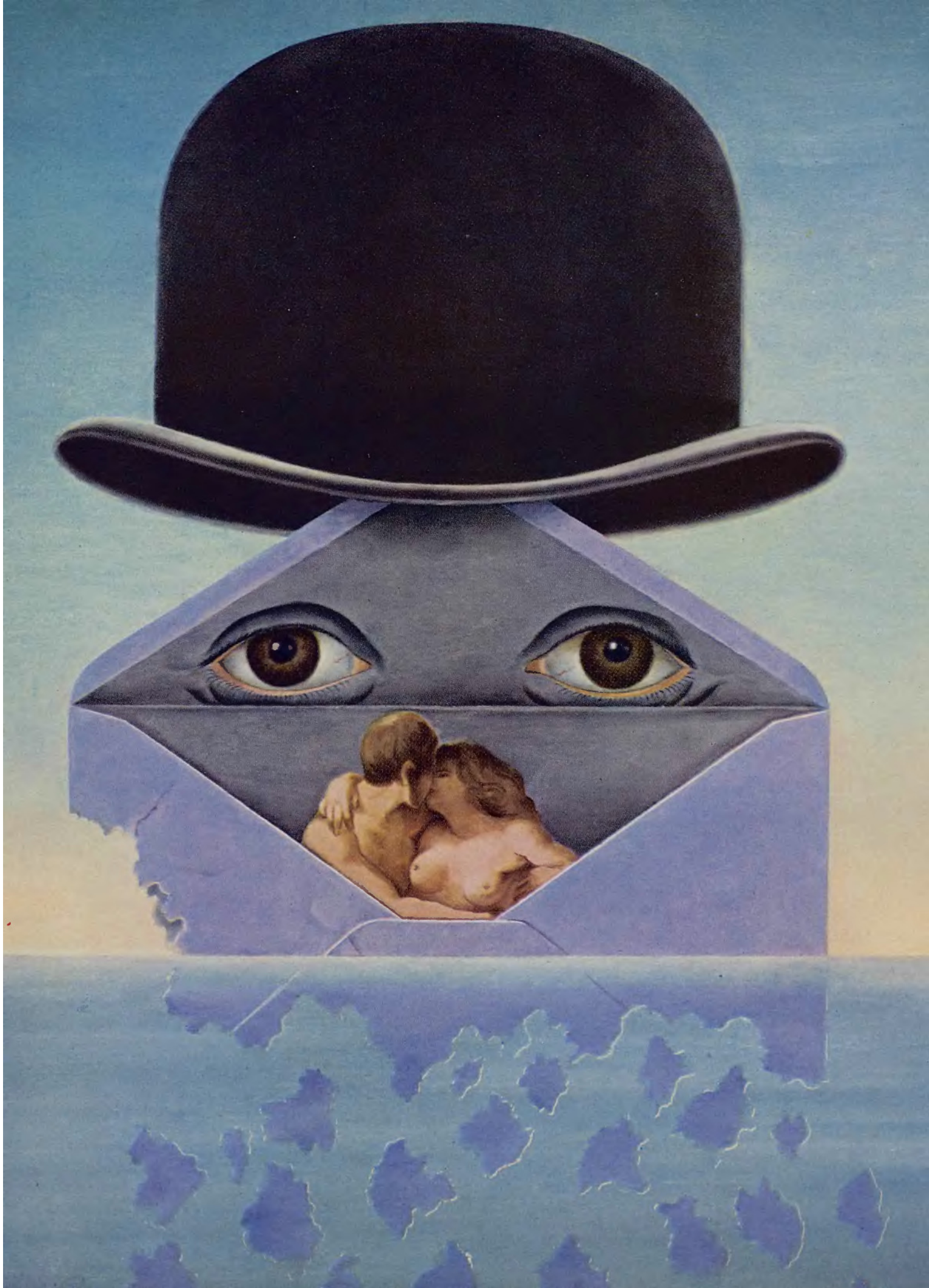
(continued on page 210)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A personable guy whose personal appearance is his calling card. He knows that a big part of being welcome is being well-groomed. So he's particular about the toiletry brands he uses—and it pays off. Fact: PLAYBOY tops all magazines in men under 35 who are heavy users of shampoo, spray deodorant, men's cologne, hair spray and suntan lotion. If you want your brand to be his brand, talk to him in PLAYBOY. It will pay off big for you, too. (Source: *1970 Brand Rating Index*.)

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





fiction By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

*at long last, he had found
peace and friends, but now
that wretched woman threatened
to shatter all of their lives*

MURDER AT COBBLER'S HULK

IT TAKES ABOUT AN HOUR of driving southward out of Dublin to arrive at the small seaside village of Greystones. (For two months in the summer, it calls itself a resort.) Every day, four commuter trains from the city stop here and turn back, as if dismayed by the sight of the desolate beach of shingle that stretches beyond it for 12 unbroken miles. A single line, rarely used, continues the railway beside this beach, so close to the sea that in bad winters the waves pound in across the track, sometimes blocking it for days on end with heaps of gravel, uprooted sleepers, warped rails. When this happens, the repair gangs have a dreary time of it. No shelter from the wind and spray. Nothing to be seen inland but reedy fields, an occasional farmhouse or abandoned manor, a few leafless trees decaying in the arid soil or fallen sideways. And, always, endless fleets of clouds sailing away toward the zinc-blue horizon.

Once there were three more tiny railway stations along these 12 miles of beach, each approached by a long lane leading from the inland carriage road to the sea. The best preserved of what remains of them is called Cobbler's Hulk. From a distance, one might still

mistake it for a real station. Close up, one finds only a boarded waiting room whose tin roof lifts and squeaks in the wind, a lofty signal cabin with every window broken and a still loftier telephone pole whose ten crossbars must once have carried at least 20 lines and now bear only one humming wire. There is a rotting, backless bench. You could scythe the grass on the platform. The liveliest thing here is an advertisement on enameled sheet metal, high up on the brick wall of the signal cabin. It shows the single white word STEPHEN's splashed across a crazy blob of black ink. Look where one will, there is not a farmhouse nor cottage within sight.

It was down here that I first met Mr. Bodkin one Sunday afternoon last July. He was sitting straight up on the bench, bowler-hatted, clad, in spite of the warmth of the day, in a well-brushed blue chesterfield with concealed buttons and a neatly tailored velvet half collar that was the height of fashion in the Twenties. His gray spats were as tight as gloves across his insteps. He was a smallish man. His stiff shirt collar was as high as the Duke of Wellington's, his bow tie was polka-dotted, his white mustaches were brushed up like a *Junker's*. He could have been 73. His cheeks were as pink as a baby's bottom. His palms lay crossed on the handle of a rolled umbrella, he had a neatly folded newspaper under his arm, his patent-leather shoe tips gleamed like his pince-nez. Normally, I would have given him a polite "Good day to you" and passed on, wondering. Coming on him suddenly around the corner of the waiting room, his head lowered toward his left shoulder as if he were listening for an approaching train, I was so taken by surprise that I said, "Are you waiting for a train?"

"Good gracious!" he said, in equal surprise. "A train has not stopped here since the Bronze Age. Didn't you know?"

I gazed at his shining toes, remembering that when I had halted my Morris Minor beside the level-crossing gates at the end of the lane, there had been no other car parked there. Had he walked here? That brambled lane was a mile long. He peeked at the billycan in my hand, guessed that I was proposing to brew myself a cup of tea after my solitary swim, chirruped in imitation of a parrot, "Any water?" rose and, in the comic-basso voice of a weary museum guide, said, "This way, please." I let him lead me along the platform, past the old brass faucet that I had used on my few previous visits to Cobbler's Hulk, toward a black-tarred railway carriage hidden below the marshy side of the track. He pointed the ferrule of his umbrella.

"My chalet," he said smugly. "My *wagon-lit*."

We descended from the platform by three wooden steps, rounded a micro-

scopic gravel path, and he unlocked the door of his carriage. It was still faintly marked FIRST CLASS, but it also bore a crusted brass plate whose shining rilievo announced THE VILLA ROSE. He bowed me inward, invited me to take a pew (his word for an upholstered carriage seat), filled my billycan from a white enameled bucket ("Pure spring water!") and, to expedite matters further, insisted on boiling it for me on his Primus stove. As we waited, he sat opposite me. We both looked out the window at the marshes. I heard a Guard's whistle and felt our carriage jolt away to nowhere. We introduced ourselves.

"I trust you find my beach a pleasant spot for a picnic?" he said, as if he owned the entire Irish Sea.

I told him that I had come here about six times over the past 30 years.

"I came here three years ago. When I retired."

I asked about his three winters. His fingers dismissed them. "Our glorious summers amply recompense." At which exact moment I heard sea birds dancing on the roof and Mr. Bodkin became distressed. His summer and his beach were misbehaving. He declared that the shower would soon pass. I must have my cup of afternoon tea with him, right there. "In first-class comfort." I demurred; he insisted. I protested gratefully; he persisted tetchily. I let him have his way, and that was how I formed Mr. Bodkin's acquaintance.

It never became any more. I saw him only once again, for five minutes, six weeks later. But, helped by a hint or two from elsewhere—the man who kept the roadside shop at the end of the lane, a gossipy barmaid in the nearest hamlet—it was enough to let me infer, guess at, induce his life. Its fascination was that he had never had any. By comparison, his beach and its slight sand dunes beside the railway track were crowded with incident, as he presently demonstrated by producing the big album of pressed flowers that he had been collecting over the past three years. His little ear finger stirred them gently on their white pages: milfoil, yarrow, thrift, sea daisies, clover, shepherd's-needle, shepherd's-purse, yellow bedstraw, stone bedstraw, great bedstraw, Our-Lady's-bedstraw, minute sand roses, different types of lousewort. In the pauses between their naming, the leaves were turned as quietly as the wavelets on the beach.

One December day in 1912, when he was 15, Mr. Bodkin told me, he had entered his lifelong profession by becoming the messenger boy in Tyrrell's Travel Agency, located at 15 Grafton Street, Dublin. He went into Dublin every morning on the Howth tram, halting it outside the small pink house called The Villa Rose, where he lived with his

mother, his father, his two young sisters and his two aunts. . . .

The Villa Rose! He made a deprecatory gesture—it had been his mother's idea. The plays and novels of Mr. A. E. Mason were popular around 1910. He wrinkled his rosy nose. It was not even what you could call a real house. Just two fishermen's cottages joined front to back, with a dip, or valley, between their adjoining roofs. But what a situation! On fine days, he could see, across the high tide of the bay, gulls blowing about like paper, clouds reflected in the still water, an occasional funnel moving slowly in or out of the city behind the long line of the North Wall; and away beyond it, all the silent drums of the Wicklow Mountains. Except on damp days, of course. The windows of The Villa Rose were always sea-dimmed on damp days. His mother suffered from chronic arthritis. His father's chest was always wheezing. His sisters' noses were always running. His aunts spent half their days in bed.

"I have never in my life had a day's illness! Apart from chilblains. I expect to live to be ninety."

The great thing, it appeared, about Tyrrell's Travel Agency was that you always knew where you were. The Tyrrell system was of the simplest: Everybody was addressed according to his rank. (Mr. Bodkin did not seem to realize that this system was, in his boyhood as in mine, universal in every corner of the British Empire.) Whenever old Mr. Bob wanted him, he shouted "Tommy!" at the top of his voice. After shouting at him like that for about five years, Mr. Bob suddenly put him behind the counter, addressed him politely as "Bodkin" and shouted at him no longer. Five years passed and, again without any preliminaries, Mr. Bob presented him with a desk of his own in a corner of the office and addressed him as "Mr. Bodkin." At which everybody in the place smiled, nodded or winked his congratulations. He had arrived at the top of his genealogical tree. He might fall from it. He would never float beyond it. Very satisfactory. One has to have one's station in life. Yes?

The summer shower stopped, but not Mr. Bodkin. (In the past three years, I wondered if he had had a single visitor to talk to.) There were, I must understand, certain seeming contradictions in the system. An eager ear and a bit of experience soon solved them all. For example, there was the case of old Clancy, the ex-Enniskillener Dragoon, who opened the office in the morning and polished the Egyptian floor tiles. Anybody who wanted him always shouted, "Jimmy!" Clear as daylight. But whenever old Lady Kilfeather came sweeping into the agency from her gray Jaguar,

(continued on page 189)



SOKOL

*"I don't doubt that these are magic beans, sir, but
I'd much rather have two bucks!"*

HIGH SPIRITS



Bitter Lemon Bracer

2 ozs. vodka
2 ozs. fresh orange juice
½ oz. fresh lemon juice
Iced bitter lemon
1-in. piece orange peel
1-in. piece lemon peel
1 slice orange

Fill 14-oz. tall glass with ice cubes. Add vodka, orange juice and lemon juice. Fill with bitter lemon and stir. Twist orange and lemon peels over drink and drop into glass. For a drier bracer, use tonic water instead of bitter lemon. Cut orange slice and fasten onto rim of glass.

Oahu Gin Sling

2 ozs. gin
½ oz. crème de cassis
½ oz. benedictine
1 oz. fresh lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Iced club soda
Lime-rind spiral

To make lime-rind spiral, cut continuous strip of lime peel from stem end to bottom of fruit. Place peel in 14-oz. tall glass, hooking it to rim. Shake gin, crème de cassis, benedictine, lime juice and sugar well with ice. Strain into glass and add ice cubes until three quarters full. Fill glass with soda and stir. A happy variation of the Singapore gin sling.

Cool Guanábana

1½ ozs. light Puerto Rican rum
½ oz. heavy Jamaican rum
Grenadine
Superfine sugar
½ oz. lime juice
4 ozs. iced guanábana nectar
1 slice lime

Guanábana nectar (made from the pulp of the soursop) is available in gourmet shops and in those featuring Puerto Rican foods. Dip rim of 14-oz. tall glass into grenadine, then into superfine sugar to make frosted rim. Fill glass with ice cubes. Add both kinds of rum, lime juice and guanábana nectar; stir well. Cut lime slice half-way to center and fasten onto rim of glass.



drink By THOMAS MARIO
*a half-dozen thirst-slaking
 coolers to help take
 the simmer out of summer*

Lait de Vie

2 ozs. cognac or California brandy
 4 ozs. milk
 ½ oz. heavy cream
 ½ oz. grenadine
 Freshly grated nutmeg

Shake cognac, milk, cream and grenadine with ice. Strain into 14-oz. tall glass filled with ice cubes and stir. Sprinkle with nutmeg. As its name implies, the "milk of life" has magnificent regenerative powers after several hectic sets of tennis or 18 holes on a summer's afternoon.

Palmetto Cooler

2 ozs. bourbon
 ½ oz. apricot liqueur
 ½ oz. sweet vermouth
 3 generous dashes Angostura bitters
 Iced club soda
 Fresh mint

Fill 14-oz. tall glass with ice cubes. Add bourbon, apricot liqueur, vermouth and bitters (don't skimp on bitters). Stir well. Fill glass almost to top with club soda and stir lightly. Place generous bouquet of mint sprigs in glass; tear a few leaves to release aroma.

Strawberry White Port

4 ozs. imported white port
 Iced tonic water
 ½ oz. strawberry liqueur
 1 slice lemon
 1 large fresh strawberry, with long stem, if possible

Be sure port is a dry imported wine, such as Sandeman's extra-dry *porto branco*. Fill 14-oz. tall glass with ice cubes. Add port; fill glass to within ½ in. of rim with tonic water. Float strawberry liqueur on top by pouring it over the back of a spoon held against the inside of the glass. Place lemon slice so that it rests on top of ice cubes. Place strawberry on lemon slice.

in california, on the front lines of the sexual revolution, totally explicit and uncensored films and live "exhibitions" have become not only a major spectator sport but a minor industry as well

THE PORN IS GREEN

article By JOHN BOWERS

EVERYBODY, but everybody, is watching and waiting. Two cameras are zooming in on his naked butt and bare phallus, and a flawless brunette—Debbie, all flaring hips and coal-black hair—is lying there cooing before him. Alex de Renzy, a gifted, no-nonsense director, is peering like a gynecologist from somewhere behind. The setting is a ledge in Nevada at twilight, and not too many minutes of sunlight are left. If the male star fails, the whole scene is wasted—production costs, people's time, the works.

He tries. God, how he tries. With the whole crew silently, breathlessly cheering him on. He tries, as they say in the trade, to get into her (they mean it figuratively even more than literally), to become triggered by any one of the multiple feminine sparks she sends up. It doesn't work, nothing arises, and the huge glob of Nevada sun is now three quarters down. Ironically, he made love to her faultlessly a few nights before, in the motel, on his own time, just after they had been driven to this location; sitting next to each other in the car, rubbing against each other on the long drive, both had become excited and flew into each other's arms as soon as the motel door closed.

A drop of sweat falls from his eyebrow. Only a tip of the sun is showing. Frantically, he tries thinking of other girls, panty ads, fantasies he hasn't tried out in years. He has been in over 40 pornos, always coming through like yeast rising in bread, and this is a desperate situation. He flunked the same scene the day before at dusk, and this is his second and final chance. He is sick from what turns out to be a bleeding ulcer and had upchucked only a minute before the cameras started rolling. He feels the ground turning but somehow gets his mind into the edge of a fantasy. He senses himself getting bigger, gets giddy and then feels it drop. Nothing works.

"I can't," he says. "I can't help it, I just can't."

"I've paid you to do it," De Renzy, the compleat professional, says, disgusted. "Performers are paid to perform."

"I . . . I can't. . . ." He is moving down from the ledge, tucking in his shirt, zipping up his fly.

"Was it me, was it me?" Debbie says, clutching at him.

"No," he says. "It was me."

His real name is one the old Scottish religious reformer John Knox would have been proud of: George S. McDonald. He is 21. In Merced, California, where he grew up, he was on the football, wrestling and track teams in high school. He was president of the senior class and voted boy of the year. A



Where the action is: San Francisco's North Beach, not a beach but an old-time Italian residential, shopping and night-club district. A haven for beatniks in the Fifties, the area now flaunts topless, bottomless and virtually inhibitionless entertainment.

month after the Nevada fiasco, his health restored somewhat, he sits in Enrico's, the hip, open-air bistro in San Francisco's North Beach, and raps about everything from New Left politics to his own sex life. He has all of the general good looks, and then some, that one comes to expect from his generation in California: tall, loose-limbed, a frame easily attached to surfboard or cycle. But his eyes go beyond the stereotype, tell more. They are hazel, most often open and searching, but sometimes brooding and lonely. He has thick dark hair and still sports the beard he grew for the Nevada cowboy film. It makes him vaguely resemble the young Abe Lincoln.

"I can talk freely about my sex life," he says, protesting perhaps a little too much. "I don't give a damn, I could even talk to my mother about it. I really think that I have a healthier sex life than all those middle-aged people who sneak in to see my films. It's surely a lot healthier than the sex lives of those obsessively againt them."

George got into pornos by answering an ad in the *Berkeley Barb*. It was at Cinema Seven—a pioneer in the field—and on his

first appearance he was turned down: He looked too much the hippie, and pornie films were glutted at the time with that image. Enterprisingly, he went back with short hair, coat and tie, and was hired on the spot. Then he became terrified. What if he couldn't perform? The shooting was at 11 o'clock in the morning, in a sound stage above the company's theater. George paraded around with coffee in a cardboard container, his hand shaking. What would *she* look like? How would they start? The director—Jon Fontana, gregarious, an ex-athlete—at last came up with a very pretty girl, not much older than George, a Berkeley-coed type, and said this was his partner for the film. He was going to leave them alone for a while. Why didn't they get acquainted?

They sat on the edge of a bed in a klieg-lit set. She said her name was Lolanía. When she found out it was his first time, she said, "Maybe I can help you get ready." She did things to him, asked him what he liked and began undressing. He followed suit and before long it began to happen. It threw George off only a little to feel a lot of strange hot breath hit him, see a light meter poke up near his scrotum and hear, "F three point five, boys. OK, roll 'em." He didn't slow nor falter but pressed into the breach for 400 feet of torrid film. Dressed, paid, proud, he was swinging out the door when he met Lolanía with a man. "Oh, George, come here. I'd like





*in san francisco
and los angeles, the
erotic entertainments
range from beaver
shows to live sex . . .*

you to meet my husband. . . ." He admits it made him feel a little odd.

George—dependable, conscientious—worked his way up to become a superstar in pornies. Although his name never appears on the marquee, he can stand in the lobby of the O'Farrell or Sutter Cinema for only a short while before fans come up to him. "Weren't you the Window Washer? Boy, you were sure great in that flick. Keep it up!" Now he no longer appears in quickie, 400-foot films. He works in those that take a day, sometimes two, to film and that, usually require "location." However, these longer, more prestigious films are not so plentiful as the shorter ones. For a day's work now he gets \$150; the 400-footers paid from \$35 to \$50. He lives with nine other people, male and female, in a communal house in Berkeley. He is not getting rich.

"You can't bargain with these producers," he says. "Once you start holding out, they'll go get somebody else. There are simply too many of us. And if your rent is due, you just accept what they offer. It's hungry people who keep the business going. . . ."

. . .

Films today are perhaps the focal point for the revolution in erotica—for, in case you've been away, there has been a revolution in erotica. In 1946, *The Outlaw* was banned in San Francisco because too much cleavage was shown by Miss Jane Russell. Today, over 25 movichouses in that city regularly show everything and anything a mind can fantasize sexually: lollipop-licking Lolitas strapped to chairs for chastisement, blonde Valkyries making love to pigs—the works. In house after house, there are those plum-ripe, Technicolor images of sexually connected couples flashing on the screen before patrons with chins in their hands—and fear in their bones that someone may touch them. (How different from the old stag-film days, when catcalls sounded and rough fellowship abounded.) Nothing now is held back—nothing except, perhaps, taste: the zoom lens of an Arriflex probing past spread labia into the very recesses of the vagina, evoking memories of nothing so much as oysters on the half shell, then back off to catch the pucker of an anus, around to catch those dreamily closed eyes above lips that are diving wetly over a stiff, purple-veined phallus. You end up seeing more than you want to. For after a while, after so much pink-and-white tissue is so unabashedly revealed, it all becomes reminiscent of—and about as exciting as—open-heart surgery. The tease, such an important ingredient of the old pornography, has all but vanished.

The patrons must have waited some time for the chance to glimpse such wonders, for the age level is a good 40-going-on-

60. (The irony is that the very young make the movies and their parents' generation sees them.) Most fly past the mini-skirted cashiers in a whirlwind of guilt, men in narrow ties and narrow-brimmed hats, solid citizens, a few toting the attaché case of the executive. Some enter, sniff the air and pretend confusion. "You show movies in here? Yeah? Well, I, hum, yes, er, hum, one please." There have been cases where men have walked in backward. But there are also now the



The hoary tradition of the girlie show has gone the way of all flesh at The Runway, one of Los Angeles' proliferating topless/bottomless bars (above left), where patrons—victims of erotic overkill—sip their beers and peruse the naked performers far more impassively than their fathers gazed at yesteryear's G-strung tassel twirlers. The star attraction at Gigi's on San Francisco's Broadway is amply endowed Lolita Rios (left), who performs—solo—what the marquee calls THE POSITIONS OF LOVE on velvet cushions in an elevated alcove while nude nymphets strut on a small stage below. In the city's seedy Mission District, an old-time burlesque house has successfully made the transition into the sexexplicit Seventies. Where once it spotlighted baggy-pants comedians, the New Follies Action Theater now screens one-reel beaver films, and the literally climactic segment of each show features a live demonstration of the current copulation explosion. The New Follies act shown above, which boasts a rudimentary scenario staged in panting pantomime, has been recorded on celluloid in the recently issued flick *Sub Rosa Rising*. New Follies stars often appear in as many as five shows daily—a schedule that can tax the most indefatigable male protagonists. One such performer attributed his seeming success onstage to a diet consisting principally of raw hamburger; cynics reported, however, that he owed more to his considerable talent for faking it.

... while moviemakers vie
to produce the
ultimate stag film,
cabaret performers
let it all hang out onstage

couples who go in defiantly, people with the stamp of the newly liberated, a folksy greeting to the cashier, an ear-to-ear grin to the girl at the popcorn machine, then a leisurely stroll to beyond the dark curtain. *OK, folks, just off to see a little fucking! Nothing wrong there!*

When actual copulation was first shown on a commercial screen in San Francisco, in 1969, the theaters that took the chance were soon packed. Today, most of these are less than half filled, and occasionally snores resound from a senior citizen whose head has lolled back. Even the cop on the beat,



at first enraged by pornies, has become more or less bored with the whole thing. As I sat nursing a drink in a North Beach minitheater with bar, a large gray-haired man in a blue uniform with a silver badge eased up. The bartender, not at all uncomfortable, made small talk with him, and then we all watched the silent film for a moment on the tiny screen down front. It showed a rosy-cheeked blonde being administered cunnilingus by a man with Afro hair. "What shit!" the policeman said, departing. "How can anybody watch it?"

The police still make arrests once in a while, but their hearts do not seem to be in it. Too often they have tried to use their knuckles on a theater owner or "live show" producer—seizing film, overturning equipment, throwing people in the tank—only to be met with a swift Federal court order restraining them until a hearing could be held. And in the calm atmosphere of a courtroom no one seems able to determine what is really obscene and what is not. Supreme Court decisions have established that material cannot be considered obscene unless: one, its dominant theme appeals to prurient interests; two, it is patently offensive to contemporary community standards; and, three, it is utterly without redeeming social value. The key decision (*Fanny Hill*, 1966) established that before a work could be considered obscene, it had to meet *all* these criteria. But what does—or doesn't—have social value? What *are* the community's standards? As case after case was won by the defendants in the lower courts, it became increasingly difficult to establish just what is beyond the protection of the Constitution. Trials became expensive and time consuming—and in the end indecisive—and after a policeman has had a few stints on the witness stand on his own free time, the thought hits him that busting the pornies can be bad news. Watch and Ward Societies fare even worse than the police in slowing the porn traffic. Most often, their fellow taxpaying citizens seem bored by the subject, see no threat in it or, in many cases, simply are in favor of having a little squirt at the hot stuff themselves.

The Supreme Court, our final arbiter, until recently appeared to be stretching the limits in each case it heard. But the Burger Court has shown indications that it would like to reverse the trend. What has consistently bothered the Justices, though, is how material is advertised and presented. Anyone who pays five dollars and walks into a darkened theater probably knows what to expect; surely no pistol has been put at his head. If what he finds is distasteful, then the simplest solution is to walk out and not come back. But how about someone strolling down the thoroughfare on a fine clear day? Even staunch libertarians wonder if anyone has the right to assault the passer-by's sensibilities with (continued on page 182)

Jim Mitchell (with camera, above) and his brother Art make an average of two or three ultraexplicit movies every week; their two-and-a-half-year-career total is well over 300. The Mitchells exhibit the films at their own San Francisco theater, the O'Farrell, where the customers—predominantly square males over 40—pay \$3.50 each for a two-hour peep show. The theater recently supplanted its multiple-one-reeler format with a single-feature policy; but, as the girl in the box office puts it candidly, the one film contains "lots of short fuck scenes." The biggest name in overtly sexual cinema these days is Alex de Renzy, who's been called the Jean-Luc Godard of erotica's *Nouvelle Vague*. On the set of a new De Renzy Western, *Powder Burns* (opposite page, top), Kim Hope dons a screen-printed breastworks T-shirt to clown around with Gary Williamson—then takes it all off to get down to business with fellow performer George S. McDonald. At the Garden of Eden cabaret in North Beach (right), the action is strictly live: High point of each performance is a skillfully simulated coital ballet, billed as the Love Dance—here enacted by Valerie Scott and former West Coast Hair cast member Donald J. Staiton.



fiction **By EARL L. ROBERTSON** SIX A.M. comes awfully early. Especially on Monday. Adeline was awakened this particular Monday morning by the sound of the alarm going off in her ear and the feel of Steve's hands between her legs, pulling them apart. She moved closer to him and forgot about the alarm. The alarm and Steve stopped together and for a while, all that could be heard in the room was the loud ticking of the clock and his heavy breathing. "Sorry, honey," he gasped finally, "guess I ain't awake yet." She smiled up at his ear and gently but firmly pushed his 240 pounds off. He lay beside her, his breath whistling between his teeth. Every morning when he was not on the road, including Saturday and Sunday, started the same way. And every morning, Steve made the same excuse, until she heard it even if he didn't say it. She didn't mind the mornings so much, because the nights were always good. And besides, what better way to start the day? So she smiled to herself, thinking about the nights, kissed him on the nose and rolled out on the other side of the bed.

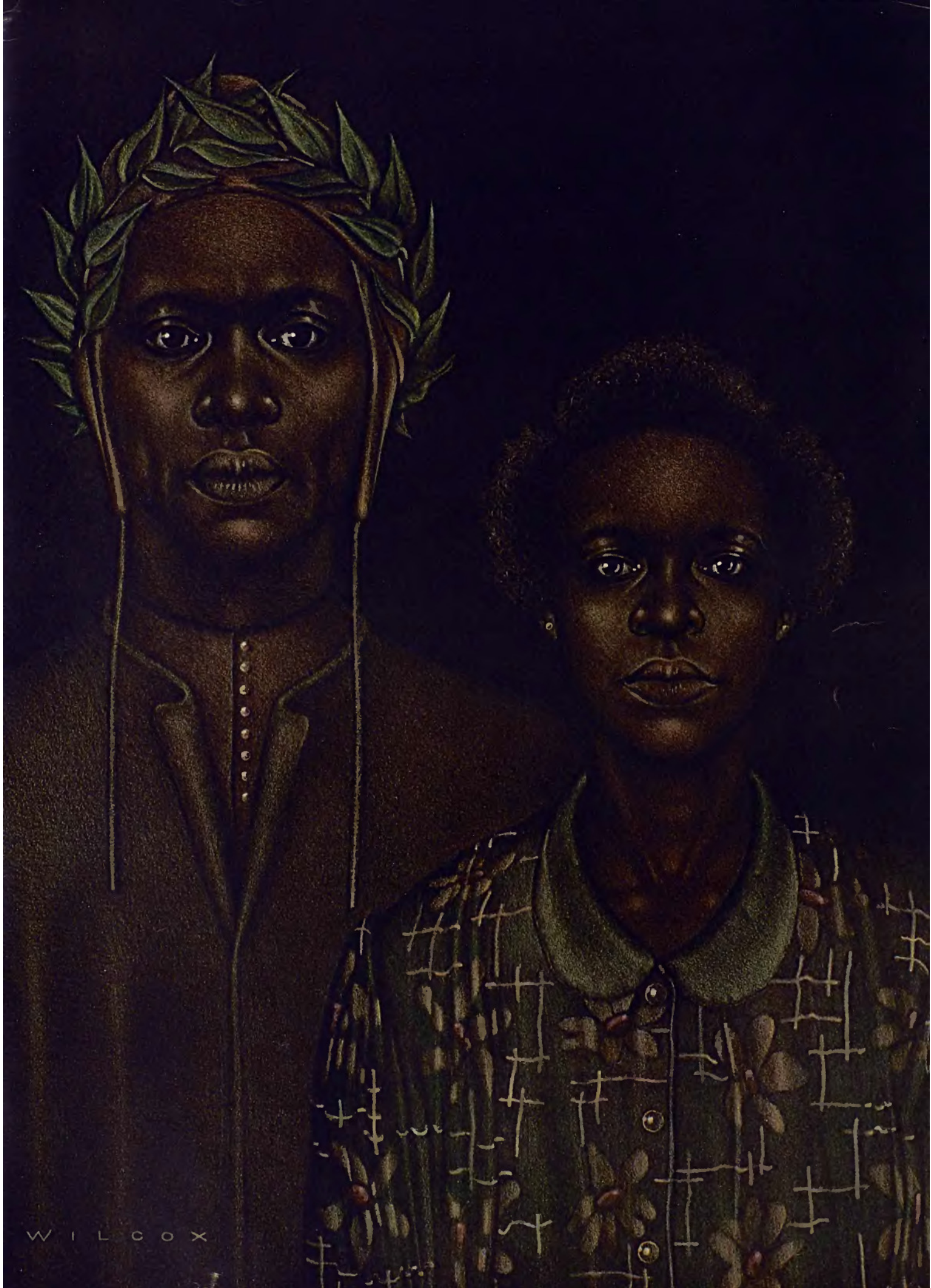
Every morning, her answer was the same: "I know, baby. It's OK."

Adeline was not a beautiful woman. Right now, stark-naked, she tended to look rather homely, eyes set too wide apart in her head and a body almost devoid of curves. And now, as she padded across the room, her arms stretched above her head and a loud yawn escaping her lips, Steve lay on his side, watching her. He watched and wondered what it was about her that excited him so much. What it was about her that always made him feel so damned good to feel the warmth of her next to him on mornings like these. She was incredibly thin. Almost bony. But he loved to hold her in his arms. He wondered if they'd ever get married. Probably not.

She was standing in front of him now, holding up the dress he'd bought her the day before. She was smiling like a little girl:

in his bizarre fantasies, plain little adeline became beatrice, cleopatra, josephine—and there was more, much more

**SORRY I HAD
TO LEAVE YOU
AT THE NILE**



WILCOX

"Thanks, honey, it's real pretty," she said, posing before the mirror on the dresser. "Nothing's too good for my Addie. Nothing. If I'd had the money, I'd have bought you the best dress they had in the place."

"You don't think it's too short, do you?" she asked, adjusting the mirror so as to see the hemline better. She hated her legs.

"With your legs?" he said. "You gotta be kidding." He got out of bed and folded her in his arms, savoring the warmth of her naked back against his naked front. They stood like that for a moment, looking at their dual reflection in the mirror, each glad to have someone to share the moment with.

The raucous sound of a rock tune shattered their moment when Adeline's clock radio set for 6:15 went on. Adeline scrambled to turn it down and almost dropped the dress. She sat down on the side of the bed, crushing the shiny material in her fist and smiling to herself, wishing the alarm clock were enough to awaken her in the morning. Abruptly, she sprang up and started dressing. "I gotta get out of here before Brady thinks I ain't coming." She yawned again and picked up her bra from the floor by the side of the bed.

Brady's Beanery is one of those restaurants, equipped with a grill and ten rickety stools, that seem to defy the laws of business and economics by remaining open day after day, year after year. And Ben Brady is one of those restaurant owners who are often accused of giving away more food than they sell. But what no one has yet figured out is that Ben has a system. He is a fantastically good Indian-wrestler. And he wrestles his regulars, double or nothing.

On this particular Monday morning, Ben was standing at the grill, alternating between flipping pancakes over on the grill and flipping his gaze over the miniskirts and bobbing bosoms passing by outside the window. He finished the order, placed it on a plate and arranged four link sausages neatly around the stack of pancakes. "Pick up your pencil and paper," he called to Adeline, who was busy pouring a third cup of coffee for Steve with one hand while trying to extricate her other hand from his truck-driver's grip. She placed the coffeepot back on the burner and hurried up to the grill to get the order. When she got there, she was startled by the slight figure of a man smiling at her through the window. He smiled broadly, showing a row of unevenly spaced teeth. She returned the smile and delivered the pancakes to the customer who had ordered them.

A few minutes later, he was still standing there, staring at her, and she found it difficult to concentrate on the

breakfast-check ritual going on between Ben and Steve. Steve's face was creased in a frown as he fought to keep Ben from forcing his fist to the countertop. As Ben forced his fist slowly down, Adeline heard the door open. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the stranger move up to the counter and sit down. She had hoped Ben would wait on him, but he was enjoying his victory too much to stop. "See what he wants, will ya, Addie?" Steve's fist hit the countertop, upsetting the half-empty coffee cup. "That'll be two-forty-two, thank you." Steve muttered something under his breath and grudgingly ran his hand into his pocket for his wallet.

She moved over to the stranger as Steve began demanding a rematch.

"Hello," the stranger said warmly.

"Hello," she answered with equal warmth, "what'll it be?"

The broad smile returned and, with seemingly genuine interest, he asked, "Are you glad to see me again?" Before she could speak, he added, "I'll bet you never thought you'd see me again, did you?" She stared at him for a second, trying to remember where they had met before. She decided there was some kind of mix-up. She was about to tell him so when he stopped her completely by saying, "Sorry I had to leave you at the Nile, but pressing business took me elsewhere."

He looked as though he were deadly serious and she found herself saying, almost without thinking, "That's OK. I understand." She felt a little silly.

"I knew you would." He paused for a moment, dropped his gaze and began cleaning one fingernail with another. She was about ready to call for help and turned to see Steve and Ben engaged in a rematch. She knew from past experience that Indian-wrestling matches took precedence over everything. Including nuts. The stranger was talking again. "But no matter what Caesar wants from now on, I'll never leave you alone again."

"Uh, how 'bout a cup of coffee?" she said, in an effort to collect her wits.

"Coffee's fine," he said, laying a quarter on the counter. She quickly gave him his coffee and turned just in time to see Steve lose his rematch. She could feel the stranger smiling at her over the rim of his coffee cup. When Steve's arm banged down on the counter for the second time that morning, she heard the door open and close again. When she looked up, the stranger was gone.

She had completely forgotten the incident by the time Steve came to pick her up that evening. And so, as they left the diner, she didn't see the stranger standing across the street. Nor did she notice him following about half a block behind them as they walked back to her apartment building.

When Steve and Adeline entered the building and the door closed behind them, the stranger stood across the street for a long time, staring at the building.

. . .

The following Thursday evening, Adeline's landlady, a woman known to friend and foe alike only as Mrs. Ellis, was sitting in front of an old-fashioned vanity, gazing at her reflection. She was silently bewailing the fact that her hair had once again rejected its bimonthly dose of dye. She had tried several different colors over the years and the end result was a sickly conglomeration resembling a fright wig done up in Easter-egg colors. She sighed and began to put it up in curlers. The doorbell rang. There was only one bell in the entire building and it rang only in Mrs. Ellis' apartment. That way, she could be sure no strangers ever darkened the doors of her tenants. Also, it made it easy for her to keep an eye on who came and went. She cursed softly as she struggled to bend down to find her slippers. When the bell rang the third time, she gave up and went to the front door in bare feet, dressed in housecoat and corset.

She didn't know the man who stood there smiling at her and displaying a row of unevenly spaced teeth. She was embarrassed, because she was sure she looked silly standing there with only half her head covered with curlers. But her embarrassment quickly passed as she gave him a lightning-quick perusal from head to foot. He was dressed in a dark topcoat that hung open, revealing a suit underneath. She liked that. His face was soft, almost childlike, and she liked the way he seemed to laugh with his eyes. But Mrs. Ellis had become suspicious of all strange young men since she had seen Tony Curtis in *The Boston Strangler*. She quickly clutched the neck of her housecoat and drew herself up to her full five feet, four inches.

"Good evening," the stranger said softly, "is Beatrice home?"

She clutched the housecoat a little tighter and reached for the doorknob.

"Beatrice who?" she asked, beginning to close the door. "No Beatrice living here, young man."

"Oh, yes she does. I've seen her come in and out several times." His smile changed to a knowing one. Impish but not impudent.

"What does she look like?" asked Mrs. Ellis, closing the door a little more.

"How do you describe a dream?" the stranger asked.

"Try," she said.

"Well, let's see if I can," he began. Mrs. Ellis stood listening to him rhapsodize about Beatrice. When he finished, she sifted it all out in her mind and it came to her that he was talking about Adeline. But that couldn't be. That was

(continued on page 90)



MORLEY MEETS THE FROGS

*the peripatetic briton girds
his ample loins and goes forth against the gaul*

humor By ROBERT MORLEY DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR, the punishment for homosexuality in the French army was said to be execution. However, if you were an officer, you were allowed a final charge against the enemy, on the understanding that you got yourself shot. In one rather exceptional case, the accused, who was the heir to enormous wealth and a proud title, was granted special leave from the battlefields until he had managed to consummate his marriage and beget an heir. Eight months after he was killed in action, a child was born—a girl. That's the French for you—they take every trick but the last. But, for an Englishman, there is always the fear that the French will win in the end. Occasionally, one of my friends will, to use the cliché, throw caution to the winds and retire to perch on one of those green-brown hills at the back of Cannes. I am always struck by the sense of suspended animation that envelops him when he has acquired the sunglasses and the swimming pool. Once he has collected the sunshine and the gin—and, of course, the English papers—he becomes obsessed with the price of butter. My attitude toward France was, I suppose,

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inherited from my father, who always felt perfectly at home there because he never attempted to talk or make friends with the natives. He admitted that there were certain things they did better than we did—sex and gambling, for example, neither of which is true today. When I was 16 and had left my last school, he decided that I should go into the diplomatic corps. He used to play bridge at his club with the Greek ambassador, and usually won his money. "They are a very decent class of fellow," he told me. "You'll enjoy being an ambassador. Come on," and, having pried some money from his trustees, he spirited me across the Channel to Tours, where he had been told the best French was spoken.

Twenty-four hours in Tours shook him. He found himself encircled by the French. Hitherto, he had always had his back to the sea and a good hall porter at his elbow. In Tours, there wasn't even a good hotel. "You don't care for this, surely?" he asked me. "You wouldn't be happy here? There's nothing to do."

"Learn French?" I asked him.

"Yes, but not here." He was already fingering the money entrusted to him for my further education. We left for Monte Carlo that afternoon. "This will be better for you," my father assured me. "You get all nationalities here. In the diplomatic service, you'll find you have to mix." My parent was anxious not to leave me alone with the wrong *ambiance*. *Ambiance* was one of his four French words. His three others were *le Bon Dieu*. "I believe," he would reiterate, "in *le Bon Dieu*, which is why I find the Church of England service so frustrating."

"You never go," my mother reminded him.

"That is why," he assured her. "*Le Bon Dieu* is everywhere except in an English church." There was no arguing with Father, while the money lasted, at any rate. In Monte Carlo, it didn't last very long—about ten days—and we were posting breathlessly home before the checks bounced. In France, it was an offense for checks to bounce, and Father dreaded not arrest but banishment from the casinos.

I myself was first introduced to the French police when I was eight years old. I had swung a fishing line off the jetty and caught the hook in my left opposable thumb. I was led away by a gendarme, with blood streaming from my hand. As he marched me through the streets I sobbed not with pain but with terror. True, he took me to a doctor and not the police station, but why didn't the fool tell me what he was doing? An English bobby would have given me a toffee and told me I was a brave little chap. The French are a logical people, which is one reason the English dislike them so intensely. The other is that they own France, a country that we have always judged to be much too good for them. France has, for centuries, blocked our way to Europe. Before the invention of the airplane, we had to step over them to get anywhere. I was particularly conscious of this geographical fact as a child, because I lived at Folkestone, where the packet sailed daily for Boulogne. When the gales blew, my nurse used to take me down to the harbor to watch the home-coming passengers stagger down the gangplank and crawl across the cobblestones to the Pavilion Hotel for a

steadier. "Serves them right," she would tell me. "That's what you get for going abroad, Master Robert." Intolerance was one of the subjects she taught me in the nursery, and I was a willing pupil.

For me, intolerance is still the adrenaline in the veins of society. Without it, we should perish; with it, we get into trouble. The intolerance of white for black, gentile for Jew, rich for poor, and vice versa, makes for battle, murder and sudden death. It also keeps everyone who stays alive fighting fit for a short time. In the intolerance league, the British are still tops—an unaccustomed position for that old country these days. Over the years, we have hung labels round the necks of foreigners. Americans are brash, Spaniards lazy, Germans gross, Turks treacherous, Russians dangerous and the Italians pathetic. We suffer them to live in their own lands only because they have to be there to be ready to fetch and carry for us when we have our holidays. It is this concept of the British as the absentee landlords of the world that has served us so splendidly in the past, but it is one that the French have never accepted. They persist in believing that France belongs to them. The argument has been going on for some centuries. At various times in our history, we have had to resort to fisticuffs and one day no doubt we shall have to do so again. But it would be foolish not to recognize that the present is a period of stalemate and there is little we can do at the moment but pay up and look pleasant. We don't like paying bills any more than the French do, but at least we struggle to do so. When De Gaulle died, his epitaph was spoken by the landlord of my local inn. "I'm sorry the old chap's gone, but he never paid the bill for Dunkirk, did he?"

Another fact I learned in my nursery was that the frogs were a violent lot. In those days, every revue, and most musical comedies, contained an apache number in which a French cad in sideburns and a tight-fitting striped shirt assaulted a girl in slow tempo around the stage. The girl wore, as we believed all Frenchwomen did, a slit skirt and had her hair pulled a good deal before being finally knocked down, rolled over and abandoned. She would lie unconscious on the floor until resuscitated by her partner for the curtain call.

Years later, I had my earlier impression of the French confirmed while staying in the Rue de Rivoli. The Rue de Rivoli is an absurdly long, colonnaded street, running from the Place de la Concorde to the Louvre and a good way beyond. For a time, when I was making a picture in Paris, I lived at the Hotel Brighton and had a bedroom overlooking the Tuileries Gardens. In the evening, after a day's shooting, I would repair to the bar and sit watching the television before dinner. If it was raining, and it usually was, I would then walk under cover to a restaurant in the Place Vendôme. One evening, as I stepped into the arcade, I saw, at a distance of 200 yards, a man carrying a body emerge from a bistro doorway and, crossing the pavement, attack the colonnade with his victim's head. Half a dozen times he swung his human battering ram, and then, casually abandoning it, he let what was left of it fall into the gutter and returned to (continued on page 152)

CUPWARD MOBILE

*a pro-shop parade of putters
to make your on-the-green game
more than a stroke of luck*

Playing through by the numbers:

1. Staff model 8801 features stainless-steel-finished semi-blade head with concave back and straight tapered shaft with chrome finish, by Wilson, \$18.75.
2. Ping Anser putter has balanced heel and toe with floating face, by Karsten Manufacturing, \$20.
3. C-500 club has stainless-steel head made by lost-wax casting process designed to obtain ideal weight and balance, comes with aluminum shaft, by Northwestern Golf Company, \$30.
4. Power-Bilt P42W Citation has flange-backed head for centralizing weight behind area of club face that strikes ball, wooden shaft and Super-Tac ribbed-leather grip, by Hillerich and Bradsby, \$14.
5. R-70 Uniwood putter is made of one piece of solid walnut and features brass plate for added weight and stability, by Northwestern Golf Company, \$35.
6. P502 gooseneck-style putter has brass head, chrome shaft and smooth-surface rubber grip, by MacGregor, \$12.



LEAVE YOU AT THE NILE

crazy. She couldn't imagine why this well-dressed stranger was pouring out all those fine-sounding words about an ordinary girl like Adeline.

She'd better check it out a little. So, feeling a little like Perry Mason or some other TV detective, she asked, "Where does she work? You know that?" He told her. By God. It was Adeline. She mentally scratched her head. The curlers prevented the physical act. "I'll see if she'll see you," she said. As an afterthought, "Who shall I say is calling?"

"Just tell her Mr. Dante is here." The face became even more childlike.

Mrs. Ellis muttered the name under her breath to make sure she'd remember it and slammed the door in his face just as he was about to step in. She kept muttering the name to herself as she puffed her way up the thinly carpeted stairway toward Adeline's apartment.

"There's a fellow named Dante downstairs to see you," Mrs. Ellis said between gulps of air.

"Dante?"

"That's what he said his name was. And since when have you been going round telling people your name is Beatrice, anyway?"

"Mrs. Ellis, you know my name as well as I do. And it ain't Beatrice." She was a little put out at both the accusation and the substitution.

"Well, this fellow downstairs, he rung the bell and asked to speak to Beatrice. Described you to a tee. Well, not exactly to a tee. I had to work at it a little bit. But it was you he was talking about, all right. Knows where you work and everything."

"What does he look like?" Adeline asked. When Mrs. Ellis told her, Adeline moaned. She described the incident at the diner on Monday and ended by saying, "Throw the bum out." Then she slammed the door in Mrs. Ellis' face.

Back at the front door, Mrs. Ellis told the stranger with the childlike face to get lost and to stay lost. She was careful, however, not to open the door too wide. Just in case the stranger decided to get violent. But he didn't. He only smiled and said: "Tell her that when I have successfully survived the seventh circle, I shall return." When she recovered, Mrs. Ellis slammed the door and returned to do battle with the hair curlers. Her hand froze in mid-air as, once again, she thought of Tony Curtis and the Boston Strangler.

. . .

When two weeks went by without any further messages from the stranger, Adeline began to feel she had seen the last of him. So when Sunday turned out to be an extremely hot day, she suggested that she and Steve go to the beach. The

(continued from page 86)

stranger went with them. But at a safe distance. A few nights later, they went to the movies. And the stranger sat two rows behind them.

It was a month before he materialized again. Working a double shift had earned her a day off. Steve was away on a two-day haul. So when she got up that morning, she looked forward to having a whole day to herself. She decided to go shopping. She counted up her tips for the past few days and discovered she had enough to buy a cheap dress to surprise Steve when he returned.

That afternoon, as she was coming out of a department store, she saw a man standing at the curb beside a small vending stand loaded down with candied apples. She was about to pick one out when a hand on her arm stopped her. It was he. "Don't," he said softly. He was about to say more, but Adeline started screaming and beating him over the head with the paper bag containing the dress she had bought. A small crowd gathered and, with it, a policeman.

Before she knew it, both she and the stranger were in a police car on their way to the station. She was crying in earnest by this time, because, in the melee, the bag had split and her dress had sailed out into the street, where it was run over by a passing car. Each time the stranger tried to speak, she wailed all the louder. And that's the way she entered the station house, the torn bag in one hand and the crinkled dress with a brand-new greasy tire mark across the front of it in the other.

At the sound of the wailing woman entering the station, the desk sergeant looked up from his *Sports Illustrated* and, in two seconds flat, was all business. It had been a quiet afternoon. But he could tell from the looks of the scene in front of him that peace was coming to a quick end. Another wife beating, he thought, and flicked his ballpoint pen to the operational position. The patrolman brought Adeline and the stranger up to the desk.

"What have you got, Chuck?" he asked, sure he already knew the answer. Adeline and the officer started talking at the same time.

"My dress is ruined! Look at it! Just look at it!" she cried, shoving the dress into the desk sergeant's face with a force that made him draw back.

"Take it easy, lady," Chuck said. The stranger stood silent, like an innocent bystander, and moved up to the desk without resistance when Chuck took him by the arm.

"What did he do?" the desk sergeant asked again. Before Chuck could answer, Adeline started up again, demanding that someone do something about her ruined dress. "Will you calm down

for a minute?" the sergeant said. "This is a police matter now."

She moaned, "It took almost a week's tips to pay for that dress. I was gonna be wearing it when Steve came back. But look at it! Just look at it! It's a wreck!" She started wailing again.

Chuck said to the desk sergeant, "This guy was molesting this woman on the street in front of Hochhuth's Department Store."

"Oh, one of them sex fiends, huh?" replied the sergeant, unhappy because he had guessed wrong.

"No, it wasn't like that at all," said the stranger. "I was trying to help her." His face became childlike again.

"Trying to help me!" squealed Adeline. "He damned near broke my arm!"

"Oh-ho," said the desk sergeant, "assault as well. Did he give you any trouble, Chuck? You know, did he resist?"

Chuck said to the stranger, "You had this woman by the arm, right? And she was screaming and beating you over the head with the bag when I come up, right?"

"Right, but I was only trying to stop her from eating the apple. I was trying to save her life. Didn't you see that?" From the look on his face, he seemed to be serious, but Chuck was used to that old dodge.

"No, I didn't see that," he answered. "What I saw was, and a helluva lot of other people saw it, too, was this woman fighting for her life in front of Hochhuth's Department Store. And—"

"No, no," interrupted the stranger, pausing to take a breath, "someone who is extremely jealous of her beauty wants her dead and plans to kill her with a poisoned apple." He stared into three silent faces. Even Adeline stopped wailing to look at him. The two policemen exchanged knowing looks. They had another nut on their hands. The stranger continued when he got no response. "I couldn't let that happen. I just couldn't. Look at her." The policemen looked at Adeline and then at each other. "I just couldn't let that happen, now, could I?" The policemen traded looks again, then looked at Adeline with a look that could only have been translated into: Why not?

"You want to press charges, lady?" asked the desk sergeant.

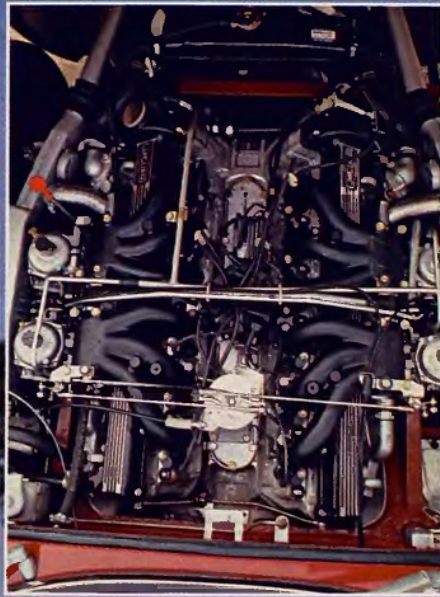
"Well," she hesitated, "I don't know. . . ." She didn't say anything for a few seconds, she just looked into the faces of the three men. She had caught the glances of the two policemen and was smarting a little. And, deep down, she had to admit that the stranger was kind of cute, even if he was a nut. And also had to admit that she was a little flattered by the attention he had been showing her. They were staring at her without speaking and she knew she had

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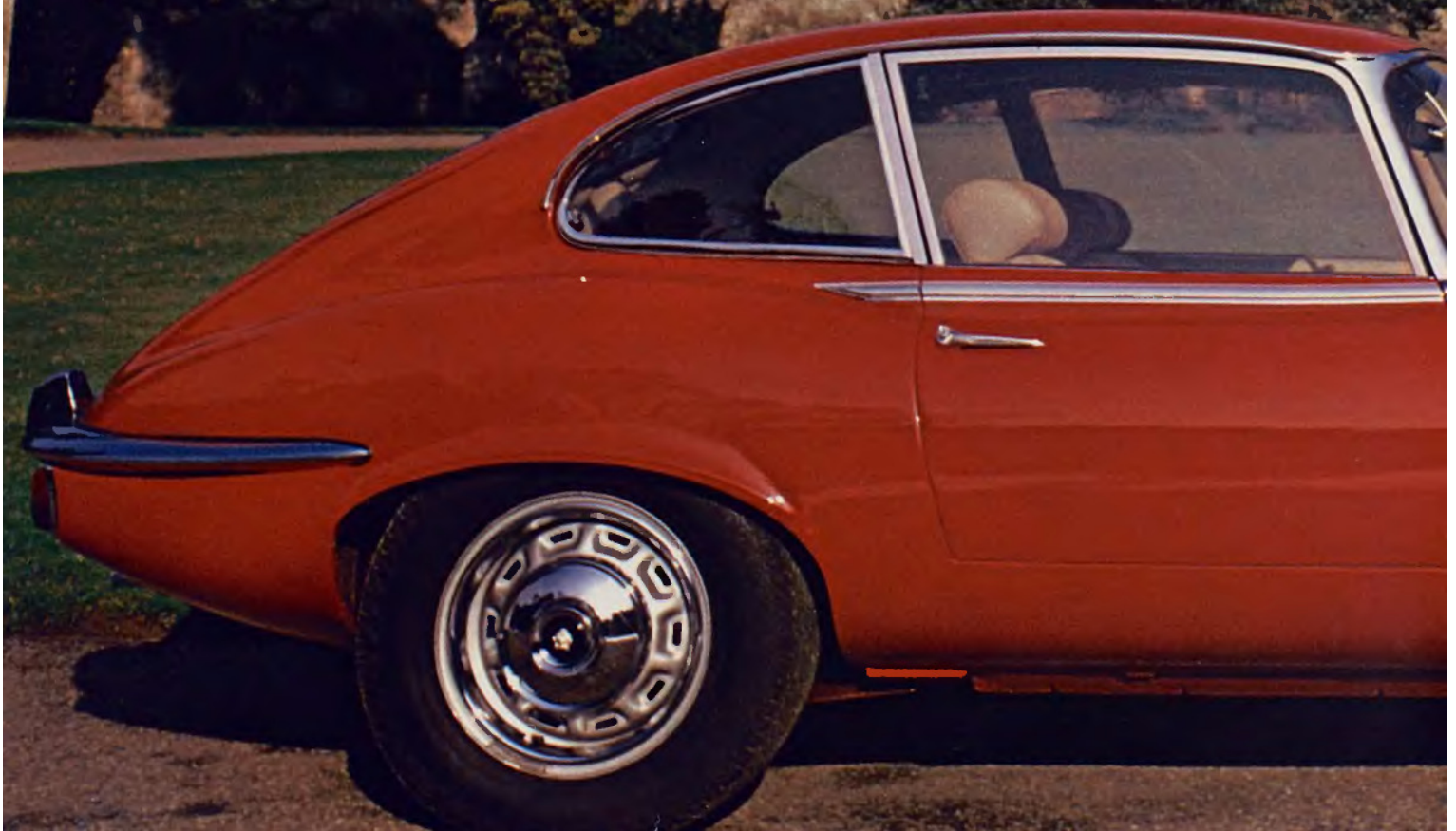


Buck Brown

"I'm not advocating censorship, mind you, but there should be more discretion in regard to where you show skin flicks!!"



This formidable display of machinery is the new Jaguar engine, feeding 314 horsepower to the wheels with the smoothness that's a hallmark of the V12-cylinder configuration. The car itself, the first Jaguar to be shown in the United States before England, is being made in 2+2 and convertible bodies. It's a sports-touring car in the grand tradition, tractable, comfortable and potent: a true 140 mph. Price: circa \$7300.



THE JAGUAR STORY

By **KEN W. PURDY**

almost a half century has passed since the modest progenitor of this dynasty was spawned, but its newest model affirms that the marque can still rev up a driver's adrenals

FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON, a cold day, a soft rain falling out of clouds almost low enough to touch the spires of the church: the cathedral in Coventry, England. It had been burned and blown into rubble on the night of November 14, 1940, by 500 *Luftwaffe* bombers in the longest raid England took during the war. Work to rebuild began the next day, the architect Sir Basil Spence planning the new cathedral on the site of the old, forming some of the standing ruins into it; the cornerstone was laid by the queen 16 years and a bit later. It's a starkly, strangely beautiful building in stone-and-concrete verticals, angular bronze, incredible spreads of stained glass (one window 80 feet high, 50 wide), carvings and sculptures (Jacob Epstein's last religious work) and the biggest tapestry ever woven. (text continued on page 100)



Ranked before an ancient wall of 14th Century Warwick Castle, a few miles from the Jaguar factory, three of the cars that built the legend: the XK-120, the SS-100, the D-type. The XK-120, below left, was a bench mark in the history of automobiles, one of the important factors in the revival of driving for sheer enjoyment that came after World War Two. Flowing body lines, a warranted 120-mph performance and a \$4000 price tag all marked a startling departure from orthodoxy. During its five-year production run—1949 to 1954—the XK-120 was sold and raced all over the world.

British automobilists like the cliché "If it looks right, it is right." Not always true, but the SS-100, center, was a handsome machine by the criteria of its day (1937) and capable enough on the road to score often in a decade of international rallies. It clothed good running gear in artful stylishness: big lamps, flared fenders, long louvered hood, cut-down doors, wire wheels, saddle gas tank.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BOYS

Uncompromisingly a competition car, the D-type, below, was to be reckoned with from its first time out, the 24 hours of Le Mans in 1954, when it came in less than three minutes behind a bigger-engined Ferrari. It won the next two years and in 1957 more than won, finishing first through fourth. A street version, the XK-SS, was put into work, but a fire destroyed the production line and only 16 were completed.



THE "SENSUOUS WOMAN" INDEX

humor **By "A" and "V"** an eye-saving guide to the
sexsational best seller, thoughtfully compiled for
those on-the-go erotomaniacs who have
time to read only the good parts



IN THE OLD DAYS, a sex book didn't need an index. It was scarce, expensive or illegal—usually all three—which meant that the book passed back and forth among many readers, whose sweaty hands smudged and dog-eared all the interesting parts. One could let it fall open to the spicy places or else riffle the pages and feel where to stop and look. However, in these permissive times, the most explicit sex books are (to succumb to a pun) so easy to come by that any given copy rarely travels farther than the initial buyer, who must either sample the goods in a hit-or-miss fashion or read the whole damn book.

This problem manifests itself most acutely in *The Sensuous Woman* (by "J"), which, it's estimated, is now in the hot hands of some 6,000,000 purchasers—making it some sort of record-breaking Number One Best Sex Seller. This is good, because it indicates that American womankind has embarked on a heroic sexual-self-improvement campaign. What's *not* good is that the casual reader with simple prurient interest must plow through many pages that are merely informative or transitional, because *The Sensuous Woman* lacks an index.

So, in our wonted spirit of self-sacrifice and public service, we have secured, after a lengthy search, one well-worn hardcover edition from the waiting room of a prominent lay analyst and have commissioned two dedicated pornophiles, Bob Abel and Michael Valenti, to search out the dog-eared pages, underlined passages, marginal doodling and sweat stains, and compile a comprehensive index. The result is at least as interesting as the book and certainly a good deal less time consuming. Go directly to A.

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GREAT WHITE HOPES

a pair of lightweight contenders vie for warm-weather fashion honors

BACK IN THE SPRING of 1967, we previewed a white two-button and predicted a return to favor of that classic cooler—the ice-cream suit. Since then, more and more males have developed a taste for vanilla, and this summer, the white suit—in a variety of styles—has really come into its own as an all-important facet of the urban gentleman's wardrobe. Best of all, today's look is casual, ultracomfortable and easy to care for—so now's the time to join the white brigade.

The well-dressed fellow with peach and pooch has moved to the white in a polyester and Fortrel double-knit straight-legged suit, \$90, worn with multiprint cotton shirt, \$12, both by McGregor.



The romantically inclined gent, above, takes his ease in a shirt suit comprised of an open-weave cotton button-front pullover with full sleeves, \$18, and Docron and cotton straight-legged slacks, \$25, both by McGregor; worn with Moroccan studded leather belt, by Canterbury, \$15.

JAGUAR STORY (continued from page 93)

That cold rainy day I was there, the hush of the place was oddly broken by an organ tuner striking again and again a booming chord in E-flat and shouting across the nave to his apprentice; outside, the traffic's remote rumble. Coventry is in the Midlands, and in the Midlands they make machines. That was why the Germans went there in 1940, and that's why people have gone there since: to bring dollars, kroner, francs, lire in exchange for machines and, if they think of it, to look at the cathedral as they go away. But they go for machines. Automobiles, many of them, and best known among these, the Jaguar.

It's close to 50 years now since the Jaguar's beginning—as a motorcycle sidecar built at the rate of one a week by a William Walmsley, who put the thing together, and his sister, who upholstered it. Walmsley's sidecar was a good one, octagonal in form, polished aluminum over ash, and it attracted a partner, William Lyons. They incorporated as Swallow Sidecar, projected the prodigious output of ten units a week and hit the banks for £1000. They prospered, and when they abandoned the sidecar business, they had pushed production to 500 a week.

In the middle Twenties, to reduce the automobile thing to absurd simplicity, there were two kinds: custom-built luxury cars, dazzling in the elegant variety of their bodywork, and the rest. The rest were off-the-peg sedans and touring cars, for the most part—utilitarian, good value for money, some of them, and ugly as sin. Obviously, there was a nascent market among upward-strivers who couldn't afford a Rolls-Royce, nor the two front wheels and the radiator off one, if it came to that, but who deplored the small status conferred by ownership of an Austin Seven. To buy cheap chassis and build attractive bodies on them was a notion that had occurred to others besides Walmsley and Lyons, but not many were to do it as well as they did. They built on the Austin, Fiat, Standard and Swift chassis, and flourished. When the Depression of 1931 hit, they picked up a new segment of trade: people who had to come down an economic notch or two but hated to be obvious about it.

The bodies were attractive—they ran to split windshields, external sun visors, wire wheels and good options in two-tone paint jobs—but the running gear under them was never up to the performance the coachwork seemed to promise. Lyons made a deal with the Standard Motor Company for its 16-horsepower Ensign model, which ran a 2-liter engine of adequate if not stunning performance. Standard agreed to modify the 16 by adding three inches to the wheelbase and stuffing in a higher

axle ratio for more top speed—and, of course, less acceleration. The frame was underslung and the engine was set back seven inches. The first body Lyons erected on this chassis was a tight-fitting four-passenger two-door hardtop coupe, blind rear quarters carrying fake landau irons. The hood was tremendously long and this alone, according to the fashion dictates of the time, spelled potency. In fact, the car was deplorably slow getting under way and would do just 70 miles an hour flat-out in fourth gear. But that didn't matter. It looked great and the price was almost incredible: £310, then worth \$1400. This was the SS-1, the sensation of the 1931 London auto show and sire of the *Wunderwagens* that were to follow it—the XK-120, the C-type, the D-type, the XK-E, the XJ-6 and the new 12-cylinder just now on the world market.

The SS-1 and SS-11 passenger cars were backed up by sports models—SS-90, SS-100—because Lyons, whose grasp of the fundamentals has never been less than brilliant, knew that competition effort was vital to sales, particularly in Europe and particularly then. A good SS-100 would do 100 mph and the model had notable successes in rallies, hill climbs and sports-car races. An SS-100 won the International Alpine Trial of 1936 (and again in 1948) and the 1937 Royal Automobile Club Rally. The car would not only run, it had visual appeal to burn—a happy amalgam of the design points that were the desiderata of the day: big flat-lens headlights, flaring fenders, louvers all over the hood, curved dashboard carrying saucer-sized main instruments, a saddle gas tank hung astern. Only a few SS-100s were made and the survivors are classics.

In the middle Thirties, Lyons decided (Walmsley had retired) that the cars needed something more than SS for identification. (Incidentally, no one now remembers what SS stood for: Swallow Sidecar or Standard Swallow or Swallow Special.) Animal and bird names were in vogue at the time, and he chose Jaguar for that reason and because it had been the name of a good aircraft engine. The cars were SS Jaguars from then until after the war, when Nazi Germany had given the initials (*Schutzstaffel*) an unhappy connotation. The car has been Jaguar since. To give the first SS Jaguar the performance its appearance called for, Lyons had asked the designer Harry Weslake to modify Standard's side-valve engine into an overhead-camshaft unit and had brought in W. M. Heynes to oversee engineering, the beginning of an enduring association with the company for both men. Heynes was a vice-chairman when he retired, full of honors, in 1969. Like the SS-1 that had gone before it, the new SS Jaguar sedan looked more expensive than it was: A poll of dealers

at its introduction showed an average price guess of £632, but the sticker was only £385 (\$1885). The model was another smash success (it was called the poor man's Bentley, sometimes admiringly, sometimes not), and when everything stopped in September 1939, the firm was turning out 250 cars a week.

When war work was over (repairing bombers, building the fuselage for the Meteor, Britain's first jet, making army sidecars, 10,000 trailers and so on), Lyons got back into automobile production quicker than most, being under way in July 1945. The factory had been bombed, of course, but not wiped out. First cars off the line were prewar models and it was 1948 before a new one came along: the Mark V, sedan or convertible, 2.5- or 3.5-liter engine. It was the first Jaguar to have independent front suspension and hydraulic brakes; it was the first Jaguar most Americans saw, and they liked it. It was no ball of fire in performance and it had irritating detail flaws (for one, a heater that couldn't cope with a brisk autumn day in Connecticut, never mind a Minnesota winter). Still, the imported-car mystique was new and wonderful then and, like all the Jaguars that had gone before it and most of those that were to follow, it lifted the psyche, roused the spirits and made Buick owners feel somehow slobby. But the Mark V was really an interim device. Long-laid plans were about to spring into reality.

The XK-120 Jaguar was first seen in the London auto show of 1948. Competing makers looked and knew despair. They wished they had left their things on the transporters. In John Blunsden's history of Jaguar: "Overnight it rendered obsolete all previous conceptions of what constituted a mass-produced sports car . . . by combining refinement and comfort with outstanding good looks and a brilliant performance, all at the staggeringly low price of £998 [\$4000] . . . it couldn't fail to become one of the great sports-car successes of all time."

A new car, a really new car, is a rare thing. Sheet metal curved up instead of down or in instead of out has masked many an old bucket, and new technical features are usually only so called: The historians will tell you, and prove it, that the Himmelstadt had a three-way bronze-bushed gitzel valve in 1908. The XK-120 was a new machine not just in single variants on ancient themes but in total being: It was a high-performance automobile, good-looking and comfortable, purchasable for less than half the \$10,000 that equivalent performance alone was supposed to cost. And it was remarkable, in a way, that it had surfaced in England, home of generations of drivers who were prepared to pay for speed and handling in agonies of cart springing, wind in the face, wet feet

(continued on page 154)



"A penny for your carnal thoughts, Pop."



*on minibike and horseback in
the rugged rockies around denver,
miss july loves that
top-of-the-world feeling*

TRAIL-BLAZING BUNNY

HEATHER VAN EVERY is understandably high on Denver, where the 19th step of the Colorado Capitol building is exactly one mile above sea level and the sky seems a distant, azure dome. Denver has been her home ever since she moved West from Chicago with her family when she was four, and she feels no desire to move again. "It's so unlike other cities. It's big enough, but it doesn't seem to close in on you. You can feel the countryside around you. The air is clean. I love it." For over a year, 19-year-old Heather has worked as a Bunny in the Denver Playboy Club, where she's welcomed keyholders at the door, worked in the Gift Shop and played bumper pool. She enjoys the job and expects to stay with it. But, unlike many of the other cottontails, she doesn't see Bunnyhood as a steppingstone to something else. "I don't have any modeling plans. I don't want to act. I guess I don't have any driving ambitions or dreams. Like a lot of girls, I plan to get married and raise a family. Careers are fine for some women, but I'm not one of them. I just like to take things one day at a time. And enjoy what's available around here." For Heather, that includes skiing; Aspen and Vail are within easy driving range for ski weekends, and the surrounding countryside is tailor-made for her other pastimes: riding horses and trail-biking across the high plateau around Denver, through foothills and valleys that meander into the Rockies looming blue and formidable on the horizon. In this pristine terrain, with its spruce forests and rocky streams, Heather rides, explores and lingers in the vast quiet and solitude. "I'll never get over a sort of awe for this place. It's so big that you just feel swallowed by it all. You can feel lost even when you're not." On fishing and camping trips, she takes advantage of the opportunity to savor the companionship of friends, to breathe the air, to cook trout—caught fresh from the clear mountain water—over an open fire, to sit around the embers and talk. "I'm not wild about fishing, but my dates usually are. So if they'll bait the hook, I'll do my part. I'm better at the cooking. That I like." At home, Miss July paints—mostly landscapes—does simple wood carvings, reads, listens to rock and watches reruns of *The Avengers*. Sometimes she just daydreams. "I'm not one of those people who are always in motion, always *doing* something or planning something. I guess some people would say I'm lazy; but I wouldn't want it any other way." Perhaps the altitude explains her attitude: Miss Van Every is a girl who clearly enjoys living with her lovely head literally in the clouds.

Miss July is a cycling enthusiast who likes to get out to the foothills around Denver whenever she can. After Heather's brother Craig and friend Mark help unload her off-road minibike from the bed of a trailer, she checks her crash helmet for fit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN





Alone and off the beaten trail, Heather settles down to enjoy the warm day and the soft grass. "I really like to get away and just sit. Not to think about anything in particular, just to relax in the mountain air." This day is pleasant enough for her to stretch out for an all-over tan before she bikes back to the bays for the ride into town and her evening stint as a Bunny at the Denver Playboy Club.






Back in the city, Craig draps Heather off at the entrance to the Club, where she meets Bunnies Lynda (left) and Kay. Miss July changes, applies a few final strokes of eye liner and reports to the floor for a friendly game of bumper pool with a keyholder. "It's just the right job for me. I get to move around and talk to all sorts of interesting people; it's less like working than being a hostess at a party."





MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I don't plan on staying a career girl
—but then, I'm not really one for
planning ahead. Living each day
as it comes is more my style."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Sitting at the breakfast table, the wife commented to her husband, "After I drink my coffee in the morning, I feel ten years younger."

"Next time," he replied, "try a cup just before you go to bed."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fur-lined athletic supporter* as ball-to-ball carpeting.

As he approached a well-known prostitute in a bar, the man inquired about her usual price. "Twenty dollars lying down," she said, "or twelve dollars standing up."

"Why the difference?" he asked.
"My hairdresser's fee."



The pretty young thing slowly flipped through the pages of a women's fashion magazine. Suddenly, she remarked, "You know, this is the first time I've been ahead of the styles—I've had hot pants for years."

A research assistant who had conducted a sex survey phoned one of the participating husbands and said, "Sir, there's a discrepancy in your answers. Under 'Frequency of Intercourse,' you've put 'Twice a week,' while your wife wrote 'Several times nightly.'"

"Yes, that's right," replied the man, "but that's only until we get the second mortgage on our house paid off."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chastity belt* as a pubic defender.

We know a bartender who declares, in his best W. C. Fields voice, that not only is the cost of living higher but most of it is hardly fit to drink.

A passionate girl from Madrid
Once had an affair with a squid.
She said, "I've tried eels
And disported with seals,
But once you've been squid, you've been did."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *oral-genital relations* as being head over heels in love.

The rather matronly lady was discussing her vacation plans with a friend. "Last year it was the Riviera, and my husband had the time of his life. The year before that it was London, and he swore he'd never enjoyed himself more. You know, this year I think I'd better go with him."

And, of course, you've heard about the cute secretary who preferred tall men because the bigger they are, the harder they ball.

After the board of censors had viewed the film it was to vote on, one member stood up and said, "I think I can speak for the entire board when I request another showing of the revolting scene with the midget, the giraffe and the three go-go girls."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraceptive foam* as population balm.

The handsome young fellow had just made torrid love to an older, more experienced woman. Turning over and lighting a cigarette, he said, "Now, that's what I call a generation gap."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *engagement* as a negotiated piece.

Closing her book, the little girl asked her mother, "Mommy, do all fairy tales begin with 'Once upon a time . . .?'"

"No, dear," her mother whispered, "sometimes they start with 'Sweetheart, I'll be working a little late at the office tonight. . . .'"

There once was a miss from Wake Forest
Who had a gigantic clitoris.
Most people, you see,
Thought her name was Marie,
But her intimates knew her as Horace.



A distraught newlywed rushed into a psychiatrist's office and begged for help. "Since the wedding," he explained anxiously, "my sexual appetite has become insatiable. I have relations with my wife at least six times a night, but that's not enough!"

The doctor thought about the problem for a moment and then asked, "Would you consider having an affair?"

"I've got one going now that's good for three more times a week," sobbed the patient, "and I want more!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the analyst. "You've got to get hold of yourself!"

"I do," the man shrieked, "twice a night; but even that doesn't help!"

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



"My encounter group turned into a gang-bang."

article By **RICHARD M. KOFF** WITH THE CAREFUL DISREGARD of their respective governments, two dozen eminent men were gathered last June in one of the great old *grande luxe* Swiss hotels. They strode familiarly down wide, carpeted halls—an Italian industrialist, a Belgian banker, two university presidents, a professor at MIT, the director of a major Swiss research institute, a Japanese nuclear physicist, a science advisor to an international economics organization, several economists whose pessimism, if quoted in the press, could cause a stock-market crash.

They moved purposefully toward a conference room. They did not drift, though side conversations delayed several members of the executive committee. Their one common characteristic was a certain firmness about the lips and jaw indicating an intention to get things done. They were activists in the most responsible meaning of the term. Each had been invited to join the group, called the Club of Rome, by its founder, Aurelio Peccei, himself a member of the management committee of Fiat, vice-president of Olivetti and managing director of Italconsult. Each served quietly, without compensation nor even paid expenses, as a full-fledged member.

They represented the best analytical minds of the world, with considerable influence to make funds available if a promising approach could be found to stop the suicidal roller coaster man now rides. Their concern during the two days in Bern was formidably titled A Project on the Predicament of Mankind. The predicament is simply stated: World population is growing by 70,000,000 people every year. This is the fastest growth in man's history, and the rate is still accelerating. We will number four billion in 1975 and, if current trends continue, we can expect to reach eight billion well before the year 2000. This population is making more and more demands on its environment. We are taking fresh water out of the ground roughly twice as fast as natural processes replace it. The demand for electric power in the U. S. is doubling every ten years, and most power comes from the heavily polluting combustion of coal. We are building 10,000,000 cars a year—twice as many as we made only 17 years ago, and cars burn gasoline, grind rubber tires to dust, wear asbestos brakes into an acrid powder.

Until 1970, these figures were considered proud evidence of progress. After all, it was reasoned, if power demands, automobile production and water consumption are increasing even faster than population, then the standard of living of each individual must be improving; and for the advanced countries, this is certainly true. Edward C. Banfield, professor of urban government at Harvard, wrote a few years ago: "The plain fact is that the overwhelming majority of city dwellers live more comfortably and more conveniently than ever before. They have more and better housing, more and better schools, more and better transportation, and so on. By any conceivable measure of material welfare, the present generation of urban Americans is, on the whole, better off than

**an
end
to all
this**

*we have handed
our heirs an
ecological time bomb
that birth control
alone cannot defuse*



any other large group of people has ever been anywhere."

It's not surprising, then, that the industrialized nations consider progress synonymous with economic growth and that the underdeveloped nations share that article of faith. The world wants and expects more people, more and faster jet planes, more television sets, more dishwashers. If one car in the garage is good, two must be better.

But consider the price of this plenty: Death due to lung cancer and bronchitis is doubling every ten years. The U. S. incidence of emphysema has doubled in the past five years. Crime in large cities has also doubled in the past five years.

Population biologist Paul Ehrlich describes an experiment in which a pair of fruit flies is put into a milk bottle with a small amount of food. In a matter of days, the population of fruit flies has multiplied to the point where the bottle is black with them. Then the limited food and their own effluvia raise the death rate, and the population drops suddenly down to zero. After 10,000 years of uninhibited propagation, mankind is beginning to sense the confines of its bottle. Man is beginning to realize that he's going to have to stop multiplying his numbers and gobbling up his world—and do it soon—because if the decision isn't made by him, it will be made for him by the laws of mathematics and nature.

The trouble is that man has never been very successful in controlling the destruction of community property. We have laws that keep a man from raping his neighbor's daughter, but we have few that keep him from despoiling his air. We have tried governmental action to remedy social ills before, but, as Banfield writes, "Insofar as they have any effect on the serious problems, it is, on the whole, to aggravate them."

This was the "predicament" facing the Club of Rome that June day. MIT professor Jay W. Forrester was a relatively new member of the club. He was lean, graying and spoke with the dry, didactic factuality of the trained lecturer. His theory was startling in its directness—that governmental inadequacy is an example of predictable and consistently self-defeating human behavior. His studies had suggested that the human mind is not adapted to interpreting the behavior of social systems, that human judgment and intuition were created, trained and naturally selected to look only in the immediate past for the cause of a problem. The hot stove burns the finger, not the curiosity that made one reach out to touch it.

Our traditional answer has been to tear down the tenements and put up large, low-income housing projects. The Pruitt-Igoe project in St. Louis was built to solve this problem and now 26 11-story glass-and-concrete apartment buildings are being boarded up a scant 15 years after they were built—and long before they were paid for. Vandalism, physical deterioration and an impossible job of maintaining essential services made the project a social, architectural and financial disaster. Elevators stalled, windows were broken faster than they could be replaced, residents were assaulted in the halls, apartments were broken into and doors never repaired. The poorest of the poor refused to live there and vacancies climbed even as surrounding housing became more scarce. The buildings now stand vacant as monuments to governmental waste.

Our streets and highways are bumper to bumper with cars, so our answer has been wider and longer highways. But more highways attract more traffic, until the density is the same as—if not worse than—before. No highway system has ever caught up with the traffic it carries. When a rapid-transit system is in financial trouble, fares are raised to produce more income. But this only persuades more people to use cars, which clog the roads even more and provide less net income to the transit system. And it takes longer to drive through a modern city in a 300-horsepower automobile than it did in a one-horsepower buggy 100 years ago.

Forrester had his first hint of this social nearsightedness while analyzing corporate problems. "Time after time, we have gone into a corporation which is having severe and well-known difficulties—such as a falling market share, low profitability or instability of employment," he says. "We find that people perceive correctly what they are trying to accomplish. People can give rational reasons for their actions. They are usually trying in good conscience to solve the major difficulties. Policies are being followed on the presumption that they will alleviate the difficulties. In many instances, it then emerges that the known policies describe a system which actually *causes* the troubles. The known and intended practices of the organization are fully sufficient to create the difficulty, regardless of what happens outside the company. A downward spiral develops in which the presumed solution makes the difficulty worse and thereby causes redoubling of the presumed solution."

The same destructive behavior ap-

peared when Forrester studied the solutions to urban problems. Actions taken to improve conditions in a city actually make matters worse. The construction of low-cost housing such as the Pruitt-Igoe project eventually produces more depressed areas and tenements, because it permits higher population densities and accommodates more low-income population than can find jobs. A social trap is created in which excess low-cost housing attracts low-income people to places where even their low incomes cannot be maintained. "If we were malicious and wanted to create urban slums, trap low-income people in ghetto areas and increase the number of people on welfare, we could do little better than follow the present policies," says Forrester. And, further, "The belief that more money will solve urban problems has taken attention away from correcting the underlying causes and has instead allowed the problems to grow to the limit of the available money, whatever that amount might be."

Forrester's approach differs from that of ecologists, economists or demographers, because he does not narrow his attention to a single, specific cause-and-effect relationship. In his study, he was trying to make an all-encompassing, quantitative measure of the city as a social and biological system. It is a macrocosmic view that weaves the statistics of birth and death with the economics of mass production, variations in the job market with the realities of real-estate investment returns. It is a complex, highly interrelated system of analysis that recognizes that you cannot break a city down into its component parts without distortion so extreme as to make the effort useless.

He had never tried to analyze the entire world, but his studies of the dynamics of corporations and of cities showed why programs begun in good faith worked out as badly as they often did. Why shouldn't the method be expanded to deal with the dynamics of the whole world system?

When men of action agree, obstacles disappear. A European foundation was happy to make a sizable grant to support the project. Two months later, under the direction of Professor Dennis Meadows, a team of nine researchers at MIT was being recruited to examine Forrester's theories in detail, expand the analysis and see what mankind could do to avoid the seemingly inevitable. As this article is written, almost a year into the project, it is confirming everything Forrester predicted.

Starting with cause-and-effect relationships he was sure of, Meadows went to the specialists for evaluations of exact,

(continued on page 206)

PICK OF THE DAY SAILERS

article By **BILL ROBINSON** *a seasoned yachtsman charts a variety of courses through the sparkling world of small sailing craft*

"TO COMPARE WOMEN AND THE SEA is an ancient practice," wrote Carleton Mitchell, winner of many trophies and distinguished chronicler of sailing, when we asked what the sport meant to him. "Those dedicated to both cannot think of wide waters and the craft that ply them as other than feminine. What else could be so fascinating, so capricious, so challenging, so capable of evoking pleasure?"

"Sailing can be likened to soaring, to skiing, to surfing: It has the swoop, the surge, the silent glide. There is the elation of being in harmony with the elements, of physical mastery of forces that can overwhelm, should judgment or response be faulty. A wondrous sense of being as free as the wind itself comes once the mooring is dropped. The sailor is quite literally on his own. Even the smallest boat affords an escape from steaming pavements, clogged highways and electronic razzmatazz.

"Perhaps it is this that, in part, makes sailing at any level of competence a delight. Each experience is different and there are always new horizons beckoning. Begin with a *(continued on page 120)*

Sunfish



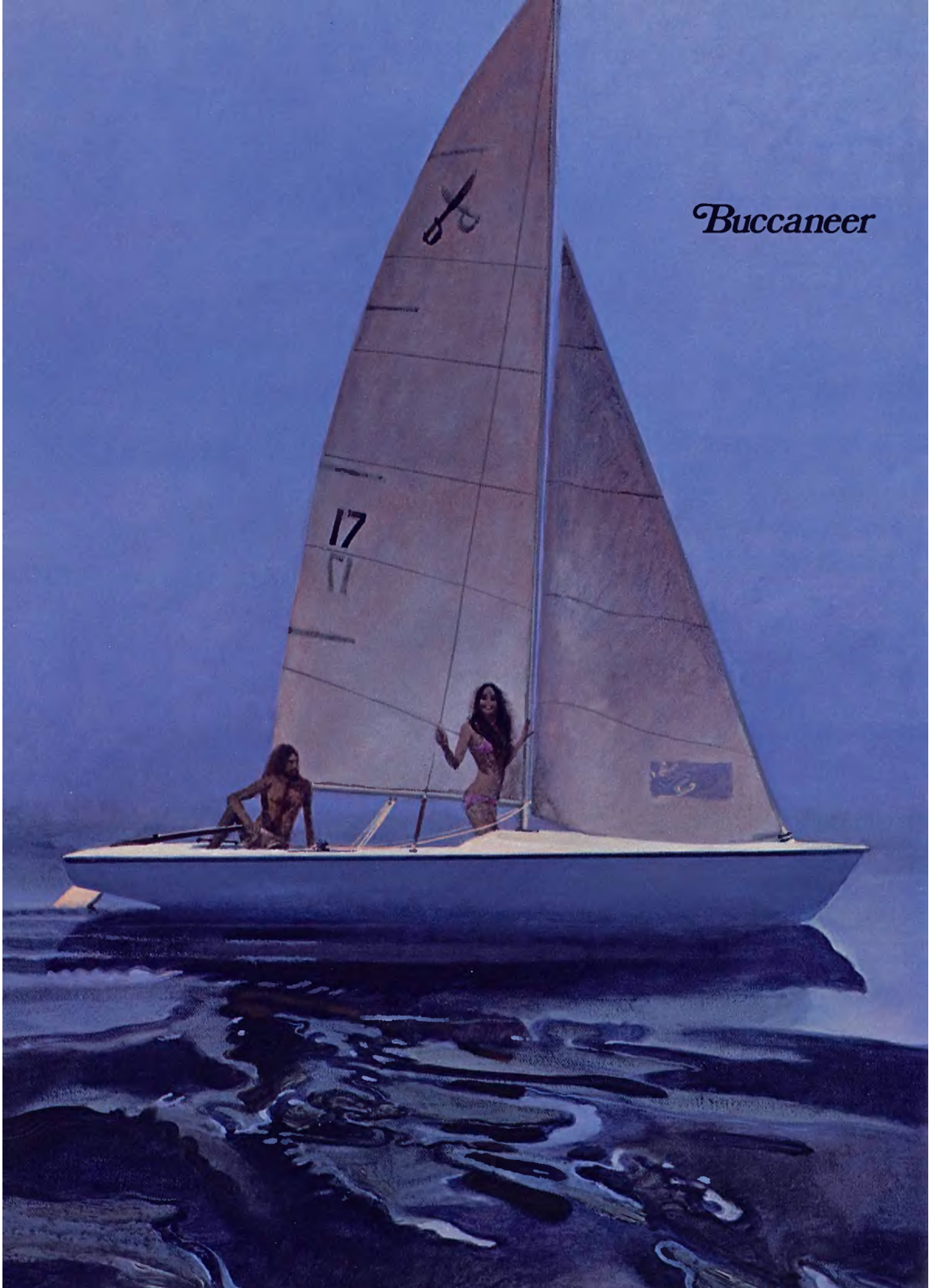
Hobie Cat 16



Rhodes 19



Buccaneer



Sanderling



dinghy on an inland creek: The creek widens into a river and the river empties into a bay, in turn opening onto the oceans of the world. The dinghy becomes a day sailer, a midget cabin cruiser, eventually, perhaps, a racing yawl Bermuda-bound or a sturdy home afloat running down the trades toward distant atolls. At each stage there is a carry-over of skills. Most experienced helmsmen agree that a beginner is better off starting small to acquire the true feel of, and for, a boat.

"Even for the neophyte, the pleasures are immediate and the paths that open are infinite. Once afloat, each individual will set his own course. Rare is the body of water that does not offer competition round the buoys or to the other shore. Launched on a racing career, the day sailor never need worry about what to do with his weekends—nor the rest of his spare time. Those who like their leisure less hectic will discover that the word cruising is as varied in its context as the temperament of its practitioner. It can mean a picnic lunch in the cockpit or swinging to an anchor on afternoons or weekends in a pine- or palm-girt cove, far from familiar haunts.

"In time, memories will run the gamut from lazy drifts on a silver sea to hard windward beats with spray rhythmically cascading aft. There will have been summer dips over the side, body and spirit unfettered, and swathed late-fall dashes for a protected harbor, where the skipper's consolation began with a hot buttered rum in that suggest of sanctuaries, a small cruiser's cabin or even a tarpaulin-covered cockpit. Recollections of muzzling a flogging jib on a slippery foredeck will be balanced by the quiet satisfaction of threading a narrow channel in fog, the intricacies of navigation mastered.

"In its more extreme forms, such as ocean racing, the urge that drives the sailor has been compared to the compulsion that impels others to climb distant, difficult mountains. No galleries rise to applaud. Only the individual is aware of feats of skill or daring. Sailing is more than a sport. It is a passion."

. . .

The definition of a day sailer is not precise. One man's day sailing may consist of hanging by his fingernails at the end of a trapeze while icy water sluices over his wet suit; another's could just as well be drifting along in a well-appointed bathtub, feet on rim and beer in hand. In general, though, a day sailer is an easily handled boat that is not big—nor elaborate—enough to support life for an extended period of time (seldom longer than overnight). It should be comfortable and offer enjoyment to the seaman who has a feel for how a boat should react under sail. A day sailer isn't primarily intended for serious racing,

though a number of classes can and do perform well in competition.

Now, that's a definition that some might compare in scope and daring to, perhaps, being for motherhood and the flag. But it does have one virtue: It allows us to consider a fairly wide range of interesting boats that can legitimately be labeled day sailers. In fact, there is even a boat with the trade name Day Sailer that's so typical of the breed she's virtually a definition in herself. The lady is an I.o.a. (length overall) 16'9" fiberglass sloop, designed by the British nautical wizard Uffa Fox, an old sailing buddy of the Duke of Edinburgh. Her other dimensions are l.w.l. (length on the water line) 16', beam (width) 6'3", draft (penetration of hull below water line) minimum 7" to maximum 3'9", s.a. (sail area of regular sail or sails) 145 sq. ft., plus a spinnaker and a centerboard (a retractable form of keel).

Since the design was introduced in the late Fifties, more than 5000 Day Sailers have been sold. As an indication of the ratio of day sailing to racing, about 700 of these have been registered with a formal organization of owners who want to race. The Day Sailer has a list price of \$2115, including sails, which means an investment of about \$2300 by the time the owner takes delivery. If he wants an outboard motor, that will add \$200-\$400 to the price. The Day Sailer is able on all points of sailing without being a hot boat. Although she'd be left far astern by a racing machine such as a 5-0-5 or a Thistle (one-design racing boats in the same general size range), she's relatively dry and stable in breezes under 20 knots, with a comfortable cockpit and a stowage area under the cuddy forward. The Day Sailer is a good boat in which to spend a lazy time, feet up on the coaming, enjoying the sun, the breeze and a beautiful first mate; and, actually, that's what day sailing is all about.

If you want a little more privacy, the latest model of the Day Sailer (Day Sailer II; \$2115, including sails) has been altered to make the cuddy into an enclosed cabin that sleeps two. Given the boat's over-all dimensions, this doesn't exactly resemble a suite at the Plaza, but the desire to step up and improve is a strong one and even day-sailing devotees are thinking more and more of combining daytime activities with nighttime fun and games afloat.

Sailboats make up the fastest-growing category in the boating industry. (In the slowdown year of 1970, only sailboats and canoes continued to show sales gains.) Many of these boats are classed as racing craft—and only on occasion are they used for something other than serious racing, even though many of the most popular racing classes, such

as the aforementioned Thistle, the Lightning or the Snipe, were originally intended as combination racer-day sailers. Boats in the Olympic category, notably the Flying Dutchman, Finn, Star, Tempest, Dragon and Soling, and other hot-shots such as the International 14, OK Dinghy, Comet, M-16, M-20, Fireball, Windmill, Y-Flyer and many catamaran classes are meant strictly for racing. There is no law to prevent you from taking one out and day sailing to your heart's content, but very few people do. They are almost all dry-sailed; that is, stored out of water between races to prevent the hulls from soaking up moisture and to keep their bottoms smooth, slick and shiny.

It's a nuisance to launch a boat and extremely tiring to haul it out after a sailing afternoon of sun, dunk and drink. Thus, many of the boats that are classed as day sailers first and possible racing boats second are those that can be moored. This doesn't mean they have no racing potential; when campaigned, they're usually handled with all the expertise of an Olympic class, but the between-races potential of these boats is much greater. Whether racing or day sailing, they provide fun with a minimum of fuss and preparation. And though they are usually sailed from "wet storage," most small day sailers can be trailed behind a passenger car for a quick change of horizons.

Besides the stock boat, there are a few things to consider in the area of additional equipment. Every boat should, of course, have the basic gear required both by law and by common sense. Life jackets or buoyant cushions for every passenger, foghorn, lights for night operation and a fire extinguisher if you use an outboard—all are required. The laws vary according to local area, size of boat, type of auxiliary power and the body of water. In addition, at least one anchor, mooring lines, boat hook, bucket, swab, paddle, first-aid kit and a basic set of tools are necessary on all but the simplest type of board boat. A good radio for receiving local weather reports while out on the water is also recommended, as well as a Government chart of the waters you're sailing. Binoculars are helpful in picking out navigational aids and landmarks—and for checking out the first mates on nearby craft.

Many a day voyage has been saved by proper protection from too much sun and by a light jacket or a foul-weather coat for that late-afternoon change in weather. Few day sailers are large enough to have built-in ice chests, so a portable cooler will add to your joys afloat. It is also wise to note that very few have toilet facilities and some provision for

(continued on page 171)

I first met Natividad Abascal, who is a high-fashion model—as any fool can tell from these photos—when she came in to audition for my new movie, *Bananas*. We were looking for an old, white-haired man to play the part of Gramps in what someone with a macabre sense of humor (I believe it was I) called the script; but as she talked and bent over, I was suddenly inspired to rewrite the part. She was cast as a Latin-American revolutionary. I play Fielding Mellish, a products tester who joins the revolution. Right, throwing myself into the spirit of my role, I do a little testing that Naty finds revolting.



I like Naty because, as a native of Spain, she possesses Old World values, and her skin falls into extremely good conjunction with her bones and muscle tissue. Below, Natividad appears pensive as she relives in her mind moments of loveplay the two of us had indulged in only minutes before. If Naty's 11 brothers read this, I'm only kidding; if her twin sister reads this, what's it to you? I was, in actual fact, a person of some awe for Naty, as I was directing her in her first movie, and we had many a chat over films and their socio-psychological significance before she turned me in to the police.

how a high-fashion model from seville was chosen to appear in a new film comedy written by woody allen, directed by woody allen and starring woody allen, a really modest human being

"I'LL PUT YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS, NATIVIDAD ABASCAL"

humor **By WOODY ALLEN**

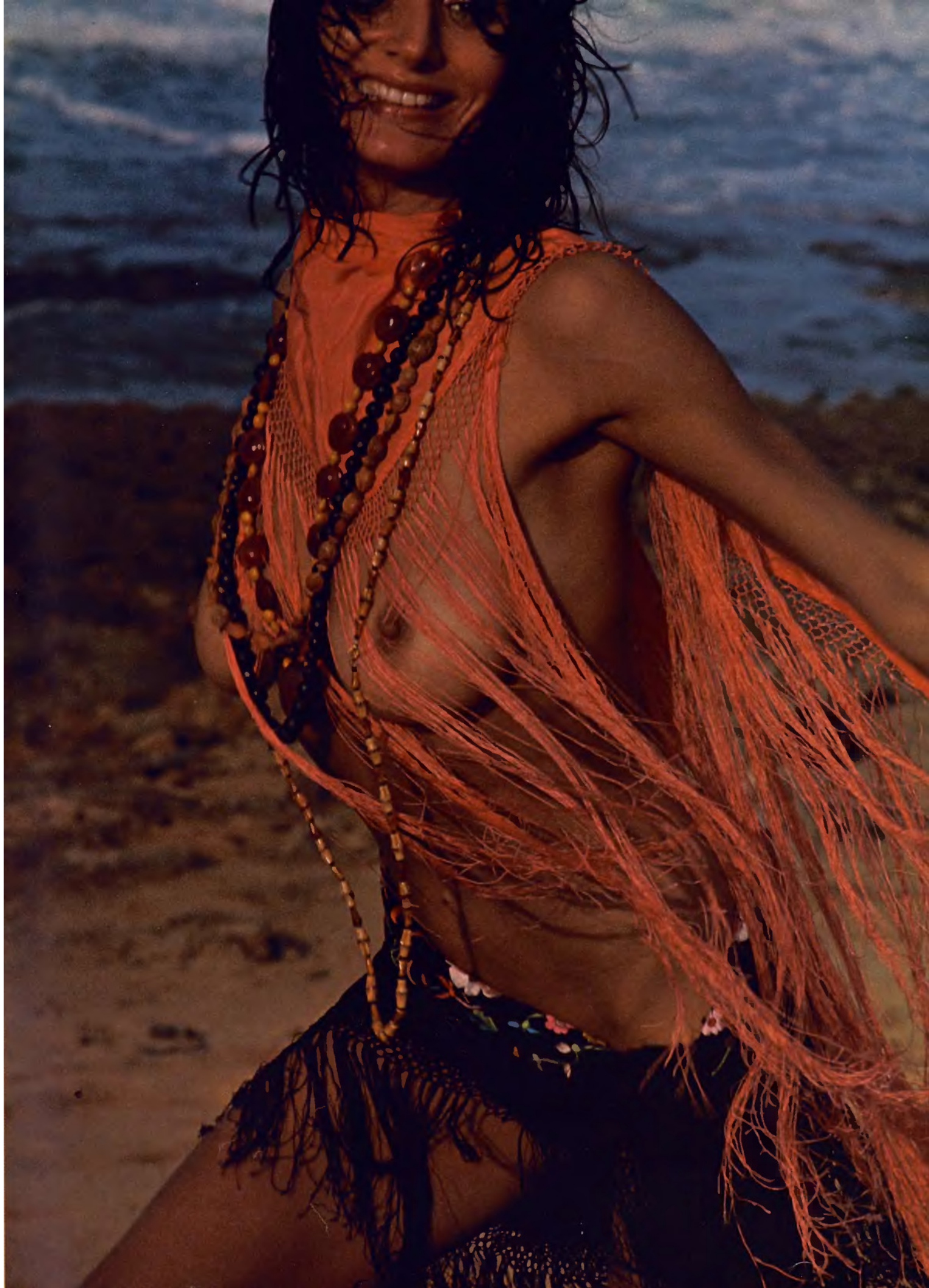


Before Naty signed her movie contract, I told her about the sexual obligation that was a part of the job of any actress who worked with me. I still recall what she said. It was "Yucchi!" That was the kind of splendid rapport that caused me to spend most of my nights reading *Portnoy's Complaint* aloud with a jar of strawberry yoghurt at my side.



Naty, as you will note, has a type-B body. (Jane Fonda and I are the only ones with type A.) As time went by, I began to appreciate Naty's body for what it is—a girl's body. Aware of my position as father figure on the set, I let her come to me with her problems as often as she wished. When she never showed up, I came to her with mine.





personality **By DONN PEARCE**

Leary in Limbo

*turn on, tune in, break
out—then catch a plane
for algiers, learn to say
“off the pigs,” do a
heavy number with eldridge
cleaver, and pretty soon
nobody on earth will know
what the hell you’re all about*

I CARRIED MY BAG through the airport waiting room, gazing into faces, trying to look dignified, trying to transmit the message that I was the one. I was in disguise. That is, I was wearing a black suit and a black tie and my hair was slick and shiny with Dippity-do, combed back into a sweeping pompadour. A chauffeur spoke to me politely in French, but he had been sent to fetch some Spanish businessman he didn't know. A tall, thin woman wearing a dark-red midiskirt, long sleeves, a belt, boots and beads passed me by. I looked at her boldly, questioning, telegraphing. But she didn't respond. Then I saw a tall, thin man at the gate, speaking French with a very bad accent. He wore a turtleneck sweater and a brown-leather cap, the kind worn by Russian workmen. The woman in the red midi was with





him. It was Timothy and Rosemary.

This was early last fall, right after the escape. Three months later, there was to be a question of what was going on over there in Algeria between Leary and Eldridge Cleaver. But right then Leary was a fugitive. My job was to find him. And the deal was that I couldn't snitch. Even if I had to do time.

There was some legal precedent for a writer's being able to keep his sources of information confidential. But the courts had ruled on it both ways. Contempt of court could get me six months. Aiding and abetting an escaped felon could get me five years. And since I was already an ex-convict, I would just have to pucker up and curl my toes, ready for that fabulous five. But suddenly the glowing bright blue of melodrama fell apart. The FBI knew where Leary was as soon as he made his first contact with the United States. And in three more days, he was going to hold a full-scale press conference: cameras, microphones, television and all.

They had a small rented car outside and, after going through some complicated money-changing maneuvers at the bank window, we drove off to Algiers, laughing, talking loudly, trying not to interrupt each other. I described some of the problems I had had in finding them, the ludicrous misinformation, the embarrassments, the discouragements. I described some of the screwball things a guy gets into while playing this freelance-journalism game—the insults, the boredom, the bullshit, the one and only pistol ever pulled on me. My last job was a profile on a country-music freak and I spent two weeks with the hicks of Middle America, bouncing from one country fair to another. But I can be pretty cool when I have to be. Because I always know that in the end, I will have the last word.

Rosemary looked at Timothy and said, "Gulp." Timothy smiled at her. Then I realized that I had done it again. The best I can ever say for myself is that I am not very diplomatic. So I said so.

Timothy answered, "At least you're honest. You pull your gun out and lay it right on the table."

They were enthusiastic about Algeria, a truly revolutionary country, a member of the Third World, equally opposed to both capitalist and Communist imperialism. Timothy said it is the kids who are running the country and their eagerness and joy are a true inspiration. They had already found a house in the unspoiled, natural fishing village where they were staying and intended to lease it, fix it up and establish a center for revolutionaries in exile.

We had lunch at the St. George, a deluxe hotel high in the hills overlooking Algiers. We had some Cinzano and drank a toast: to freedom.

One thing was quickly settled. Leary's

recent letter, a statement of allegiance to the Weathermen and violent revolution that had appeared in the underground press, was genuine. Completely sincere. Laughing happily, he said the John Birchers were the only ones who had really understood him all these years. They always said he was a subversive and a drug fiend and a revolutionary and a traitor and a criminal. And they were right on.

Leary moves very quickly but with a certain awkwardness. He is tense and vibrant, talks rapidly, laughs very often and punctuates every sentence with a broad smile and a fond glance at Rosemary.

After lunch, we zoomed down the hills, the little Renault bucking and swerving. Timothy parked downtown to tend to some errands. We got out and passed a beautiful building, part Moorish and part contemporary. A dome covered with tiles surmounted the entire vision, but it was a modernistic dome, something like a giant spool, unlike anything I had ever seen. To describe it properly, one would have to resort to the vocabulary of solid geometry. I expressed my admiration for the building to Rosemary, admitting that I respond to good architecture, especially the new stuff.

"It's the Catholic church."

Only then did I notice the very small golden cross on top of the dome. But Rosemary was very quiet. I had said something wrong, though I'm still not sure what.

We had a drink of Pernod in a little bar, Timothy very effusive and familiar with the bartender, who didn't quite respond. Timothy's French is just about as bad as mine. What little I know I picked up in the streets and cells of France and I haven't used it at all in many years. Timothy took a sweater into a dry cleaner's, then joined us in the car, saying he sometimes has trouble with the idiom and had used *ça marche* instead of *ça va*. The proprietor had marched around the room in a laughing parody of a wooden soldier. I tried to explain the difference when suddenly, Leary snapped with great impatience, "You're explaining to me my own joke."

I was too stunned to apologize. Oh, I have been snarled at. Lots. But, wow. Never by a prince of peace.

We drove out to the village of El Djamila, about 15 miles along the coast. No rooms were available at the Learys' hotel, because a Czech soccer team was in town, so I took a room nearby, with a window overlooking the beach. The room was very damp. There was no heat and no hot water and the bed sagged unbelievably. The rate was five dollars at both hotels and both were owned by the government. I was warned to drink only bottled water.

I spent a total of five days with Timo-

thy and Rosemary. We talked in the village *brasserie* over coffee. We had dinner in the local restaurants. We walked. We went for brief excursions in the car. The conversation always rambled. Timothy seemed distracted by Rosemary's presence; he kept smiling at her and they held hands and spoke with each other of personal things with an intimacy that excluded everyone else.

Timothy seemed to understand the problems of the "new journalist," the need to expose one's self to exotic experience, to be able to groove on someone else's trip. He understood the challenge, the fatigue and the despair, the elusive myth of objectivity. He also understood the challenge to the interviewee, who has to get his point across to the writer.

With a laugh of easy confidence, he said: "What you are really going to write about is not me. It will be about yourself." However, he was upset that his people had let me come to Algiers.

For four days, I had submitted to a personal check-out. I was asked about my politics. They asked me if I was a head. They wanted to know where I lived, my religion, my education, my writing credits. They wanted to know if my marriage was a good one and if I had a close relationship with my wife and my three kids.

I was gently informed that I look exactly like a pig.

I used to be apolitical. But now I find myself one step to the left of dead center, and that step is gradually getting longer.

I submitted copies of several magazine articles I had written. I gave them details of my novel, "Cool Hand Luke," and explained just how the material had evolved from personal experience while building two years on a chain gang.

No, not parking meters. Safecracking. After giving several references, both underground and overground, my vibe pattern was calculated and I was eventually accepted.

I flew all night but couldn't sleep, thinking of all those essays and books and interviews and articles that I had read.

Saint Timothy. Interviewed and written up forty-seven times. Essayist. Lecturer. Psychologist. Drug cultist. Denounced by politicians, the police and the boohoos of every church. Scientist. Martyr. Founder of a new religion. Architect of a new culture. Psychedelic-showbiz personality. Jailbird. Guru. Candidate for governor of California. Saint Tim. Messiah of LSD.

I thought about the possibility that I might fail on this assignment. And I thought about my need to change planes in Madrid instead of the natural connection, Paris. Because I, too, am a fugitive. Twenty-three years ago, I escaped from a jail on the French Riviera. I didn't

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ELLEN'S DREAMS

fiction By ALEXANDER DUMBARTON *descended from a welsh witch, she has second sight—more or less*



SHE WAS ONE of those girls who have gone out of style. They just don't seem to make them much any longer. Softly rounded and pink. Roses, frosted cake, light wine, waltzes. Men on the street would stare at her with that old-time twinge, thinking that, for Christ's sake, maybe loose hair, no bra and sandals weren't the only answer. Ellen had one deeply hidden flaw.

Rich—well, Rich was no real match-up. As a college football player, he had posed for some very good-looking press shots, but Cal-Berkeley, it turned out, was 1-7-1 for the season. He wore his hair right, had

several nice \$200 suits and was handsome in a kind of no-style. "You are charming and have money," it said in his horoscope, but that was all—it overlooked his secret fault.

Ellen and Rich met at one of the few great, great cocktail parties of March that year, and they were married in June. They bought a grand house in Berkeley, on a hill overlooking the Bay. It was something like three redwood platforms with wonderful Plexiglas cubes atop them. And they were pretty happy.

That is, until the second year of marriage, when 127

Ellen began to have disquiets she couldn't put her finger on.

"I have these dreams again," she said one morning at breakfast.

"Anxiety or wish fulfillment?" asked Rich, helping himself to sausage.

"Oh, neither. You see, I forgot to tell you that I'm Welsh. Just by descent, of course. Harris is a Welsh name."

"How nice for you," he replied absent-mindedly. "Eisteddfods, Caernarvon Castle and the poetry of Dylan Thomas."

"I don't mean that," said Ellen. "What I mean is that my great-grandmother lived in a little village in Wales and had second sight. She was thought to be a witch. When I was young, my family thought I'd inherited this funny thing."

"Very interesting," he said. "How is Xerox going to do today? Up or down?"

"It doesn't work like that," said Ellen thoughtfully. "I used to have dreams about things I couldn't have had any real knowledge of. Then the dream would turn out to be something that had actually happened, more or less."

"More or less?" he asked. "More or less is one hell of a kind of second sight."

"Well, when I was six or seven, I dreamt that Grandpa was sitting in a big box under a clothesline and something happened to him and he fell over dead."

"Felled by a falling clothespin?"

"No, silly, I'll have you know that Grandpa had died of a heart attack while riding a trolley car in Washington, D. C., during the rush hour the day before. That's when they thought I had second sight."

"Any other examples?"

"Nothing very important. After a while, the gift seemed to go away. Now I'm having some queer dreams again."

He laughed. "Like what?"

"Well, it's so weirdo, I thought I wouldn't tell you. But, since you're in a good humor—I had a dream about you. You were in a big room with a very pretty redheaded girl. Lots of eye shadow, a real minidress, you know. You seemed to be sitting or kneeling on some low kind of furniture. A man came along and served you both a drink. That's about all I could make out. The thing is that I don't remember your telling me about having drinks with some redhead."

This time, Rich really laughed. "Wonderfull! Marvelous!" he said. "Second-sight myopia. It's perfectly true!"

"I don't see what's so funny," said Ellen, getting pinker and a little angry.

"OK," he said. "Don't get mad. Remember that I left a little early on Wednesday? On my way to work, I stopped by and took Communion at Saint Mark's. Since you're supposedly still one of those hokey Christian Scientists and won't set foot inside a decent Episcopal church, I have to lead a secret life. Yes, there was a redheaded girl at

the altar rail next to me. I don't know who she was. And yes, just as always, the rector served us both bread and wine."

Ellen cried a little with embarrassment. Rich kissed her and went off to work whistling.

She looked so worn and troubled one morning at breakfast two weeks later that he finally got it out of her. "Please, it's just as silly as the last one. Another stupid dream."

He insisted on hearing it.

"It's awful to say. Well, anyhow, I dreamt that you were in a room with a lot of low lights. You seemed to be taking off your clothes. There was a girl—I think it was the same girl with the red hair, but I could be wrong—lying on a bed or something. You came over and started to lie down with her."

"Oh, God!" he groaned. "All too true. Just like Grandpa's clothesline."

"It's true?" she asked anxiously. "Oh, Rich, don't hurt me!"

"Dummy," he said. "We were shooting a commercial for some kind of headache remedy. Jesus, if I can't remember the brand names, how can the customers? Anyway, this chick was lying on a couch with an ice pack on her head, and Eddie-with-the-camera was going nuts, because she couldn't seem to hold it right and give out sounds of woe at the same time. So I took off my jacket and went over, got on one edge of the couch and showed her how to hold the damned thing for the best camera angle. End of vision. Oh, yes, maybe she was a redhead, but she was all of thirty-five. Housewife-type model. You idiot."

"Oh, Rich, forgive me. I promise never to dream again," Ellen said with anguish.

But she did. It took all of one Saturday afternoon for him to get it out of her, and it was only after the shopping and two drinks that she would confess. "Somebody out there is playing dirty jokes on me in my sleep," she said. "If I tell you this one, promise to laugh. I don't believe them for a minute when I'm awake, but the thing is, they seem terrifically real while they're going on."

"Why don't you ever dream about walking down the street naked? Or being chased by a giant fire hose?" he asked. He looked a little strained, as if the humor were wearing just a little close to the warp and weft.

"This is the most awful," Ellen said. "I saw you in this small room. There were three other people there—another man and two girls. You were all laughing. I can't say if one of the girls was the famous redhead, but I think maybe she was. Then you and the other man were putting your arms around the girls. As I say, I don't believe a word of it." She paused and frowned. "Rich, how could you?"

"But, wow!" he said. "I do lead a wild and wallowing sex life in your

sleep, even if not in my own. Wow! You zeroed in on our naked gang scene in Pomfret's department store yesterday afternoon about three P.M. What a gas! You ESP-ed the whole bit, my dear."

Ellen gasped and a tear started. She was not a quick learner.

"The only trouble is, I didn't get laid."

"Rich, please! You're tormenting me."

"Now to put a little Windex on the crystal ball," he said. "We see the little room—but there is something funny about it. It seems to be descending. Aha! It is a freight elevator. In it are two men and two absolutely ravishing, absolutely naked girls. The men are clasping the girls around their torsos. Finally, the elevator comes to a bumping halt. A voice is heard. It is the heavy, phlegmatic voice of a non-sex fiend. 'Mr. Markham, I wonder if you'd do me a favor and carry one of these dummies out to the place where you got the camera set up? What's happened to that lazy slob that's supposed t'be helpin' me?' Second voice: 'Sure thing, Tony. I want to get this take and blow.'"

Then they had another drink and another laugh. In fact, Rich had three more drinks.

"Mother, listen, I'm just fantastically ashamed to talk about it, but I've had another one of those funny dreams. . . . No, that isn't the reason I'm calling you at one A.M. Not the real reason. . . . Yes, I know you need your sleep and, yes, I know I shouldn't act like a neurotic child, but I expected Rich home at six-thirty and he still isn't here. Meanwhile, waiting for him, I fell asleep and had a dream."

"Rich was in a bathtub with a girl. I saw them laughing and putting their arms around each other. Then all of a sudden, both faucets began to spurt water and they couldn't turn them off. Then—this is horrible—the whole room filled up with water, and there they were, dead. By the way, it was a red-headed girl who's come into some of my dreams before. Nobody answers at Rich's office, so please call the police or somebody. I don't know where he is and I'm so worried I'm beginning to scream."

She did scream an hour later, when her father arrived at the door with their family doctor. They managed to get Ellen partly under sedation before they gave her the news. It was bad for a while, but they finally got her to sleep just as her mother arrived.

"What did she mean, mumbling, 'Liar, liar, liar'?" asked her father.

"Oh, God!" said her mother. "Poor child. If you were a girl whose husband, with his popsy in the car, had just managed to get drunk enough to drive off the road into fifteen feet of water and get drowned, wouldn't you say some crazy things?"



"I'll toss you to see who takes the evidence away from her."

THE NEW SALVATIONISTS



opinion **By JAMES KAVANAUGH** *god may be dead, but the fanatics will always be among us*

IT TOOK YEARS of indoctrination to teach me that I was basically a no-goodnik and that life was a serious and intense struggle to amount to something. The long-suffering Jew may find it hard to believe my struggle, as, indeed, may the militant black, since my blood is pure Aryan and my skin is delicately white. But gradually I realized that I was sinful, selfish, proud, cowardly, uncommitted, insensitive, guilty and generally ill-equipped to live. I was lacking in height, my teeth were crooked, I talked too much and I needed glasses. (I also heard that I was a child of God—nice, kind and well meaning—but I refused to believe this blatant propaganda.) Life was serious, I was serious, and only by arduous effort would I survive these innate handicaps. When I grew tired of being a bastard, I left the Catholic priesthood and a short time later left the Church.

I don't regret my leave-taking at all; I merely think that it should have been more fun. When I walked solemnly into the bishop's office for my last appointment, it was an awesome encounter. The furniture was dark and ponderous, the light dim and deathly, the carpet the color of dried blood. I thought I heard the distant echo of taps when I left his office, and as I drove away in my Volkswagen it seemed that Boris Karloff and Charles Addams were waving fiendishly from the porch. But how different it might have been: I could have played a final golf game with the bishop—he's a five handicapper—and wagered my old cassocks against his violet ring. Or I could have sent a singing telegram to Pope Paul: "LONG LIVE THE PILL (STOP)—I'M GOING OVER THE HILL."

So many things in the Church might have been fun. Take Confession, for instance: Why couldn't there have been a trophy every Saturday night for the most imaginative story? Or a button that the priest would push to set off fireworks outside the church whenever he heard an exciting escapade? Even ecumenism was dull. It would have been great to erect a statue of the Blessed Virgin in front of a nearby Baptist church. Or why couldn't the Episcopal church send a year's supply of birth-control pills to the Catholic mother of the year? It was all so intensely serious.

Since I left the Church, however, I've been exposed to a variety of other salvation schemes that remind me of it. What I thought was ecclesiastical seriousness appears to be the condition of puritan man. It doesn't seem to matter whether the purpose of an organization is to liberate the blacks, to sustain an orgasm for seven minutes or to restore tone to flabby muscles; these secular groups all seem to be an aggregate of no-nonsense "true believers." They've built their temperament into a system, defined their enemy in detail and offer a unique vision that will lead to "personal liberation and salvation."

It's not that these causes aren't important; it's merely that they aren't *all*-important. Take therapy or encounter groups, by whatever name or sect. A weekend workshop can be as intense and epiphanic as an evangelistic revival. Men and women emerge like the Apostles on Pentecost with a new vision of life—one that generally lasts about 48 hours. They

hug and kiss, shout and laugh, touch and weep, and thus build their weekend hysteria into a soul-searing conversion. It's not enough for them to let the emotional barriers down for a while, to gain a little insight into self, to have great fun. It has to be an apocalyptic explosion. No one in the group can hide; each member is sought out like a sheep in the brambles and flogged by the group until he laughs or cries or feverishly shouts, "Fuck Grandmother!"

Let me not mislead you. Sensitivity sessions have been extremely helpful for me. I've been both a participant and a leader innumerable times. At first, I demanded instant change of myself and others. I've since learned that group encounter is a slow process of growth and education that can be far more delightful than any classes I attended as a student, and I recommend it highly. But it can also be ritualistic, dogmatic and overwhelmingly serious.

Consequently, the group movement has developed its fanatics, its gurus and its sacred shrines. I made a weeklong pilgrimage to the Lourdes of the encounter phenomenon, Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California. I also enjoyed myself and had an important experience in psychodrama with Carl Hollander, the director of the Evergreen Institute in Denver. I gained in self-knowledge; I was assisted in making some decisions about my life; but I wasn't saved. Carl isn't one of the gurus who have built a gimmick into a holy cause. He's simply a concerned, warm, talented, believable human being. Which is why he may never make it big in the movement. To make it big requires a gimmick, a book written about it, a following of middle-aged matrons—and a kind of messianic complex.

Esalen is a fine place. It has the rough beauty of the northern California coast line, the warm mineral baths that flow from the mountains into large, quadrangle tubs wherein the guests, staff and itinerant hippies soak in ecumenical nakedness. It is also expensive, with somewhat meager accommodations, and extremely cultic. It is the Vatican of communication and inner feeling, the Latter-day Church of telling it like it is. All of this makes it nice for the hippies who camp there, of course. As one ragged youth told me, "They tell us to leave, but we stick around anyway. They really won't hassle us much, since the appearance of the police would mar their image."

I met many delightful, functional people at Esalen who had come there for a personal growth experience. I also met many of the cultists who have made encounter groups a way of life. In order to function, they need this artificial framework as a permanent environment, much as the professional student needs to take classes forever. I met a group of cultists at the baths one day and we sat looking out at the ocean in prolonged silence. A balding, nearsighted man of 35 asked in a gentle voice, "Have you been here before?"

"No, this is my first visit."

"Well, you've come to the right place, baby. This is where it's at. I'd like to stay here forever."

"Yes, I'm enjoying it."

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"Have you read *Joy*?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Great, eh?"

"Actually, I was disappointed. It was rather poorly written and needed a good bit of editing. I think Dr. Schutz could have done better if he had worked at it. It seemed awfully superficial."

"Yeah, well, that's the way with Bill. He just doesn't get hung up over something like writing. What are words anyway? Ever made a week with Bill?"

"No, I met him but didn't get a chance to talk."

"He's something else. If he picks you up on his back, it really blows your mind"—pause—"You familiar with Bernie's stuff?"

"Bernie?"

"Gunther, Bernie Gunther; you know, the sensory-awakening guy?"

"I've seen his book advertised here, but I'm really not up on that. It sounds interesting."

"Interesting! Ha! You've never lived until you've taken that program. Your whole body starts to live for the first time."

I looked at *his* body and an attractive blonde girl, plump and serenely solemn, interrupted my meditation: "Have you visited the holy man in the hills?"

"No," I said, feeling that I'd really wasted my time. "I've only been here a couple of days."

"You've got to get up there. He's great, really great, an incredible trip."

"Sounds like fun!"

"Fun?" she said patronizingly. "It's a spiritual blast-off."

"Did he tell you anything important?" I had formed a vision of a smoky oracle in the mountains of Greece.

"No, he just answered questions."

"What did you ask him?"

"I didn't really ask him anything. He didn't have much new to say. It was just a mind blower to go up there and see him."

"I still think Fritz had them all beat," said the balding man, who apparently had missed the vision of the holy one.

"You mean Fritz Perls?" I asked, proud of my knowledge.

"Yeah, the Gestalt man. Too bad he's gone! Imagine that dirty old man, 75 and still ready to screw at the drop of a hat. He really dealt with the *now*. None of that Freudian bullshit for old Fritzie."

"Yes, I like many of the things he wrote," I said. "Have you ever heard of Carl Hollander?" I was trying to get even. No one heard me.

The plump girl was talking: "I was a disciple of the Maharishi when he was here—well, kind of a disciple. I have a pen that he touched." The balding man was impressed. "I'm one of the few who really learned meditation from him," she continued.

An itinerant matron on pilgrimage

suddenly appeared and headed for one of the tubs. Two bearded young men, roused from their trance, stared at her as she snatched some water from the tub with her cupped hands and drank it. "Marvelous, marvelous, marvelous," she said and wandered off.

Our group was getting larger. On a nearby table, one of the staff girls was going through her yogic exercises. It was beautiful to watch. Her face was serene and intense, yet at times her expression revealed pain. It was comforting, for some reason, to see a little pain. No one seemed to notice her. My mind was drifting off from the group and, in my reverie, I heard only snatches of conversation:

"I don't think that's honest. You're mentally masturbating. Lay out your gut feelings." . . . "She never had an orgasm until she worked with Stan." . . . "That doesn't sound like Bachian encounter. It strikes me more as Reichian sensitivity." . . . "You won't dig the simple message after you've been Rolfed." . . . "Deal with it, deal with it." . . . "But I never had feedback before." . . . "You're confusing your Lowen techniques with Gestalt." . . . "She was on the Tai-Chi scene. When did she start the bio-energetics bit?" . . . "That's not lovemaking, that's simply fucking. It has nothing to do with commitment." . . . "Herb says it centers around death." . . . "I think George just stole that from Maslow."

For some reason, my mind was drifting to the shores of the Sea of Galilee as I listened. Christ was there, telling Peter to drop his nets and follow. I was hiding behind the boat, hoping the oarlock would stop squeaking lest he notice me.

"Sell everything you have and follow me," said Christ.

"OK," said Peter. "Good deal. I want to say goodbye to the wife and her mother."

"No, when you put your hand to the plow, don't turn back."

I whispered to Peter: "Go back and get your Honda. Bring the color TV, that gold sports coat you like and your guitar." But he didn't hear me.

"OK, let's go," he said. Suddenly they left and I was alone, staring at the Pacific. The voices had gone.

I had been confronted with the true believer. He isn't satisfied to enjoy his current interest as a growth experience. He must make of it a salvation scheme to convert the whole world. If he decides to take off his clothes in a sun-bather's camp, he wants the whole world to be a giant nudist colony. If he becomes disillusioned with marriage, he wants to abandon the entire institution as a valid social form for anyone. Only communal living will work. If he happens to be a homosexual, the future of man lies in the merging of the sexes into a polymorphous mass. If he's black, he has to

build a black nation. If he's white, he talks about intermarriage as the only solution to the racial dilemma. If he's Catholic or Mormon, he'll impose his "good news" on all mankind. And if the true believer discovers that a therapeutic encounter had some meaning in his life, then the entire cosmos must become an Esalen.

Currently, therapy is in. Groups of every shape and form are dotting the country like religious sects. Housewives start them in their homes; priests append them to their parsonages; Arthur Murray instructors are leaving their studios to provide dance therapy; the Chinese are closing their laundries to promote Oriental encounters; and eagle scouts are offering nature therapy. There are groups at the colleges, groups in the hills and dating games that call themselves "therapeutic" to make the lonely feel less guilty about their solitude.

I attended a dating game in West Hollywood at the Topanga Center for Human Development, an honest organization with some excellent programs. The Friday-night program for single adults was held in a lovely home in the hills that apparently was built for Zsa Zsa Gabor by an eager and frustrated admirer. It provided a chance for the lonely to get together to play at therapy. The uninitiated groupers didn't expect much for their three dollars, and they had the most fun. Two hundred people came and were divided into seven groups. There were approximately 40 young men and women in the group I joined, which was under the direction of a young Negro. We were divided into clusters of three, and each participant was given ten minutes to tell what he liked and didn't like about himself. Then there was a general discussion during which some of the professional groupers proved their competence by saying "Bullshit" and "Up yours." The neophytes, however, said it was fun, and I found their reaction particularly refreshing. At the end of the discussion we stood up, closed our eyes and circled the room, touching one another's faces. Finally, we paired up; only the professional groupers were serious enough to end up in a homosexual alliance. The others settled for a member of the opposite sex. This beat computer dating all to hell.

The pros sat in the corner after the meeting, complaining about the evening's fare, and talked about the gurus of East and West or recalled the great encounters they had had in the past. The newcomers appreciated the chance to meet someone, and many of them made use of a large, attractive pool where nude swimming was permitted for "therapeutic" reasons—not, of course, for fun. It really wasn't therapy, but it was terribly therapeutic, and all for the price of two martinis.

Therapy, of course, is properly the



"Remember, flower child, watch your pollen."

domain of the psychiatrist and the psychologist, and of their respective professional organizations, the A. M. A. and the A. P. A. But, with typical American ingenuity, those group leaders who don't meet the establishment's requirements and consequently cannot fill out health-insurance forms (which is a major concern) call their sessions sensitivity workshops or encounter groups or human-potential classes. Soon the establishment will face the same problem it has faced with religions: What constitutes valid ordination to the ministry?

The psychoanalysts, like the Catholics, refuse to go to sensitivity meetings, insisting that they alone have the true Freudian faith. Righteously, they meet privately to practice the orthodox tones of their analytic "Ohs" and "Mmms" and to denigrate encounter groups. The frightened psychiatrist challenges the psychologist, the humanist tells the clinician to shove his lab rats up his ass (which the A. M. A. will say is practicing medicine without a license), and workshop leaders of all kinds insist that anyone with sensitivity, experience, clients and a rented room is capable of running groups. Bibles are quoted: Freud is pitted against Jung, Fromm is raised against Maslow and May, and Carl Rogers is invoked by thousands who have never read a word he has written. The brawls are and will continue to be marvelous.

And despite these properly religious wars, the encounter movement will grow. Despite the salvation complex that overshadows the movement and transforms talented men into gurus and messiahs, wounded men and women will grow more in touch with themselves. The Birchers will see the entire phenomenon as a Communist plot; the Protestant ethicists will assert that it's a money-making racket even as they themselves amass more real estate and buy more stocks; the puritans will insist with envy that some therapists are screwing their patients; and the therapists who ordain their wives or mistresses to serve as cofacilitators will be accused of nepotism. There will be heretics and apostates and a variety of reformations. All of which could be great fun if the conflict were considered no more seriously than the human condition.

I have learned to like groups. I enjoy marathons and encounters even as I enjoy skin diving, Bergman movies, Greek food and a bloody mary on Sunday morning. But I like to keep my pleasures separate. And even as I resent the religious fanatic who asks me at a horse race if Jesus is really my "personal savior," so am I tired of the cocktail parties where a matron attempts to prove she's really liberated by pouring

her drink down my back and shouting, "Fuck you, Charlie Brown!" I just can't take my groups that seriously.

I even refuse to take my orgasms too seriously, and for a celibate of some 20 years, that's progress. Recently, I watched curiously from a safe distance as seven middle-aged ladies sat in the yogic manner facing the ocean. Naked as jay birds, they were wrapped only in cosmic meditation, attempting to learn the methods of sexual yoga called tantra. The local guru instructed them to concentrate on their breath and to notice the growing freedom with each exhalation. Meanwhile, they were to fix their attention on the sacred sensory area between the anus and the genitals and to utter the soft "Ommm" of the Hindu world. The guru told them to await the arrival of the Kundalini Fire, which would transport them into sexual ecstasy. Any form of manual manipulation wasn't really *wrong*, but the tone of the leader's voice indicated that masturbation would really be a cop-out. The ladies were serious and intense; this wasn't fun, it was the struggle for liberation. Some began to writhe a bit on the sand and I wondered if the Kundalini Fire was moving in or if the sand crabs were having a field day.

I wanted to yell from the nearby hill, "This sure beats the P. T. A. all to hell, eh, girls?" but somehow I sensed that I would be invading a sanctuary. When the lesson ended, one woman was softly weeping because she had had as much difficulty following this guru as she had had following another one only a few short months ago. Another was ecstatic, and she wandered solemnly down the beach in pursuit of the holy man. This was serious sex, and a sustained orgasm was the equivalent of a divine apparition. But it didn't seem like fun.

Even the swingers don't seem to be content with having fun; their search for sexual variety, in fact, seems like the pursuit of the Holy Grail. When I interviewed a group in Chicago, my own seeming sexual naïveté was treated as the residue of original sin. I had read about the encounter weekend that Dr. Gerard Haigh and Dr. Gerald Goodman had conducted with a group of Los Angeles swingers to explore the "Intimacy Barrier in Sexually Liberated Groups." While the results of the weekend, as reported in the Elysium Institute bulletin, *New Living*, were glowingly positive, one of the participants talked of a consistent problem: "Most of the swingers found it terribly simple to be immediately physical with a stranger. They could jump immediately into sex-play. They had great difficulty, however, in tuning in on the feelings of another person. It didn't seem like a liberating

step or simple fun. It was a serious way of life."

I had the same feeling in Chicago. They were not a particularly joyous lot; they were dedicated revolutionaries. They insisted that man was moving toward a messianic kingdom of sexual neutrality, that communal living was the *only* way to go, that children would have to be raised in separate compounds, that sex would one day replace charades at parties, if not the handshake at airline terminals.

"But won't sex get pretty tiresome?" I asked.

"Only if you're afraid to experiment with endless varieties," said a thin, ascetic-looking girl.

I was reminded of the devotees of the drug scene, where pot was not merely a sometime delight and LSD not simply an expander of consciousness. They were a way of life, as demanding as a religious order, as exacting as the pursuit of personal holiness and sanctity. As the swingers talked, I fantasized a bearded prophet standing in front of a giant phallic symbol and holding his hands aloft in front of thousands of men, women and children engaged in serious sex-play on the plains of Gettysburg or Appomattox. He shouted: "Go forth and embrace the whole world in endless orgasm. Neither snow nor sleet nor hail will deter you. Go forth and teach the world the endless varieties of sex."

After an hour's discussion, I had heard about Amazing Charley, who could screw for 45 minutes while rotating clockwise, and about Awful Annie, who had attended two swinging parties the same night and was the hit of each. I really wanted to talk about something else.

"It looks like Daley has as firm a grip on the city as ever," I ventured.

"He sure does. Did you ever try the homosexual route?" asked a solemn man of 45 with a bald head and thick eyebrows.

"I'm afraid I'm pretty straight," I said apologetically, wondering if I could ever be redeemed.

"I'm just getting into it now. It's been rough for me."

I felt his desperation: "That's tough, man, but you'll make it. You look pretty determined. I've had the same trouble trying to learn Chinese."

"I used to dig Chinese women. Now I can take them or leave them. A good woman's a good woman."

"Do you want a beer?" asked a tweedy-looking woman of 40.

"I think I'll have a little Scotch on the rocks, if you don't mind," I answered.

"No, that's OK. Scotch it'll be."

"I'm glad it's OK," I whispered, relieved that something was.

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*with roots in television, actress
linda evans is branching out into films*

BLOOMING BEAUTY

Although video's high-budget hoss opera *The Big Valley*, several family-type TV series and a Disney film provided fertile ground for nourishing her budding talents, 27-year-old Linda Evans decided the time was ripe for her to take on a role that was, in her words, "something more than a puppet part." And the character she portrays in John Derek's forthcoming *Wildflowers* is certainly no ordinary ingénue.



Cast in *Wildflowers*' lead as a young woman who has an incestuous relationship with her brother, Linda turned in a farciful performance, according to admirer Derek.



Linda found her role in *Wildflowers* so rewarding that she has some doubts about returning to TV in the near future. "Television work is available to me," she says. "In fact, I've had several offers, but there's nothing that excites me right now. If something came along that was right for me, I might accept, but I'm afraid most of the roles seem stereotyped and just plain dull. Besides," she adds, "I don't feel the need anymore to prove that I'm an actress."



The delicately handled sibling scene from *Wildflowers*, above, reflects Linda's sensitivity and polish as an actress. According to Derek, who was not only the film's writer-producer-director but also the photographer who captured her refreshingly natural beauty here, his subject—and constant companion—is much more than a fine performer. She's a lensman's dream, and he's clearly one who knows a perfect vision when he sees her. (The former husband of Ursula Andress, Derek shot a 12-page pictorial poean to her for *PLAYBOY*'s June 1965 issue.) "Before a camera," says Derek, "Linda is absolutely natural and uninhibited—with or without clothing. So often a woman tries to act seductive during a nude shooting, usually because she must overcome a fear of being photographed unclad. But then the finished picture strikes you as fake. That's never the result when I photograph Linda. She's completely at ease and doesn't have to fear the camera, because physically she's in extraordinary shape—as you can tell from my pictures." We can, indeed.



VARGAS GIRL

*"Since I've been wearing
copper bracelets, I feel
much better—don't you
think so, Mr. Hawkins?"*



A YOUNG WOMAN caught in sin was taken to the Dalai Lama for judgment. Her sin was so outrageous that his regent, who ordinarily enforced the laws, felt incapable of devising a punishment severe enough to fit the crime. She had been caught by her father having intercourse with a yak.

But this was not the worst, since the father had not witnessed this scene alone. When he had surprised his daughter behind the sheepfold, he had found a number of other animals, wild and domestic, waiting their turns in states of excitement.

The Dalai Lama took one look at the young woman and, like the yak, the dog, the tiger and the goat, he, too, was filled with longing for her—such longing that he asked the regent to leave the room. The young woman then knelt before her god and king and looked up into his face with what is called in Tibet the sunbeam smile.

She was smiling with erotic compassion, for she could see the perpetually sad yearning for bliss in the beautiful eyes of the king. She could see him as the eager monkey of his earliest incarnation, when he created the people of Tibet. She told him how her dog and her horse had begun to show signs of desiring her and how, finally, her love for them had become so great that she could refuse them no longer. As a consequence, it had come to pass that animals were following her wherever she went, coming down from the mountains and up from the forests and streams.

The whole creation seemed to be yearning for her and she, in turn, yearned so passionately to satisfy it that she had finally opened herself without reserve to any creature that wished to enter her body or warm itself at her breast. Yet no creature could satisfy her entirely.

She told her story happily and without remorse; and when she had fallen silent to await her punishment, the Dalai Lama said to himself, "This girl is no common scandal. She is the scandal of creation itself. If she can give herself so gladly to all the sexual longings on earth, then her partner in sin must be god. I, being god, have sinned with her, for these animals were nothing but manifestations of myself."

To the young woman, he said, "Rise and rejoice. Your sins are no sins at all, since they were committed for my sake. Your only punishment is that you shall be satisfied."

After he had judged her to their mutual satisfaction, he called in the regent. "I have found this woman innocent of sin," he said. "I find that she is filled only with the sweetest and most liquid longings to satisfy nature's eagerness. I hereby appoint her Mother Superior of the Order of Temple Virgins. May all that she has received from the animal world serve to attract and elevate the longings of men. And may she be opened now to the eagerness of the cosmos."

—Retold by Pierre Delattre





TAKE THE HIGH ROAD...

*to scotland, where the brooding
dignity of edinburgh—enlivened
by hearty pubs, bonny lasses and an
international festival—serves as
urban counterpoint to the storied
serenity of mountains, sea and skye*





Picnickers who wend their way up to the 823-foot summit of Arthur's Seat (preceding pages) in Edinburgh's Holyrood Park discover magnificent sea- and landscapes. Outstanding operas, such as Prokofiev's *The Fiery Angel* (above), along with plays, films, jazz and rock concerts, are presented at the Edinburgh Festival from late August to early September.



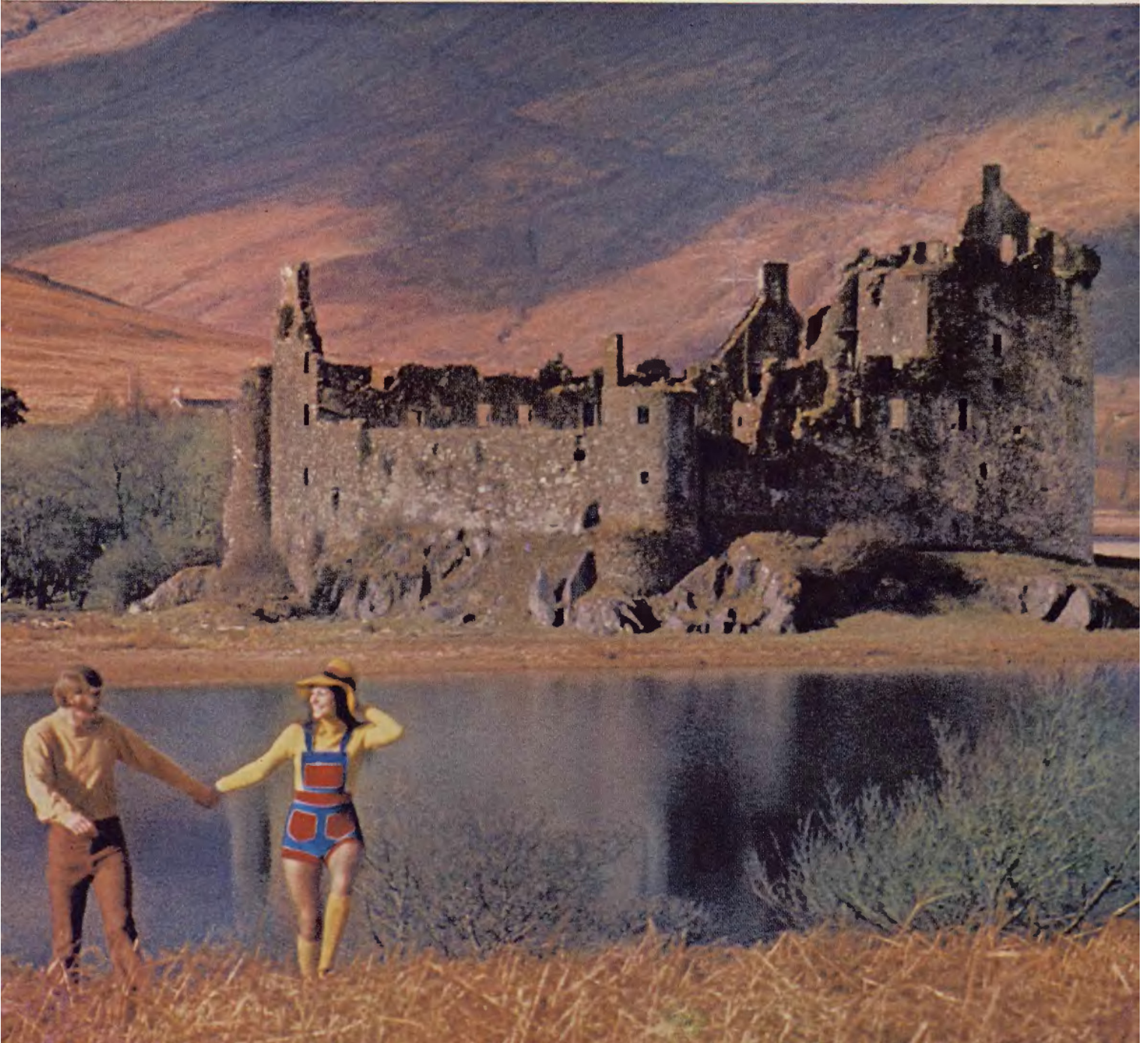
travel **By REG POTTERTON** After 11 o'clock at night, King's Cross Station in London is virtually deserted. The bars, shops, restaurants and book-stalls are all dark and shuttered. Except for an occasional burst of whistling by a porter in some far-off recess or the sudden acceleration of a Royal Mail van, the gloomy interior beneath the grimy vault of the glass roof is still and silent. Passengers waiting for the last trains of the day find themselves reduced to whispering, for fear, perhaps, of seeming sacrilegious. King's Cross, like the other old railway terminals of London, was built in dedication of the god Steam, now departed, and it is fitting that proper respect be accorded ancient shrines. King's Cross is a cathedral.

From it, trains depart each day for Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland and home of the Edinburgh Festival, the greatest *(text continued on page 200)*

Built upon long sloping ridges that descend from a castle-crowned plateau to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh is a picturesque maze of alleys and steep, narrow streets (above) leading off the main thoroughfares. The brooding ruins of Kilchurn Castle (right), constructed in 1440 by the Clan Campbell, still stand on the banks of Loch Awe, near the Highland village of Dalmally. Surrounded by great glens and mountains, the majestic fortress has long been a favorite subject of painters and poets, including William Wordsworth.



Pub crawling in Edinburgh is a hearty, age-old sport, and one of the most convivial watering stops is The Old Chain Pier (photos at left), with a quaintly cluttered interior and a balcony overlooking the Firth of Forth. Wayfarers on the remote western island of Islay delight in the bucolic pastime of wandering across wild and woolly hillsides (above).



NEW SALVATIONISTS (continued from page 134)

When I left, sex seemed about as appealing as macaroni, and I'm not very fond of macaroni. So I went back to the hotel, caught the Johnny Carson show and had a weird dream about a fat man in a delicatessen who kept stuffing macaroni into my Scotch.

But it doesn't take anything as bizarre and dramatic as a swingers' group to encounter a salvation scheme. When I decided to work out at a gym near my California home to keep the old muscles in tone, suddenly I was lying prostrate on the sanctuary floor in my sweat suit. It had all started very simply.

"Hi!" I said to the firm little lady in the leotards. "I'd like to join your gym."

"You mean health salon!" she said.

"Right! Of course I do."

"I'll ring for the director."

The minute I saw him, I knew I was in for it, but I was too proud to leave. "What kind of program did you envision?" he asked, with his arms folded to keep his biceps showing.

"No program, Coach, just a little space to loosen up, to work out a bit, take a shower and call it a day—just once in a while, when I feel I need it."

I wasn't getting through. He signed me up for six months, payment in advance, and looked me over appraisingly: "Your weight's not bad, a little flabby, but let me get your measurements."

He began taping me and writing furiously. In the background I could see a variety of pupils lifting weights and groaning. "I want you on a little vitamin C and E. How's your appetite? Bowel movements OK? And knock off the sweets."

Two weeks later, I didn't know what had happened. I woke up worrying about my left trapezius, whereas a few days before I hadn't known what the hell a trapezius was. I did a few sit-ups, viewed my little potbelly with disgust, ate my wheat germ and rushed down to the health salon with the other initiates. I passed a priest on his way to the early Mass. I entered the salon cautiously, since I had missed the day before.

I was in the middle of the seventh of the ten required side bends when a firm hand grabbed me from behind on the left trapezius. I jumped a foot.

"Didn't see you around Wednesday," the director said. "Letting up? Not taking it seriously? You're looking a little pasty."

Suddenly I was making excuses. "I . . . well . . . a little party . . . you know how that goes."

But he didn't know at all: "Stay off the sauce for a few days and double up today on the deep knee bends and the fifty-pound curls."

I looked around and heard the ritual groans coming from every part of the room as man atoned to Venus, Bacchus

—and Ceres, the goddess of starch. Metal crosses were tenderly raised in processional splendor and the incense of sweat and vitamins filled the air. So I apostatized from the health salon and decided to play a little volleyball on the beach.

But this was no ordinary volleyball crowd on San Diego's Mission Beach. This was a passionate group to whom a good serve was comparable to a stock option. This was a way of life with all the intensity of Little League. Here, lean and beautiful bodies paid their costly title to live near the permanent courts. There was no way to pass off a sloppy shot with a sexy grin in this group. Loving couples stroked each other's forearms in seductive awe and a voluptuous figure had meaning only if the tips of the fingers were strong and nimble. This was no weekend diversion, no casual fun in the sun. This was the fierce puritan at play. So I slid away, a heretic, and tried to hide quietly down the beach. Even then, the midday joggers trampled sand on my blanket in obvious disdain and logged their 60 miles a week to conquer anxiety and to keep the body beautiful.

The body beautiful seems also to be the quest of the nudist cult. Sun bathers assemble to ripen on the volleyball courts and speak of the freedom that envelops anyone who appears in the altogether. A variety of noble reasons are given for nudity, but in the catalogs I read, no space was given to the simple fact that nudity might be fun. It's meant to provide an end to lascivious leering, to build healthy and natural children, to promote love of the body, to teach the sacredness of sex—and thus to give proper answers to the puritans, who are presumably asking dirty questions beyond the trees and fences.

At Elysium Field in Topanga Canyon, however, executive director Ed Lange provides a refreshing playground with only a vestige of the prude-nude overtones. Ed was the publisher of nine nudie magazines—some with surprisingly good copy accompanying largely biological pictures. But the membership brochure appears as if it were written to satisfy the California board of regents or the sheriff's office—which it well may have been. The Elysium Credo, if the word body were replaced with soul, might well double as the "progressive revelation" of the Bahai faith. Despite the brochure, beer and wine appeared in public, and there were only passing references to organic peaches and alfalfa sprouts, and the prude nudes were segregated with proper concern and respect. Ed and his "cosmic companion," Sandy Ross, were delightful hosts and stimulating conversationalists. Sandy, a beautiful young woman of Orthodox Jewish background,

survived the cults of middle-class marriage, current fashions, narcotics, therapy and Waldenlike living in the San Lorenzo Valley and, with little apparent guilt, has become satisfied to "contemplate the perfection of it all" and "to let my light shine."

Only occasionally while I was there did Ed show signs of what the puritans had done to him, as when he said, a trifle self-consciously, that his "mission" was to put himself out of the nude-magazine business by flooding the market with enough material to make the bare body commonplace. In his more honest moments, he admitted that life had been great since he had dealt with his own pain and youthful confusion. A warm man, bearded and prophetic in appearance (potentially, an ideal guru), he spoke openly of his past illusions that nudity of body would produce freedom of spirit. Today, settled among the mountains that surround Elysium, he fathers his communal family and directs his business enterprises. He is almost free enough to admit that he is making money and having fun without an apologetic description of his plans to save the world.

The program director at Elysium, Emily Coleman, found her way to Ed Lange by a devious course of freedom rides. A 50-year-old divorcee, who looks it only when she talks about the past, Emily provides the group-encounter atmosphere that gives Elysium a kind of openness not commonly known among sun bathers. She has emerged from a variety of cults that supported her when her 28-year marriage ended. The symptoms of her perfect marriage—headaches, fatigue and skin rash—have disappeared and she is no longer looking for the key to life in the endless varieties of encounters she attempted. Each was merely a step toward living, and, with the Russian student Kostya Ryabtsev, she seems to say: "Life—in contradistinction to all man has created—is something that requires no theory. Whoever is able to function in life will need no theory of life."

Emily seems to know only that her search is well under way and that Elysium may not be a part of her future plans—as it may not be a part of Sandy Ross's or even Ed Lange's. Maybe that's why I enjoyed Elysium and its staff.

While the nudes at Elysium were darkening their bodies in the sun—oblivious to Huey Newton's cry that "the slave-master has lost his body"—young white radicals in Chicago, at the national headquarters of Students for a Democratic Society, were pledging themselves to destroy American imperialism, uproot capitalism, achieve racial equality and end male chauvinism.

The organization and the entire movement has undergone many changes



"Have I got a girl for you!"

in the two years since I explored SDS in Chicago, but those changes—the move underground, the bombings—have only deepened the feeling of near despair for young political radicals that the visit gave me.

After refusing, in my own anticapitalist way, to pay for an interview, I finally found the gray metal door without an outside knob on West Madison and talked with Bill Ayers, then the national education secretary of SDS. Bill, in his early 20s, is bright, verbal and the product of a successful upper-middle-class Chicago family. We shared coffee, Pepsi-Cola and cigarettes at a small Mexican establishment just west of the gray door.

When Bill wasn't discussing his ideologies, he seemed to enjoy being a revolutionary. He liked the excitement of the neighborhood, which seemed to enhance his role. He was too young to laugh with Fidel at the Bay of Pigs and too far removed to fight with Ché, but he wore his guerrilla uniform, slept on the floor and greeted passing prostitutes and panhandlers by name as he walked in the area where Richard Speck, the multiple murderer, was apprehended and where racial violence was feverish after the assassination of Martin Luther King.

After Bill settled into the wooden booth to talk, however, he lost the appealing demeanor of the romantic revolutionary and smothered me with the dismal and doctrinaire verbiage, the intense, humorless and repetitious rhetoric of the SDS periodical, *New Left Notes*. He talked of the major coup that had severed the Progressive Labor Party from the SDS, because P. L., with all of its Ivy League money, had become more of a debating society than an activist

group. His bibliography didn't include the broad expanse of college reading programs, which were basically the ramblings of the *bourgeoisie*. Even Herbert Marcuse was too theoretical. Fidel, Ché and Eldridge, along with Marx and Mao and Lenin, had said it all. I wanted to plug for *Peanuts*, but I couldn't bear hearing Snoopy called reactionary. As Huey said, "Many books make one weary," which may indicate that Huey doesn't read many novels, or as Bill himself put it: "A little spine is as educational as a lot of brains." Which any football coach or drill sergeant would immediately endorse.

The strange thing is that I was in almost total agreement with all of Bill's goals. My difficulty was that I found it hard to accept his sense of infallibility and his embrace of dogmatic violence as a means of redress of the world's ills. I felt as if President Nixon were telling me that my future depended on the ABM, or Senator James Eastland suggesting that I get 100 slaves and farm cotton. Bill was a likable young man, a born leader, and I admired his concern to bring "power to the people." But when he said coldly, "My father, for example, is a nice man, but he shares in the violence of the imperialist, and such violence can be met only with violence," I formed a fleeting picture of patricide and wondered if his leadership could be more amiable than that of the present power structure.

I wanted to ask him good-naturedly if he was ever tempted to slip out of his fatigues some night and to "dominate chauvinistically" some bourgeois dolly from Northwestern University, but he had informed me that there was no place

in a guerrilla's life for marriage and children—nor, apparently, for fun. I discovered that even the college students were too bourgeois for Bill and SDS and that the hope of the world depended on armies of "greasers and young teens and high school dropouts." I started to quote one of my favorite revolutionaries, Hermann Hesse, but I sensed that Bill wouldn't hear me:

We immortals do not like things to be taken seriously. We like joking. Seriousness, young man, is an accident of time. It consists, I don't mind telling you, in confidence, in putting too high a value on time. . . . Eternity is a mere moment, just long enough for a joke.

As I talked to Bill and later read the material he gave me from the SDS printing press, suddenly I was back in the Church reading wordy encyclicals that divided the world into good guys and bad guys and proposed to save it with true faith. And even though I have no respect for our war in Southeast Asia nor for the empty value system that has produced want in the richest nation in the world, and even though I recognize our greedy exploitation of other nations and have only shame for our racist society, Bill Ayers frightened me with his solemn vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. I have tried that route with utter sincerity. Perhaps Eric Hoffer best interprets my fear: "Faith in a holy cause is to a considerable extent a substitute for the lost faith in ourselves. . . . The vanity of the selfless, even those who practice utmost humility, is boundless."

A happy revolutionary intrigues me; an intense and infallible one turns me off. Perhaps nothing needs revolutionizing as much as the revolutionaries who learned their approach to a problem in the puritan society they seek to reform. I found myself doodling when I got back to the hotel. It came out this way:

*Why can't we revolutionize revolution
And make it a permanent institution?
Free it from blood and contusions,
Provide it with several transfusions
And make it our national sport!*

Melody wouldn't have liked that. I met her as I flew from Chicago to Detroit. On the lapel of her SDS fatigues was the green-and-gold medallion of a lady freedom fighter in Vietnam. She was working—intensely, of course—to indoctrinate the young for the fall program in the Detroit area.

"I admire your goals," I said, "but your intensity and hostility frighten me." She was pleased: "Freedom is serious business."

"Could someone like me be of help in your cause?"

She looked at my reactionary dress;



"Oh, oh. . . ."

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she was suspicious, but she said: "If you have money, we can use it."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Eighteen," she said.

"You look older."

"I am," she replied without changing her expression.

While I was in Chicago, I had visited the Capitol Theater—now the Dr. King Workshop—at 79th and Halsted, to hear the sublime oratory of a revolutionary who can laugh. The Reverend Jesse Jackson, a powerful, handsome man of 30, heir apparent to Martin Luther King in the SCLC, was preaching to some 3000 people—largely blacks, predominantly women—who gather each Saturday morning to hear him. An unforgettable choir of beautiful young blacks sang *You Know My Heart* and *I Wish I Knew How It Felt to Be Free*. There were a few preliminary remarks by the Reverend Calvin Morris—again, handsome and eloquent. Then Jesse appeared and the Capitol rocked and stomped and sang with the beauty and the pain of soul. And somehow I, who wanted to belong to all of this, was made to feel that I did. I was not simply white, not the bourgeois liberal, I was a man who had known pain, gathered with brothers and sisters who had known it as well. We were not graded according to the degree of our suffering. Each knew that it had been enough and we answered in chorus the litany that Jesse led: "I am *somebody*. I may be poor—but I am *somebody*. I may be in prison—but I am *somebody*. I may be uneducated—but I am *somebody*."

I was listening with tears to a charismatic man who seemed to be real. Three hours went by somehow. This was not the somber Martin Luther King. Nor was this a man afraid of necessary violence: "Know who your enemy is. He is not the black man." Nor was this a man who would turn his own hatred into a holy crusade of bloodshed without personal responsibility. This was a loving man beyond party lines, a man who could laugh at himself, a man who could be fierce and angry, gentle and warm, who could listen as well as speak. I could hear Norman Mailer: "Being a man is the continuing battle of one's life, and one loses a bit of manhood with every stale compromise to the authority of any power in which one does not believe."

I like Jesse Jackson and I believe that I am his brother in the struggle for my own freedom and the freedom of man. But I also believe that he is *my* brother. I do not crawl to a brother and beg his permission to be of service to pay for my past ignorance. I owe nothing for my ignorance except to become aware of it and to end it. I cannot make restitution to my black brother when I am as much a victim of circumstances as he is.

I do not agree with Eldridge Cleaver when he says: "We shall have our manhood . . . or the earth will be leveled in our attempts to gain it." I do not believe that manhood is thus regained, either by leveling the earth or by the destruction of the capitalist system. Manhood is one's own decision, one's own struggle, one's own pain; and until the black man has it, I do not believe that black leadership or black capitalism will be more humane and less tyrannical than white leadership or white capitalism. Perhaps the black man will lose his sense of humor in his struggle to gain the human dignity that is his right. If so, it is a pity, for his humor is more than the badge that he has worn to relieve his degradation. It is the mark of his wisdom and beauty, even if it was learned at the end of a slavemaster's whip.

I well understand that my comprehension of the black man's pain is clouded by inexperience. But I cannot accept the caricature of the white man that I read in Richard Wright, James Baldwin and Eldridge Cleaver. My life has not been as beautiful as the prisoner has painted it. Nor has my awareness of personal guilt antedated the black man's awareness of his slavery. And the SDS rhetoric that chastises me only reminds me of the synthetic heroism of every simplistic group that looks beyond itself for the source of misery. Hesse says it well:

Now and again I have expressed the opinion that every nation and every person would do better, instead of rocking himself to sleep with political catchwords about war guilt, to ask himself how far his own faults and negligences and evil tendencies are guilty of the war and all the other wrongs of the world, and that there lies the only possible means of avoiding the next war.

Such a man can recognize that the capitalist is as much a victim of his society as the Negro is of his; and he, too, is struggling to find the manhood that has eluded him.

As I said earlier, it took years of careful education for me to learn that I was basically a bastard, and it took a number of holy causes to convince me that, without true devotion to them, I couldn't live. Now I would like to be a happy revolutionary who is able to enjoy the transformation of a society because he sees the gradual transformation of himself.

When I left Elysium Field on a Saturday afternoon, I picked up a hitchhiker who symbolized my feeling that the happy revolution is moving as vigorously as the serious one. This young man seemed to stand as far from the doctrinaire revolutionaries of whatever kind as he did

from the dogmatic and infallible establishment. I have met his refreshing kind many times before. He is, in my mind, the flowering of what Carl Rogers calls the New Man.

He had been working in a machine shop; his pants were filthy, his naked chest and back covered with grease.

"You've been working?" I asked stupidly.

"Yes," he said, "I make machines and repair them."

"Do you like it?"

"I think it's the greatest job there is. I work outside and it's interesting."

"You work Saturdays, too?"

"Now I do. I was picked up in San Diego and they found a pipe in my car and I was fined two hundred and fifty dollars. I have to earn that much more money."

"Were you smoking pot?"

"No," he said calmly. "They said I was, but I wasn't, but it doesn't matter. It was my long hair and my clothes that bothered them."

"Aren't you going to fight it?" I asked angrily.

"I can't afford it," he said. "Besides, I wouldn't win."

Then he said very quietly but with immense strength: "Anyway, they won't win. Soon it'll all be different. I can tell, it's everywhere. It'll all be different."

I dropped him off by the ocean so he could walk along the beach to "enjoy the sight of the waves." He said simply: "Goodbye, brother," and it sounded right and felt good.

I was happy because I, too, know it will all be different, because a New Man is here, no matter his numbers, a strong New Man, who knows what Hesse means:

It is certain in any case that life is quite disarmed by the gift to live so entirely in the present, to treasure with such eager care every flower by the wayside and the light that plays on every passing moment.

Such a man can be part of a social change without turning it into an angry crusade. He can accept his body and bare it freely to the sun without equating nudity with the godhead; he can discover his feelings without a permanent commitment to therapy; he can care about other men without belonging to a church; he can enjoy his sexuality without making life a sustained orgasm; he can love blacks without hating whites; he can fight for justice without making a threat or carrying a gun. He can be young or old, black or white; he can even be a capitalist. He is not a true believer. He is a happy revolutionary who changes the world—because his light shines.





JOHN
DEMPSEY

"But, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, talking frankly about your sexual activities is pertinent to getting at the root of your problems."

is opened immediately. There is little fuss, hardly any formality, no questions asked. He just signs the book and pays up. Naturally, we, too, expect him to pay up; but before he does, there are many questions we like to ask. Is he respectable? How long is he planning to stay with us? Whom shall we notify when he dies? Why has he come? Was his mother an Armenian? We don't mind if she was, but we like to know before we set about finding him a bed and something to eat. When we do find him something to eat, we expect him to gobble it up as quickly as possible, so that we can clear the table. We do not encourage the sort of nonsense our neighbors go in for, with that absurd *Guide Michelin* of theirs.

It always surprises me that the French don't take the oath on that little red book with the tire and not that little black one with the cross. In the past few years, we have made efforts in our country to produce a *Guide Michelin* ourselves, and tourists can now buy improbably titled works of semifiction describing the delights or otherwise of restaurants they may hap on in the course of their travels along our bumpy British roads. They are written in a style usually reserved for school and church magazines, and the remarks of the amateur inspectors display the insufferable condescension of the schoolmaster and the priest. They pass the roast duck and fail the soufflé. Occasionally, they fall in love and make complete asses of themselves over the melon-ball cocktail; but mostly, the reports are cautious and qualified—the sweets may be "drowned in Cotswold cream," but the *gâteaux* are "less successful." "Perhaps the fault here is due to overambition . . . the menu is the size of a small newspaper." There is nothing so boring, alas, as the amateur connoisseur—except, of course, the professional; and France is a nation of professionals: Nothing in that land is done simply for fun. Frogs are incapable of fun, hence, the extreme seriousness of their manner at table. A Frenchman reads every menu as if it were the last will and testament of a rich aunt. Whatever his expectations, he is careful not to display them to the waiter until he has absorbed the bad news and laid the menu down on the table in a gesture of resignation. Only then does he submit himself to interrogation and, eventually, to demands. There is no love lost between a French restaurateur and his patrons; there never was any to start with. There is, however, a good deal of nonsense—to which *Michelin* subscribes by listing, for instance, 12 restaurants in all of France that are considered by its



“‘They’re playing our song?! Who’s playing our song?!”

inspectors to be outstanding. They tell us:

Here, the food is always very good, sometimes superb. . . . Memorable meals, the glory of French cooking, the best wines, faultless service. . . . In these restaurants, price has no meaning. Give advance notice of your arrival whenever possible; the chef will then be able to surpass himself.

However, lest the chef has surpassed himself once too often and has had a nervous collapse, the *Guide* warns in small print that you may be served a mediocre meal and urges you, in which case, not to judge too harshly, suggesting that perhaps you came on an off day.

From time to time, I have explored *les bonnes tables*, as they have one advantage: You seldom find any Frenchmen eating at them. The idea that anywhere at any time price has no meaning is one to which, as a people, Frenchmen cannot subscribe. Indeed, the Frenchman prefers to dine gazing at the prices painted on the outside of the restaurant window, keeping an eye on the proprietor, lest the good man arm himself with a paintbrush and a pot of white paint and revise the price while one is eating the rump steak *garni*.

In most of the three-star *Michelin* restaurants I have visited, only the bill comes up to expectations. Perhaps the

fault is mine. I am not the stuff of which princes and archdukes are made. A plethora of waiters depresses me; the grander the restaurant, the more humble seem my own table manners. If I spill the gravy, which I do quite often, I don't want the cloth changed. I prefer simply to put a plate over the puddle. To eat in such places is to find oneself back in the nursery with a strict governess.

If I were to live in France today, it would not be for the restaurants' *spécialités*, nor for the women, but possibly for the bread. I am speaking of the old-fashioned sort, which the French understand better than anyone. (That they understand the other sort, too, goes without saying.) While English mothers wait outside the school gates to take their children home for lunch, French mothers—or fathers, for that matter—wait at the bakery to take home the bread. Their devotion to this transient comestible is genuinely touching. Their appetite for it is enormous. Bread, usually tied to a bicycle, accompanies the Frenchman from his cradle to his grave. In a sense, his short life is one long picnic. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, he takes along one of those long crispy loaves to split down the middle, butter and munch.

So much munching undoubtedly loosens the jaw in childhood and is one of

the reasons I find French actors so difficult to understand—another being, of course, that I do not speak the language fluently. When I go to the theater in Paris, it is invariably not to enjoy myself so much as to inspect a property that someone has told me might be adapted to serve as a vehicle for my own talents. While bracing myself to watch the inevitable middle-aged French actor in the inevitable role of *mari complaisant* or *cocu*, I enlist in advance the service of a translator. It is rarely an enjoyable evening, as my companion either sits enraptured by the piece, too absorbed by the brilliance of the dialog or the complexity of the action to explain what's going on, or else, in answer to my whispered entreaties, merely shrugs, mutters that it's too silly to repeat and suggests we leave for dinner.

Although I have never had one of my own plays performed in France, like N. Coward or P. Ustinov, I have appeared

on the Paris stage. Indeed, I could claim to have made my debut in that city. It occurred one night at the Moulin d'Or during that same trip I made with my father when I was 16. I don't think I had ever before seen a naked woman dancing across a waterfall pursued by a gorilla, nor Madame de Pompadour and her court ladies in the altogether. I was having a ball when suddenly I found myself actually dancing on the stage. I had drawn a lucky program number and was in a line doing the cancan with other fun-loving tourist types and, of course, Madame de Pompadour, the girls and the gorilla. I remember the comedian making a joke about me and giving me a present, and I found myself returning to my seat, clutching a string of pearls. They weren't real, of course, but neither was anything else on that enchanting evening. The gorilla was a man—and so was I by the end of it.



JAGUAR STORY

(continued from page 100)

and mind-splitting unreliabilities—and swear, even as they bled, that they loved it all and would be content with nothing else. The British ultraenthusiast turned a stone face to everything that made motoring easier and thus more accessible to the masses, from synchromesh gears and the centrifugal spark advance to the abominable automatic transmission. The XK-120, if it didn't go all the way in the other direction, at least pointed out the path.

On the other hand, perhaps what William Lyons had done wasn't all that new. Certainly he was following the precept of the original earthshakers, Ford and Austin: Make it cheap and sell it by the boatload. Jaguar has never exported less than 50 percent of its output, in some years has run as high as 80 percent, and does business in 100-odd countries. Lyons' worst enemies would not deny that the figures reflect his determination to avoid the parochial like typhoid, to build for world taste. Not all U. K. manufacturers have shared his insight.

Heart of the marvel that was the XK-120 was the six-cylinder, 3.4-liter double-overhead-camshaft engine, rated at 160 horsepower. Susceptible to apparently endless modification and improvement, it was to prove out as one of the longest-lived of automobile power plants. Its longevity was the root secret of the Jaguar price policy: The initial tooling costs on the XK engine were paid for so long ago that only the accountants remember, and they're not sure. The engine had been in work since just after the war, the creature of Heynes and Walter Hassan, long a legendary figure in high-speed design. First double-overhead-camshaft hemihead engine to be made on a production-line basis, it showed more horsepower per liter than any other such, and its estimated top speed in the two-seater chassis—120 mph—was conservative: Run through a flying mile in Belgium, it did 132.6.

Competition drivers couldn't wait to lay hands on XK-120s. In August 1949, Leslie Johnson's roadster won the Silverstone production-car race; in 1950, Ian Appleyard won the Alpine Rally, Peter Walker took the Shelsley Walsh hill climb, Stirling Moss won the Tourist Trophy and Phil Hill won at Pebble Beach, the first big U.S. victory for the XK.

These were private-owner efforts. The factory's own program, headed by the legendary F. R. W. "Lofty" England, was pointed to the 24-hour race at Le Mans. Le Mans, though it was a French race, was important to British car lovers; it was famed in song and story as the site of the glorious Bentley triumphs in



"Well, I think that children should see affection between mature adults, although it would be better if that were Briggs."

the Twenties and Thirties: They won it five times. It was plain that stock XK-120s would be overmatched at Le Mans in 1951 against the quick Ferraris and the big Chrysler-engined Cunninghams. A *pro forma* two-seater body was put on a light tubular chassis, the engine an XK-120 boosted to 210 hp. This was the C-type Jaguar. Three were entered. An identical oil-pipe failure put two out, but the third, Peter Whitehead and Peter Walker up, won at a new record rate, 93.49 mph for the day and night of running. The C-type won again in 1953, first and second place; the leading car was first ever to average over 100 mph at Le Mans. Ferrari won in 1954 by two and a half minutes over a new competition Jaguar, the D-type. The XK engine was now putting out 250 hp, and the D-type, which won at Le Mans the next year, had 285. Privately entered D-types won in 1956 and 1957 to give the Jaguar an equal standing with the Bentley as a five-time Le Mans victor. The big year was 1957: first, second, third, fourth and sixth, a wipe-out.

The all-conquering D-type was a stark sports-race car, thoroughly unsuitable for everyday use; but so many people wanted one that the factory put into work a roadable version, the body equipped with reasonable amenities and the bumpers, lights and so on that would see it through licensing inspection. Even with the engine tamed by 35 hp in the interest of tractability, the XK-SS would reach 100 mph in 14 seconds and touch 144 at the top end. It was an export-only item and 16 had been built, 12 for the U. S. market, when a fire destroyed nearly one third of the Jaguar factory. Disastrous block-square fires were an old story to people who had lived through the blitz; they began to rebuild as soon as the rubble cooled. The factory was back to normal in six weeks, but the XK-SS was a permanent casualty.

In 1956, the year William Lyons was deservedly knighted, Jaguar abandoned racing. The bill had been around \$3,000,000 and worth it. The publicity return had been prodigious; it had sold not only thousands of XK-120s, 140s and 150s but thousands of sedans, too. The Mark VII of 1950 had been called as much a breakthrough as the XK-120: a big sedan, sized for the U. S. market, the XK-120 engine giving it a true 100 mph and roadability to cope with it. It was a luxurious car, loaded with the leather and the genuine tree-wood without which no quality British car has a chance, even today, on the home market. It could be used as a limousine, but still it turned out to be a useful rally car, winning the brutal Monte Carlo in 1956, and it could be raced. Stirling Moss ran one in a production-car race at Silverstone the year after it came out, and while a contemporary photograph shows it heeled

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hard over, indeed, in a corner, precariously hanging in there, still it did win.

Not the best loved of all Jaguars, the Mark VII plagued many owners with small annoyances: electrical problems, persistent starting difficulties and other such nuisances. In the late Forties and early Fifties, British car makers heavily dominated the U.S. market; but the Volkswagen blitz, emphasizing rigidly schooled mechanics and warehouses full of parts, changed all that, and some cars that had sold well—the Austin A40 comes to mind—practically disappeared. Jaguar had an advantage in its first U.S. dealer, M. E. Hoffman, who is a supersalesman in the classic mode. (A customer said, "If you told Hoffman New York was going to be atom-bombed in five minutes, he'd say, 'It's not important. I'm going to show you the greatest automobile in the world. You will see. Come.'") He moved a lot of Jaguars.

The Jaguar sedans went through various permutations up to the Mark X, with 2.4-, 3.4-, 3.8- and 4.2-liter engines. In 1968, a redesigned sedan, the XJ6, was announced—prematurely, as it turned out. Production difficulties, obvious bad planning and wildcat strikes so delayed the car that it is only now coming into the showrooms in reasonable quantities. For a long time, it commanded a black-market price as high as £1000 (\$2400) over list. One enterprising character was discovered to have got his name on the top of the waiting list in 16 dealerships. I drove one around England for a week in May 1968. I admit, more or less cheerfully, that I loathed every Mark VII I ever sat in; but the XJ6 is something else again, quiet, fast (120 mph) and sure-footed on the road to a degree still uncommon in comparable American cars. It has a heater that heats and an automatic transmission that does automate, if without the turbine-like, notchless smoothness that is taken for granted in the best Detroiters. (The heater and the automatic transmission, for reasons that baffle me, at least, seem to have been the two things European makers have found hardest to master.) The XJ6 spreads out a splendid impression of luxury, not more nor less than, say, a Cadillac, but of a different sort. It's classic luxury, a virtuoso treatment of the solid-leather, polished-walnut, big-round-instrument theme. You can't get an XJ6 upholstered in a sculptured fabric shot through with silver threads, and perhaps that's just as well; it would probably make the car look, as the British say, tarted up.

The XJ6, stickered at \$7000-plus, runs, in the export version, the same 4.2-liter engine that gave the famous E-type its blistering performance. Slinky, slippery-looking as a shark, the "Lyons line" all over it, the E-type two-seater was

Jaguar's 1961 gift offering (at around \$5600) to its devoted clientele. Few better-looking cars were ever built. The E-type was, one might say, irritatingly faithful to what was now becoming the tradition: It looked great, went like the hammers of hell—100 mph in 22 seconds, with lots left—and it handled impeccably, stopped imperatively on 11-inch disk brakes in front and 10-inch in the rear.

But the ghost of the long-suffering British Enthusiast still rode beside the driver: no synchromesh on first gear, windows-up ventilation? forget it, outside door handles sized for ten-year-olds fingered small for their age, heavy clutch, convertible tops that leaked, dimmer switch on the dashboard, an interior that might have been designed by the mechanics who made it. But, going, it was some sensational \$6500 worth (after all, you could challenge \$18,000 Ferrari things; you might not win, but you wouldn't look like a clown); and until so many were sent to this country (95 percent of production in some years) that an E-Jag became almost an ordinary possession, it was a big draw at curbside.

For years the elves of Coventry hinted that the wizard Heynes had on his drawing board a new engine to replace the ancient device that had pushed the XK-120 to glory. The old one had been bored, fiddled and breathed upon to churn out 125 more horsepower than it was born with, but there had to be an end to it somewhere. Heynes told me three years ago, under binding oath, that there was, indeed, such an engine and that it was a V12. There is a certain amount of magic in that number (obviously, since most models of the Ferrari have been V12s). The V16 Cadillac and Marmon engines of 40 years ago were delightfully smooth. A V12 engine, for reasons mechanical and unenchanted, is inherently in balance. It can idle quietly, accelerate briskly, run at top speed without unseemly hubbub. A V12, 314-hp engine is in the car that will replace the E-type as the E-type replaced the XKs. This engine produces the sensation, and the forward motion to go with it, of an E-type engine set up for racing, and with about as much tumult as a Waring blender. It will jump 0-60 in 6.8 seconds and it will run 140 mph (the theoretical top is nearly 150) with dignity. That last is important. There isn't much point in going fast if it's all an adventure. That's for stock-car race drivers, who know what Parnelli Jones meant when he said, "If the thing's in control, you're not going fast enough."

A plan, later aborted, to go to Le Mans again in the Sixties was the root of the V12. It was a team project: Heynes, chief engineer C. W. L. Bailey, Walter Hassan and chief designer Harry Mundy. The race engine was rated at over

500 hp, so it's obvious that the production V12, like the old XK-120, will accept any amount of future modification. Incidentally, the 4.2 Series 2 E-type engine continues in production, although the car itself does not, and it can be had as an option in the Series 3.

There are lots of important little things in the V12 Jag, like fully transistorized ignition (no points to get out of whack). Detail improvements in the new model take pages to list. In front, it has a wider front track than the old E-type, anti-dive suspension, ventilated disks. It runs on six-inch rims, Dunlop radial tires on the pressed-steel wheels. Wire spokes can be had.

So, Sir William has done it again. A car that doesn't look like anyone else's, things on it that can be called new! new! and released with perfect timing—when the market for the old one had been worked out. He's won the half-price war again, hands down: For the price of a car of comparable usable performance and status rating, you can have two V12 Jags (they go for about \$7300 each) and maybe a dune buggy and a good bike thrown in. For consistency's sake, there are a few grubby things: occasional body noise, road rumble, easy bottoming at the rear. The heating system is a lot better, but the switches are still Mickey Mouse and obscure, you still go to the dashboard to dim the lights and you still jam your fingers in the outside door handles. On the first cars to come into this country, at least, the original right-drive layout was obvious in such things as switch placement. The selector lever for the Borg-Warner automatic (better than before, but it still chirps and tells you everything it's doing) has the detents on the left side of the slot, where a driver sitting on the right, as in England, will naturally push the lever to the left and engage the notches. But since there are no detents on the other side of the slot, it's dead easy for a left-side driver to stuff the stick from second straight into reverse, an event that, at 60 mph, would produce calamity, if not something serious. But the underbonnet view would move a heart of stone, and the engine response, the sheer spinning surge of it, is marvelously exciting, and terror-free, too, because for all its capability, the thing is as sturdy as a set of bar bells.

Each V12 Jaguar is eight weeks in the making. I don't know if that's a tribute to old-world craftsmanship (I devoutly doubt it) or the brutal intransigence of British union leaders or other, weightier factors beyond my ken. Still, the last of eight coats of paint is not laid on until the car has been road tested. That, no argument, suggests a strictly first-cabin attitude going in. Or, rather, coming out.





ON THE SCENE

ROBERT TAFT, JR. *favorite son*

THE TAFTS OF OHIO are probably the most distinguished family of Republicans in G. O. P. history. In the early years of this century, William Howard Taft was Teddy Roosevelt's Secretary of War, then his hand-picked successor as President and later Chief Justice of the United States. In the Forties and early Fifties, his son, Robert A. Taft—"Mr. Republican"—was a formidable power in the Senate, a staunch traditionalist and conservative, who was edged out of his party's Presidential nomination in 1952 by Dwight D. Eisenhower. And in 1971, his son, Robert Taft, Jr., was sworn into the Senate. Taft—who is 54 and father of four children—had tried for the seat first in 1964, when he was still a member of the House of Representatives, but, like many other Republicans, went down with Goldwater. He left Washington and returned to Cincinnati and his law practice, was re-elected to the House in 1966 and finally made it to the Senate, barely defeating political newcomer Howard Metzenbaum. Taft has been consistently loyal to his old friend Richard Nixon, whose Presidential nomination he seconded in 1960: He has favored Vietnamization, the SST, revenue sharing and the family-assistance plan and has backed Nixon's intervention in the Calley case. Though he defended the Cambodian and Laotian operations, he shares his father's conviction that the United States should avoid a land war in Asia and has sponsored legislation to limit Presidential authority in deploying combat troops without prior Congressional approval. In fact, he seems—like his father—less doctrinaire than his partisans would like to believe. The inevitable question: Has he inherited the family's Presidential itch? "No," he laughs, "I'm quite happy where I am. I just want to do this job the best way I can." There is another national office, however, for which his cool, reasoned conservatism might seem an asset. It's now held by the man who swore Taft into the Senate: Spiro T. Agnew.



JOHN V. TUNNEY *heavyweight*

AFTER HIS VICTORIOUS senatorial bout last November, most political observers—critics included—acknowledged that California's John V. Tunney, son of former boxing champ Gene Tunney, had proved himself a heavyweight in his own right. Hauling in a hefty 54 percent of the vote in his match against G. O. P. incumbent George Murphy, Democrat Tunney even topped—by 100,000—the gubernatorial votes racked up by Ronald Reagan in his successful bid for re-election. Three well-publicized terms in the House of Representatives plus a cautiously liberal campaign stance contributed to his win, but charisma was undoubtedly the biggest factor. With equine smile and tousled hair, the youngest (37) member of the Senate projects the same glamorous quality that ingratiated the Kennedys with so many Americans. The Tunney image, in fact, is pure Kennedy: vigorous athletic interests, Roman Catholicism, inherited wealth, New England background, a beautiful blonde wife, three towheaded children and two campaign-managing brothers. There is even a personal tie to the Hyannisport clan: Edward Kennedy was Tunney's University of Virginia Law School roommate, and they remain close friends. Though Tunney has appeared to be making an effort to play down that friendship since he took office, his positions on major issues are more liberal—and closer to Teddy's—than those he took in the House. Recently, he has strengthened his anti-Vietnam-war posture, has sponsored an Indian-education act and cast a "vote of conscience" against the SST that drew heated criticism from Reagan, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and California's aerospace workers. The increasingly vocal freshman, like Kennedy, publicly eschews any White House ambitions; but after his election—when supporters wasted no time in booming him for the Vice-Presidency in 1972—Tunney didn't sound completely averse to the idea. "When people bring it up," he said, "I have to admit I rather enjoy it."



BELLA ABZUG *woman in the house*

"WOMEN'S LIBERATION? It's old hat to me—I've been living it for nearly 30 years and I wouldn't have it any other way." Life with Bella Abzug, a quintessentially emancipated woman who is currently serving her first term as Representative for New York's 19th Congressional District, is thus described by her husband, Martin, a soft-spoken novelist and stockbroker. Nobody would describe Mrs. Abzug, 50, as soft-spoken; for two decades, as lawyer and lobbyist, she's been fighting at the top of her voice for minority rights, free speech, labor unions and equality for women. Her methods range from hail-fellow-well-met heartiness (*Newsweek* has called her "a self-propelled pushcart") to pure *chutzpah*. While attempting to enlist Chicago antiwar activist Tony Podesta for some Nixon-heckling rallies, Bella realized halfway through her telephone tirade that an aide had connected her with Assistant Secretary of Commerce Robert A. Podesta—a loyal Nixonite. "Oh, well," said Bella breezily, "I wanted to talk to you about a project in my district. Can we get together on Monday?" Typically, she got the appointment. On admission to the bar in 1947, after graduation from Columbia Law School, Mrs. Abzug launched into labor law and soon found herself representing blacks, victims of McCarthyite purges and longshoremen rebelling against union leadership. Since the early Sixties, her energies have been focused on the peace movement. To Bella, Nixon's Vietnam policy is "a B-movie rerun of the Johnson script"; her first act in Congress was to introduce a resolution requiring total U. S. withdrawal from Indochina by July 4, 1971. Although a strong backer of women's lib—she has proposed 24-hour child-care facilities and legalized abortion—she's not identified with its more radical fringes, and she finds her own husband "tremendously supportive." Indeed, it was old-fashioned chivalry that originally brought them together. Martin Abzug met Bella Savitzky back in 1942—by offering her a seat on a crowded bus.

Leary in Limbo

(continued from page 126)

have to worry about being recognized; I am too small a fish to really worry about being sent back from the States. And yet, still. . .

. . . still.

Leary, too, asked questions about my family, and was impressed by the fact that my wife and I are very close. I asked him why everyone was so concerned with my family life. He said it was a matter of tantric tradition, the Hindu belief that a single man is only half a man, one of the reasons everyone has so much trouble with J. Edgar Hoover. He is a 76-year-old bachelor and is thus a unicipple.

So I was not entirely without redemption. At least I was an ex-convict. And I had a good marriage. I am also a Libra, like Leary. And we both knew Dennis Hopper, who played one of the convicts in *Cool Hand Luke* and was one of the few friends I made while out in Hollywood shooting the movie.

Timothy sympathized with my bad experiences out there. He himself had endured the same rape, the insult, the degradation. He admitted that Hollywood was the one institution he could never overcome. And he was impressed that I had dropped out of high school. Rosemary had also quit after two years. Timothy has a Ph.D., but all his close friends are dropouts.

Yet there is still a lot of the school-master in him. I was constantly provoking his displeasure by not listening properly or by being obdurate. "I have tried to tell you something four times, but you keep interrupting." Again, while he was expounding some involved theory, I got

lost. And then—bam! "What's the matter? Haven't you been listening?"

He told me some things about his escape but wouldn't give all the details. There was a key to its success that might prove useful to others, he said. Besides, he was already writing a book about it.

The planning took three months and was engineered by Bernardine Dohrn, Jeffrey Jones, Bill Ayers and Mark Rudd, tribal leaders of Weatherman and the SDS and all of them fugitives. Timothy was very proud of this and wanted to have their names published, so they could get proper credit.

There were 40 people involved. A fund of \$30,000 was raised through contributions from dope dealers all around the country. The final nine-member escape group was commanded by a 19-year-old kid assisted by a ten-year-old. Four cars were used, all equipped with two-way radios.

The news media indicated that the escape was a mere walkaway. It was a "country club" joint, with minimum security, reserved for old-timers, good risks, assorted rats, finks and snitches, political cons of all kinds. But Timothy had to climb a 12-foot chain-link fence topped with barbed wire; and outside, five trucks with armed guards in the cabs patrolled in the darkness.

Suspicious of possible roadblocks, the four escape cars leapfrogged ahead of one another, radioing back when everything was clear. One car was given the job of leaving Leary's prison clothes in a gas-station rest room eight miles in the wrong direction.

He was joined by Rosemary, who had

also been given a ten-year sentence but had been free under an appeal bond. Together, they were shuttled across the country, hiding out in a string of safe houses provided by the Weatherman underground. To board a plane for Paris 13 days after the escape—using false passports—Rosemary changed her appearance with glasses, make-up and a wig. Timothy cut his hair short. The center of his head was shaved to simulate baldness and the rest of his hair was dyed red. He removed his false teeth and his hearing aid, wore heavy-rimmed glasses and assumed a vacant facial expression with popped eyes. He was wearing a business suit and tie.

Meanwhile, O'Hare airport was in a security crisis due to an epidemic of skyjackings. New equipment had just been installed. New regulations were in effect. All hand luggage was thoroughly examined before boarding. Every passenger stepped between two shiny metal poles, a plainclothes security guard intently watching a dial that would detect large metal objects. It was the gateway to their freedom. They were about to be reborn, passing through this square, electronic vagina.

Timothy was told to stop, to back up, to walk through slowly. The guard watched the instruments, nervous, undertrained and inexperienced, paying no attention whatever to this funny-looking guy with the silly expression. Behind him stood Rosemary, unable to smile, unable to talk, unable to swallow because of the large ball of hashish she held in her mouth.

In Algeria, Timothy was never without his leather cap to cover his embarrassment. The gray was just beginning to grow back through the red dye and his bald pate was barely sprouting new hair.

He wore that cap to dinner the first night I was there. We ate at the Riva Bella, one of the few restaurants that had not been nationalized. Eldridge Cleaver had nicknamed the place the Robber Baron. Timothy waved and smiled and shook hands with all the waiters and bartenders, employing his rather ingratiating American-tourist puppy-dog style. We were waited on by the proprietor himself, an artful evader of legal food prices. A high-pressure sales-resistance fun feud had been going on for some time between him and the Learys.

The meal was well-prepared French cuisine. Everyone was in good spirits, Rosemary happily describing the house they had found right on the beach. The rent would be only 150 dinar (\$30) a month, but it would take \$10,000 for rebuilding and repairs. They didn't say how they expected to get the money. It had been the house of a local administrator before the Algerian revolution. It had been bombed and heavily damaged



"And here's my dog, Spot."

and had been vacant ever since. The local police station was on one side, they said, and the village whorehouse on the other. I questioned that one, knowing that Algeria is much too straight to allow whorehouses. Timothy just smiled. "What's the difference whether it's true or not? Everybody makes his own reality, anyway."

From several people who knew him over the years, I had heard that Leary wasn't the same person anymore. The first time he turned on, he was almost 40. He was charming, graceful, witty and clever. He was an absolute square and a stone lush. And then one day down in Mexico, he ate seven of those magic mushrooms the Aztecs had called the flesh of God.

Six years later, he had already taken 311 trips on psilocybin and LSD. He has averaged one a week ever since. He has become gaunt. His hair is gray. His conversation has changed. Some people suggest he has suffered permanent brain damage. The only way to prove it would be to cut his head in half, flatten it out and take a look.

Ten years after the village witch brought those mushrooms to the Harvard instructor's vacation villa, he was in prison, doing one to ten years in the California Men's Colony. His crime was possession of marijuana. He also faced a ten-year sentence in Texas. He was also accused in New York on charges that could have brought the total to 28 years.

He had been denied bail while he appealed his sentence, on the grounds that his writings and his lectures made him a menace to society. The Supreme Court declared this unconstitutional. But California stalled and kept him in stir anyway. Huey Newton, cofounder of the Black Panther Party, was being held in the same joint in the maximum-security wing. They kited notes back and forth.

In prison, Leary was given a psychological-profile test. It was one that he himself had designed while working at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital.

We got to talking about revolution and I was surprised to hear the hard statements coming from these sweet, gentle, laughing people who spoke so often of love and peace, to feel the intensity of their emotions, to be witness to the shrill intransigence of their position:

"Every policeman is an armed, fascist, bully murderer. If he is not, he should take off his uniform and quit. No one can be friendly with a pig, any more than you could be friendly with a Nazi. It is war. It is our nation against the U. S. Government."

Timothy said he would not become a foot soldier because of his age and because he is a Libra. But philosophically, he said, he is even more radical than the

Weathermen. And then the statements that seem so sad in the light of subsequent events: He is completely behind the Black Panthers, he said. He believes Huey Newton is the greatest American who has ever lived. The white race has created all the problems of this world, but the leadership of the future will be colored. America is lucky to have such men as Cleaver and Newton. They are generous and they are forgiving. Unlike some other black-nationalist groups, the Black Panthers are not racists. The Weathermen, by contrast, are "acid revolutionaries." They live in the tribal style and they represent activists rather than intellectuals. Their ages are between 18 and 22. Unlike the old-guard Jewish liberals, they are from the Midwest, they are middle class, in very good physical condition and very beautiful. One of the inside jokes is that your father must earn at least \$30,000 a year for you to be a Weatherman.

I tried to raise certain questions. Even if violence is not the wrong tactic, is this the time for a full-scale revolution? The right wing is infinitely more powerful. They have the guns and the manpower, the money, the law, the church and the organization. They have also captured the American flag.

The response I got had nothing to do with strategy. It was raw emotion. Rosemary spoke about her own willingness to off a pig in order to defend her personal freedom. Timothy listened to her, smiling, his eyes sparkling, offering his open upraised palm in the "right on" position, Rosemary slapping it lightly, automatically, without interrupting her blazing attack directed at me, the repre-

sentative of the establishment press, the square enemy.

"Wouldn't you fight to keep from going back to prison? To defend your wife and children from extermination?"

They accused me of having the old hang-ups. To think in terms of military posture, to pause to evaluate, to consider tactics and power and timing; all this in itself is part of the system.

"But do you really believe in violence?" I asked.

"Violence? Who's violent?"

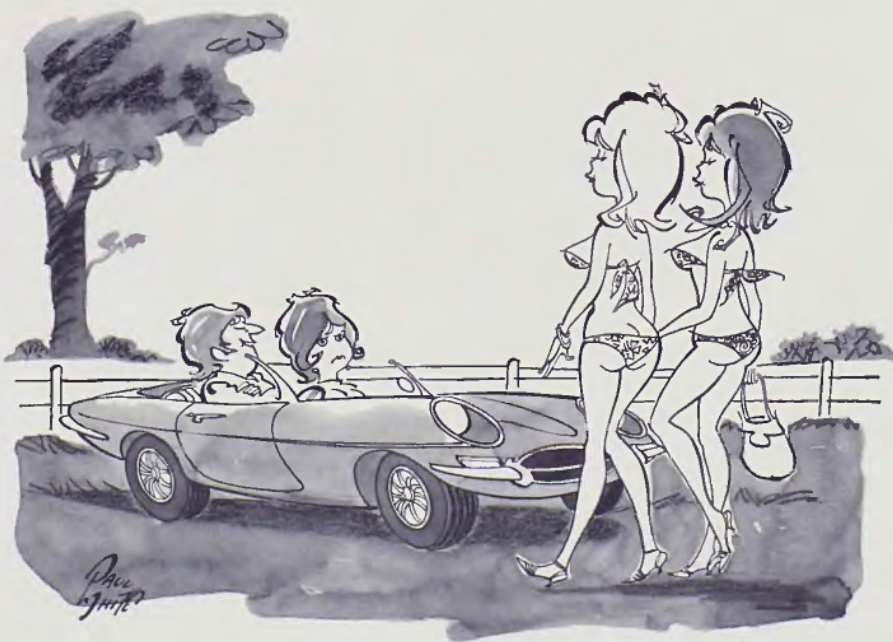
"Blowing up police stations and banks?"

"You call that violent? The bombs are against property, not people. We want to trash the machinery of the establishment. It's the pigs who are violent. In the black ghettos, in North Korea and in North Vietnam. One person was killed in the bombing in Wisconsin, yes. But it was an accident. No one was supposed to be in the building that day. And the Weathermen apologized for that."

It is an unfair question to ask if they can really win or if they are beyond caring whether or not they can.

"All that stuff you're asking is politics. What we're talking about is war."

Timothy called himself a "loyal patriot of the future international." He would possibly permit the robbery of his personal property. But he would kill to defend himself against any danger to his freedom. He admitted the Weathermen may eventually find that attacks on people will be necessary, especially if the pigs continue their present tactics as demonstrated at Kent State and at Jackson, Mississippi. They are now holding



"Didn't I hear you threaten to walk home a minute ago?"



"Joan Westlake is having an abortion."

back deliberately to demonstrate their potential power.

"If ten teenage Jews and liberals had blown up a Nuremberg beer hall with Hitler and a thousand storm troopers inside, they would have been applauded. And this would have encouraged the Germans to rise up and do likewise. In the very same way and for the same reason, the Weathermen might blow up St. Patrick's Cathedral with five thousand pigs inside."

Timothy said, "I would not urge or tell anyone to off a pig. But I would support, defend and glorify such an act on the part of someone else."

After dinner, Rosemary felt tired and went up to their room. Timothy and I went for a walk. The rainy season had begun and the road to the fishing port was puddled and muddy, the air damp and cold. We walked out onto the breakwater, looking at the boats, smelling the fish nets, feeling the wind. He remarked that the place looked like Portofino 25 years ago, before the tourists hit it. This was considerably exaggerated, but I had learned not to contradict. Briefly, we played a landscaping game. On which cliff would Howard Johnson's go? What about the Holiday Inn? The billboards?

He described how he and Rosemary had lived in a tepee for two years on a mountaintop beyond Palm Springs, without electricity and without running water. They would get high and be able to look all around them and see nothing that was man-made. Sometimes they

were raided by the fuzz, but they were always tipped off by an informer at police headquarters. Before they split, they carefully left love notes behind for the pigs.

Timothy is infatuated with playing fugitive, just as hip cons are in love with the game of cops and robbers. He especially likes put-ons. He once deliberately spread a rumor that he was dead, assassinated by the CIA.

Timothy said LSD is man's most important discovery since the invention of the wheel. We were back to that again. I didn't really give a shit about the dope question. Everyone knows as much or as little about the stuff as he cares to know. And as for mystical experiences, I have had all the visions I need.

As a merchant seaman in the Persian Gulf, India, North Africa and the Far East, I smoked various vegetations: hashish, kif, ganja and bhang. But I never liked the stuff and now I am off drugs completely. That means no alcohol, no nicotine, no caffeine. As for others, they can do whatever they like.

I am now 42. I am a nudist. I believe in the natural high of sun, sex, diet and exercise.

A wanderer by profession, I am on a long-distance wisdom trip.

We walked back to my hotel. I asked Timothy if we could discuss his earlier life. In most of those articles about him, there was virtually nothing about his formative period. If he didn't mind. I had no intention of doing a cheap Freudian analysis. But his personal

background would be very interesting, what it was like when he was a kid.

Timothy was thoughtful. He said it might provide him with some new insight into himself. He has always been involved with women and with sex, but no writer has ever inquired about it. Sometime when we were alone, I said, somewhere quiet. Fine, he said. But we never did.

I went up to my room. A night club was in full swing right below, playing hick Algerian versions of hard rock. I crawled under the dirty quilt, shivering as I read the book Timothy had lent me, Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*. And then the lack of sleep caught up with me and I passed out.

But that was the end of my visit for Rosemary. From then on, it was a soft and gentle snub. Her eyes were always elsewhere, her preoccupation far away. Whereas Timothy would get testy and impatient, her hatred came out in beautiful, sweet control.

Later, Timothy admitted that they felt I had come to rape them. And I was too old. He found it difficult to communicate with anyone over 25. But the greatest obstacle of all was the veneration gap. I admitted that, yes, we did have that problem.

But beneath the cool, there was something else, a smell, a vibe of fear. And beneath my disappointment, I felt a painful swelling of sympathy. Because this was a heavy game. They were, after all, in exile, fugitives marooned in the exotic world of straight reality. And when Timothy spoke nonchalantly about being able to return to the United States by 1973 because things would be changed by then, I had to turn my eyes away.

Timothy took me to see their house. We walked over the heaps of rubble into the rear yard and then carefully inched our way up the ruined back stairs to the upper terrace, an immense hole gaping open to reveal the location of a bomb blast. I was appalled. They had spoken so eloquently of the quaintness of the place, the charm. But it was ugly, a total mess. And the beach was a mere strip of dirty-gray sand.

Timothy telephoned Elaine Klein about locating an architect. She is the patroness of the American exiles, Jewish but anti-Zionist. In Paris, she was very helpful to Algeria during the revolution and, after independence, she went over to accept a government position. She persuaded a high official to give sanctuary to Cleaver. He, in turn, offered protection to the Learys.

We had some wine back in their hotel room, using fancy new glasses that Rosemary had bought, along with some handwoven blankets, for their new house. She spread some grass mats on the balcony and we sat outside, listening to a

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GTE SYLVANIA

portable cassette player. The Jefferson Airplane quickly gained altitude as Rosemary crossed her legs in the lotus position, closed her eyes and moved her head and shoulders with the music. Timothy fooled around with some dumbbells that weighed only about ten pounds each. His body is very thin, his muscles stringy and undeveloped. Yet while in prison, he was the white handball champion.

Timothy showed me the beads and crucifix he had worn when he went over the fence. Grinning, he started to hang them up on the wall. Rosemary frowned and protested that the maids would see them, that the Catholics had fucked up Algeria enough as it was. I looked at some of the books in the room, most of them lent by Cleaver. There was a two-volume life of Kim Il Sung, the North Korean leader, a paperback of *Revolution for the Hell of It*, inscribed on the flyleaf, "To Tim and Rosemary and all the children of the planet. Happy Halloween—Abbie."

Rosemary is a beautiful woman. She is 35, tall, slender, graceful. But she seemed fragile and showed signs of

strain. Her kidneys were bothering her, unaccustomed to the wine, the heavy food and the strong coffee. She was looking forward to having their own house and their customary simple diet. In spite of herself, she sometimes broke into enthusiasm in quick, unexpected flashes. I even managed to get a right-on hand when I spoke of Hemingway's fake *machismo*. But then I ruined it. I asked Timothy what specific changes the revolution would bring. If the war were won tomorrow, what would American life and government be like?

"Oh, come on. Don't you know the answer to that? Don't you really? You sound just like the chamber of commerce. That's the first question the establishment always comes out with, 'Who's going to mind the store?'"

I tried to avoid his gaze of scorn, my eyes coming to rest on a little bottle of yellow pills on the night table, medicine, probably, but I didn't dare ask. He explained that there were plenty of people who could really groove on electronics or fixing car motors, just because it was their thing. It didn't mean that

they had to become plastic, materialistic robots.

Privately, I wondered. Would it be that easy to find someone who really grooved on hauling garbage, sweating in a steel mill, going down into the mines? I knew for a personal fact it wasn't going to be that easy to get guys to go to sea.

Timothy mentioned using cocaine and heroin in jail. I didn't know they also favored the hard stuff and I was dumb enough to say so. They both stared at me in astonishment. The distortion of time is the most important characteristic of LSD, infinitely more life experience being absorbed in any period, which is ideal for happy occasions like honeymoons and celebrations. But the narcotics are advantageous for fast-time needs: operations, unhappiness, bad weather, jail. Man has learned how to program his own nervous system with his new ability to play a pharmaceutical organ on his own consciousness—up, down, fast, slow, sharp or dull. He can become passionate. He can make himself fertile or sterile. He can become spiritual. He can make himself sleepy, ecstatic or dead.

Timothy cheerfully admitted he is just getting into the women's lib thing. He, too, had his troubles with male-ego hang-ups, the symbols, the sexual identities. Nothing seemed to amuse him more than the awareness of his own growth, feeling his own life force struggling against the evil of complacency, decay and death.

Gradually, in bits and pieces, I was able to get him to make statements about the postrevolutionary future. There would be an immediate end to the Vietnam war. There would be total disarmament. The drug laws would be repealed. The CIA and all other forms of secret police would be eliminated. There would be no forced busing of school children. (To Leary, this is still another case of mechanical, slide-rule thinking, socialist bureaucracy run wild.) There would be no compulsory education. Formal schooling would be only for those who had a sincere desire to go into a professional field. The concept of materialism would be rejected and there would be a return to the natural man. Socialism would be swept aside in favor of a tribal system of society. The individuality of national, cultural and religious groups would be recognized. All industry would be put underground. The forest would return. New York City would be reserved for living purposes only, the streets returned to grass, each block a part of the new tribal division. The United States already has the technical resources to be able to simply give everyone adequate food, medical services and housing. All that is lacking is the willingness. The necessities assured, deliberate labor would



be only for the luxuries. He also said, "Eventually, we'll do away with money."

The hedonist revolution would counteract the effects of the Industrial Revolution. The proper use of LSD would break the old cycles of the consumer-advertising-demand-slave machine. The postal service would be turned over to private enterprise. So would the administration of social security.

One thing was obvious; Leary believes in the basic goodness of man. His thought is like every other system of reform. Once the obstacles are removed and "society" is purged, once they knock off the squares, the pigs and the heavies, then man will ascend to his natural state of grace and everything will groove. There will be cooperation among men, instead of competition. There will be play instead of work. There will be chemical ecstasy instead of prayer.

Timothy laughed in that special way of his. "I told Eldridge Cleaver about the twenty-one-hundred-dollar interview fee I demanded from *PLAYBOY* and offered to give half of it to the Black Panther Party. But Eldridge said, 'What do you mean, half? You're supposed to give all of it to the party.' And I said, 'Yeah. Right on.'" He laughed again. "What we'll do is, we'll take *PLAYBOY*'s money and buy dynamite."

Softly, Rosemary objected. "No. We'll buy breakfasts for the kids in the ghettos."

Cheerfully, Timothy agreed. I asked him which it was going to be, then, dynamite or milk.

"Oh. The Panthers never dynamite. Maybe we should build an atomic submarine in the Bay of Algiers."

Again, he laughed in that quick and disconnected way that could not be called a giggle but a nervous chuckle, perhaps.

It was always tricky to discuss anything for long. Trying to commit him to a quote, to argue, to reason or to question was like trying to deliver a right cross to a butterfly. Catch him in a contradiction and he would laugh at me for being so serious, and then—"Everything we do is a put-on."

I had been warned that he was a master at games. And there I was, trying to catch a multi-armed Vishnu octopus who jetted backward through psychic seas, leaving clouds of black ink hanging suspended in the currents, confounding all enemies as to his true shape, his ultimate size, his exact location. Oh, sure. I had plenty of notes, quotes and anecdotes. But it was all the official line of bullshit, one long string of hyphenated bumper-sticker slogans.

We went for a drive to the Club des Pins, a compound a few miles up the coast designed for foreign businessmen and diplomats. Timothy had to find some official concerning the leasing of



"Far out! I thought most cows just ate grass!"

the house. Rosemary and I waited for him in the car. Conversation was difficult. Her kidneys were still bothering her, but there was also that something else.

We went shopping in some of the government stores. Rosemary looked at a black burnoose of heavy felt priced at \$35. She decided to wait for a better color, perhaps blue. She bought some more mats, a Sterno-type stove and some beach towels made in Red China. Timothy laughed. "We'll sit on them and read the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao*." He was upset when I admitted I hadn't read the book.

We drove off to another village, going into a hardware store to find a teapot. And then from somewhere outside, we heard the long, slow, sacred wail of a muezzin calling for evening prayers, the lilting chant coming up from the very bottom of the Islamic soul, pleading its commitment to God, wafting inside above the groan and mutter of street traffic, the clatter of pots and pans.

On the way back, Timothy admired the color and the size of the rising moon. He spoke of being a member of the Red Sun Tribe, the Weatherman group from San Francisco. He and Rosemary have also been initiated into the Navaho nation and Crazy Horse's tribe, the Ogallala Sioux. They will eventually have someone bring in a supply of LSD from the States. Meanwhile, they have to be careful about getting drugs in Algeria, not wishing to upset the puritan attitudes of the orthodox government.

Back at the hotel, we had a drink of Pernod from the bottle I had bought. I was breaking my vow of abstinence. But by then, I really needed it. Timothy got out a guidebook to Algeria, showing me a description of Bou Saada (City

of Happiness), about 150 miles to the south on the edge of the Sahara. There were open bazaars, folk dances, an oasis, mosques, craftsmen and ancient streets, all surrounded by mountain peaks and sand dunes.

Timothy and Rosemary discussed driving down for a few days to explore, to get high, to perhaps even buy a house there instead of the one at El Djamilia. I asked if I could go with them, thinking that on an independent adventure, fresh from the beginning, we could have something uniquely ours. And if they insisted on turning me on, why not? What better place to have my nervous system illuminated than in the City of Happiness, the sacrament administered by the King and Queen of Space?

But the laughter and excitement over our ceremonial glasses lasted only a few moments. We had had a spontaneous flare-up of enthusiasm and warmth and then it was gone. Rosemary's kidney pain was back. Timothy and I went up the street to get her some milk and fruit. He repeated his standard performance with the kids running the grocery store, everyone in turn getting a handshake, a smile and a slapstick pantomime. Rosemary was in bed when we returned, looking wan but still very pretty, fragile yet very tough.

Timothy and I went down to the port to a smoky, simple, crude and smelly restaurant, sitting on a terrace overlooking the fishing boats. We had wine, tiny shrimps and a small local fish, *rouget*. With his cap and his turtleneck, he looked like some romantic international smuggler. It was a strange dinner. He was in an arrogant mood, all dignity and hardness, sitting very erect and dictating. He thought I made a mistake by not bringing a tape recorder, so that I

If you want a
cool pick-me-up
on a hot
summer day:

The number is
Brut 33



Splash-On Lotion by Fabergé.
The between-shower shower.

could get down every word, scowling as I scribbled away with my pen.

All in one breath, he spoke of the zodiac, electricity, Christ, the location of energy, where the action is, the sporadic central role of the United States in world affairs. I suggested that perhaps this is a continuation of the original American Revolution, a second wave of idealism after a long lapse of principles. But Timothy said this was too chauvinistic. He did agree that the United States has taken materialism to an ultimate degree and has now created its own reaction. "Americans are the only people on earth who have two cars in the garage and two TV sets and can't get a hard-on. We are the only ones who know about the dangers."

Timothy said he has always been a psychologist trying to learn what man is all about in order to learn happiness. The discovery of LSD has altered the entire concept of man's nature and represents the single greatest contribution to its understanding. Just as Copernicus' discovery that the world is round helped lead the way to the Reformation, LSD has changed science, theology, culture and politics. It is now known, he said, that every man and every woman is God. But each individual must find his own inner reality. Originally, this was a Hindu idea, but they merely *said* it, whereas LSD actually *does* it. Thus, LSD has also become a religion, its followers making up the largest group of full-time true believers. The militant vanguard that is so important to the infidel world is only the tip of the iceberg, "the final Zen point."

We ate and we drank. Timothy smoked and I made notes. Whenever I tried to make a comment, he cut me off with a snappish "You said that already" or a disdainful "Don't lay your trip on me."

He said that he is generally considered to be a leader of youth, but that actually it is just the opposite. The kids have consistently taught the Learys.

He also told me, "I am probably the wisest man you will ever meet."

He described the ideal tribal unit, which would consist of 12 men and their families, although two men could be single, representing the homosexual element and the wanderers who transpollinate seed among the various tribes. This would also set up a certain challenge to family security. Man is always at his best when at the brink of danger and discovery. Boredom and security soon become death. Before marriage, sex experimentation would be encouraged. After marriage, sexual mores would depend upon the tribe's nature and desires. Ideally, all 12 men would have different zodiac signs to counterbalance each other's personalities.

Back at my room, I tossed and twisted on the cold, damp bed that sagged and

buckled, listening to the hard thump of the night club below me.

And then came Friday. Timothy showed up at the *brasserie* three hours late. He doesn't have a watch and is always losing track of time. This is symptomatic of psychedelic drugs and is also part of the Taoist philosophy. Things can't be made to happen, they must be allowed to happen, naturally, when propitious circumstances have arranged themselves. He was wearing a bathing suit and his leather cap, quite cheerful about the progress of his book. We walked to the beach, where Rosemary joined us, her hair long and loose. She took off her flowing robe, unrolled a straw mat on the sand and sat in the lotus position, facing the sea, as she did a series of yoga stretches. We sat there for a while in the sun, swatting at the swarms of flies. Rosemary's back remained turned and Timothy was practicing his French with one of the local people, discussing the vagaries of the rainy season and the tourists who used to come to El Djamilia.

Wordlessly, Timothy and Rosemary went for a brief dip. I waited. But they didn't return; they walked up the beach, out of sight. Finally, I went up to my room. I chewed on a piece of bread. I drank some Pernod and looked down through the balcony railing. Timothy and Rosemary had returned, their feet black from the gobs of oil that had washed ashore from the passing tankers. They were kissing and smiling at each other.

The Czechs had left and a room in the Learys' hotel was now available. I moved and spent the rest of the afternoon reading and drinking. I was depressed. I was exhausted but couldn't sleep. I was constipated. Thoughts of revolution kept whirling through my head: social reforms, peace, the brotherhood of races.

I forced myself to knock on the Learys' door. But they were cleaning the oil off their feet with gasoline and Timothy wanted to work on his book. I went back to my room. Later, he knocked and announced that Cleaver was coming out for dinner in a couple of hours. He wanted to talk and was anxious to meet me.

But two hours after that, there was another knock. Eldridge would be along later and we should all go ahead and eat. Timothy and I had some Pernod and we talked awhile. He told me I had been granted a great honor to be allowed to see him. "Let's face it. You're the writer of the month." But he felt I was unprepared, too naïve about drugs, mysticism and politics. Using the new-speak of 1984 just as well as Agnew, he called me a Bolib, an old-line-bohemian-drunk-labor-union-liberal. He intended to raise hell with his friends who had let me come over. Perhaps I should telephone PLAYBOY and admit that the

assignment was too big for me. He chuckled. They could even run an ad in the underground press and get together a collection for my family as compensation for my trouble. Ready to take him up on it, I asked if that was what he really wanted. He hesitated a moment and went back to his room to ask Rosemary. He returned with her message: "Why doesn't he stop being such a whore for the establishment and go on welfare to feed his children?"

Timothy and Rosemary and I went to a restaurant called Dar-es-Salaam (House of Peace). It was dark and the prices were very high. There was a third-rate rock band, a strobe light going on and off every three minutes sharp. It was about as hip as Palm Beach during the hurricane season.

The Learys smiled and gazed into each other's eyes. They spoke to me whenever Timothy thought of another amusing title for my piece; like, "How the Learys Turned Me On in Spite of Myself." As for the message, "Our only regret is that we didn't take a thousand times more dope than we did." Sweetly, smiling, Rosemary reminded me that they could have put some LSD in my coffee. I smiled back and told her I had already thought of that. But then she hurriedly changed her mind and said, "No. We never do that."

Rosemary said she was from St. Louis. When she was young, a wild time consisted of going across the Mississippi River to East St. Louis. Her first husband was an accordion player. She said he was there in Algeria someplace. Leary and I both stared at her. Then she added, "Where else could an accordion player make it?"

Timothy had more writing suggestions. He said the timpani of my piece should be the moment they were buying the teapot while, outside, the muezzin was calling evening prayers. Instead of asking questions, I should invent a new form of creative journalism. I could write down a complete myth and then they could live it out. He went on with his scam saga, chuckling something about space molecules and earth gravity. He and Rosemary were time travelers. Their bodies were not really their own. They were going to join the Bedouins and live with the sun, the sand and the stars and travel back to the past instead of to the future.

I had come to Algeria as a journalist. It was supposed to be questions and answers. Opinions. Projections. Quotes and unquotes. But Timothy wouldn't play. Instead, he and Rosemary giggled, grooved on the menu, ordered wine and got up to dance, she moving slowly and gracefully, like a moon-goddess; he, jerky and nervous, all elbows and heels. In between, they stared into each other's eyes. They were playing honeymoon. My game was wallet carrier.

Timothy and Rosemary have been married five years. I was told by a close friend that she is his third wife. A second marriage lasted for seven months. His first wife committed suicide when he was 35. Jack, his son, is now 20. His daughter, Susan, is 22. Jack has been busted 11 times. Leary's mother is still alive. I had been refused permission to see her.

Leary is an only son. His father was a career Army officer. Leary studied at Holy Cross for two years, then quit. He was at West Point for 18 months. The Irish: politics, religion, sentimentality.

In his book "High Priest," he described his very first trip. He suddenly quit his psychological-research-director's job at Berkeley and went to Spain with his children, aged nine and seven. They wandered for the next four years in Italy, France, Denmark and Mexico. He referred to this period as one of slow death. He didn't once mention the death of his wife.

Die and be reborn. Death and resurrection. Leary's works constantly clang with the repetition of the death motif. You die with LSD. But you are born again into a newer form. Karma. Avatar. More and more of the sacred satori. By dying just a little at a time but then resurrecting himself, he maintains control over that awful and final trip. He endures the little death. He flirts with it, casually, laughing.

We left Dar-es-Salaam. Eldridge still hadn't come, so we decided to have a drink at El Djamila, an establishment even darker, even louder. I ordered rum, which is fighting liquor, the pirates' favorite. This joint was middle-class Algeria and I didn't like it. Timothy went off to dance with Rosemary. He kept on his leather cap but took off his shoes, moving barefooted in an old, creaky style, like a shipwrecked fisherman washed ashore at Woodstock. The locals were really with it. A woman danced with a man. Without her veil. A man danced with a man. Everybody looked at his own feet. And then three men danced together in a big triangle. I ordered more Cinzano for the Learys and rum for myself.

And then, suddenly, Timothy came up behind me and murmured that Eldridge was outside but didn't want to see me, probably because he was with another woman. And then he was gone. The muezzin and the teapot might prove to be the timpani of my piece, but this particular riff was being led by the kazoo section.

I paid the check and went back to the hotel. I paced the room, went out on the balcony, had some Pernod, cussed and swore. I began to feel a rising urge I hadn't known in years—the desire to trespass, to steal something in anger.

I opened the door carefully, sneaked across the hall, put the rim of a water glass against the Learys' door and my

If you want to
stay dry and
keep your cool
all day:

The number is
Brut 33



Anti-Perspirant Deodorant Spray.
Plus the great smell of Brut by Fabergé.

ear against the base. I could hear voices inside, very faintly. There was a deep, slow, rumbling baritone that had to be Eldridge. There was a woman's voice, clearly enunciated, educated, perhaps European. But I couldn't make out any of the words. I slipped away, glancing down the stair well as I tiptoed back to my room for a plastic glass with a larger diameter. But all I could hear was the precisely transmitted sound of a flushing toilet.

I went up the stairs to find the door to the roof, moving with that predatory silence that only a master prowler can know, my heart pounding with that ancient intoxication. I moved to the rear of the building, checking the windows in the neighboring houses, asking myself if perhaps I hadn't been playing cops and robbers too long, whether, during the rapture of the game of transgressor, I had not somehow become enslaved by my own rebellion. I had become a moral hybrid, half fuzz, half thief, dancing my creeper's dance from door to hallway to stairs to rooftop, trying to swipe words, boosting ideas, dipping information.

When I leaned over the edge of the roof, I could see lights reflected out on the balcony. I could hear voices. But the words were overwhelmed by the sounds of El Djamila across the street. Quickly, I went over the side, grabbing a water pipe with one hand, my foot on a molding, my other leg dangling, hanging there, drunk with wine, Pernod, rum Negrita, drunk with plot, with intrigue, drunk with Africa. But the script

was all wrong. I couldn't hear a thing. A sudden shower began. The oxidized paint on the hotel wall was coming off all over my clothes and shoes. And then very loudly, inadvertently, I broke wind.

As if in answer to that pig dangling from the edge of the moon, El Djamila broke out with the camel-shit-kicker version of *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*. Simultaneously, a large billow of smoke came belching out of Leary's room, thick with the strong, sharp, unmistakable stink of burning pot, wafting out over the balcony and up to the rooftops, the stars and the zodiac, overwhelming the man from PLAYBOY who struggled helplessly, caught in the intoxicating clouds of revolution.

And within those magic vapors, he finally achieved his ultimate vision, seeing Timothy and Rosemary illuminated in their quintessential identity, an intergalactic messiah in omnisexual form sent on a mission by the energy council to bring the supreme gift of time dust to the planet Earth. When our blue and our purple are finally turned electric, they will then embark on still another odyssey, wandering into the desert wilderness for their rendezvous with the vehicle that will transport them through time and through God, back to forever from the very beginning.

Things have changed. The fragile synthesis of mysticism and revolution has come apart. Since the time of this writing, Leary tried to contact Al Fatah as part of a Weatherman mission of soli-

arity with the Arab guerrillas. But he and Rosemary were denied entrance to Lebanon and also Jordan. Egypt would allow them to stay only long enough to get a plane back to Algeria. And then Timothy and Rosemary were put under house arrest—by Eldridge Cleaver, who published a statement in the underground press.

On January the ninth of 1971, I issued an order to Field Marshal D. C. who works in our Intercommunal Section here in Algeria to go to Leary's apartment and to take Leary and his wife, Rosemary, to another location and to confine them there until further notice. . . . Just say that on January the ninth we busted Leary. Leary is busted. And here you can see him busted, him and Rosemary.

What I'm saying here also applies to the Jerry Rubins, the Stew Alpert and the Abbie Hoffmans and the whole silly psychedelic-drug culture, quasi-political movement of which they are a part and of which we have been a part in the past, which we supported in the past, because it was our judgment that at that time this is what we had to work with from white America. But we are through, we are finished relating to this madness, we are through tolerating this madness; and we want everybody to know that the serious work of uprooting and destroying the empire of Babylon with its vicious fascism and imperialism, this has to be dealt with, in the only way that it can be dealt with, by sober, stone-cold revolutionaries motivated by revolutionary love—men and women who fit the description given by Comrade Ché Guevara: cold, calculating killing machines to be turned against the enemy.

They were released after five days. There has been no answer to Eldridge's charge that Timothy's "mind has been blown by acid."

Meanwhile, Cleaver and Huey Newton have read each other out of the Black Panther Party. The party newspaper—controlled by Newton—accused Cleaver of murdering his wife's lover, beating her and holding her prisoner. Cleaver has dismissed those charges as absurd.

Timothy Leary is once again in prison. After escaping from the cells and the bars of "Amerika," he finds himself in the larger confinement of Algiers, nervously pacing back and forth, surrounded by a puritan religion, an ascetic culture and hostile politics, denounced, ignored, his psychedelic dreams reduced to black and white.



"Better take your hand out . . . this is my stop."

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 53)

have deprived "Playboy Forum" readers of a glimpse into the workings of a really fascinating mind.

CRIME AGAINST HEALTH

I am presently paying a debt to society, although it isn't quite clear to me why I owe society anything. I have committed no form of theft or assault, and I have always tried to avoid causing even mental distress to others. I am in jail for what the Mexican government calls "*delito contra la salud*"—a crime against health. The health involved, however, is my own, and the crime in question—smoking marijuana—did not, in my best judgment, harm me; but even if grass did damage me in some way, the cell I'm in isn't very therapeutic. In brief, it's a cesspool, and the food is so bad that it gives me dysentery. It seems to me that the real crime against health is the existence of such prisons.

David Hall
Penitenciaría Juárez
Mérida
Yucatán, Mexico

PEACE AND OTHER EVILS

I think the subject of this letter deserves official consideration in Washington, D. C., and ventilation in the mass media; therefore, I am sending copies to PLAYBOY and Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey.

Last year, the Defense Department produced a poster against drugs and a copy was posted in my unit. I do not disapprove of the intent of this poster, since the drug problem in the Army is now reaching the same magnitude as the (largely ignored) alcohol problem. However, the artist has inserted an insidious and subliminal slur against the peace movement: The tablet representing LSD is marked with the peace symbol. The intent is clear. The Army wants us to believe that there is some sort of sinister connection between peace and hallucinogenic drugs.

Many of my fellow citizens, including Senators, have criticized this insane war. Many others have been beaten and jailed in their courageous struggle for peace. Over here, many soldiers wear the peace symbol as a sign of support for those brave dissenters at home—and they wear it with more pride than they would ever wear an Army medal. I think the Defense Department owes us all an apology for trying to smear this movement by linking it with an illegal drug.

Sp/4 Harry W. Haines
APO San Francisco, California

COMING ATTRACTION

I served in Jordan as part of the medical relief team sent by our military under the direction of the International Red

Cross. What I saw there convinces me that there was no victory for either side. The guerrillas of the Palestinian Liberation Front lost the military contest, but the Jordanian army lost something of infinitely greater value: the allegiance of the people. The attack of the revolutionaries was savage and the backlash of the army was equally so: There was no quarter given on either side. Civilian men, women and children suffered the most, particularly after the shoot-to-kill curfew was imposed. The only conclusion one can reach is that nobody won.

Of course, I am deliberately leaving out of consideration the political and moral arguments that "justify" each side. I do not know enough about the issues to judge these arguments; I know only that, to the wounded, the mutilated and the survivors of the dead, all of the words of both sides must seem hollow. Whatever politicians and moralists decide about the tragedy of Jordan, the lesson I learned in that small country is that everybody suffers in modern guerrilla warfare, that the brutality of one side is answered by brutality on the other

side and that the voices of weeping children are the first sound one hears when the guns stop shooting. It is a lesson that is pertinent to our own country.

Sp/4 Danny L. Watts
APO New York, New York

CLEMENCY FOR CALLEY

Like many Americans, I am deeply disturbed by the Army's treatment of Lieutenant William Calley. After all, Calley did not start this no-win war; he never rose to a rank where he was responsible for major policy decisions. Like almost all the American men who have served in Vietnam, he was a pawn in a game he never fully understood. What are his crimes, actually? Patriotism, certainly: a decision to serve his nation rather than run away to Canada. A willingness to follow orders, yes. What else? After several weeks, during which many of his men were killed by enemy mines, he lost his head. What man who has served in any war does not know of similar incidents? What Calley did has been done in close combat in every war since time began; and much worse has been done in our own time without any punishment, as witness Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The only time such



Bruce Brown

"Cap'n, we'd like to form a rock group!"



"Corny, but if it'll pull the kids in,
I'll go along with it."

acts have been punished—after World War Two—was when victorious nations imposed the penalties on defeated nations. Even then, the only strict penalties were for those in real policy-making positions. Most people now realize that generalizing the Nuremberg law to all ranks is a mistake; this is tacitly admitted by all governments in the world, who insist that their soldiers shall obey orders and not follow the Nuremberg principle of consulting their own consciences. How could an army function otherwise?

William Calley could be your son or mine. Lured into a war that he didn't start, trained to kill, sent into bloody battle, he acted as your son or mine might act. If the men who started this war are to punish him, that is justice upside down. They should have the courage of their convictions and end this bloody mess quickly and totally by bombing Vietnam back into the Stone Age.

The only people who can take any satisfaction in the Calley verdict are pacifists. If our leaders are now becoming

pacifists, their first move should be to pardon poor Calley and surrender themselves for trial on the Nuremberg precedent. This gesture of masochism would be applauded by liberals of the ilk of Senator Fulbright, of course, and would mark the end of America as a great power, but at least it would be consistent. Condemning Lieutenant Calley alone is sheer hypocrisy.

George Allen
Des Moines, Iowa

Lieutenant Calley confessed firing into a ditch full of civilians, among whom were several women and small children. A total of 102 persons died at My Lai and Calley was found guilty of personally firing the shots that killed at least 22 of them. That he is guilty is clear; it is also clear (as you point out) that condemning Calley alone is sheer hypocrisy and, for this reason, we advocate a continuing investigation of this and other war crimes, with a view to prosecuting all who are responsible, regardless of rank or position.

We do not think the punishments should necessarily be harsh. And we agree with Brigadier General Telford Taylor

that Calley's punishment should be mitigated—in line with our feeling that Draconian penalties serve no purpose but vengeance and that they defeat rehabilitation. But we also agree with General Taylor that an acquittal would have been a disaster, and we share his conviction that:

My Lai . . . was not an aberration. Rather it was a symptom of disease, and the disease itself was the product of our decision to fight guerrillas with massive fire power brought to bear on the ground and from the air in such circumstances and with such force that enormous civilian casualties and the reduction of millions to a miserable refugee existence were the inevitable consequences.

Calley himself showed his awareness of this when he said:

The thing that makes My Lai so unique, it was a small tragedy in a small place, but for once, man was able to see all the hells of war all at once.

I can't say that I am proud of ever being in My Lai, or ever participating in war. But I will be extremely proud if My Lai shows the world what war is and that the world needs to do something about stopping wars. . . .

I am hopeful that My Lai will bring the meaning of war to the surface not only to our nation but to all nations.

My recommendation is that this nation cannot afford to involve itself in war.

If Calley's loudest defenders would consider these words, they might help to salvage not only the lieutenant's remaining years but the honor of this nation as well. As it is, by crying out for further atrocities and for "bombing Vietnam back into the Stone Age," they merely inflame the disease of which Calley (as well as each civilian he murdered) is a tragic victim. Finally, as for Senator Fulbright and other anti-war spokesmen in Congress, we doubt that their policies are based on masochism or a desire to humiliate America. Rather, we suggest, they are moved by the same sense that there is a moral law in the universe, which prompted Jefferson to write of slavery, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



DAY SAILERS

(continued from page 120)

this—there are many models on the market—can make a long day much more civilized. Of course, you'll want to take plenty of good food and drink to satisfy the voracious appetites and thirsts whetted by a day on the water. Whatever else you take will be dictated by your own tastes and by those of your shipmate, keeping in mind that a happy crew can make day sailing a nighttime sport.

All the boats included here are of fiberglass construction, a big plus for easy maintenance. In making our selections from the many excellent craft available, we concentrated on models that seem to embody the characteristics that make day sailing one of the most popular and fastest-growing pursuits in the entire field of pleasure boating.

HOBIE CAT 16

Lo.a. 16'7"; beam 7'11"; s.a. 218 sq. ft.; by Coast Catamaran, \$1695, with sails, trapeze and harness rigging.

Hobie Alter is an enterprising outdoorsman who had a bright idea and developed it. As an expert surfer and surfboard manufacturer, he came up with the notion of combining surfing and sailing. The result was a little cat-rigged catamaran called the Hobie Cat 14 (\$1195). In three years, almost 8000 of these sporty but simple boats were sold, making sailors of thousands who had previously never thought twice about the sport. Not originally a sailor himself, Alter brought an elementary approach to the supposedly complicated art by providing the buyer with a manual that progressively details in simple, direct terms how to become an accomplished sailor.

Last year, after many hours of personal research off the beach near his San Juan Capistrano, California, plant, Alter developed the Hobie Cat 16. While the 14 performs better as a single-hander, the 16 is meant for a crew and, therefore, is a more socially oriented boat. Although some are being raced, the Hobie 16 is primarily meant to be enjoyed for the sheer exhilaration of speed and motion. Like many other hot catamarans, and like a good sports car, she provides rewards through performance; stimulation enough without competition. The rig can be reduced for single-handing by the dedicated loner, but sharing speed thrills is the joy of this boat. It's recommended that you wear a swimsuit and not attempt to drift and drink when sailing her, though the canvas trampoline between the hulls will easily allow a couple to stretch out in a light breeze. The term high

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performance has become a much-abused cliché in the sailboat field, but the Hobie 16, with speeds up to 22 knots, is one boat that deserves this appellation.

FLYING SCOT

l.o.a. 19'; l.w.l. 18'4"; beam 7'1"; centerboarder; draft 8" min., 4' max.; s.a. 190 sq. ft.; by Gordon Douglass Boat Co., \$2495, not including sails.

Sandy Douglass, who originally designed the popular Thistle and Highlander after long experience in the International 14 class, branched out on his own with the Flying Scot, a design that embodies the performance characteristics of both boats but is better adapted to day sailing. Furthermore, a Flying Scot is stable enough to be handled by a captain and shapely crew of one—even in a stiff breeze—though the cockpit is large enough to accommodate up to eight

people comfortably. The Flying Scot, in other words, offers an optimum combination of performance and comfort for those who may like racing but don't want to limit themselves to it.

SANDERLING

l.o.a. 18'2"; l.w.l. 17'6"; beam 8'6"; centerboarder; draft 1'7" min., 4'4" max.; s.a. 253 sq. ft.; by Marshall Marine Corp., \$3990, not including sail.

The catboat is a truly American craft. Its history goes back to Colonial days along the Atlantic Coast, and a distinctive variety known as the Cape Cod cat was developed for commercial work by fishermen of that New England outpost about 120 years ago. The Crosby family in Osterville, Massachusetts, became the best known of the local builders, and "original" Crosby cats, following

the traditional lines and practices, were built until the Forties. Some antiques still survive, lovingly preserved by proud owners, but the type, always an excellent boat for day sailing, has undergone a modern revival of modest proportions through fiberglass construction.

In 1963, Breck Marshall, an experienced builder of ocean racers and an avid catboat enthusiast, began production of a modern adaptation of the classic cat. Two sizes are manufactured—a 22-footer, which is really a complete cruising boat, and an 18-footer known by the class name of Sanderling. Although she has a small cabin with two bunks, a head and a galley shelf, the Sanderling is basically a day sailer, with a roomy, comfortable cockpit that holds six adults with ease.

Sanderlings preserve the traditional catboat look—stubby, shoal-draft hulls, flat-transom sterns and no-nonsense "barn-door" rudders. Where possible, Marshall has employed modern materials both for ease of maintenance and for additional strength. The mast is of lightweight, hollow aluminum rather than of heavy hardwood. The reduced weight gives the Sanderling greater stability and aids in eliminating some of the bow-heavy temperamentalness of her predecessors. The result is a lively performer, good enough for racing yet comfortable enough for partying, able in rough water yet shallow-draft enough for gunkholing (sailing in shallow water with the centerboard up).

BUCCANEER

l.o.a. 18'; l.w.l. 16'8"; beam 6'; centerboarder; draft 7" min., 3'11" max.; s.a. 175 sq. ft.; by Chrysler Marine Products, \$2315, including sails.

This boat, which made an impressive debut when a wooden prototype placed second in her division in *Yachting* magazine's 1969 One-of-a-Kind Regatta in Chicago, has been put into fiberglass production by Chrysler Corporation. The Buccaneer combines racing potential with day-sailing comfort. Designed through the combined efforts of Rod Macalpine-Downie of England and Dick Gibbs of Michigan, she has an easily driven hull that handles well in the chop of open water. With an optional spinnaker, the Buccaneer can keep abreast of the hottest racing classes and challenge a serious crew, but many nonracing features have also been included in the design: Provision is made for an outboard motor, which can be stored under a hatch in the afterdeck, and foam flotation has been incorporated into the spars and deck. Remote furling gear on the jib—to quickly shorten sail in heavy weather—is an advantage in both racing and lazy



"But I mean this war has been going on for years. That would seem to give it a certain legality."

day sailing. With this trend setter, it's possible to have the best of two worlds.

LIDO 14

l.o.a. 14'; l.w.l. 13'1"; beam 6'; centerboard; draft 5" min., 4'3" max.; s.a. 111 sq. ft.; by W. D. Schock Co., \$1295, not including sails.

This extremely popular West Coast sloop—about 3500 have been built to the design of Bill Schock, her creator—makes a comfortable day sailer in the lower price and smaller size range and, again, one that combines racing and day sailing. Lido fleets are active in many states and in some foreign countries, particularly Mexico. And the wide-beamed Lido offers ample cockpit space for relaxing, plus a sturdy hull that can take plenty of pounding. There's also room to store picnic gear or snorkeling equipment and you can easily attach an outboard mount to the stern to round her out for a day of good fun. Named after an island near Newport Beach, California, Lidos are found over a wide area—always an advantage from a resale point of view.

CORINTHIAN

l.o.a. 19'7"; l.w.l. 14'6"; beam 6'6"; draft 2'9"; s.a. 186 sq. ft.; by Bristol Yacht Co., \$2995, not including sails.

Carl Alberg, a veteran nautical designer, has a talent for turning small boats into very handsome, scaled-down versions of larger vessels without sacrificing such important features as cockpit room and stowage space. The Bristol Corinthian, a shallow-draft keelboat, is an excellent example of his expertise. The skipper who likes to cruise in shallow waters and doesn't want the bother and space-wasting bulk of a centerboard and its obtrusive trunk will find her especially appealing. The Corinthian's neatly formed overhang recalls an earlier day, but she's thoroughly modern in rig and materials. A responsive performer, she can be used for racing, although the lady is primarily a day sailer. The emphasis is on the well-planned cockpit, which seats four comfortably. With an outboard, she becomes a versatile craft for poking up creeks and rivers or venturing into open waters when the weather is right—and there's stowage under the seats and in the cuddy for the makings of meals and parties.

RHODES 19

l.o.a. 19'2"; l.w.l. 17'9"; beam 7'; draft with fixed keel 3'3", with centerboard 10" min., 4'11" max.; s.a. 175 sq. ft.; by O'Day Co., \$2495, not including sails.

Phil Rhodes, one of the giants of the yacht-designing profession, put it all together when he designed the rugged



"Now, this may be a little painful, Mr. Fenton."



Rhodes 19, a craft that comes with the purchaser's choice of keel or centerboard. The Rhodes is supported by a loyal class-racing organization that's active from coast to coast. (A 300-sq.-ft. spinnaker adds to the boat's challenge and versatility.) Lighter boats in this size range have beaten the Rhodes 19 in moderate air, but in heavy seas, when more delicate craft fade, the Rhodes really comes into her own and gives her crew a hell of a ride.

The Rhodes has all the elements needed for a very pleasant day of sailing under a variety of conditions. The cockpit is comfortable, the cuddy is good for stowage and there's no need to worry about

rough water should the wind begin to rise. The design also comes in a cruising version known as the Mariner 2+2 (\$2770), which features a two-berth cabin. Both models have roller reefing, a well for an outboard and—like all of the boats in this article—can easily be trailed behind a car. And they're virtually unsinkable.

NEWPORT HOLIDAY

l.o.a. 19'1"; l.w.l. 17'6"; beam 6'7"; centerboard; draft 8" min., 4'6" max.; s.a. 173 sq. ft.; by Browning Newport Boats, \$2495, including sails.

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The Newport Holiday, a sloop with a cuddy cabin, is the day-sailing version of a hot racing boat. Harry Sindle, a former U.S. Olympic Flying Dutchman skipper, used his familiarity with that high-performance class to incorporate some of its best features into a beamier, more stable boat, able to give her crew plenty of swift action while they relax in a commodious cockpit. The slender, knifelike bow is angled to deflect spray and particularly resembles the original Dutchman; but by the time your eye roves back to the cuddy and the generous seats in the cockpit, the Holiday's similarity to an Olympic class has disappeared. The cuddy is a handy stowage area for day sailing and provides sleeping room for two. There's also stowage space aft for an outboard and other ship's gear, and a five-hp long-shaft outboard can be mounted on the transom. The cockpit easily seats six with plenty of footroom, and the long centerboard trunk makes a good foot brace. The heavy centerboard and ample beam ensure stability and, in the highly unlikely event that one should capsize, the positive flotation and self-bailing cockpit make her easy to right. The roller-reefed mainsail is an added con-

venience and safety factor, making the Holiday a most complete and enjoyable day sailer.

CAPE DORY 14

Lo.a. 14'6"; l.w.l. 14'3"; beam 4'3"; centerboarder; draft 6" min., 3' max.; s.a. 85 sq. ft.; by Cape Dory Co., Inc., \$799, including sail.

This is getting down to the minimum of what could still be called day sailing as opposed to dinghy sailing—and the 14's smaller sister, the Cape Dory 10 (\$599), is just about at the bottom rung of the category. Both these boats perform well and offer room to move about a bit. You can venture into something more than pondlike waters, though not too far from the harbor, and there's enough space to take along gear and supplies to make life afloat more pleasurable for a few hours. One great advantage of boats of this size is their portability. They can be car-topped even more easily than they can be trailed—thus opening up a wide range of launch-site locations that are not easily accessible to more cumbersome boats. One day a mountain lake, the next a coastal bay and, for a vacation, a whole new horizon in some distant area. You

can beat variations in weather and change in seasons when you travel light with a Cape Dory 14 or 10.

SUNFISH

Lo.a. 13'10"; l.w.l. 12'6"; beam 4'; centerboarder; draft 6" min., 2'11" max.; s.a. 75 sq. ft.; by AMF Alcort Div., \$580, including sail.

Undoubtedly, more people have taken to the water under sail on this board boat than on any other design in history. Shortly after World War Two, two young men, Cort Heyniger and Alex Bryan, had the idea of making the simplest kind of sailboat possible, primarily for the kit-building trade, out of a plywood surfboard and colorful lateen rig. A public newly interested in leisure pursuits took to their small Sailfish in unprecedented numbers. The Sailfish design was eventually enlarged to a Super Sailfish and then refined to the present-day fiberglass Sunfish. Over 100,000 Sunfish and Sailfish have been built in all, and the original idea is still going strong, although there now are many imitations on the market. Sunfish are kept for the use of guests at almost every resort area in southern waters and they abound on most bodies of water big enough to support any kind of pleasure boating.

The addition of a small foot-well cockpit to the original Sailfish concept makes the newer Sunfish more comfortable for spending some time aboard, but this is still swimsuit sport—really a combination of swimming and sailing. Capsizing holds no terrors, as you are wet anyway and the boat is easily righted. In fact, many people enjoy the flips as much as the straight sailing.

A Sunfish performs well enough to provide serious racing for members of more than 275 racing fleets, and a world-championship regatta annually attracts top-ranked skippers. When the breeze is strong, a good planing reach in a Sunfish can be a real challenge to the skipper to balance the boat correctly and get the most out of each puff. For simple fun afloat, for knocking around in a carefree way, for painless familiarization with the art of sailing and for genuine thrills when it blows, the Sunfish fills a unique role.

It's been said that there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Once you know the ropes, the thrill of cutting across a body of water at full tilt in a day sailer can compare to topping a Ferrari out at 160 or taking Sun Valley's Exhibition run in a single swoop. But don't take our word for it. See for yourself. Good sailing!

Sailing Books and Schools

In probably no other sport is the phrase "learn as you do" more applicable than in sailing. To become a proficient sailor, you must sail. But before you hank the jib and weigh anchor, we recommend some background reading from the selection of books listed here:

Sailing for Beginners, by Moulton H. Farnham, from Macmillan, \$8.95; *Wind and Sail*, by John Muhlhausen, from Quadrangle Books, \$7.95; *The Lure of Sailing*, by Everett A. Pearson, from Harper & Row, \$7.95.

If you have the time, also consider taking a course in sailing from one of the organizations listed below. Some are intended for the neophyte yachtsman, while others offer advanced instruction that will be more of interest to the seasoned salt who has already acquired his sea legs. Further information on price and time, etc., can be obtained by writing to the schools at the addresses provided.

Offshore Sailing School
5 East 40th Street
New York, New York 10016
(Courses include both classroom and water instruction on 27' Solings provided by the school and moored in four locales—Nassau, Martha's Vineyard, New York's City Island and Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.)

Annapolis Sailing School
Box 1669
601 Sixth Street
Annapolis, Maryland 21404
(Weekend, month and vacation courses for novices on a variety of boats, plus classroom instruction.)

Coast Navigation School
418 East Canon Perdido
Santa Barbara, California 93102
(Correspondence courses in navigation, seamanship and boat handling.)

United States Coast Guard Auxiliary
Write or call the local Coast Guard Station for information on courses in your area. Or write:
U. S. C. G. Headquarters
400 7th St. S.W.
Washington, D. C. 20591
("Dry land" classroom courses in sailing, piloting and seamanship.)

United States Power Squadrons
Box 345
50 Craig Road
Montvale, New Jersey 07645
(Free classroom piloting instruction to the public; sailing courses available to members.)





"Say what you will, the kid can really handle a love song!"

LEAVE YOU AT THE NILE

to say something. But she was enjoying the moment, now that the initial shock was over. She looked down at the dress and said, "If he'll buy me a new dress, I'll forget the whole thing." She thought that was a good compromise. After all, she didn't really want to send anyone to jail.

The two policemen were obviously disappointed. But the stranger's smile said that he wasn't. "How much?" he asked, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a small roll of bills and pulled off the top two. He pressed them into her hands before she could speak. "I'm sure that will cover it." The two protruding edges showed that they were 20s. She started to say that he had given her too much, that she had paid only \$9.98 for the dress. But he was speaking again. "But if it won't—" He started to peel off another bill.

"No," she said quickly, "this is more than enough." Now she could get that pair of shoes she wanted. The desk sergeant, bored and disappointed because he had been pulled away from his *Sports Illustrated* for nothing, only hoped to get them out of his station house. He was beginning to think the whole thing was a con on the girl's part, because he could see that she was obviously not from uptown. He clicked his ballpoint pen once more and told the stranger to stay while they asked him a

(continued from page 90)

few questions about poisoned apples. She started to protest, but the stranger assured her that he would be all right. So she left him there in the station house.

• • •

Another month went by before she saw him again. She didn't know that no matter where she went, he was never far behind.

Every Saturday afternoon, when Steve didn't have to work, he practiced with the baseball team that was sponsored by the trucking firm he worked for. He was always begging Adeline to come out and watch them practice. She always refused, but one Saturday afternoon, she decided that she didn't feel like sitting in the apartment, waiting for him to come back, so she went with him. On the way to the sand lot, he stopped and bought a six-pack of beer. When they got to the lot, he turned over a trash can, picked her up, sat her down on it, shoved a can of beer into her hand and went off to play.

Just as he did everything, he played hard, and she watched him intently. She knew that he was showing off a little for her benefit, because when he would hit a good one or would make an almost impossible catch, he would wave to her with a grin that covered his whole face and she would feel very warm inside. For a moment, she thought about the

stranger and how different he was from Steve. She had asked around about a guy named Dante and a woman named Beatrice, but nobody in the neighborhood seemed to know them. She laughed and dropped the empty beer can onto the ground near two others that lay next to the overturned ash can.

Steve came up to bat. He winked at her and pointed off into the distance. She circled her thumb and forefinger and winked back. Then there was a loud crack when bat and ball connected and she watched the ball sail off. Steve was just coming into third base when she became aware that someone was standing behind her. There were a few other people watching the game, but they were all over on the other side of the field. She was about to look around when Steve slid into third just ahead of the tag. She jumped up and yelled out his name. He raised his fist into the air in a victory salute. She was laughing hard when she sat back down.

It was then that she heard a voice say, "I came to thank you for not pressing charges against me." She sat rigid for a moment, not believing her ears. It was as though she had conjured up the stranger out of her mind and the thought frightened her a little. She turned to look at him. And he was smiling that smile again, his uneven teeth reminded her of a broken picket fence. His smile suddenly irritated her, because it seemed that he was privy to some private joke he wasn't letting her in on.

Instead of speaking right away, she turned and pointed out to the baseball field. "See that big guy out there?" she asked.

"Yes," said the stranger, "his name is Steve Bernal. And—"

Not hearing him, she rushed on, "Well, he's my boyfriend and if you don't go away and leave me alone, he'll break you into little pieces. Now, beat it!"

The stranger shifted his weight and looked out at the big man, who was now at home plate, yelling at the umpire, who had just called him out. The smile faded for the briefest second as he watched the scene. But when he turned back to her, he was smiling again. "I know you're just testing my love for you," he said.

"Your what!?" she screamed. "What are you, some kind of nut? You got a lot of nerve!" And she slapped him hard across the face. Steve, having lost his battle with the umpire, started walking toward Adeline just in time to see her swing at the stranger. In an instant, he dug in and, before either Adeline or the stranger knew what was happening, he was socking the stranger on the jaw.

Adeline yelled and started beating Steve on the back as he reached to pick



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the stranger up and sock him again. "Leave him alone, you nut! What're you trying to do, kill him? Leave him alone!"

"But I saw you swing at him," Steve said, trying to ward off Adeline's blows and reach for the stranger again.

"It's all right," she said, "it's all right. He's a friend of mine!" The stranger all this time lay on the ground, stunned but not out. Just one of Steve's punches had been enough to tell him that he didn't want to get up again. By this time, a small crowd had gathered, all hooked on the promise of a fight. And they laughed at the sight of Adeline pounding mercilessly on the big hulk of a man almost three times her size.

Like most men, Steve could not abide being laughed at. Especially in public. His solution to the problem was to turn around, pick Adeline up, tuck her under one arm, pick up what was left of the six-pack and march off the lot.

The stranger on the ground was forgotten as the crowd followed Steve and his cargo off the field. The sight of him walking down the street with Adeline kicking and screaming under one arm was the funniest thing they'd seen in a long time. They laughed, they hooted and they yelled after the retreating couple. They were so busy laughing they didn't hear the stranger, with his face beaming, say, "She loves me. She loves me." Not one head turned to watch him go when he got up and walked away, smiling and rubbing his jaw.

It was early in the morning two weeks later when the stranger came into the diner. But Adeline was gone. He sat down at the counter and when Ben, who was working alone, took his order, he asked for a cup of coffee. Before he knew it, Ben was back with the coffee, spilling part of it when he set it down, because he had to dash back to the grill to rescue some burning bacon. "Doesn't Josephine work here anymore?" he asked, when the crisis was over and Ben was clearing the dishes from the vacated counter space next to him.

Ben stopped wiping for a moment and, without looking up, said, "Must have the wrong place, buddy. No Josephine ever worked here." The stranger described Josephine. And, from the description, Ben knew he was talking about Adeline. He figured Josephine must have been a phony name Adeline had used. Suddenly, something clicked.

He stopped wiping and looked up at the man sitting across from him. It was the nut Adeline had told him about! The nut was speaking. "I would like very much to see her. I have something to give her."

Ben paused and took a deep breath. He was squeezing the rag so hard that water ran out onto the counter. "Listen,

buddy, if you're the guy I think you are, I want you to know I lost the best waitress I ever had because of you. Look at this place. Empty. And at this time of the morning. She quit." He sopped up the water from the counter.

The stranger seemed upset. "Do you know where she works? How long ago did she quit?"

"About a week ago," Ben said, "and business ain't been the same since. I oughta bust you in the nose. . . ." But the stranger didn't hear the last remark, because he was moving quickly out the door. And without paying for his coffee.

Mrs. Ellis didn't open the door when he appeared and rang the bell. She made him yell through the closed door. And when he asked where Josephine had moved to, she walked away and left him standing on the doorstep.

• • •

After a few weeks, Adeline began to think she had seen the last of the stranger. She had a new job, a new apartment and Steve was beginning to make noises about getting married. She was also glad to be away from the supernose of Mrs. Ellis, who had begun to make sly comments about how early in the morning Steve was leaving the building. But all of that was behind her, she thought, as she stepped off the bus that afternoon. It was a bright, sunshiny day and all was right with the world. She started to hum a tune vaguely resembling the wedding march. The tune stuck in her throat.

He was standing by the mailbox, smiling at her. She turned to get back onto the bus, but the door was already closed and the bus had started to move off. "Hello, Frankie," he said. His clothes were disheveled and he was badly in need of a shave, but the smile showed through the stubble on his face. She wanted to cry, scream, do something, anything to make him go away. She wondered if she could conjure him away, the way she had conjured him up that day at the sand lot.

She closed her eyes and whispered, "Go away." But when she opened them, he was still standing there, smiling at her. He seemed as happy as a little puppy. "Go away," she said, "or I'll call a cop—no, I'll holler rape, I'll—oh, go away. Please?" She looked around frantically for a policeman. There was none in sight. She wanted desperately to stop a passer-by.

He was standing there by the mailbox, not moving an inch toward her, with that stupid grin on his face. "I've been looking all over for you, Frankie," he said. "Why did you run away like that?" He moved toward her and she stepped back out into the street, only to jump almost immediately back onto the sidewalk when a honking horn scared her.

"What're you trying to do?" she pleaded, "kill me or something? Why don't you just get lost? My name's not Frankie!" she suddenly screamed, "or any other cockamamie name you might think up! It's—!" She caught herself. There was only one thing to do, she concluded, and that was to run. Get the hell out of there and run as fast as she could.

"Please," the stranger said, "I don't want to hurt you. I just want . . . here." He held out his hand. There was a book in it, bound in red leather.

She stared at it without moving. "What's that?"

"It's a book."

"What kind of a book?"

"Take it. I wrote it for you." The smile was gone now, replaced by a look of desperation. "Take it," he said again. The title page read: *How I Survived the Seventh Circle*. By Daniel Block. "Read the dedication," she heard him say. "To Adeline," it said, "who will always be Beatrice to me."

The leather was cool and smooth in her hand and the paper was almost tissue thin. She stared up at him with unbelieving eyes. She read the dedication again. "You wrote this for me?" she croaked. "Wow," was all she could utter. "Wow." She wanted to reach out and touch him. But she remained rooted. What do you say to a guy who writes a book for you? she wondered. "I can't take it," she said, the image of Steve rising in front of her. He'd never understand. The stranger begged her to take it, but she steadfastly refused.

"Then, as a last favor—call it payment for the book—will you at least have a cup of coffee with me? I know I don't look too good right now, but it is your fault I look this way. When I couldn't find you, I forgot about everything. Even shaving. Please. Just one cup of coffee." She wanted to refuse but somehow couldn't bring herself to do so. And, holding the book tightly in her hand, she walked beside him down the street in search of a café.

The waitress was obviously not pleased with the stranger's appearance. And when she brought the coffee, she stood fast, waiting to see who was going to pay for it. She was not prepared for the shock of receiving a five-dollar bill and being told to keep the change. Her expression changed immediately to one of lofty respect. She walked away sure that she had just encountered one of those rich eccentrics. There was a mirror behind the coffee urn and she compared her face and figure with Adeline's. She couldn't figure it. She was still puzzled when she waited on her next customer.

The two of them sat for several silent minutes. He stirred his coffee continuously as she turned the book over and



"Come on, Boffo, it's time to get into your costume!"

over in her hand, as though she expected it to disappear at any second. He watched her as she thumbed through it, stopping several times to read a passage. Finally, she flipped back to the title page and read the name again. "Daniel Block," she said aloud. And simultaneously, almost automatically, she mentally tested the phrase Mrs. Daniel Block. She quickly erased the name from her mental blackboard.

When she looked up again, he was smiling at her across the rim of his cup. He seemed much calmer now. She was calmer, too, and for a second, it seemed as though she had known him for a long, long time. He was massaging the cup with his free hand. She marveled at how small and delicate it looked moving back and forth around the cup. His hair was longer than she remembered it and she felt a twinge of envy about the wavy shine of it. She inadvertently reached up and touched her own and quickly took her hand away when she felt its dryness.

She followed the line of his forehead, which was a little longer than she would have liked it to be, down to his eyebrows, which seemed to have been set into his face unevenly, one at a time. In the dimness of the room, she couldn't tell if his eyes were brown or black, but they were dark. And, unlike the gaze of some men she could think of, she felt relaxed as they rested unmoving on her face.

She suddenly found herself wishing she knew more about make-up but hoping he couldn't see her face too well in the dim light. She tried to determine his age as she studied his high cheekbones and the small mouth surrounded by the stubble of beard. But she was no good at guessing men's ages. She guessed he must be 35 or so. She was fascinated with his face. Especially the eyes. Suddenly conscious of the fact that she was staring at him, she put the book down and quickly took a sip of coffee, spilling some on her hand in her haste. She took another sip

and allowed the coffee to roll slowly down her throat to give herself time to think of something to say to the strange man who sat silently across from her.

"Daniel Block. That your real name? Or is it one you made up?"

"It's the name my parents gave me. But I use others from time to time." Silence was followed by another sip of coffee. She waited for him to go on. And when he didn't, she tried to frame another question. There were so many she wanted to ask him. And then, as though he sensed the way she felt, he started talking again.

"They think I'm crazy, you know."

"Who does?"

"My family. Which is ridiculous, of course."

"Of course."

Another long silence. Then, "They all live in me. Because I have a literary soul." He was leaning forward a little now, speaking in a lower tone of voice, as though he didn't want anyone around them to hear. "My family had me put away," he continued, "but I understood. They couldn't cope with it." She nodded, not understanding but trying hard to look as if she did. His face brightened and he leaned back a little in his seat. "They had to let me go when I passed all the tests they gave me, though." He chuckled with a mouth full of coffee and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down when he swallowed.

She wanted to say something, but she couldn't think what. So she sat there and smiled back at him as though she understood every word he said. He seemed pleased to have someone share his secret joke. She wished he'd get to the punch line, so she could enjoy it, too.

"They pay me to stay away," he said at last, "which is fine with me, since they don't understand me, anyway." He sighed contentedly and leaned forward on his elbows, his face cradled between his two fists. He grinned at her and said, "You're really beautiful, you know? Really beautiful." Here comes the pitch, she thought, now we get down to it. She felt a little sad. "They all live in you, too. That's why we belong together, you and I. Because they live in both of us. We are the living counterparts of all the classic lovers of literature. We belong together. And when the time is right, we will be together. I've searched for you for a long time and now that I've found you, I don't intend to lose you."

You're crazy as a bedbug, she thought, but she didn't say it. Instead, she got up from the table abruptly and hurried out before he could say any more. When he reached the door, she was jumping into a cab. He ran out into the street, calling after the disappearing vehicle.

In the back seat of the speeding taxi, Adeline sat hunched in one corner, shaking visibly. The driver, concerned,



"I don't care, Harry—overtipping is vulgar!"

asked if she was feeling all right. She assured him she was. It was crazy. That's what it was. Crazy. It was like some dream that she couldn't seem to wake from. She became aware of a cramp in her hand. She was still clutching the thin red volume.

In the weeks that followed, she thought many times of the strange man named Daniel Block, though she never spoke of him aloud. She found herself looking over her shoulder when she walked down the street and each time she stepped off a bus, she expected to see him standing there, smiling at her. But she never saw him. She would find herself walking past the little café where the two of them had had coffee together, but she never went in. On the nights when Steve was out of town on a long haul, she would reach under the mattress and take out the book the stranger had given her and read parts of it, in an attempt to understand. But the book continued to baffle her, because its style was vastly different from that of the paperbacks she usually read. She would read until her head ached, because she felt sure that if she could understand the book, she could understand Daniel. Sometimes, she felt she was on the edge of understanding, but the edge would quickly vanish and she would shove the book back into its hiding place.

She was drying silver one day when Steve came bounding into the diner where she now worked. He was bursting with news. He had been promoted to branch manager, which meant he wouldn't have to go on the road again. He reached over the counter and lifted her bodily across it. "Marry me, Addie," he said, "you and me belong together." She froze for a brief moment, remembering the words of a stranger whose family had named him Daniel. But he was only part of a crazy dream. Something that never really happened. This was real. This feeling of being crushed in the arms of a man who shared her bed from time to time, a man whose words and thoughts and dreams she understood. This was real.

Steve's two lips as they crushed hers and the words in her ears she had never heard him say before: "I love you, Addie. Marry me. You know I'll be good to you. Marry me." Yes, this was real. The other was just some crazy thing she had conjured up.

Almost without thinking, she heard herself say, "You'd better be good to me, or I'll break your head." He crushed her to him again and roared with laughter. Laughter that was so infectious that soon the entire diner was laughing with him, happy for him. And as she joined in the laughter and accepted the congratulations, Adeline thought of the red



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volume resting underneath the mattress at home.

In the hustle of her impending marriage, she forgot all about the stranger. She went shopping and bought all the things a bride should have, with the help of a former roommate named Gracie, who had moved out when the marriage bug had bitten her. And she found that as the date drew closer and her happiness increased, the image of the stranger drifted further and further into the back of her mind. He had never appeared again and she no longer tried to read the book he had written. She had tried once to throw it out when she turned the mattress, but went back to the trash can, took it out, wiped off the coffee grounds and returned it to its hiding place. When the date arrived, she had completely forgotten about the book.

He was standing outside the church when Adeline and Steve came out after the wedding. He looked thin and drawn, as though he hadn't eaten for a long time. His clothes looked even more disheveled than when she had last seen him. He made no move toward her as she walked down the steps. She shot a quick glance at Steve to see if he, too, had seen. But Steve was too busy. Too busy laughing and shaking hands to

notice. Someone spun her around and hugged her tightly, knocking her bouquet from her hand. It was one of Steve's truck-driving friends. And for a moment, she lost sight of Daniel standing at the curb. When the truck driver released her, she was immediately grabbed by another and then another. This went on for several minutes and she wanted desperately to break away, so that she could explain to Daniel why she was doing this thing. She didn't know why, but she knew she had to explain it to him. But by the time the last pair of arms released her, he was gone. She ran down the remaining steps and looked both ways, up and down the street. He was nowhere in sight. The chance was gone and she felt sorry because of it. When Steve came down the steps and put his arm around her, she felt a strong urge to pull away from him. Feeling her tension, he asked, "What's the matter, Addie?" with genuine concern in his voice. She turned and looked up into his suddenly troubled eyes that had gone a little wide. And when she felt the warmth of his hand through the thin material of her dress, she looked once more up and down the now-empty street and said to herself. This is real.



GREEN PORN

(continued from page 82)

wild, blatant come-ons. And among the valleys and hills of the seedier parts of San Francisco, the come-ons are blatant: visions of amazons with twinkling nipples and pudenda pouched out as big as doors above signs filled with phrases like 16MM FEMMES!, I AM A REDHEAD! and TIJUANA STAGS. In Los Angeles, the theaters have names like Sho-Mor and Tom & Cat and are along Santa Monica Boulevard, in the heart of old Hollywood—indeed around any chance corner. New York's porn theaters have spread from Times Square across to parts of the East Side and can be missed only by blind men who have lost the sense of smell: The theaters—which are almost invariably cramped and dirty—usually stink of vintage Lysol.

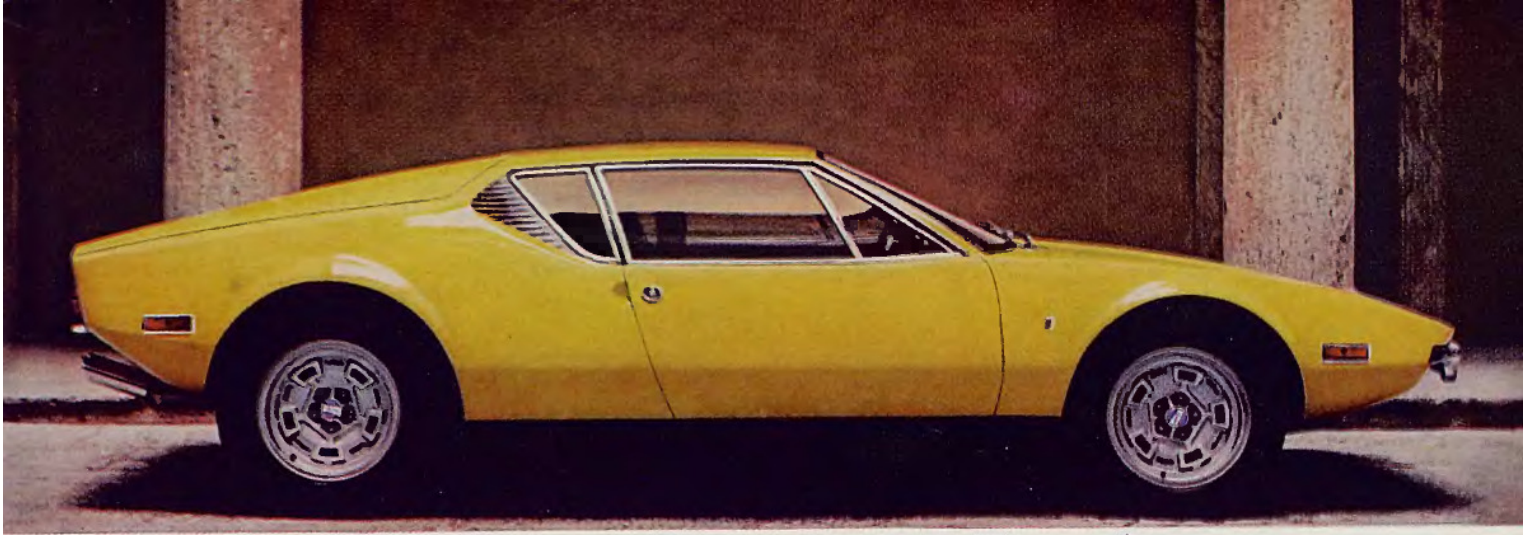
Ironically, the best and really hottest porn appears in the few theaters that have discreet advertisements and comfortable, relaxed surroundings. In fact, you would never know pornography was the staple unless you could read between the lines. Alex de Renzy's Screening Room Theater in San Francisco could be a small place in Dubuque showing a rerun of *Snow White*—until that first frame clicks on. His advertisements in newspapers are direct, sensible and nontitillating. The O'Farrell—run by hard-core film makers Art and Jim Mitchell—is spotless. The Sutter Cinema, in a well-heeled part of town, operates like an art theater. There are free coffee and sweets in the pleasantly humming lobby, an air of good humor and intelligence.

Arlene Elster runs the Sutter. She is a big-eyed, taffy-haired girl in her late 20s who went to high school with Janis Joplin in Port Arthur, Texas, and has a bachelor of science degree from the University of Texas. She freely admits being turned on by good porno and appears to have few hang-ups about sex, discussing how she has strolled nude on beaches and appeared in early "beavers." Only her past throws a shadow across her face, as when she mentions a six-month disaster of a marriage to—in her words—a super-straight guy.

The Sutter is the showcase for Leo Productions, the porno-film company run by Arlene and her unlikely partner, Lowell Pickett. Pickett is in his mid-30s, has a comfortable paunch, glasses and a constant, charming air of befuddlement. His appearance and mannerisms could have been plucked from a Dickens novel—even his name has a Dickensian ring—but his opinions and thrust are far from Victorian. He was the guiding hand, with Arlene, of San Francisco's First International Erotic Film Festival last December. He and Arlene have never hidden their identities in connection with Leo Productions, but the stars of their films



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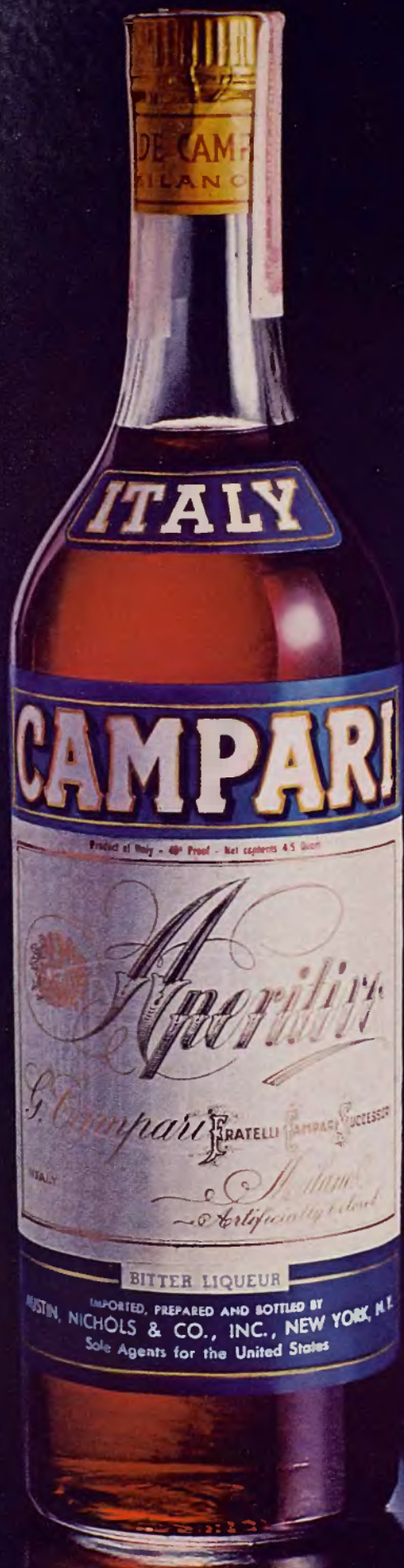


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have always gone by such names as Randy Dazzle and Rock Deepton when credits were flashed on-screen. Recently, though, they released a film called *Intersection*, in which the female star's real, honest-to-God name was credited. (She was Mary Rexroth, the lovely young brunette daughter of poet Kenneth Rexroth.) Perhaps when porno movies feature real people who receive real rewards for their work, it will be a sign that the audience is starting to accept its own sexuality, to quit all the slinking in and out.

San Francisco is without question where the most lively porn emanates from today. There are many theories why this should be so. Maurice Girodias, the owner of Olympia Press, thinks it's because of the warm, Mediterranean climate, that certain sensuous waft to the air. (He also echoes the McLuhanesque belief that the very young are into films because that generation has been conditioned by the visual rather than the printed media.) Others think San Francisco is the place because it has a long history of civilized tolerance of new points of view and different life styles. In any case, any number of San Francisco State and UCLA graduates, mostly majors in film making, are turning out pornos in the Bay Area by the carload.

Roughly 70 percent of the porno films come from California, about half of these from San Francisco, half from Los Angeles (20 percent are made in New York, ten percent in Miami). If you see enough of these films, you can soon spot which city any of them comes from, often within the first minute: A stiletto-heeled girl struts onto a set that drips with the colors of a banana split. Her outfit includes split-crotch panties, cantilevered brassiere with holes for her nipples and, on her head—for someone's deviation somewhere—a tasseled flamenco hat with drawstring tight. With hardly a hello, she begins fellatio on a glassy-eyed partner. "Oh, Lord, an L. A. film," a connoisseur snorts. An L. A. film is what's known in the trade as *raunch*. Of course, there are excellent underground film makers in L. A.—such as Carl Linder, whose *Vampira* is a classic study of a sensuous woman enjoying her body—but these film makers just happen to be hanging their hats there for the moment and are not indigenous to the city.

"Los Angeles is where the old-guard smut peddler is," says Lowell Pickett. "These are the fellows in Perry Como sweaters and suede shoes whose wives have lacquered hair and seldom leave the house. These men look down on their work; they think it's dirty. They hold their customers in contempt, and they have their neighbors thinking they're in 'publishing' or 'public relations.' Naturally, their products lack imagination."

A hard-core film maker in L. A. is



"No, thanks . . . just browsing."

hard to find, let alone interview. ("Listen," in a strangled voice over the phone, "how'd you hear about me? . . . Yeah? Well, we don't want any publicity. We gotta be careful about the cops, they're cracking down on us. . . .") The San Francisco film makers and actors (and live-show operators and performers) are available nearly everywhere—in theater lobbies, in their homes, even on sets where couples are grinding away under your eyeballs. I talked to Art Mitchell in a courtroom where he was on trial. He looks like Wally Cox's Mr. Peepers, with receding blond hair and gold-rimmed spectacles. His gentle manner, though, is deceptive.

"I don't mind being thrown in the tank anymore," he says, bouncing his diapered baby on a corduroyed knee. "It scared me at first, but now I have a ball. It's taught me that everyone should stand up more for his individual rights. At first, the cops grabbed my film and harassed me in any number of ways, thinking that would stop us. But we

fought back and will keep fighting. I don't care if I go to jail for ten years. When I get out, I'm going to start showing these films again, because I know I'm right. People want to see them and they hurt no one."

In his summation to the jury, the prosecuting attorney, a 33-year-old Mormon bachelor, ran a few excerpts from Mitchell Brothers' films on the courtroom wall in an attempt to prove his charge of obscenity. Lights dimmed, images jumping for a moment in the great stag-film tradition, fellatio could soon be discerned, now a moon-shaped butt, changing positions to dog fashion or nebulous bugging, and then a merry wave and wink from the doe-eyed model to the audience. "Strictly Tijuana," someone in the Mitchell Brothers section said, getting a laugh. The jurors—as arseholes bloomed and the gizzum flew—sat rigid as cartoon characters frozen into blocks of ice; in fact, as patrons sit in hard-core moviehouses. Predominantly middle-aged and conservatively



"Damn it, Cheevers, you might at least decant the port."

dressed, they returned hopelessly deadlocked. Case dismissed. San Francisco is open and free to fantasy.

And wouldn't you know that those engaged in the highest flights of fantasy, those acting out the impossible dreams, would come from the most inhibited backgrounds in America? For example:

Gregg and Bobbi are a married couple, not swingers, with a two-year-old child, who have starred in over 30 blue movies. Gregg, 22, with blue eyes and corn-silk hair trimmed just shy of hippie length, grew up in a Catholic family of 12 children. He studied engineering at the University of Wisconsin and met Bobbi at a dance in Milwaukee. Bobbi, 23, leggy, raven-haired, also was brought up a Catholic—and more strictly, she says, than her husband. "I went to an all-girls' school, and was taught—by the nuns, family, everybody—that men were to be feared, that sex was dirty and shameful, except maybe in some never-never land of marriage. I lost my cherry at nineteen in the back seat of a car and it changed my life." She has come a long way since.

Like millions before them, she and Gregg went to California for the weather, the sea and what they believed would be a freer way of life. They say they got into dirty movies because they needed the money (they average \$100 between them a shooting). They also claim that they are monogamous, that they love each other very much and are little concerned that their parents or friends back in the Midwest will ever be exposed to their filmwork. They try to appear more than a little liberated, making love at the drop of a hat before a whirring Arriflex.

("Now move over him, please, Bobbi," says Bruce Bellingame, 19 years of age but looking younger, the director as well as cameraman on the "set"—which is the bedroom of his own home on the outskirts of Berkeley. "Now if you would, please, Bobbi, suck his dick." "Hunh?" "I say, suck his dick." "Oh, sure, I just didn't hear you.") Liberated! A free life style! Yet one thing keeps puzzling them. Why do so many people pay to watch them do it?

Mary is a very pretty, boyish-looking girl of 19, with short trimmed hair and a fetching bridge of freckles across her nose. A native Californian, she was brought up in a strict Protestant home and taught not only that sex was dirty but also that if a girl didn't remain a virgin she would never land a husband. Mary talks in a quick, offhand way, punctuating the flow with a sudden flashing grin. "Well, I was going great until a neighbor boy . . . uh, did it to me when I was twelve and I was in the eighth grade"—a white-toothed chuckle—"and I dug it. Weird, you know." Her only complaint was that the neighbor

boy didn't come back often enough—he was more shamed and hung up about it than she was. Though they were using multiple birth-control methods at the same time, both were terrified that a baby might pop up. At 15 Mary was introduced to marijuana, and she points to that as her major personality "break-through." When she appeared in her first pornographic film, she was not concerned with the morality of it. "What was worrying me," she says, "was that I might be rejected." She certainly wasn't, and has since appeared in around 100 of them. Onscreen she is energetic, cheerful—and much in demand. (She starred in De Renzy's *Sexual Encounter*, the girl being balled in center stage by the group leader, none other than George S. McDonald.) Mary's younger sister has followed her in the trade, and both sometimes appear in the same film, once in a while making love to each other.

Now one might think that a girl into such things would be living *in extremis*, an outcast. In fact, Mary is married and has a young son. Her home, not far from Daly City, is spotless (a vestige, perhaps, of her Calvinistic past), though the artwork and artifacts—an American flag used as a drape—proclaim her identification with the drug/peacenik culture. She hugs and disciplines her young son, cooks good meals on time and is attentive to her husband, a young, dark-browed man with hair cut the same length as hers. He does not object to her "modeling," as it's delicately put, with other men—just as long as it's before cameras and nothing heavy gets going in private. But why does Mary model? "It beats typing in an office," she says. "And if I don't do it too often, then . . . uh, it's fun . . . dig?"

One problem. That phone keeps ringing, the maniacs somehow getting through all types of security, and Mary has to keep changing her unlisted number. ("Hello there, baby, I saw you in your last flick and I want you to know I got the biggest one in San Mateo—" *Slam!*) And yet is it so unusual to fantasize about a girl whose image is flashed around in all those startling, convoluted positions for the whole world to see? Just before I caught a plane from the International Airport, I bought a copy of the *San Francisco Ball* ("TO BALL is to live . . . everything else is just waiting"), and there on the cover—nude as the day she was born, labia parted, inviting us all—was a picture of my Mary. Who would think that her greater reality was as a housewife in suede shoes, Levis and peasant blouse, dangling a baby on her hip as she moved through her neatly tended rooms?

So much is coming into the open these days, so many twists and kinks and

reactions to bygone realities. For instance, the Cockettes. How to describe them? You really can't call them homosexuals, transvestites nor any of the other quick tags we use in choosing up teams sexually. Their act is perhaps best described as a parody of our past consciousness of sex. On weekends at sometime after midnight, at the Palace Theater in North Beach, the Cockettes do their turn. The horde of regular Chinese patrons has long since left, leaving behind in memory on the floor a layer, like sawdust, of pistachio-nut shells; and now the baroque Thirties theater is jammed with the hip of San Francisco. Onstage comes a fat boy in nothing but a feathered boa, who sings *Ol' Man River* in falsetto. Then the show jumps into a cross between *Show Boat* and *Gone with the Wind*. A chorus line of Southern belles shoots out—rather big feet for such ladies kicking up—and one of them, stoned, perhaps, falls backward and disappears through the cardboard showboat. Now here comes a swishing apparition who wails, "Atlanta is burning! Our fair Atlanta is in flames!"

One sees an extremely pretty face—an Ali MacGraw face enclosed in a bevy of ringlets—and then glances down to witness a flapping penis. And yet there are real women among the Cockettes, and males who pair up with females and make love. And Hibiscus, who is sometimes called the leader, wears a beard along with eye shadow and a loose covering of feathers and wax fruit. (*The Organ* of San Francisco describes him as a blend of Captain Kidd and the United Fruit Company.) The Cockettes all live together in a vast Charles Addams house in Haight-Ashbury, eating meals together, mingling loosely. Their rooms are distinct, some looking straight out of the set for *Casablanca*, others with enclosed psychedelically lit sleeping lofts, all charged with their enigmatic mystique. And they move as a group not only onstage at the Palace but through the byways of the city. At the Erotic Film Festival, as bearded critics and long-haired film makers were gravely taking their seats, there suddenly came music. Strutting down the aisle in ostrich plumes, spangles and the make-up of aborigines came the Cockettes, singing, "When you walk through a storm, Keep your chin up high. . . ." It got a louder cheer than any film that night. They're telling us something—though it's not easy to say what.

Along San Francisco's Broadway—rather too straight a neighborhood for the far-out Cockettes—are the nudie shows, the "love-dance" emporiums, which is where tourists are usually introduced to the San Francisco voyeur scene. Neon dances and bold messages—and live barkers—beckon. At Lloyd's, the

outsize lettering proclaims, PUSSY GALORE AND ALOTTA BOX. And at the Condor there is a bronze plaque, like those placed on landmark houses where historical figures have lived:

TOPLESS JUNE 19, 1964
BOTTOMLESS SEPTEMBER 3, 1969

No more need be said. This is where Carol Doda first revealed her breasts to the public, became convinced that a size-34B was not big enough and began silicone injections. There are men today who can recall avidly watching her bosoms grow, from week to week, like watermelons on a sun-warmed vine. Everybody loved big tits back then. But those days are gone, and only a plaque remains.

I am sitting in the communal dressing room—a space of about 4' x 6'—of a place called the Garden of Eden. As *Black Magic Woman* blares for the act going on out front, four girls are getting ready for their turns. I must move my

elbows and knees, as best I can, to make room for a swinging bare buttock or a set of breasts being pushed into a bra. No one—except for myself—seems remotely self-conscious. Sasha, a beautiful olive-skinned girl, is admiringly brushing her black pubic hair before a mirror, her right knee up and out like a ballet dancer's.

"Don't you girls have any hang-ups about being nude before strange men?"

"Not any longer," says Gail (B. A., University of Georgia, education major), a redhead in a blonde wig. "This place has done wonders for me. I got the job right after I broke up with my boyfriend and . . . you know . . . at the time, I felt sort of unwanted, like I wasn't desirable or something. He left me alone a lot. Now it's restored my confidence to have men *really* want to look at me. I can't get enough of it, it seems. I love it here."

"*The fuzz!*" a girl in a purple, postage-

stamp G string says, bursting in and slamming the door. "The fuzz is out front."

"Oh, Kee-rist!" cries Irish (B. A., Webster College, psychology major), taking a final puff on her joint, ducking the minuscule coal and then swallowing the remains. "There's nothing else in here, is there? *Is there?* I was like busted only last week and I can't go through that hassle again."

"Calm down, girls," says Bob Savage, strolling in. The owner and father figure, he is young, broad-shouldered and tall, with a Mod trim, tinted Alpine goggles and a black fur coat. In the parlance of the street, a heavy dude. No one hearing his calm even voice and finding his ice-blue eyes leveling in would cross him lightly. "The fuzz is only here on a fun trip. They're catching the show. No hassle."

He suddenly reaches into the shopping bag he is carrying and removes some white, fluttering Sally Rand feathers. "Look at what pretties I got you lovely babies. You can try these out onstage. They'll go crazy." He takes a seat, a girl on one knee, his arm around another, the business end of a feather tickling a third. "Irish, you were a knockout tonight, babe. Turning 'em on like crazy. Listen, I'm going to promote you to the Love Dance. Yes, I am. You can do it. I'm dying to see it myself, you beautiful hunk. . . ."

"Bobby, I don't know if I can . . . if I'm able . . . if. . . ."

"You can, darling. You can. I guarantee."

Later, over drinks in private, he says, "They're all, *all*, mind you, terribly insecure. They're total exhibitionists, too. So the simple secret is to give them individual attention and love, and then teach them the best way to exhibit their bodies so they cater to fantasies. Perhaps why I'm more successful than others on the street is because I *do* love them and I have a rich fantasy life myself."

The girls at the Garden of Eden take off their costumes on a raised platform, then go through sensuous, lip-puckering motions, as if making love to themselves or an imaginary person. In the Love Dance, a male partner, often the barker, enters and the two go through simulated lovemaking, complete with a St-Vitus-dance "orgasm." (In this they usually sport something of a G string—but at the evening's last show there is often no clothing and, if the coast is clear, well, what the hell, it might be a little more than simulated.) The Garden of Eden is generally packed, while other clubs down the street are half filled. "I don't know how Savage does it," another club owner says, a man with a potbelly and a diamond ring. "He can take the biggest dog I ever seen, a girl who can't draw a sailor off the street, and turn her into



"I think we'd better check with the Parks Department."

the hottest number in town. I can't even hardly believe my own eyes."

"I teach the girls," Bob says, "the little things, the important touches. How to blow a kiss, the way to look at a man as if he's the only one in the world, the way to tease and the way to finally come across. But it's all illusion, of course. Listen, all this concern over censorship doesn't bother me at all. Let the courts put us back in the Victorian age and it won't make one bit of difference to me. I'd still be able to sell illusion. Because, finally, that's what it's all about. *Illusion.*"

San Francisco is a dream—and other places, try as they may, cannot match its *élan* or inventiveness in most fantasy fields. Along gritty, gray 42nd Street in New York, dignified middle-aged men pore guiltily over graphic shots of girls with legs raised in V-for-Victory signs—until the man behind the counter blasts, "OK, there ain't been no purchase in the last half hour! I'm giving youse guys five minutes to buy somep'n' or else it's outside for youse." But New York, the first and foremost in so many things, tries. It has the Gallery of Erotic Art, shown by appointment only, its main claim to fame having been a collection of homosexual work in which a sculpture by Carlin Jeffrey featured the artist himself chained nude to a large silver crucifix. (The work was intended as a memorial to homosexuals who had died in Vietnam.) There are shadowy bars in Greenwich Village where nude males do go-go routines on small raised platforms. And there is Club Orgy.

Club Orgy will not be tamed or stopped. It was at 110 West 24th Street, a few doors down from the shuttered and barred rectory of St. Vincent de Paul Church, until April 13, when a fire of mysterious origin (some say from God) gutted it. New quarters will undoubtedly be had by the time you read this, and once more Victor and Rita, a New York couple who learned their trade in California, will be performing a zany, existential playlet that begins with the two of them balling. The act gains ground when Diane—a transsexual with siliconed breasts, genitals strapped down and out of sight, and looking more feminine than Rita—makes it a weird threesome, and winds up with the wiry, balloon-haired Victor holding his dark-tressed Rita up by her heels before the audience and making a bleating musical sound from a part of her anatomy he terms the "skin flute," while Rita sings, upside down from between his legs, "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." Well, New York keeps trying, but it never can lead you into that willing suspension of disbelief that California so effortlessly induces.

In San Francisco, the entrepreneur



"Your maw wouldn't lie to you, Jasper. I really don't know where you came from!"

who has been most successful in giving the public what it always has wanted to see (but never dared expect) is—Alex de Renzy. His *Pornography in Denmark* cost \$15,000 to produce and has grossed over \$2,000,000 to date. And what De Renzy has done with his money seems as much a fulfillment of fantasy as any of his movies. He lives in San Rafael, in a 15-room hilltop mansion complete with his own editing and screening rooms, a glistening 6' x 12' English snooker table and a heated outdoor swimming pool. He runs two silver Targa Porsches, one of which he's had up to 150 mph on a Nevada straightaway, a fox-gray Mark IV Jaguar and a custom-made equipment truck that he lives in on film locations. He has always liked the outdoors, having grown up in New England, where he trapped game as a boy. His early life, in fact, sounds as wholesome as a Booth Tarkington hero's. He comes from a fairly well-to-do family (father an engineer, mother the head dietitian for a hospital) and went through Tilton, a prep school in New Hampshire. He cared little about pornography back then, the hottest things he can remember reading being the early gang novel *The Amboy Dukes* and *God's Little Acre*. And he got married shortly after prep school—"Had to, the pregnancy thing," he says, in his clipped accent. "I was tied up in the usual guilt pattern of my generation." (He is now 35.) He became the father of a daughter,

ter, went to Reno in 1954 as an instructor in the Air Force's Survival School, and watched his marriage slowly disintegrate. It wasn't an easy life for him in Nevada. After discharge from the Air Force, he earned his living as a gambling dealer at Harrah's and studied zoology at the University of Nevada in his free time.

But his life seemed to be going nowhere, and—like so many others—he finally made it to San Francisco, for a second start, in 1964. He became a cameraman at Gordon News Films simply because the job turned up. And then it happened. Moonlighting, he made a 600-foot film of a girl stripping; it cost him \$75 and sold for \$250. He had found his field. Because he was willing to go one step further than the others, and because he didn't mind working while they slept, his free-lance films caught on and his ambitions rose. He opened his own theater in San Francisco, the Screening Room, stocking it with his own productions, and soon quit his job as a news photographer. "My hardest decision was giving up that steady job," he says. "I was brought up to believe everyone had to hold a regular job, it was very important. You could starve otherwise."

Now he sits on a comfortable red-velvet couch in his living room, the view through his picture window of acre after acre of virgin-green foliage. As music

"Supah!
Gordon's London Dry Gin
makes a smashingly
brilliant martini,
eh what?"



**Gordon's.
It's how the
English
keep their
gin up!**

Biggest seller in England, America,
the rest of the well-refreshed world.

from Santana filters through the cavernous room from multiple speakers, an attractive dark-haired girl enters with a boy and girl. She is introduced as Kathryn, his wife. She was once a topless dancer in North Beach and knew Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters. A very pleasant, large-eyed brunette—somewhat resembling the Italian actress Giulietta Masina—she was known in the old North Beach days as Little People and now is in her late 20s. Fine. Then a second girl enters with a little girl. This is Christine, 19 years old and a blonde. With no embarrassment whatsoever, she is introduced as the second wife. De Renzy tells me later that he has no major problems in the *ménage à trois*. Both girls get along fine with each other, and all three sleep in a mammoth bed. Ironically enough, Christine's mother and De Renzy's first wife, who are the same age, are good friends in Reno.

So now De Renzy is living many men's wildest fantasies; not only is he making fantastic sums but his *The History of the Blue Movie* was the object of a long, laudatory article in *The New York Times*. Yet even De Renzy must face his reality. After going on all cylinders for a stretch, he awoke one dawn unable to keep it up, his psyche splitting from all that had been poured there. He had to give up drinking and pot and tobacco; now coffee is his only stimulant. And on May 2, 1969, the law of velocity caught up with him. As he was barreling down a sun-drenched street in San Francisco on his motorcycle, a car coming the other way turned abruptly, and he crashed through the window. He broke his leg in 30 places and spent 83 days in the hospital—meanwhile contracting hepatitis through a tainted blood transfusion. Today his face is crisscrossed with scars, and one of his fine eyes seems to have been sewn back lower than the other. . . .

And back at Enrico's, George S. McDonald, the superstar of blue films, has all of \$4.93 to his name. "You make four or five of these kinds of films in a row and it can be a real bummer," he confesses. "You know, you have all the hang-ups that ordinary people have—like getting a hard-on and worrying about satisfying your partner—*plus* you have to act like Superman in doing things others can't do. It can bring you down. And I've had to do things in films I've never done in private. Like, in *De Renzy's Sexual Encounter*, I'm screwing in the midst of twenty other people, all of us down on the floor. Who ever does that in real life? I tell you, it can fuck up your mind. . . ."

Like a Somerset Maugham character who becomes a little punchy after venturing too far into the tropics, George may always have a slight hum in the

head from his revolutionary work. But, thanks to him and others, no audience will ever again have to wish for just a little *more*. It's all there in the open now—graphic, complete, *in toto*. The ultimate.

At any rate, now that audiences have seen the real and utter McCoy, they are becoming bored. For hard-core pornies are living proof of the law of diminishing returns—you've seen one, as Spiro Agnew would say, you've seen them all. And when enough people have passed through the turnstiles, when profits cease being made, pornies may simply go the way of the hula hoop.

To survive, to keep drawing an audience, the hard-coreers will have to come up with something they haven't yet shown—something I, for one, cannot imagine. Hollywood could incorporate the literal sex act in a film or two, now that someone has broken the ground, with a name actor and actress; that might stir up a flicker of interest for a while. In the end, though, films will have to be good on many counts, sex or no sex, in order to draw viewers. It's not too much to hope that this wave of ultimate porn will be followed by films that combine genuine erotic content with all the other elements that have always made good movies. All of the younger film makers say they *want* to make more imaginative porno films and look down on what they actually have to turn out for the market. That shit, they call it.

After the San Francisco Erotic Film Festival, there was a party in a loft with a high ceiling, crammed with the liberated of that great city. As the gray smoke rose and the champagne went down, a few here and there began shedding clothing. No one paid much attention. The waiters, in dinner jackets and bow ties, wore nothing below the waist. A melon-breasted waitress, bless her, circulated with only a wispy apron around her middle. And to think that the first time I saw a pussy—*paid* 50 cents to see it, in a darkened carnival tent in Tennessee—I fainted from the excitement. Now, in 1971, I stood talking to a woman who looked a bit like a librarian with her hair back in a bun, and as she recounted something in a normal voice about the Sexual Freedom League of San Francisco, I looked down to see that she was holding someone's penis in her hand. The owner, however, was talking to a third party over his shoulder. And from somewhere else a large hand was cupping the woman's rather generous ass.

It was not sexy, nor even startling. And the fact that it was neither was rather sad.



COBBLER'S HULK

(continued from page 74)

ruffling scent, chiffon, feather boas and Protestant tracts, she clanced the whole bang lot of them.

"Morning, Tyrrell! Hello, Bodkin! I hope Murphy has that nice little jaunt to Cannes all sewn up for myself and Killfeather? Clancy, kindly read this leaflet on Mariolatry and do, for heaven's sake, stop saying 'Mother of God!' every time you see me!"

The aristocratic privilege. The stars to their stations; the planets in their stately cycles about the sun; until the lower orders bitch it all up. Meaning old Mrs. Clancy, swaying into the office like an inebriated camel, to beg a few bob from Clancy for what she genteelly called her shopping. Never once had that woman, as she might reasonably have done, asked for "Jim." Never for "Mr. Clancy." Never even for "my husband." Always for "Clancy." Mr. Bodkin confessed that he sometimes felt so infuriated with her that he would have to slip around the corner to the Three Feathers, to calm his gut with a Guinness and be reassured by the barman's "The usual, Mr. B.?" Not that he had ever been entirely happy about that same B. He always countered it with a stiff, "Thank you, Mr. Buckley."

It was the only pub he ever visited. And never for more than one glass of plain. Occasionally, he used to go to the theater. But only for Shakespeare. Or Gilbert and Sullivan. Only for the classics. Opera? Never! For a time, he had been amused by Shaw. But he soon discarded him as a typical Dublin jackeen mocking his betters. Every Sunday, he went to church to pray for the king. He was 19 when the Rebellion broke out. He refused to believe in it. Or that the dreadful shootings and killings of the subsequent Troubles could possibly produce any change. And did they? Not a damned thing! Oh, some client might give his name in the so-called Irish language. Mr. Bodkin simply wrote down, "Mr. Irish." Queenstown became Cobh. What nonsense! Kingstown became Dun Laoghaire. Pfool! Pillar boxes were painted green. The police were called Guards. The army's khaki was dyed green. All the whole damned thing boiled down to was that a bit of the House of Commons was moved from London to Dublin.

Until the Second World War broke out. Travel stopped dead. The young fellows in the office joined the army. He remembered how old Mr. Bob—they ran the office between them—kept wondering for weeks how the Serbians would behave this time. And what on earth had happened to those gallant little Montenegrins? When the Germans invaded Russia, Mr. Bob said that the czar

would soon put a stop to that nonsense. Mind you, they had to keep on their toes after 1945. He would never forget the first time a client said he wanted to visit Yugoslavia. He took off his glasses, wiped them carefully, and produced a map. And, by heavens, there it was!

There had been other changes. His mother had died when he was 43. His two aunts went when he was in his 50s. To his astonishment, both his sisters married. His father was the last to go, at the age of 81. He went on living, alone, in The Villa Rose, daily mistering thousands of eager travelers around Europe by luxury liners, crowded packet boats, Blue Trains, Orient Expresses, Settlebello, Rheingolds, alphabetical-mathematical planes. He had cars waiting for some, arranged hotels for others, confided to a chosen few the best places (according to "my old friend Lady Killfeather") to dine, drink and dance, and he never went anywhere himself.

"You mean you *never* wanted to travel?"

"At first, yes. When I could not afford it. Later, I was saving up for my retirement. Besides, in my last ten years there, the whole business began to bore me."

He paused, frowned and corrected himself. It had not "begun" to bore. His interest in it had died suddenly. It happened one morning when he was turning back into the office after conducting Lady Killfeather out to her gray Jaguar. Observing him, young Mr. James had beckoned him into his sanctum.

"A word in your ivory ear, Mr. Bodkin? I notice that you have been bestowing quite an amount of attention on Lady Killfeather."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. James! And I may say that she has just told me that she is most pleased with us."

"As she might well be! Considering that it takes six letters and eight months to get a penny out of the old bitch. That woman, Mr. Bodkin, is known all over Dublin as a first-class scrounger, time waster and bloodsucker. I would be obliged if you would in future bear in mind three rather harsh facts of life that my aged parent seems never to have explained to you. Time is money. Your time is my money. And no client's money is worth more to me than any other client's money. Take it to heart, Mr. Bodkin. Thank you. That will be all for now."

Mr. Bodkin took it to heart so well that from that morning on, all those eager travelers came to mean no more to him than a trainload of tourists to a railway porter after he has banged the last door and turned away through the steam of the departing engine for a quick smoke before the next bunch arrived.

Still, duty was duty. And he had his

**"Right you are!
Mine's so delightful,
I think I just
saw the olive
smile at me!"**



**Gordon's.
It's how the
English
keep their
gin up!**

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

plans. He hung on until he was 65 and then he resigned. Mr. James, with, I could imagine, an immense sense of relief, handed him a bonus of £50—a quid for every year of his service, but no pension—shook his hand and told him to go off to Cannes and live there in sin for a week with a cabaret dancer. Mr. Bodkin said that for years he had been dreaming of doing exactly that with Mrs. Clancy, accepted the 50 quid, said a warm goodbye to everybody in the office, sold The Villa Rose and bought the tarred railway carriage at Cobbler's Hulk. He had had his eye on it for the past five years.

The night he arrived at Cobbler's Hulk, it was dry and cold. He was sweating from lugging two suitcases down the dark lane. The rest of his worldly belongings stood waiting for him in a packing case on the grass-grown platform. For an hour, he sat in his carriage by candlelight, in his blue chesterfield, supping blissfully on the wavelets scraping the shingle every 20 seconds and on certain mysterious noises from the wildlife on the marshes. A snipe? A grebe? A masked badger?

He rose at last, made himself another supper of fried salty bacon and two fried eggs, unwrapped his country bread and butter and boiled himself a brew of tea so strong that his spoon could almost have stood up in it. When he had washed his ware and made his bed, he went out onto his platform to find the sky riveted with stars. Far out to sea, the lights of a fishing smack. Beyond them, he thought he detected a faint blink. Not, surely, a lighthouse on the Welsh coast? Then, up the line, he heard the hum of the approaching train. Two such trains, he had foreknown, would roar past Cobbler's Hulk every 24 hours. Its head lamps grew larger and brighter and then, with a roar, its carriage windows went flickering past him. He could see only half a dozen passengers in it. When it died away down the line, he addressed the stars.

"O Spirits, merciful and good! I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know there is a sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. I see it, on the flow! I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in one another. . . . O Spirits, merciful and good, I am grateful!"

"That's rather fine. Where did you get that?"

"Dickens. *The Chimes*. I say that prayer every night after supper and a last stroll up the lane."

"Say it for me again."

As he repeated those splendid radical words, he looked about as wild as a

grasshopper. "Thinner than Tithonus before he faded into air."

Had he really felt oppressed? Or wronged? Could it be that, during his three years of solitude, he had been thinking that this world would be a much nicer place if people did not go around shouting at one another or declaring to other people that time is money? Or wondering why Mother should have had to suffer shame and pain for years, while dreadful old women like Killfeather went on scrounging, wheedling, bloodsucking, eating and drinking their way around this traveled world of which all he had ever seen was that dubious wink across the night sea? He may have meant that in his youth, he had dreamed of marriage. He may have meant nothing at all.

He leaned forward.

"Are you sure you won't have another cup of tea? Now that I can have afternoon tea any day I like, I can make a ridiculous confession to you. For fifty years, I used to see Mr. Bob or Mr. James walk across Grafton Street every day at four-thirty precisely to have afternoon tea in Mitchell's Café. And I cannot tell you how bitterly I used to envy them. Wasn't that silly of me?"

"But, surely, one of the girls on the staff could have brewed you all a cup of tea in the office?"

He stared at me.

"But that's not the same thing as afternoon tea in Mitchell's! White tablecloths? Carpets? Silverware? Waitresses in blue and white?"

We looked at each other silently. I looked at my watch and said that I must get going.

He laughed happily.

"The day I came here, do you know what I did with my watch? I pawned it for the sum of two pounds. I have never retrieved it. And I never will. I live by the sun and the stars."

"You are never lonely?"

"I am used to living alone."

"You sleep well?"

"Like a dog. And dream like one. Mostly of the old Villa Rose. And my poor, dear mamma. How could I be lonely? I have my beautiful memories, my happy dreams and my good friends."

"I envy you profoundly," I said.

On which pleasant little coda we parted. But is it possible never to be lonely? Do beautiful memories encourage us to withdraw from the world? Not even youth can live on dreams.

He had, however, one friend.

. . .

One Saturday evening in September, on returning from the wayside shop on the carriage road, he was arrested by a freshly painted sign on a gate about 200 yards from the railway track. It said FRESH EGGS FOR SALE. He knew that there was not a house nor a human being in

sight. Who on earth would want to walk a mile down this tunneled lane to buy eggs? Behind the wooden gate, there was a grassy track, leading, he now presumed, to some distant cottage invisible from the lane. He entered the field and was surprised to see, behind the high hedge, an open shed sheltering a red van bearing, in large white letters:

FLANNERY'S
HEAVENLY BREAD.

After a winding quarter of a mile, he came on a small, sunken, freshly white-washed cottage and knocked. The door was opened by a woman of about 35 or 40, midway between plain and good-looking, red-cheeked, buxom, blue-eyed, cagerly welcoming. She spoke with a slight English accent that at once reminded him of his mother's voice. Yes! She had lovely fresh eggs. How many did he want? A dozen? With pleasure! Behind her, a dark, handsome, heavily built man, of about the same age, rose from his chair beside the open turf fire of the kitchen and silently offered him a seat while "Mary" was getting the eggs.

Mr. Bodkin expected to stay three minutes. He stayed an hour. They were the Condors: Mary, her brother Colm—the dark, silent man—and their bedridden mother lying in the room off the kitchen, her door always open, so that she could not only converse through it but hear all the comforting little noises and movements of her familiar kitchen. Their father, a herdsman, had died three months before. Mary had come back from service in London to look after her mother, and poor Colm (her adjective) had come home with her to support them both. He had just got a job as a roundsman for a bakery in Wicklow, driving all day around the countryside in the red van.

Mr. Bodkin felt so much at ease with Mary Condor that he was soon calling on her every evening after supper, to sit by the old woman's bed, to gossip or to read her the day's news from his *Irish Times* or to give her a quiet game of draughts. That Christmas Day, on Mary's insistence, he joined them for supper. He brought a box of chocolates for Mary and her mother, 100 cigarettes for Colm and a bottle of grocer's sherry for them all. He recited one of his favorite party pieces from Dickens. Colm so far unbent as to tell him about the bitter Christmas he had spent in Italy with the Eighth Army near a place called Castel di Sangro. Mary talked with big eyes of the awful traffic of London. The old woman, made tipsy by the sherry, shouted from her room about the wicked sea crossing her husband had made during "the other war," in December of 1915, with a herd of cattle for the port of Liverpool.

"All traveled people!" Mr. Bodkin



*"Sorry, doctor; house calls
are out of the question at the moment, but
any time you care to drop by. . . ."*

laughed, and was delighted when Mary said that, thanks be to God, their traveling days were done.

As he walked away from their farewells, the channel of light from their open door showed that the grass was laced with snow. It clung to the edges of his carriage windows as he lay in bed. It gagged the wavelets. He could imagine it falling and melting into the sea. As he clutched the blue hot-water bottle that Mary had given him for a Christmas present, he realized that she was the only woman friend he had made in his whole life. He felt so choked with gratitude that he fell asleep without thanking his spirits, the merciful and the good, for their latest gift.

What follows is four fifths inference and one fifth imagination: both, as the event showed, essentially true.

On the Monday of the last week in July, on returning from the roadside shop with a net bag containing *The Irish Times*, tea, onions and a bar of yellow soap, Mr. Bodkin was startled to see a white Jaguar parked beside the level crossing. It was what they would have called in the travel agency a posh car. It bore three plaques, a GB, a CD and a blue-and-white silver RAC. Great Britain. *Corps Diplomatique*. Royal Automobile Club. He walked onto his platform to scan the beach for its owner. He found her seated on his bench, in a miniskirt, knees crossed, wearing a loose suede jacket, smoking a cigarette from a long ivory holder, glaring at the

gray sea, tiny, blonde (or was she bleached?), exquisitely made up, still handsome. Her tide on the turn. Say, 50? He approached her as guardedly as if she were a rabbit. A woven gold bangle hung heavily from the corrugated white glove on her wrist. Or was it her bare wrist? Say, 55? Her cigarette was scented.

"Fog coming up," he murmured politely when he came abreast of her and gave her his little bobbing bow. "I do hope you are not waiting for a train."

She slowly raised her tinted eyelids.

"I was waiting for you, Mr. Bodkin," she smiled. (One of the sharp ones?)

Her teeth were the tiniest and whitest he had ever seen. She could have worn them around her neck. Last month, he saw a field mouse with teeth as tiny as hers, bared in death.

"Won't you sit down? I know all about you from Molly Condor."

"What a splendid woman she is!" he said and warily sat beside her, placing his net bag on the bench beside her scarlet beach bag. He touched it. "You have been swimming?"

"I swim," she laughed, "like a stone. While I waited for you, I was sun-bathing." She smiled for him. "In the nude."

Hastily, he said, "Your car is *corps diplomatique*!"

"It is my husband's car. Sir Hilary Dobson. I stole it!" She gurgled what ruder chaps in the agency used to call the Gorgon Gurgle. "You mustn't take me seriously, Mr. Bodkin. I'm Scottish. Hilary says I am fey. He is in the F. O.

He's gone off on some hush-hush business to Athens for a fortnight, so I borrowed the Jag. Now, if it had been Turkey! But perhaps you don't like Turkey, either? Or do you? Athens is such a crummy dump, don't you agree?"

"I have never traveled, Lady Dobson."

"But Molly says you once owned a travel agency!"

"She exaggerates my abilities. I was a humble clerk."

"Eeh?" Her tone changed, her voice became brisk. "Look, Bodkin, I wanted to ask you something very important. How well do you know Molly Condor?"

He increased his politeness.

"I have had the great pleasure of knowing Miss Mary Condor since last September."

"I have known her since she was twenty-two. I trained her. She was in my service for twelve years. But I have never looked at Molly as just a lady's maid. Molly is my best friend in the whole world. She is a great loss to me. Of course, as we grow older, the fewer, and the more precious, our friends become."

He considered the name, Molly. He felt it was patronizing. He had never lost a friend—never, before Mary, having had one to lose. He said as much.

"Too bad! Well! I want Molly to come back to us. My nerves have not been the same since she left."

He looked silently out to sea. He was aware that she was slowly turning her head to look at him. Like a field mouse? He felt a creeping sensation of fear. Her nerves seemed all right to him. He watched her eject her cigarette, produce another from a silver case, insert it, light it smartly with a gold lighter and blow out a narrow jet of smoke.

"And then there is her brother. Condor was our chauffeur for five years. It would be simply wonderful if they both came back to us! I know poor old Hilary is as lost without his Condor as I am without my Molly. It would be a great act of kindness if you could say a word in our favor in that quarter. Hilary would appreciate it no end. Oh, I know, of course, about the mother. But that old girl can't need the two of them, can she? Besides, when I saw her this morning, I had the feeling she won't last long. Arthritis? And bronchitis? And this climate? I had an old aunt just like her in Bexhill-on-Sea. One day, she was in splendid health. The next day, her tubes were wheezing like bagpipes. For six months, I watched her, fading like a sunset. In the seventh month. . . ."

As she wheedled on and on, her voice reminded him of a spoon inside a saucepan. He listened to her coldly, with his eyes, rather than his ears, as for so many years he used to listen to old ladies who did not know where exactly they wanted to go nor what they wanted to do, alert



"For God's sake, Gilda—I've got a railroad to run!"

only to their shifting lids, their mousy fingers, their bewildered shoulders, their jerking lips. Crepe on her neck. French cigarettes. Sun-bathing nude. Bodkin. Condor. Molly. "Poor old Hilary." What did this old girl really want? Coming all this way for a lady's maid? My foot!

"And, you know, Bodkin, Molly has a great regard for you. She thinks you are the most marvelous thing she ever met. I can see why." She laid her hand on his sleeve. "You have a kind heart. You will help me, if you can, won't you?" She jumped up. "That is all I wanted to say. Now you must show me your wonderful *wagon-lit*. Molly says it is absolutely fab."

"I shall be delighted, Lady Dobson," he said and, unwillingly, led her to it.

When she saw the brass plate of THE VILLA ROSE, she guffawed and hastened to admire everything else. Her eyes trotted all over his possessions like two hunting mice. She gushed over his "clever little arrangements." She lifted pot-lids, felt the springiness of the bed, penetrated to his water closet, which she flushed, greatly to his annoyance because he never used it except when the marshes were very wet or very cold, and then he had to refill the cistern with a bucket every time he flushed it.

"I find it all most amusing, Bodkin," she assured him as she powdered her face before his shaving mirror. "If you were a young man, it would make a wonderful weekend love nest, wouldn't it? I must fly. It's nearly lunchtime. And you want to make whatever it is you propose to make with your soap, tea and onions. Won't you see me to my car? And do say a word for me to Molly! If you ever want to find me, I'm staying in the little old hotel down the road. For a week." She laughed naughtily. "Laying siege! Do drop in there any afternoon at six o'clock for an aperitif," and she showed half her white thigh as she looped into her car, started the engine, meshed the gears, beamed at him with all her teeth, cried, "*A bientôt*, Bodkin," and shot recklessly up the lane, defoliating the hedges into a wake of leaves like a speedboat.

Watching her cloud of dust, he remembered something. A chap in the office showing him a postcard of *Mona Lisa*. "Ever seen her before? Not half! And never one of them under fifty-five!" Indeed! And indeed! "I am afraid, Lady Dobson, we must make up our minds. A cool fortnight in Brittany? Or five lovely hot days in Monte Carlo? Of course, you *might* win a pot of money in Monte Carlo. . . ." How greedily their alligator eyelids used to blink at that one! He returned slowly to his *wagon-lit*, slammed down the windows to let out the smell of her cigarette, washed the dust of yellow powder from his washbasin, refilled his cistern

and sat for an hour on the edge of his bed, pondering. By nightfall, he was so bewildered that he had to call on Mary.

She was alone. The old lady was asleep in her room. They sat on either side of the kitchen table, whispering about the hens, the up train that had been three minutes late, the down train last night that was right on the dot, the fog that morning, both of them at their usual friendly ease until he spoke about his visitor. When he finished, she glanced at the open door of the bedroom.

"I must say, she was always very generous to me. Sir Hilary was very kind. He went hard on me to stay. He said, 'You are good for her.' She had her moods and tenses. I felt awfully sorry for him. He spoiled her."

"Well, of course, Mary, those titled people," Mr. Bodkin fished cunningly and was filled with admiration for her when she refused to bite.

All she said was, "Sir Hilary was a real gentleman."

"They are married a long time?"

"Fifteen years. She is his second wife. She nursed his first wife. But I *had* to come back, Mr. Bodkin!"

"You did quite right. And your brother did the right thing, too. I mean, two women in a remote cottage. Your brother is never lonely?"

She covered her face with her hands and he knew that she was crying into them.

"He is dying of the lonesome."

From the room, the old woman suddenly hammered the floor with her stick.

"Is he back?" she called out fretfully.

Mary went to the bedroom door and leaned against the jamb. It was like listening to a telephone call.

"It's Mr. Bodkin. . . . He went up to the shop for cigarettes. . . . I suppose he forgot them. . . . About an hour ago. . . . He may be gone for a stroll. It's such a fine night. . . . Och, he must be sick of that old van. . . ." She turned her head. "Was the van in the shed, Mr. Bodkin?" He shook his head. "He took the van. . . . For God's sake, Mother,



"Remember how we used to say nothing would ever come between us. . . ."

stop worrying and go to sleep. He may be took the notion to drive over to Ashford for a drink and a chat. It's dull for him here. . . . I'll give you a game of draughts."

Mr. Bodkin left her.

A nurse? It was dark in the lane, but above the tunnel of the hedges, there was still a flavor of salvaged daylight. He started to walk toward the road, hoping to meet Condor on his way back. The air was heavy with heliotrope and meadowsweet. A rustle in the ditch beside him. Far away, a horse whinnied. He must be turned 40 by now. Behind him, Africa, Italy, London. Before him, nothing but the roads and fields of his boyhood. Every night, that solitary cottage. The swell of the night express made him look back until its last lights had flickered past the end of the lane and its humming died down the line.

But I have lived. An old man, now, twice a child.

By the last of the afterlight above the trees of the carriage road, he saw the red nose of the van protruding from the half-moon entrance to the abandoned manor house. He walked to it, peered into its empty cabin, heard a pigeon throating from a clump of trees behind the chained gates. He walked past it to the shop. It was closed and dark. He guessed at a lighted window at the rear of it, shining out over the stumps of decapitated cabbages. Condor was probably in there, gossiping. He was about to turn back when he saw, about 100 yards

farther on, the red taillights of a parked car. Any other night, he might have given it no more than an incurious glance. The darkness, the silence, the turmoil of his thoughts finally drew him warily toward it along the grassy verge. Within 15 yards of it, he recognized the white Jaguar, saw the rear door open, the inner light fall on the two figures clambering out of it. Standing on the road, they embraced in a seething kiss. When he released her, she got into the driver's seat, the two doors banged and everything was silent and dark again. She started her engine, floodlit the road and drove swiftly away around the curve. Crushed back into the hedge, he heard Condor's footsteps approach, pass and recede. In a few moments, the van's door banged tinnily, its head lamps flowered, whirled into the maw of the lane, waddled drunkenly behind the hedges, down toward the sea.

Before he fell asleep that night, Mr. Bodkin heard a thousand wavelets scrape the shingle, as, during his long life, other countless waves had scraped elsewhere unheard—sounds, moments, places, people to whose lives he had never given a thought. *The Irish Times* rarely recorded such storms of passion and, when it did, they broke and died far away, like the fables that Shakespeare concocted for his entertainment in the theater. But he knew the Condors. This adulterous woman could shatter their lives as surely as he knew, when he opened his eyes to the sea sun shim-

mering on his ceiling, she had already shattered his.

It was his custom, on such summer mornings, to rise, strip off his pajamas, pull on a bathing slip and walk across the track in his slippers, his towel around his neck, down to the edge of the sea for what he called a dip: which meant that since he, too, swam like a stone, he would advance into the sea up to his knees, sprinkle his shoulders, and then, burring happily at the cold sting of it, race back to the prickly gravel to towel his shivering bones. He did it this morning with the eyes of a saint wakened from dreams of sin.

On Tuesday night, he snooped virtuously up the lane and along the carriage road. The red van was not in its shed. But neither was it on the road. Lascivious imaginings kept him awake for hours. He longed for the thunderbolt of God.

On Wednesday night, it was, at first, the same story; but on arriving back at the foot of the lane, there were the empty van and the empty Jaguar before him, flank to flank at the level crossing. He retired at once to his bench, peering up and down the beach, listening for the sound of their crunching feet, determined to wait for them all night, if necessary. Somewhere, that woman was lying locked in his arms. The bared thigh. The wrinkled arms. The crepey neck.

Daylight had waned around nine o'clock, but it was still bright enough for him to have seen shadows against the glister of the water, if there had been shadows to see. He saw nothing. He heard nothing but the waves. It must have been nearly two hours later when he heard their cars starting. By the time he had fitted down to the end of the platform, her lights were already rolling up the lane and his were turning in through his gateway. Mr. Bodkin was at the gate barely in time to see his outline dark against the bars of the western sky. As he looked at the van, empty in its shed, it occurred to him that this was one way in which he could frighten him—a warning message left on the seat of the van. But it was also a way in which they could communicate with each other. Her message for him. His answer left early in the morning at her hotel.

On Thursday night, the van lay in its shed. But where was Condor? He walked up the grass track to the cottage and laid his ear to the door. He heard Mary's voice, his angry voice, the mother's shouting. He breathed happily and returned to his bed.

On Friday morning, the Jaguar stood outside Mary's wooden gate. Laying siege? That night, the scarlet van again lay idle in its pen. Wearing by so much walking and watching, he fell asleep over his supper. He was awakened



"Too bad your husband's out of town for the holiday weekend. He's missing all the fireworks!"

around 11 o'clock by the sound of a car. Scrambling to his door, he was in time to see her wheeling lights hit the sky. He went up the lane to the van, looked around, heard nothing, shone his torch into the cabin and saw the blue envelope lying on the seat. He ripped it open and read it by torchlight. "Oh, My Darling, for God's sake, where are you? Last night and tonight, I waited and waited. What has happened? You promised! I have only one more night. You are coming back with me, aren't you? If I do not see you tomorrow night, I will throw myself into the sea. I adore you. Connie." Mr. Bodkin took the letter down to the sea, tore it into tiny pieces and, with his arms wide, scattered them over the receding waves.

That Saturday afternoon, on returning from the shop with his weekend purchases in his net bag, there was the Jaguar beside the level crossing, mud-spattered and dusty, its white flanks scarred by the whipping brambles. Rounding the corner of the waiting room, he saw her on his bench, smoking, glaring at the sparkling sea. She barely lifted her eyes to him. She looked every year of 60. He bowed and sat on the bench. She smelled of whiskey.

"What an exquisite afternoon we are having, Lady Dobson. May I rest my poor bones for a moment? That lane of mine gets longer and longer every day. Has everything been well with you?"

"Quite well, Bodkin, thank you."

"And, if I may ask, I should be interested to know, you have, I trust, made some progress in your quest?"

"I could hardly expect to with that old woman around everybody's neck. I have laid the seeds of the idea. Molly now knows that she will always be welcome in my house."

"Wait and see? My favorite motto. Never say die. Colors nailed to the mast. No surrender. It means, I hope, that you are not going to leave us soon."

"I leave tonight."

"I do hope the hotel has not been uncomfortable."

"It is entirely comfortable. It is full of spinsters. They give me the creeps."

He beamed at the sea and waited.

"Bodkin! There is one person I have not yet seen. For Hilary's sake, I ought to have a word with Condor. Have you seen him around?"

Her voice had begun to crumble. Eyes like grease under hot water. Cigarette trembling.

"Let me think," he pondered. "On Thursday? Yes. And again last night. We both played draughts with his mother. He seemed his usual cheerful self."

She ejected her cigarette and ground it into the dust under her foot.

"Bodkin! Will you, for Christ's sake, tell me what do young people do with their lives in Godforsaken places like

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this? That lane must be pitch-dark by four o'clock in the winter!"

He looked at his toes, drew his handkerchief from his breast pocket and flicked away their dust.

"I am afraid, Lady Dobson, I no longer meet any young people. And, after all, Condor is not a young man. I suppose you could call him a middle-aged man. Or would you?"

She hooted hoarsely.

"And what does that leave me? An old hag?"

"Or me? As the Good Book says, 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.'"

She spat it at him:

"You make me sick."

From under her blue eyelids, she looked at the clouds crimped along the knife of the horizon. He remembered Mary's twisted face when she said, "He is dying of the lonesome." She turned and faced him. Harp strings under her chin. Hands mottled. The creature was as old as sin.

"Do you happen to know, Bodkin, if Condor has a girl in these parts? It concerns me, of course, only insofar as, if he has, I need not ask him to come back to us. Has he?"

Mr. Bodkin searched the sea as if looking for a small boat in which to escape his conscience.

"I believe he has," he said firmly.

"Believe? Do you know? Or do you not know?"

"I saw them twice in the lane. Kissing. I presume that means that they are in love."

"Thank you, Bodkin," she said brightly. "In that case, Hilary must get another chauffeur and I must get another lady's maid." She jumped up. He rose politely. "I hope you all have a very pleasant winter." She stared at him hatefully. "In love! Have you ever in your life been in love? Do you know what it means to be in love?"

"Life has denied me many things, Lady Dobson."

"Do you have such a thing as a drink in that black coffin of yours?"

"Alas! Only tea. I am a poor man, Lady Dobson. I read in the paper recently that whiskey is now as much as six shillings a glass."

Her closed eyes riveted her to her age like a worn face on an old coin.

"No love. No drink. No friends. No wife. No children. Happy man! Nothing to betray you."

She turned and left him.

• • •

The events of that Saturday night and Sunday morning became public property at the inquest.

Sergeant Delahunty gave formal evi-

dence of the finding of the body on the rocks at Greystones. Guard Sinnott corroborated. Mr. T. J. Bodkin was then called. He stated that he was a retired businessman residing in a chalet beside the disused station of Cobbler's Hulk. He deposed that, as usual, he went to bed on the night in question around ten o'clock and fell asleep. Being subject to arthritis, he slept badly. Around one o'clock, something woke him.

CORONER: What woke you? Did you hear a noise?

WITNESS: I am often awakened by arthritic pains in my legs.

CORONER: Are you quite sure it was not earlier than one o'clock? The reason I ask is because we know that the deceased's watch stopped at a quarter to 12.

WITNESS: I looked at my watch. It was five minutes past one.

Continuing his evidence, the witness said that the night being warm and dry, he rose, put on his dressing gown and his slippers and walked up and down on the platform to ease his pains. From where he stood, he observed a white car parked in the lane. He went toward it. He recognized it as the property of Lady Constance Dobson, whom he had met earlier in the week. There was nobody in the car. Asked by a juror if he had seen the car earlier in the night, before he went to bed, the witness said that it was never his practice to emerge from his chalet after his supper. Asked by another juror if he was not surprised to find an empty car there at one o'clock at night, he said he was but thought that it might have run out of petrol and been abandoned by Lady Dobson until the morning. It did not arouse his curiosity. He was not a curious man by nature. The witness deposed that he then returned to his chalet and slept until six o'clock, when he rose, rather earlier than usual, and went for his usual morning swim. On the way to the beach, he again examined the car.

CORONER: It was daylight by then?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

CORONER: Did you look inside the car?

WITNESS: Yes, sir. I discovered that the door was unlocked and I opened it. I saw a lady's handbag on the front seat and a leather suitcase on the rear seat. I saw that the ignition key was in position. I turned it, found the starter and the engine responded at once. At that stage, I became seriously worried.

CORONER: What did you do?

WITNESS: I went for my swim. It was too early to do anything else.

Mr. Bodkin further stated that he then returned to his chalet, dressed, shaved, prepared his breakfast and ate it.

At seven o'clock, he walked to the house of his nearest neighbors, the Condors, and aroused them. Mr. Colm Condor at once accompanied him back to the car. They examined it and, on Mr. Condor's suggestion, they both drove in Mr. Condor's van to report the incident to the Guards at Ashford.

CORONER: We have had the Guards' evidence. And that is all you know about the matter?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

CORONER: You mean, of course, until the body was found fully clothed, on the rocks at Greystones a week later; that is to say, yesterday morning, when, with Sir Hilary Dobson and Miss Mary Condor, you helped identify the remains?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

CORONER: Did you have any difficulty in doing so?

WITNESS: I had some difficulty.

CORONER: But you were satisfied that it was the body of Lady Constance Dobson and no other.

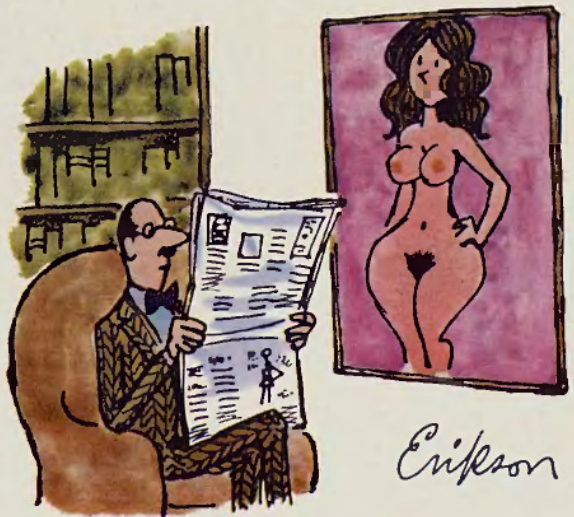
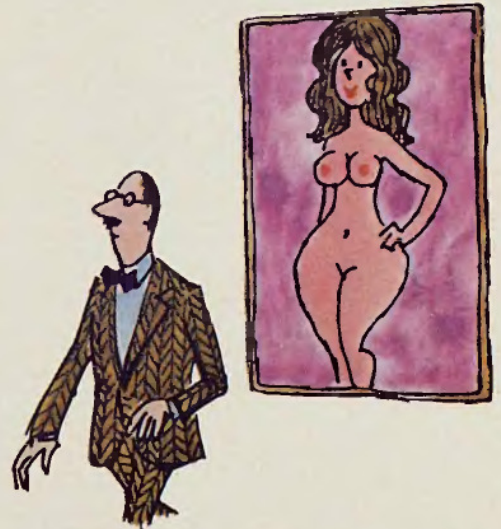
WITNESS: I was satisfied. I also recognized the woven gold bangle she had worn the day I saw her. The teeth were unmistakable.

Dr. Edward Halpin of the sanatorium at Newcastle having given his opinion that death was caused by asphyxiation through drowning, the jury, in accordance with the medical evidence, returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind. The coroner said it was a most distressing case, extended his sympathy to Sir Hilary Dobson and said no blame attached to anybody.

• • •

It was September before I again met Mr. Bodkin. A day of infinite whiteness. The waves falling heavily. Chilly. It would probably be my last swim of the year. Seeing him on his bench—chesterfield, bowler hat, gray spats, rolled umbrella (he would need it from now on), his bulging net bag between his feet, his head bent to one side as if he were listening for a train—I again wondered at a couple of odd things he had said at the inquest; such as his reply to a juror that he never emerged from his railway carriage after supper; his answer to the coroner that he was often wakened at night by his arthritis ("I sleep like a dog," he had told me. "I have never in my life had a day's illness, apart from chilblains."); and he had observed by his watch that it was five past one in the morning ("I live by the sun and the stars"). Also, he had said that from the platform, he had noticed the white car parked at the end of the lane. I had parked my Morris a few moments before at the end of the lane and, as I looked back toward it now, it was masked by the signal box.

He did not invite me to sit down and



Erikson

I did not. We spoke of the sunless day. He smiled when I looked at the sky and said, "Your watch is clouded over." I sympathized with him over his recent painful experience.

"Ah, yes!" he agreed. "It was most distressing. Even if she was a foolish poor soul. Flighty, too. Not quite out of the top drawer. That may have had something to do with it. A bit spoiled, I mean. The sort of woman, as my dear mother used to say, who would upset a barracks of soldiers."

"Why on earth do you suppose she did it? But I shouldn't ask; I am sure you want to forget the whole thing."

"It is all over now. The wheel turns. All things return to the sea. She was crossed in love."

I stared at him.

"Some man in London?"

He hesitated, looked at me shiftily, slowly shook his head and turned his eyes along his shoulder toward the fields.

"But nothing was said about this at the inquest! Did other people know

about it? Did the Condors know about it?"

His hands moved on his umbrella handle.

"In quiet places like this, they would notice a leaf falling. But where so little happens, every secret becomes a buried treasure that nobody mentions. Even though every daisy on the dunes knows all about it. This very morning, when I called on Mary Condor, a hen passed her door. She said, 'That hen is laying out. Its feet are clean. It has been walking through grass.' They know everything, I sometimes think," he said peevishly. "that they know what I ate for breakfast."

(Was he becoming disillusioned about his quiet beach?)

"How did you know about it? Or are you just guessing?"

He frowned. He shuffled for the second time. His shoulders straightened. He almost preened himself.

"I have my own powers of observation! I can keep my eyes open, too, you know! Sometimes I see things no-

body else sees. I can show you something nobody else has ever seen."

Watching me watch him, he slowly drew out his pocketbook and let it fall open on a large visiting card. I stooped forward to read the name. LADY CONSTANCE DOBSON. His little finger turned it onto its back. There, scrawled apparently in red lipstick, was the word *Judas*. When I looked at him, he was smiling triumphantly.

"Where on earth did you find it?"

"That morning at six o'clock, it was daylight. I saw it stuck inside the wind-screen wipers"—he hesitated for the last time—"of the Jaguar."

My mind became as tumbled as a jigsaw. He was lying. How many other pieces of the jigsaw were missing? Who was it said the last missing bit of every jigsaw is God?

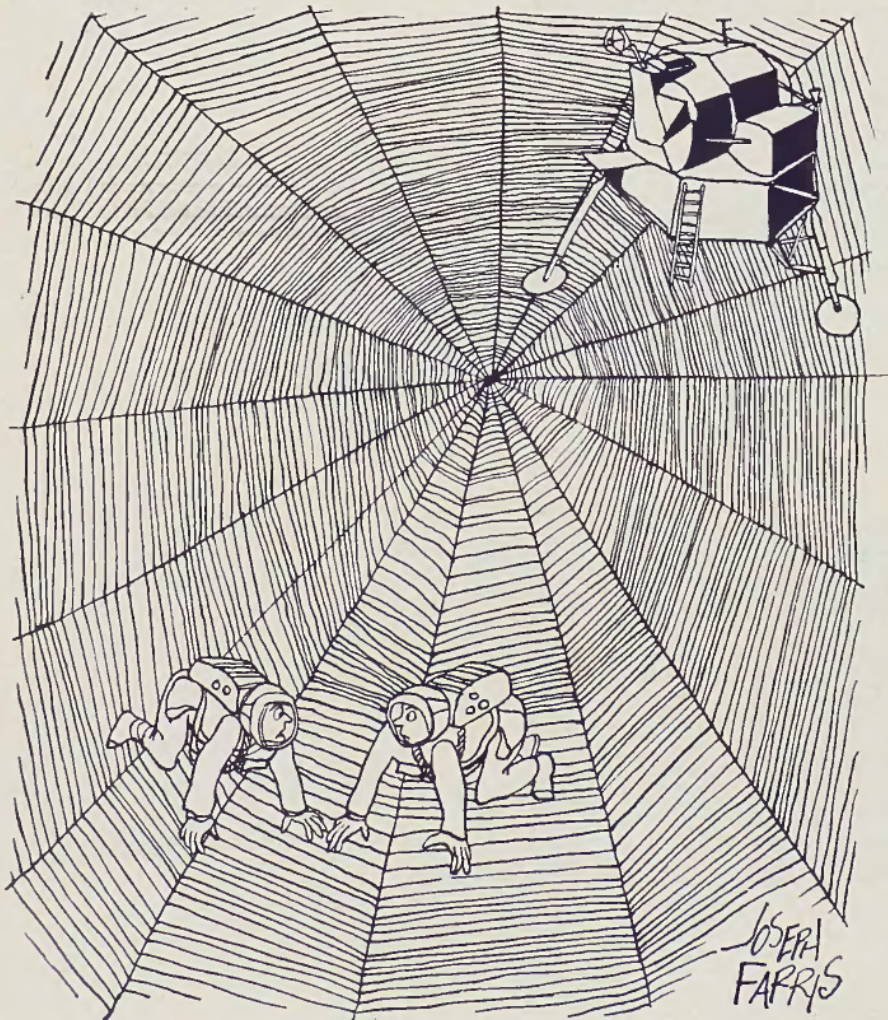
"You did not mention this at the inquest."

"Should I have? The thought occurred to me. I decided that it would be more merciful not to. There were other people to think of. Sir Hilary, for one. And others." He replaced his pocketbook and rose dismissively. "I perceive that you are going for a swim. Be careful. There are currents. The beach shelves rapidly. Three yards out and the gravel slides from under your feet. And nobody to hear you if you shout for help. I had my usual little dip this morning. Such calm. Such utter silence. The water was very cold."

He bobbed and walked away. I walked very slowly down to the edge of the beach. I tested the water with my hand. He was right. I looked around me. I might have been marooned on some Baltic reef hung between an infinity of clouds and a luster of sea gleaming with their iceberg reflections. Not a fishing smack. Not even a cormorant. Not a soul for miles, north and south. Nobody along the railway track. Or was somebody, as he had suggested, always watching?

If he were concealing something, why had he admitted that he had come out from his railway carriage at all? Why did he choose to mention one o'clock in the morning? Did he know that she had died around midnight? Was he afraid that somebody besides himself might have seen her lights turn down the lane? A timid liar, offering a half-truth to conceal the whole truth?

Above the dunes, I could just see the black roof of his railway carriage. I measured the distance from where I stood and let out a loud "Help!" For ten seconds, nothing happened. Then his small, dark figure rose furtively behind the dunes. When he saw me, he disappeared.



"If we get out of this alive, I'm quitting the space program!"



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 123 © 1971, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. SPECIAL EDITION DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES JULY 1971

New Home for Chicago's Hutch!



Arcade-style ground floor plus new Playboy Club is shaping up behind barricade.

Playboy Brings Keyholders a Great Outdoor Fun World

CHICAGO (Special) — For Playboy Club keyholders there's a special outdoor world waiting—a world of exciting resorts, of tropical beaches, of excitement and of sports for all seasons.

At the *Jamaica Club-Hotel*, the fun is nonstop—from excursions to Dunn's River Falls for one of the most spectacular views in this hemisphere to midnight calypso music on the beach. For golfers, there's the Upton Country Club; for undersea buffs, there's snorkeling and scuba diving.

And for the budget-minded, there's Swingathon, a complete package of vacation pleasure with special summer rates.*

For those who seek Midwestern pleasures, *Playboy's Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin*, offers carefree days and exciting nights, plus just about the best golfing in the American heartland.

There's more to Lake Geneva than just golf, however. There's skeet and trap; and for horse lovers, there are bridle paths through the rolling Wisconsin

hills. Swimming is a natural with indoor and outdoor pools. Then, perhaps, a little tennis with Lake Geneva's resident pro ready to offer hints that turn a booming net shot into an ace.

Perhaps sophistication in the sun is your pleasure—then *Playboy Plaza* in fabled *Miami Beach* awaits.

Boating, water-skiing, deep-sea fishing and underwater diving are all available at the Plaza, as well as golf at the famous Country Club of Miami.

And for a Playboy bonus, the Plaza offers Splashdown, a complete package wrapped in a low-cost bundle that can be extended for the whole summer.*

If *Chicago* is your vacation goal, make *Playboy Towers* your headquarters. The Towers is located in the middle of the Near North Side *boutique* and art gallery center and within a stone's throw of the Chicago Playboy Club.

Playboy offers keyholders a chance to help inaugurate the finest new golf courses in the East at *Great Gorge, New Jersey*. Nestled in the serene beauty of the northern corner of the state, Great Gorge will offer 27 holes of the most unusual golfing along the Eastern Seaboard.

Year round, Great Gorge will offer horseback riding, swimming, hiking and skiing.

So join the outdoor world of Playboy—complete the coupon so you can become part of the Playboy way of life.

*For details on *Playboy Plaza's Splashdown* or the *Jamaica Club-Hotel Swingathon*, contact your local Club or the Reservations Dept., Hotel Sales, *Playboy Towers, 163 E. Walton Pl., Chicago, Illinois 606**

CHICAGO (Special)—If ever there was a ground floor worth getting in on, the street level of the new Playboy Center in Chicago is it.

And the good news is that the most striking and original lobby in the Windy City is going to open September 15, offering unique European charm.

Arthur J. Miner, Vice President and Director of Design and Planning of Playboy Clubs International, Inc., in charge of the project, reports that the new free-form lobby will be complete for use and open to the public in September, although the area to be occupied by the Chicago Club will still be under construction.

24-Hour Drug Store

"We'll have a 24-hour drug-store, an open-air, European-style Sidewalk Café and a collection of kiosk *boutiques* and specialty shops," Miner said.

Also scheduled for completion during September is the remodeling of the *Playboy Towers* next door, with guest rooms redecorated and restyled to luxurious Playboy standards.

Chicagoans have long been aware that something was happening at 919 North Michigan behind the highly original bar-

ricade (above), which received wide publicity when it was erected in January of this year.

The three-dimensional barricade will remain in place until the lobby opens on September 15. In the meantime, keyholders can still enjoy the original Chicago Playboy Club—where the drinks remain hearty and dining a delight.

If you're not a keyholder, you can become part of the swinging world of Playboy by just completing the application below and rushing it our way. For keyholders, there's plenty of excitement ahead.

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TAKE THE HIGH ROAD... (continued from page 144)

annual celebration of the arts held in any city in the world. One of these trains is the 2230 Inter-City Sleeper: there are earlier departures, but the 2230 allows travelers to linger in London's pubs until around closing time, and it reaches Edinburgh at a respectable hour the next morning—in good time to take a taxi to one of the city's sedate hotels and enjoy a breakfast of smoked haddock with a poached egg on top, a silver rack of toast with creamy Scottish butter and marmalade, and a pot of tea.

Aboard the 2230, nourishment is scanty: a plate of arrowroot biscuits and coffee served in crockery of pale-green stoneware. These are distributed by the night-train attendants—quiet, middle-aged men who might, if pressed on the topic, have a few words of mournful nostalgia for the days when sleepers to Scotland were pulled by crimson or green locomotives that cut through the dark English countryside in great gouts of steam and smoke and urgent whistles in the night.

By American standards, the 2230 is a more than adequate train, however, and is usually punctual to the minute. Inside the neat private compartments, a plaque advises occupants that hot-water bottles are available on demand and that juice with breakfast is an optional extra. British Rail, the official name of Britain's state-owned railroad complex, likes notices. There is an unequivocal warning on the improper use of the emergency alarm (a fine of £25) and in the toilet at the end of the corridor is posted the celebrated puzzler, GENTLEMEN LIFT THE SEAT, an unpunctuated slogan nestling slyly between admonition and definition.

The 2230 creaks gently out of King's Cross at precisely 10:30 P.M. and passengers can settle down to read their newspapers and ponder the motives of an ex-officer whose advertisement in the personal columns of *The Times* announces that he is willing to perform any decent act within the law in exchange for a small parcel of folding money. There are quicker ways to reach Scotland—American visitors can fly directly across the Atlantic to Prestwick International Airport—but if one travels via London, a fitting preamble to Edinburgh, the train seems to add purpose to a journey that is, after all, no more than 400 miles.

Edinburgh (pronounced "Edinborough") is Scotland's proudest city and the most elegant of Britain's four capitals. Dominated by its massive castle, from whose walls a cannon roars every afternoon to mark the hour of one, the city is an evocative mixture of the old with the still older. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Alexander Graham Bell, to name only two of the great men who have loved this place, would recognize

many a local landmark today. Handsome buildings of gray stone grace the wide streets, quiet squares and crescents that mark the center of town; leafy parks enhance the spaciousness, and the ridges on which Edinburgh stands afford far-reaching views in all directions—down into the valleys between them, out over the surrounding farmland and across the misty reaches of the Firth of Forth.

It is a broody, reflective city whose dignified appearance belies the dramatic violence of its past. Mary, the tragic Queen of Scots, held court at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Oliver Cromwell captured the city for the English and Bonnie Prince Charlie set out from here for the Scots' final and disastrous battle against their southern foe. Other luminaries associated with the old capital include Daniel Defoe, a resident of Fishmarket Close; Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson, native sons; Jane, Duchess of Gordon, who once recruited an entire regiment by promising to kiss every soldier; and a host of scholars and poets from Dr. Johnson to Robert Burns and William Wordsworth, as well as the publishers of the first edition (in 1768) of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. There were also some notable scoundrels, among them the infamous Major Weir, accused of wizardry and burned at the stake for his sins; and the redoubtable Deacon Brodie, pious tradesman by day, burglar by night, prolific father of two large families—neither of which knew the other existed—and, at the end, a victim of the gallows that he personally designed and built for the city executioner.

With so many dour antecedents, Edinburgh may not seem to be the sort of place that celebrates anything. Yet, every summer, the city has its festival, and people come from every corner of the world to take part in it. This year, it runs from August 22 to September 12. Actually, during this period, not one but three festivals are in progress: the official Edinburgh International Festival, which consists mainly of classical performances of the world's foremost operas, symphonies, dance and drama companies; the Fringe, a collection of groups that present new plays, jazz, folk music, revues, recitals and all manner of spontaneous, mostly offbeat, productions; and the Film Festival, at which an average of 50 movies were screened every week last year. There are also performances that belong to none of the three main categories—notably, a stirring military tattoo that's held five nights a week on the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle and a bewildering variety of art exhibitions at galleries and halls throughout the city. In short, enough music and spectacle to numb the mind.

On a typical day last year, festival-

goers could have attended a Beethoven recital at 11 A.M.; a new play or the world premiere of a feature film at 2:30 P.M.; a jazz session at five; an opera, Shakespearean production, satirical revue or a triple bill of new plays at 7:30; a new American rock musical at 10:30; and another assortment of plays, films, music and revues starting around midnight. In between these events (which don't take into account any number of last-minute offerings), there was the nine-o'clock tattoo with the massed pipes, bands and martial pageantry of the British army and other military contingents from the Commonwealth. If it was a Monday night, there was also the George Hotel's Scottish dinner, piped ceremonially into the dining room under the baton of Pipe Major Hugh Wilson, and consisting of haggis, bashed neeps and champit tatties, followed by Scotch Gold Ashet, with Edinburgh Fog for dessert. Translation: a savory pudding made from sheep's heart, lungs and liver; mashed turnips and potatoes; a selection of cold meats; and a mousselike sweet.

Some people maintain that Edinburgh comes to life only during the three weeks of the festival. Certainly, the city sheds much of its civic dignity at this time, turning a blind eye to the spectacle of nude dancers leaping across stages and half-naked students cavorting along the stately shopping thoroughfare of Princes Street. But the pubs still close at the improbable stroke of ten and visitors who are unable to develop a thirst until later must repair to the bar of their hotel or to one of the three special clubs for festival visitors. Membership costs less than four dollars a week and gives a stranger the chance to meet some of the fresh-faced young lasses who pour into the city from every point of the compass for the festivities. The most distinguished rendezvous is the Festival Club in the Assembly Rooms on George Street, which is noted for the excellence of its kitchen and is the most popular meeting place for festival performers. The Fringe and Film clubs, though they may not be as sophisticated, are perhaps more advantageous for meeting unattached girls, an activity that can also be profitably pursued in Edinburgh's hundreds of taverns.

Nearly all of the city's pubs can make valid claim to a colorful antiquity. Except for the odd interruption of service occasioned by warfare or palace intrigue, these cheery establishments have been ministering to the needs of drinking men for centuries. Some, such as The Sheep Heid, trace their ancestry back to the late 1300s. The heaviest concentration of pubs—including those most popular with young patrons—is on and adjacent to Rose Street, the Amber Mile, so called for the color of the fluid that pours from the taps during business hours.

Inexpensive meat pies, sandwiches,



"Now will you go to bed with me?"

salads and other quick snacks are available in many Edinburgh pubs; but for more substantial appetites, the city's restaurants provide ample alternatives in the form of juicy Scottish beefsteaks, fresh salmon, trout, game, succulent pies of chicken and ham, and seafood of every variety, as well as a selection of Continental cuisines. For a taste of the past, festivalgoers can drive out of the city to the 13th Century Dalhousie Castle for a Jacobean banquet complete with flagons of mead and medieval entertainments.

But after about a week of chasing around from opera to rock musical and from movie premiere to jazz concert, with time off for shopping, pub crawling and all the other pursuits Edinburgh offers, most visitors get the feeling that life in Auld Reekie—the ancient nickname derives from the city's sooty air—is becoming a bit strenuous. When this mood sets in, it's time to start thinking about Scotland's other attractions—and none could be more soothing than the western Highlands and, beyond their shores, the hundreds of lonely islands on which the only music is the sound of sea birds, the only spectacle that of rocky beaches, gaunt castles and wind-swept moors. To reach this haunting, haunted land, one can fly from Edinburgh to Glasgow and then proceed by rented car, or else drive the 45 miles from the capital.

The road journey from Edinburgh through Glasgow to the inland borders of the western Highlands takes about three hours. Once the suburbs of Glasgow are shaken off, the countryside opens abruptly and dramatically. Before long, the first glimpse of Loch Lomond and the islets that stud its lower reaches come into view; here, the highway forks—northeast through Drymen and Aberfoyle to the wooded defile of the Trossachs or northwest along Loch Lomond, hugging the west bank all the way to the junction at Tarbet, where the road branches again, to the west through the hills of Glen Croe until it reaches the Rest-and-Be-Thankful Pass. Here the landscape, losing all trace of its man-made look, turns wild and desolately beautiful. A single-lane track leads off the pass to Loch Goil and the sparkling village of Lochgoilhead, where an overnight stop can be made at Drimsynie House or another local inn. A few years ago, it was pleasant to spend several days in this quiet little village; but recently, a local entrepreneur has built a hideous collection of identical chalets and a trailer park on the banks of the loch, so that the pristine charm of the locale has been tarnished; still, the qualities of light and color that lend such mystery to this part of the world are unchanged.

The steep hills of Hell's Glen, near Strachur, are often wrapped in a swirling mist of rain while the open grasslands on

the other side swelter in the sun. Drive another mile to the top of the pass and you're likely to find the long basin that holds Loch Fyne filled with a blanket of cloud, like suds on beer. Beneath this layer, the foothills and forest are gray-green shadows enveloped in an opaque shroud of white, and the weak rays of sun that pierce it give a ghostly tinge to inn signs and the roofs of old cottages. In late August, when the sun is occasionally in full view, the colors in the hills change again, throwing into sharp relief a dark stand of Sitka spruce or a velvety glen carpeted with green fern. The long grass sways in the wind, revealing patches of purple heather and clover or the course of a glittering, icy stream that tumbles down the hillside on its way to the loch.

Late summer is also the time of the biggest Highland gatherings, the festive celebrations of Scotland's clans. One of the most popular in the west is the Cowal Gathering in the town of Dunoon, held on the last Friday and Saturday of August. Spectators and participants converge on the town from all over the globe, and everyone appoints himself an honorary Scot. Small boys gaze in awe at the Highland giants in their regalia of kilts, sporrans and black-feather bonnets, and at the Samsons who compete in the muscle events—throwing the long-handled hammer, putting the shot and hurling the caber, a shorn tree trunk measuring some 21 feet and weighing up to 285 pounds. Until a few years ago, there was also a tug o' war between a team of Scots and a contingent of brawny American sailors stationed at the Holy Loch nuclear-submarine base. The visitors never won any of the contests, but nobody would have dreamed of attributing this to lack of strength. If the question is raised these days, the Scots explain that strength is not everything in the tug o' war and that even if the American lads did get up at dawn to practice every morning for six months before the great day, and even if they did feed on a special diet of steak, and even if they were all great strapping fellows hand-picked from the ranks of America's strongest athletes in uniform—well, even so, you have to have the knack for the tug o' war, because, without it, you lose. And that's what happened to those American lads; they never got the knack.

Yet there are always lots of Americans, uniformed and civilian, at the Cowal Gathering. They cheer the American-Scottish pipers and dancers and, along with everyone else, join the rush for beefsteak pies in the luncheon tent. And they help soak up the never-ending golden river of whisky that pours from the bottles of Mackinlay's and Whyte & Mackay's that are set up in the bar tent. A sailor takes a bet that he can touch the top of the tall center pole in the tent; he does so, effortlessly, and a trio of

PLAYBOY'S

WHERE TO STAY

Festival time in Edinburgh (August 22–September 12) is the liveliest season of the year, but it's also the most crowded. If you're planning to stay in a top hotel, make reservations well in advance. However, even if you arrive with no place to stay, there are hundreds of small, very comfortable hotels and boardinghouses. Simply contact a travel agent or Edinburgh's Public Relations Department for a *Register of Accommodation*.

Caledonian Hotel: Grand and gracious veteran in shadow of Edinburgh Castle; deluxe comfort, hospitable service and home of the epicurean Pompadour Room.

Carlton Hotel: Huge old-style hotel with all the conveniences; excellent restaurant plus good bar serving hot and cold hors d'oeuvres as well as drinks.

Esso Motor Hotel: Handsome newcomer with ultramodern, attractively furnished suites; residential location.

Forth Bridge Hotel: New and efficient, with pleasant decor; bleak South Queensferry setting, but convenient for travelers heading north from Edinburgh.

George Hotel: Elegant and old-fashioned, most rooms refurbished; close to downtown stores.

Hawes Inn: 300 years of service to way-faring strangers, among them Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson, who modeled the inn of *Kidnapped* after it; excellent food; South Queensferry address, short drive from city center.

Mount Royal Hotel: Top-front rooms of this busy central hotel afford magnificent views of the castle and of Princes Street Gardens.

North British Hotel: Spacious, impressive old-timer housing eminent Grill Room; convenient city location.

Roxburghe Hotel: Distinguished accommodations on Charlotte Square; exceptional food and service.

Scotia Hotel: Five Georgian terrace houses in Edinburgh were converted into this fine hotel situated in quiet surroundings on Great King Street; recently modernized with due regard for tradition; the management goes all out to see that guests are pleased with service, food and comfort.

GUIDE TO A SCOTTISH HOLIDAY

Edinburgh

WHERE TO DINE

Beehive: Modernized old inn on the historic Grassmarket; steaks and specialties including chicken cooked with brandy and port; adjacent are **Luckpenny Coffee House** (omelets and home baking) and **White Hart Inn**, where Robert Burns stayed during a visit to Edinburgh.

Café Royal: Two restaurants, two bars under one roof; a culinary landmark for over a century.

Cramond Inn: Three miles from city; follow a morine course through mussels in wine, fresh sardines, smoked salmon and lobster; or partake of the game—grouse, pheasant and wild duck.

Grill Room: In North British Hotel; best Scottish kitchen in town; helpful staffers will translate menu's colloquial tongue twisters.

Henderson's Salad Table: Fresh salads, country foods and vegetarian dishes, as well as tempting concessions to meat fanciers; similar fare at several **Farmhouse** restaurants, where nearly everything is homemade and bread is baked with stone-ground flour.

Laughing Duck: Celtic suppers of cockaleekie, haggis, Balmoral trout, curds and whey; bar snacks include bacon rolls and duck sousoges.

Pompadaur Room: In the Caledonian Hotel; famed favorite of international stage and concert stars at festival; luxurious setting, three-star food.

Prestonfield House: Renowned Continental cuisine in 17th Century manor house; peacocks roam the landscaped gardens.

Trade Winds: A leading purveyor of seafood; also a wide selection of Continental dishes, and Scottish fare during the festival; nearly 50 brands of whisky.

WHERE TO PLAY

Apart from festival events, Edinburgh offers the standard diversions—*discothèques* (none with a liquor license), hotel cabarets, supper clubs and a small gaming house. Some night clubs with special liquor licenses, as well as private clubs unrestricted by the drinking laws, are open past midnight every evening except Sundays. For pub crawls, try Rose Street (the Amber Mile) or High Street, a historical parade of taverns meandering from castle to palace. Pub hours: 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. and 5 P.M. to 10 P.M., most closed Sundays.

Americana, Casablanca and White Elephant: Live rock alternating with recorded music.

Carriage Club: Ornate town-house casino with roulette and blackjack; closes 4 A.M.; foreign visitors welcome; operated by a Las Vegas veteran.

Dalhousie Castle: Short drive from Edinburgh at Bonnyrigg; Jacobean banquet offers lots of hokey good fun by smoky candlelight under banners in the great hall; all the mead and wine you can drink, plus a feast of tasty dishes eaten with the fingers; entertainment provided by horpischordist, fiddler and ten of the prettiest singing lasses in the realm.

Festival Club: Popular meeting place for performers; one of three special clubs offering late-night entertainment, food, drinks (except Sundays). Membership for visitors is less than \$4 a week; **Fringe** and **Film** clubs not so sophisticated but renowned for the charming damsels on their premises and the conviviality of their patrons. Clubs open 10 A.M. to 1 A.M. weekdays (midnight Saturdays) and 3 P.M. to 11 P.M. Sundays.

The Old Chain Pier: Hearty, historical pub festooned with flogs, posters and memorabilia amassed by late-and-legendary lady owner.

The Sheep Heid: Tavern considered ancient when Bonnie Prince Charlie met nearby with his army in 1745; summer drinking in wee garden at back.

WHAT TO BUY

Books, including specialized publications about the clans, their tartans and Scotland's history, at **Cairns Brothers** and **John Menzies & Co. Ltd.**

Chinaware, leather goods, cutlery, watches, jewelry, at **H. Samuel Ltd.**

Fine linens at **John Wilson & Son Ltd.**; goods from all leading manufacturers are available, but Wilson's own Ducal brand is particularly prized.

Leather goods, including wallets, luggage and numerous other travel accessories, at **A. Boswell.**

Menswear, including suits, well-cut casual slacks and jackets, lamb's-wool knits, at **Austin Reed Ltd.**

Perfumes distilled from peat and heather from the western Highlands, silver jewelry of ancient Celtic design, at **McCall's of Edinburgh.**

Shetland wools, sweaters, showls, scarves, berets, gloves and rugs, at **Shetland Woollen Specialists**, a family concern for 40 years; clothes can be made to order in any size, color and pattern.

Tartans, tweeds, shoes, Highland dress (ceremonial regalia), sports equipment, at **R. W. Forsyth Ltd.** department store; tax-free export service for visitors.

Women's fashions plus accessories, at **Jenners** and **Darlings**; both stores enjoy excellent reputations for quality apparel.

Woolens and high-quality pure-cashmere knits at **Romanes & Paterson.**

Highlands

WHERE TO STAY

Following the Highland journey described in the text, you'll drive through the various scenic and historic places listed in the order below. Hospitality and comfortable lodgings will await you en route at the recommended hotels and inns.

TARBET

Tarbet Hotel: Stately old inn on upper western bank of Loch Lomond.

ARROCHAR

Arrochar Hotel: Pleasant, rambling hostelry on edge of Loch Long.

LOCHGOILHEAD

Drimsynie House Hotel: Friendly, quaint lodgings near Loch Goil.

STRACHUR

Creggan's Inn: Homey digs overlooking Loch Fyne.

GLENCOE

Ballachulish Hotel: Victorian charm on Loch Leven; five-minute drive from Glencoe.

Clachaig Inn: Historic Highland hotel at site of MacDonald-clan slaughter by the Campbells in 1692. NO CAMPBELLS ALLOWED, warns a sign. (The owner is a MacDonald.)

King's House Hotel: First-class food and accommodations on Rannoch Moor.

FORT WILLIAM

Inverlochy Castle: Baronial fortress with sumptuous furnishings; service and food of noblest standards; in shadow of Ben Nevis, the United Kingdom's highest (4406 feet) mountain.

INVERGARRY

Invergarry Hotel: Stolid country house on River Garry; rustic and comfortable rooms; splendid scenery.

KYLE OF LOCHALSH

Lochalsh Hotel: Modernized inn with idyllic vistas of mountains, sea and Skye.

Dunvegan Hotel: Spectacular location; excellent food and cheery rooms.

Skeabost House Hotel: Country manor with spacious rooms; fresh farm produce on the dining table, commendable wine cellar.

ISLAY

Ardiview Hotel: Friendly service, cozy rooms, peat fires for chilly evenings.

Islay Hotel: Magnificent seascape; expert chef prepares hearty fare.

Port Askaig Hotel: Commodious island inn overlooking the Sound of Islay.

Port Charlotte Hotel: Some family management for 107 years; oiry rooms, views of Loch Indaal.

admiring Scots insists on treating him to a dram or two while a piper who has slipped into the tent for a quick refreshment plays a brisk reel to honor the feat.

The grounds are a mass of brilliant plumage—the cloaks and kilts of every clan that ever trod the heather. There are thousands of pipers and dancers, long-legged girls with neat white bodices and kilts, splendid pipe majors in bearskins and tartan trews (trousers), and silent old men from the hills who wear faded tartans and stand in the background, aglow with the music and Haig Gold Label. The sight and the sound stir the heart of everyone, Scottish or not; there are cheers for the winners and bigger cheers for the losers; and when it's all over on Saturday evening, the pipers gather on the big field to perform the last tattoo of the gathering before setting out in procession for a triumphal parade through town. The whole crowd—pipers, spectators, dancers, sailors and visitors—lines the streets and then disperses into the bars and taverns of Dunoon for an evening of rousing song and reminiscence, all of which takes on a more and more exuberant tone as the magic hour of ten approaches and the shore patrol rolls into town, looking for disable-bodied seamen. It's all a bit like the celebrations held at the end of World War Two. Braemar, the Royal Gathering, is no doubt more refined, but the one at Dunoon has something extra, not the least because of its international flavor.

Once the weekend is over, life in Dunoon returns to normal and the modest little town resumes its role as a seaside resort for families, with little of interest to detain other visitors. From here, one can move north, beyond the neat and picturesque town of Inveraray, to the grim and stately ruins of Kilchurn Castle, a 15th Century fortress that looms on a spit of land projecting into the black waters of well-named Loch Awe. East of the castle, the road turns north again to cross the bleakness of Rannoch Moor. This is the route to the Pass of Glen Coe, the scene of the bloody ambush and slaughter of the MacDonalds by the Campbells in 1692, commemorated today by a simple sign on the banks of the River Coe and a notice in Rory MacDonald's Clachaig Inn: NO CAMPBELLS ALLOWED. The Clachaig is a snug hostelry with electricity supplied by a generator that goes off when everybody's in bed. After the motor issues its final cough of the night, there is a hush before the natural sounds of the glen reassert themselves—the rush and roar of the Coe and the moan of the wind in the trees. It's an idyllic spot in which to be tucked under a mountain of blankets and to read by candlelight the chilling account of what happened in Glen Coe on that terrible night so many years ago.

If the Clachaig is filled, rooms may be

found at the King's House Hotel on Rannoch Moor. Once used as a barracks for the troops of King George II on one of their never-ending searches for the elusive Bonnie Prince Charlie, it is said to be Scotland's oldest continuously licensed inn. Accommodation and food are first-class, but the most memorable feature is the inn's location on the edge of the moor. Few places in the country are as desolate. Even in fair weather and bright sun, the panorama of marsh, stunted islands in Stygian ponds and the bare mountains beyond is one that chills the spine. It is a place in which dark and terrible deeds would seem to flourish, and the lights of the King's House are a welcome sight to guests who have wandered off after dinner for a stroll.

From the moor, the road straggles northwest to Fort William and Loch Ness, where there is always a settlement of hopeful monster spotters camped on the banks. At the head of the loch is Inverness, the true capital of the Highlands, and not too far away is the melancholy battlefield of Culloden, where the Highlanders' dreams of glory under the Bonnie Prince finally disintegrated in the face of the English army. Some 25 miles north of Fort William, the road cuts off to the west at Invergarry and follows the route of an old military highway past lakes and through forests and eventually to the village of Kyle of Lochalsh; the hulk of land about half a mile offshore is the Isle of Skye, largest island of the Inner Hebrides. There has been talk in recent years of building a bridge over this narrow strait, but the only people in favor of the project seem to be those who build bridges and those who profit from their existence. Nobody else is very keen about the idea, for the name Skye is synonymous with romantic legend, and a bridge would inevitably diminish the magic. One crosses on a car ferry.

Scotland's oldest inhabited castle, Dunvegan, is on the Isle of Skye; here the chiefs of the Clan MacLeod have lived for 700 years. One lives there today. Visitors, who are allowed in on weekday afternoons, are always morbidly curious to see the room in which one of the more psychotic MacLeods dispatched two brothers and three nephews one day in 1557 in a somewhat unorthodox attempt to secure the chieftaincy for himself. Skye is also the burial place of the heroine Flora MacDonald—who helped Prince Charlie make yet another escape from the English—and the home of the Fairy Flag, the good-luck emblem of the MacLeods. Twice it has been waved in battle, and victory followed on each occasion. The flag is among the relics displayed in Dunvegan Castle, along with the huge drinking horn of Rory Mor, the 13th chief, which is filled with claret upon the ascendancy of a new chief and must be

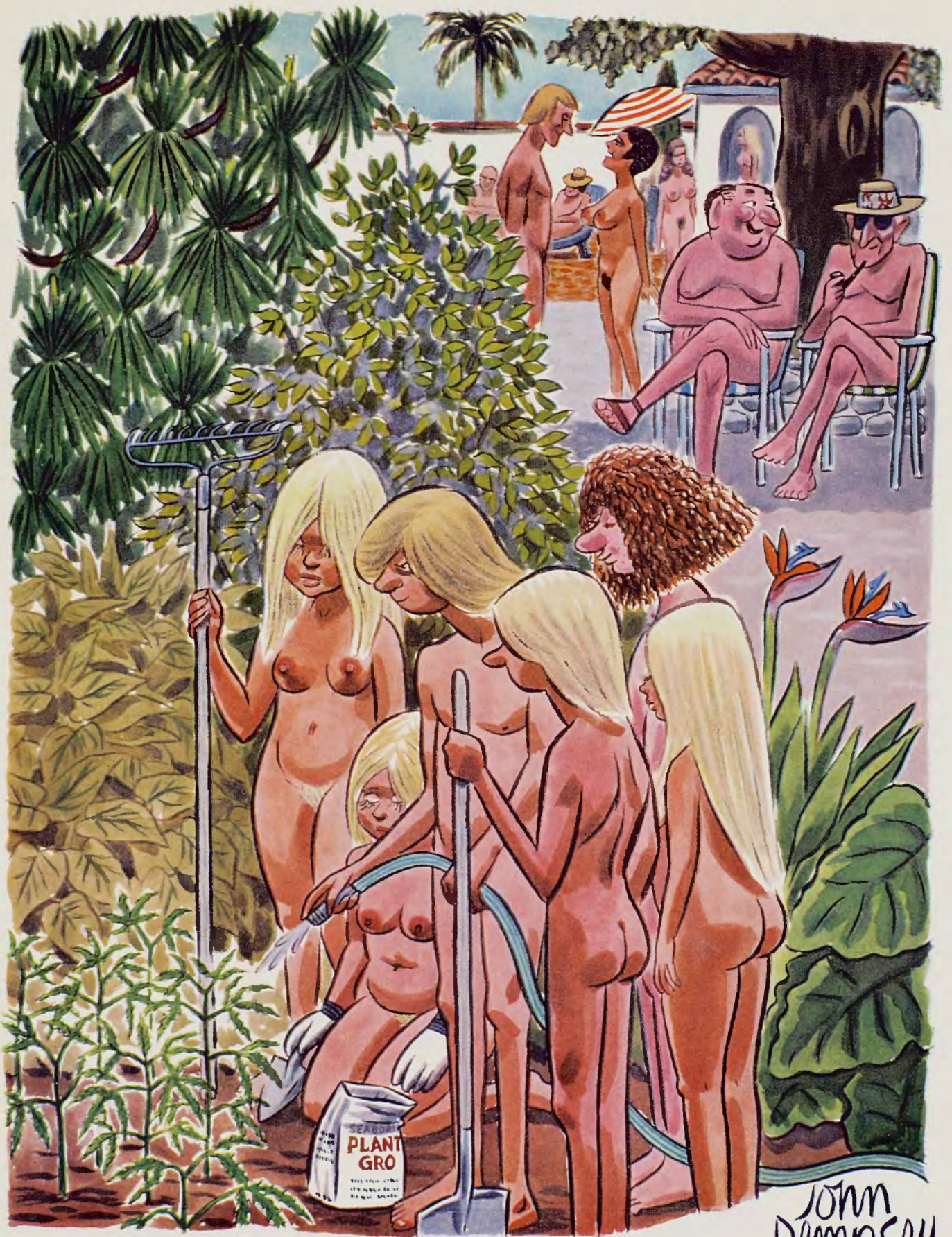
drained by the claimant to the title. Rory Mor would do the fling in his grave if he knew that for most modern chiefs, the horn has a false bottom.

Only about 100 of the western islands are inhabited today. Two that lie close to Skye are Rona, where the lighthouse keepers are the only residents, and Soay, whose population consists of a fisherman and his family. Neither island has a regularly scheduled ferry connection with the mainland, and about the only outsiders who set foot on them are the yachtsmen who drop anchor in their inlets. At the southernmost end of the Hebrides is Islay, noted for its magnificent beaches and unhurried ways. Not far from the principal village of Port Ellen is a tweed mill operated by an elderly man who shears the sheep, washes, dries and dyes the wool and then weaves it into tweed himself. His machinery is powered by the river that runs the water wheel on the side of his mill. It is an arduous but rewarding process and the customers are in no great rush. One aged couple on Islay are said to have been waiting most of their married lives for the local photographer to deliver the daguerreotypes of their wedding.

Not far from the Islay Hotel is a golf course, splendid in its way, but appreciated mainly by those islanders who cherish it as a source of peat for their hearths. Sea trout and salmon are fished in local rivers, but the biggest contribution of these crystal waters is to the Islay whisky distilleries. About 12 miles from Port Ellen is the village of Bownore, one of the few communities on British soil that had the War of 1812 brought home with a vengeance when it was attacked in 1813 by a ragtag fleet under the command of an American privateer. That quiet, lovely hamlet has not seen so much excitement ever since.

But there are many other parts of western Scotland, of course, where seclusion can be found in the midst of such unspoiled scenery, and it's not always necessary to travel to the islands to experience it. Everywhere in this incomparably beautiful country are landscapes that bewitch and people with stories to tell. Perhaps their legends—and those of the Highlands themselves—seem out of context in our world, but that may be our loss. Skye, the other Scottish islands and the Highlands do not share our obsession with the future; they are bound up with the past because it cannot be escaped. It seems to hang in the mist, in the folds of glowering mountains, mocking the tinny automobiles and their occupants who must return to city homes. It can be heard in the pipes at the gatherings and read in the keeps and dungeons of battered castles, lying in wait—and growing older.





JOHN
Dempsey

*"It's nice to see youngsters taking
an interest in nature."*

an end (continued from page 114)

quantitative influences. We know that the death rate is directly affected by food availability, pollution levels and crowding. Experts can even reach consensus on how the material standard of living—meaning health services and housing, as well as the other fruits of technology—sharply reduces the death rate as it climbs above some minimum level necessary to sustain life. But further improvement in the standard of living doesn't do much to reduce the death rate, no matter how high it goes. Similarly, deaths caused by 1970 pollution levels are almost negligible when compared with the effects of the other factors. But if pollution levels climb ten or a hundred times higher than they have reached already—and pollution *will* reach such levels if current trends continue—we can anticipate a death rate high enough to make the worst plagues in history seem like mild outbreaks of flu.

Crowding also has its effect on the death rate. In the extreme case, people will kill one another for room to stand, but long before that limit is reached, the psychological effects and social stresses of crime, war and disease will do their damage. Garrett Hardin of the University of California writes of a more subtle effect of crowding. The cyclone that struck East Pakistan in November 1970 was reported to have killed 500,000 people. The newspapers said it was the cyclone that killed them. Hardin says crowding was the cause. "The Gangetic delta is barely above sea level," he says. "Every year, several thousand people are killed in quite ordinary storms. If Pakistan were not overcrowded, no sane man would bring his family to such a place. . . . A delta belongs to the river and the sea; man obtrudes there at his peril."

Birth rate is calculated in a similar way. Food production, pollution levels, crowding and material standard of living have their separate and predictable influences on the rate of growth. The difference between births and deaths establishes net population gain; and, given the current figures for standards of living, food availability, pollution and crowding, total population can be recalculated at annual intervals as far into the future as you like.

It isn't necessary to go into all the details of Forrester's method: The analysis includes all the effects mentioned here, plus such factors as natural-resource usage (dependent on population and capital investment) and capital investment (dependent on population, material standard of living, and discard or wear-out time of capital equipment). Forrester also calculates something he calls quality of life.

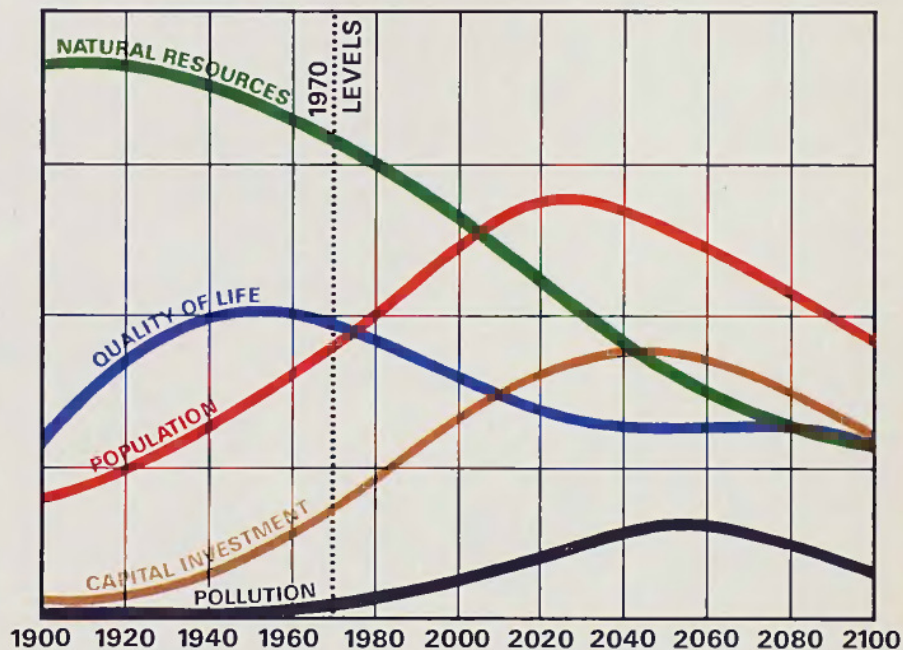
This goes up when there are adequate food, medical service, housing and consumer goods, and low levels of crowding and pollution.

The amount of calculation necessary overloads the human brain. It would take 1000 men at 1000 calculators to work out the numbers year by year, following the labyrinthine relationships of the system. But it takes only a few seconds to run the projection on a computer. With the relationships agreed to up front by agricultural and industrial experts, census takers and financial and economic advisors, Forrester pushes the start button and lets the computer plot out curves that start with the year 1900 and go to 2100. The results offer some object lessons in how close man is to committing suicide.

The first thing we learn is that the enemy is our love of growth. Enormous pressures are now appearing on all sides that will act to suppress growth. Natural resources are being depleted; pollution levels, crowding and inadequate food supplies, either separately or in concert, are going to arrest and reverse population growth forcibly and disastrously. Exactly which will deliver the *coup de grâce* is unclear, but the curves show the possible alternatives. It is for man to decide which he prefers.

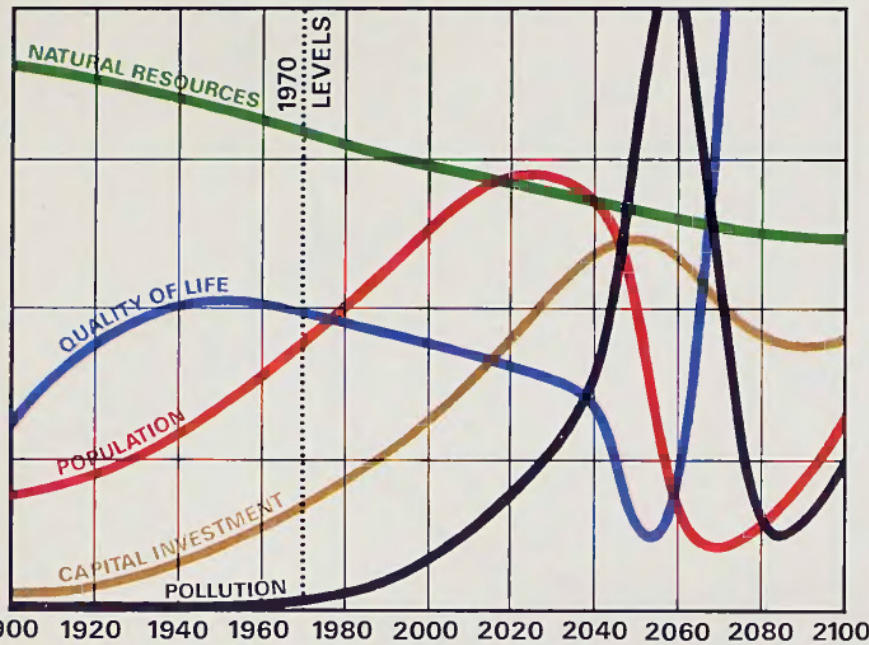
pared with some of the others, these curves look almost tolerable. This projection shows population rising steadily until about 2020, when natural resources start falling sharply. The world is already running out of easily mined ores and fuel for power that drives mass-production machinery and raises agricultural yields. But a growing population needs more resources—at first just for the amenities of life, later for survival. The industrialized nations are growing rapidly and are placing ever-increasing demands on the resources that often come from underdeveloped countries. What will happen when the resource-supplying nations start to hold back because they see the day when their own demands will require available supplies?

In this projection, the material standard of living (not graphed) will climb until about the year 2000; capital investment per person will continue to increase until then—before the depletion of natural resources has had a chance to make itself felt. Then, in about 2050, industrialization will turn down as resource shortages become grave. Pollution will rise to approximately six times 1970 levels, but this won't be high enough to create a runaway pollution catastrophe. There will, however, be widespread dissatisfaction because the quality of life will drop slowly as pollution grows and as crowding adds its irritations.



In this first projection (above), Forrester showed mankind running out of natural resources. He assumed that irreplaceable coal, oil, gas and metal ores will require more and more effort to tear out of the earth and that technology will not find quick substitutes for them. Com-

For his second projection, Forrester assumed we wouldn't be so lucky as to run out of natural resources. Suppose science finds plastic or glass substitutes for metals, and new power sources make it possible for us to reduce demands on coal, gas and oil reserves. He went back to



1900 1920 1940 1960 1980 2000 2020 2040 2060 2080 2100

the computer with the natural-resources-depletion rate after 1970 reduced to 25 percent of its former value (above).

In this case, capital investment and population grow until pollution levels get so high that death rate, birth rate and food production are drastically and dangerously affected. Population goes to almost six billion by 2030 and then, in a scant 30 years, drops to one billion. This is a world-wide catastrophe of mind-boggling proportions. War, pestilence, starvation and infant mortality turn the world into a morgue. The highly industrialized countries probably suffer most, because they are least able to survive the disruption to the environment and to the food supply.

Some writers have suggested that before we experience a catastrophe of this magnitude, mankind will stop the pollution-generating process by legislation or even revolution; but this is not very likely. The most important generator of pollutants is industrialization, which is also the major contributor to a higher standard of living. It is difficult to imagine underdeveloped nations agreeing to a curtailment of their industrial growth. The rich nations cannot say to the poor ones, "OK, we've gone as far as we can go. Let's hold still right here." It is just as impossible to say to the poor of our own country, "We've really got to stop. Sorry, you can't have shoes for the children, an indoor toilet, a gas stove, a hearing aid for grandma." Yet, if the poor of all nations were to move up to the standard of living now enjoyed by a majority of Americans, we would have a pollution load on the environment ten times today's level.

The conclusion is inescapable. If the world is to achieve equilibrium at a material standard of living at or close to the level now enjoyed by the developed nations, world population and industrialization must be considerably lower than the current averages. And that is political dynamite.

This projection demonstrates a vitally important characteristic of the world system: It is going to reach equilibrium one way or another. We are entering a turbulent time, a time when the dedication to growth in the advanced nations will have to give way. It is impossible for every citizen of the world alive today to enjoy the standard of living that has been taken for granted in the West. The goals of our civilization will have to change, and when goals change, traditions no longer serve. We can predict a period of great unrest and uncertainty, with a frighteningly greater possibility of world war, unless enough people see that the true enemy is the system, not one another.

A second discouraging characteristic of the system is that major scientific achievement in the form of reduced depletion of natural resources has the effect only of postponing the date of catastrophe. It permits greater overshoot of industrialization and population and will actually magnify the catastrophe when it finally comes.

With this firmly in mind, it is relatively easy to predict what will happen if the next solution is attempted. Suppose we agree with the underdeveloped nations that their material needs should be met, and they agree to join us in trying to curb population growth. That

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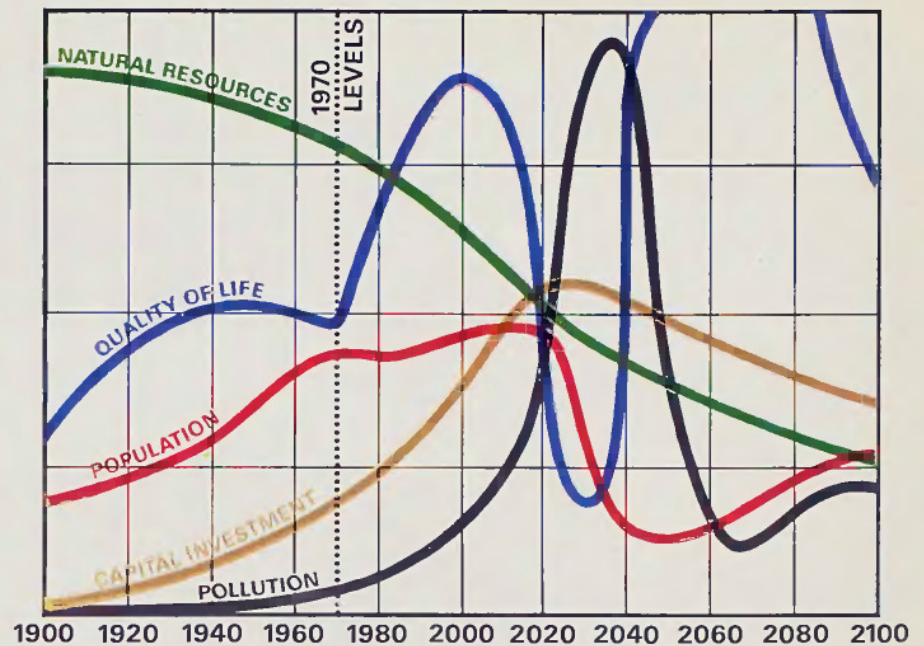
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means we increase capital investment (to give them a better standard of living) but apply extreme moral and economic pressure to hold down the birth rate. In this projection (at right), Forrester assumed we cut the birth rate in half in 1970 and increase capital investment by 20 percent. For the first few years, things look good. Food per person increases, material standard of living rises and crowding is held close to present levels. But the more affluent world population ends up using natural resources too fast. Capital investment zooms and the pollution load on the environment reaches the critical level even earlier than it did in the previous run.

The reduction in birth rate temporarily slows population growth, but lower death rate, greater food production and eased crowding conditions soon encourage the population to start up again, and it is now a richer and more polluting population. This shows the curious interrelationships of what systems analysts call negative feedback. By starting a promising birth-control program, we simultaneously release other natural pressures that help defeat the program. Here is the core of the nature of systems. When one pressure or combination of pressures is lightened, the result is likely to be the substitution of a new problem for the old. Often the new problem is more difficult to solve or less tolerable to live with than the old one. Advanced societies have come to expect technology to solve their problems. Technology works well when there are unlimited natural resources and geographical space to expand into; but in the real world, we reach limits. Ehrlich's milk bottle is close around us.

The projections also demonstrate the trade-off between short-term and long-



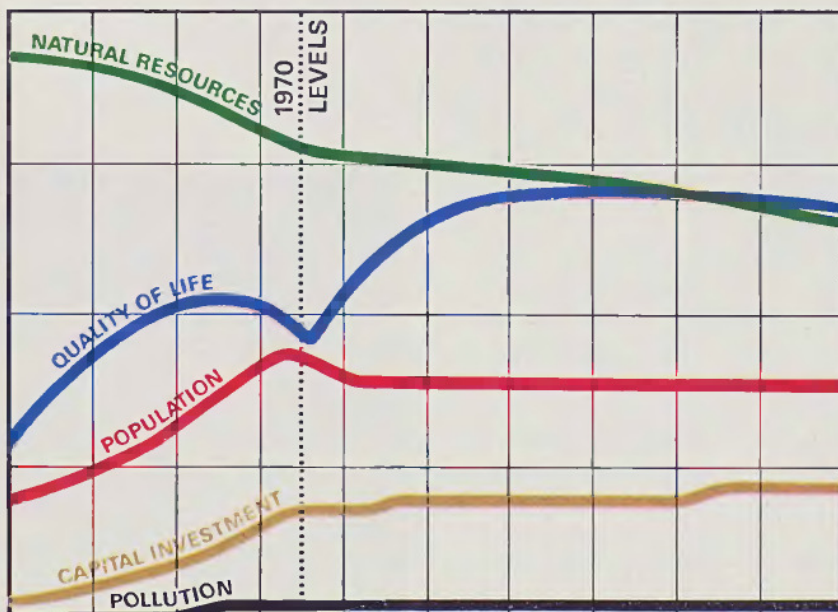
term consequences of a decision. The developed nations all achieved their higher material standard of living by devoting a generation or two to building up a store of capital equipment. They used the productive capacity of labor to make machines and factories rather than food and other consumable goods. Robber barons did it for England during the Industrial Revolution and for the U.S. during the early expansion phase of its growth. The Soviet Union achieved the same result by arbitrarily denying its citizens the immediate fruits of their labor.

But there are few social mechanisms in the underdeveloped nations to defer short-run benefit for long-term return. The scarcity of such mechanisms may turn out to be a good thing, because it

has the desirable effect of keeping average world capital investment under control. If we can simultaneously reduce capital investment, agree to hold the material standard of living at present levels, reduce the birth rate to half its current level, reduce pollution generation to half its current level (by a cutback in industrialization and by application of science to the problem), perhaps hold back on food production somewhat (if population is stabilized at or below the current level, we won't be needing much more food than is now produced), then, for the first time, we see the possibility of reaching equilibrium without catastrophic overshoot and population decline (left).

On the surface, it seems anti-humanitarian to reduce capital investment and stop the effort to raise food production. Such drastic measures couldn't possibly be accepted without years of study and discussion. But the alternatives are dire and inescapable. The population explosion and pollution are direct descendants of old gods—industrialization and science. Without drastically changing its priorities, world population will collapse in less than a century from the effects of pollution, food shortage, disease and war.

Forrester emphasizes that his analyses are not intended as literal year-by-year predictions; but he does insist that man's viewpoint must become world-wide and centuries deep if the species is to survive. Dennis Meadows and nine clean-cut young researchers, meanwhile, study dull books of statistics, scribble numbers on lined pads and occasionally push a few buttons on a computer console in what surely must be the least dramatic attempt ever made to save the world.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 70)*

reviews he'd told me about. Well, Seymour looked around until he found an old sock in a drawer and in the sock was a tattered little piece of paper. It was a London *Times* clipping which stated that *Shadows* deserved a West End booking. That was the great review. "Are there any more?" I asked. Seymour couldn't remember any more, so, after calming down, I decided that since I was already in London, I might as well see if anything could be done for *Shadows*. *Johnny Staccato* had just started out on the BBC and was a big hit, so I was interviewed a lot and all kinds of people suddenly wanted to see *Shadows*.

Our timing couldn't have been better. There was a tremendous social and film revolution going on in England—the angry-young-man thing—and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* was just

about to be made. The people who were part of that revolution saw that if *Shadows* were to be a success, they would have an opportunity to make the films they wanted. So all kinds of people got behind us and *Shadows* got reviews that were way beyond expectations. We became enormously successful in London; one night Seymour and I stood embracing and crying when we saw lines around the block outside the Academy Theater, where we'd opened. It was a thrilling experience, and the same thing happened when we played the Cinéma-thèque in Paris, and we also did well in Sweden.

Then Seymour took *Shadows* to the Venice Film Festival and we won the Critics' Award. British Lion bought the film; it was the first time a foreign company had ever acquired an Ameri-

can film and then released it in the U. S. But all that tremendous hoopla stayed on the other side of the Atlantic, I'm sorry to say. In America, we had what we started out with—a 16mm black-and-white, grainy, rule-breaking, nonimportant film that got shown only when someone was willing to do us a favor.

PLAYBOY: Then what did you do?

CASSAVETES: Aside from trying to get the picture exhibited, nothing. I played a lot of football with my friends; I tried to get acting jobs; but mostly, I just sat on my ass.

PLAYBOY: When did your career begin picking up again?

CASSAVETES: About a year later. Marty Rackin of Paramount had seen *Shadows* in London and liked it. He wanted me to fly out to California with a script and if he liked it, I could do it for Paramount. I immediately got hold of Dick Carr, a writer on the *Staccato* series, and we stayed up two days and two nights working on a script for *Too Late Blues*. We presented it to Rackin the morning after we finished it and that night Marty called to say that he loved it and that he wanted me to start on the film in two weeks. Just like that, Paramount had made me a producer-director. Well, what I didn't know then about producing I still don't know, but I was happy to get the job. Unfortunately, I also didn't know anything about directing at a major studio, so *Too Late Blues* never had a chance. I should have made the film my own way—in New York instead of California and not on an impossibly tight schedule. To do the film right, I needed six months, and I agreed to make it in 30 days—working with people who didn't like me, didn't trust me and didn't care about the film. I couldn't believe that anybody would put up money and not care about their own product.

I also blew it because I was so naïve. I would walk into the office to see Rackin and he'd say, "John, take off your director's hat, I want to talk to you as a producer." I would actually put my hand on my head, looking for a hat—a perfect moron. I didn't even know which departments to go to for what and how to get things done. Not only that, but I did a disgusting thing: Halfway through, I knew I wasn't making a good movie, so I did the best I could without really exerting myself. And all because I didn't know how to fight. I didn't even know you were supposed to fight.

PLAYBOY: What were you supposed to fight for—and with whom?

CASSAVETES: You're supposed to be a man. If you want to shoot a film in New



York because that's the best place to shoot it, then you fight for that, and if you lose, you don't make the movie. You're supposed to pick your own cast and how much you want to pay them, or else you quit. I'd learned all that by the end of *Too Late Blues*. Strangely enough, Marty Rackin still liked me and Paramount upped my salary to \$125,000 a picture. I told them I wouldn't do another film unless I wanted to do it and unless I could do it my own way.

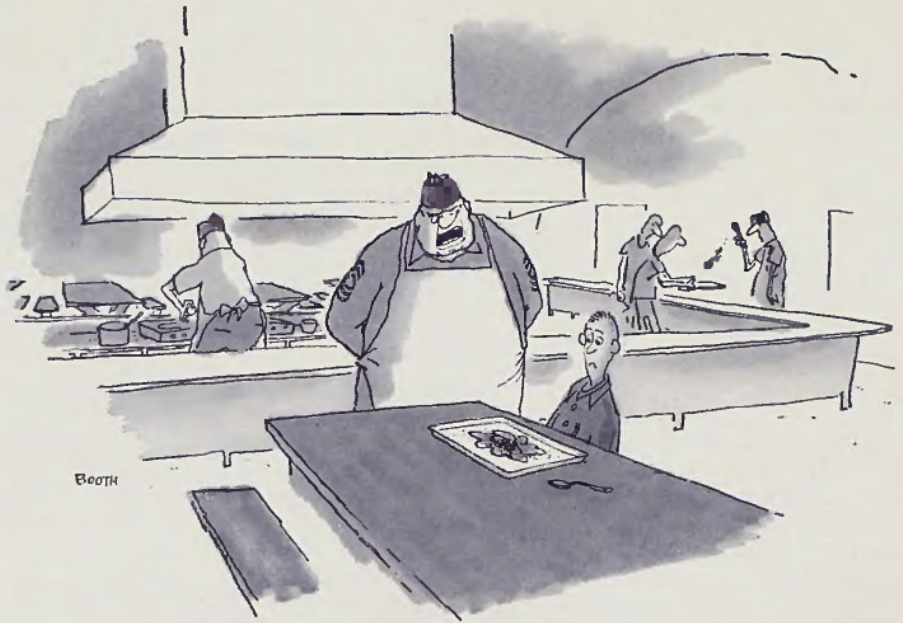
PLAYBOY: How did they take that?

CASSAVETES: They said OK. I was now a big-time director; because of the studio's endorsement, I had become a hot property—despite the fact that all I'd done in Hollywood was make one lousy picture. I subsequently learned that Rackin had to go to his stockholders and tell them I was a bright guy. He'd built me up, taken a gamble on a guy who wasn't turning out very well, and he had no real option but to go with me and hope I was smart enough to learn. And I did learn. I learned all the tricks: to get a big office and to ask for anything and everything and *insist* on it.

PLAYBOY: Did you make any other pictures for Paramount?

CASSAVETES: I began working on a picture called *The Iron Men*, which I wrote with Dick Carr. But when we gave the script to the producer—I wasn't going to play producer again—he began going through it with a pencil and muttering, "This is too long, far too long." While he was having himself a good time, I went straight to Rackin and told him what was happening—and that I wouldn't have anything to do with the movie. Rackin said, "John, please, you've got to do it." So, like a jerk, I stumbled through, trying to make it. *The Iron Men* was about an all-Negro air squadron during World War Two; Sidney Poitier was cast to play the lead. Anyway, next thing I know, I got a telephone call, asking me if I want Burt Lancaster, who was set to play a blow-hard war correspondent in the film. We got to like each other a lot; we talked about the film—I was privately convinced it was going to be a botched-up picture—and also about the fact that Burt was scheduled to do a movie for United Artists called *A Child Is Waiting*. Then Stanley Kramer called me and asked if I could leave *The Iron Men* to direct *A Child Is Waiting*, which he was producing. I told him that our movie was coming along fine and that I couldn't quit it.

PLAYBOY: Since you did direct *A Child Is Waiting*, you obviously got out of *The*



"It's a blend of ground meats and tasty gravies appetizingly poured over a shingle."

Iron Men. How did you manage it?

CASSAVETES: I didn't really manage it. Luckily—or unluckily, as it turned out—*The Iron Men* just fell through. And I was very glad to have the chance to do *A Child Is Waiting*. I wanted to work with Lancaster and both of us really believed it would be a great film; it was about retarded children. I spent three and a half months doing research on the subject with the writer, Abby Mann, visiting retarded children and their parents, talking to their teachers and learning about their lives. Getting to know those children was a moving and really beautiful experience. But not so the picture.

PLAYBOY: Did you run into problems with the studio again?

CASSAVETES: No, with Kramer. The picture was not beautiful because I again discovered something about myself, something I should have found out earlier: I could no longer compromise. I wasn't about to make another film where we didn't say something real. I found the kids funny and human and sad. But mainly funny—and real. But the picture wasn't geared that way at all. I wanted to make the kids funny, to show that they were human and warm—not "cases" but *kids*.

PLAYBOY: Kramer fired you at the completion of shooting and didn't allow you to work on the final cut. Why?

CASSAVETES: I can't blame him for taking the picture away, because it didn't fit his small, narrow viewpoint—and Stanley Kramer is a small, narrow man. He

doesn't understand that you can laugh at someone you love. So when he saw the film, he was incensed; I was fired, the picture was recut and it finally didn't say anything about the people we were talking about. The difference in the two versions is that Stanley's picture said retarded children belong in institutions and the picture I shot said retarded children are better in their own way than supposedly healthy adults. I don't really hate Kramer anymore, though. If I'd been open enough with myself, I would have known he and I never could have dealt on the same level.

PLAYBOY: You say you don't hate Kramer anymore; did you then?

CASSAVETES: Sure I did. *A Child Is Waiting* wasn't about a fictitious world; it's a reality for a lot of people. I had seen the great difficulty adults have in facing their children's retardation, but the kids' problems are very different. Their difficulty is finding acceptance, acceptance to do the same things normal adults do. The picture as released seemed to me a betrayal of those kids and also of their parents, who let us *use* their kids. At first I wasn't going to make a scene about it, because I didn't want to hurt anybody. But then I realized that truth is important; I needed to know that if I made a film about a sensitive subject like mental retardation, the people I made the film about would know I had done it to the best of my ability, with no copping out. So I really let Kramer have it; I got into a tremendous fight with him—one that

was really more violent than I had anticipated.

PLAYBOY: Were fists involved?

CASSAVETES: Let's just say it was violent—a lot of bitterness, hostility, screaming, yelling, cursing and even some pushing. I knew I didn't have to take it in that direction, but I finally chose to, because I didn't want to let him get away with what he had done to that film. I wanted him to feel the pain of my hatred for him, and I'm sure he did. But I also knew that it would cost me; in Hollywood you don't go around publicly bad-mouthing colleagues, especially big producers like Stanley Kramer. It cost me two years of work; after the noise I made, I couldn't have gotten a job with Looney Tunes. So Gena became the breadwinner of the family and I learned to write.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother you to have your wife supporting your family?

CASSAVETES: No, I loved it. And so did she. Two years of it was just about perfect for both of us at that point. Gena worked a lot on television, she was happy and I was writing; I wrote for two solid years. And I played with my kids and enjoyed myself and re-evaluated my life, or at least examined the shit out of it. I did a couple of novels I didn't really care for, so I threw them out. I did a few scripts and one of them, which took me the better part of the two years to do, was really good. I don't want to talk about it, but I've kept it and one day I'll make it. I also did a lot of half-completed things. The fact is that I grew to consider my somewhat enforced leisure a natural state until one Christmas, when I was out walking in Beverly Hills and met Steve Blauner, who was working at Screen Gems. He said that he thought it was time I got up off my ass and made some money. He asked me to come to work there. I went home and told Gena about it and she said that whatever I wanted to do would be OK with her as long as it was what I wanted to do. Well, I told her it was time for me to venture back into the real world again, so I went to work for Screen Gems.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

CASSAVETES: I got hold of Mo McEndree, who had produced *Shadows*, and together we formed a production company at Screen Gems and we began creating some television shows, none of which got off the ground. I stayed there for about six months—until I felt that the fuss over *A Child Is Waiting* was finally over and that I wasn't on too many shit lists anymore. I sat down with Mo and said, "Listen, it's about time we made another movie like *Shadows*. I don't know about you, but there's just no percent-

age in this surreal world for me." Mo agreed and we started thinking about what kind of picture we would make. He remembered a ten-page piece of dialog I had written during my two-year exile, a thing about two men talking about the good old days; he suggested I develop it. So I got on a typewriter for a month and I wound up with 175 pages of script—which I thought was going to be a play. We got actors to look at it; Val Avery and John Marley read it and liked it and both asked to be in it. There was a secretary in an office across the hall named Lynn Carlin, who I knew would be great for the part of the wife. I lined Gena up to play a prostitute and Seymour Cassel told me he wanted to play the beach bum. We got into rehearsals and they were going so well that I said, "Ah, the hell with the play, let's make it into a movie." And that's how I got started on *Faces*.

PLAYBOY: Did you have difficulty raising money for the film?

CASSAVETES: That's an understatement; I had to pay for it myself. To keep some kind of money coming in, I stayed on as long as I could at Screen Gems, and after they kicked me out. I went over to Universal—my bank—and acted in two lousy TV pilots, which bought me a movie camera and film. I then had enough to start the picture, and we shot for six and a half months. We wound up with an awful lot of footage.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to edit?

CASSAVETES: Three years—during which time I channeled every penny I earned back into the picture. I acted in five films during those three years; I did *The Dirty Dozen*, *Rosemary's Baby*, two Italian films and a motorcycle movie.

PLAYBOY: How much did you make from all those parts?

CASSAVETES: Well, when *Faces* was done, it cost \$225,000. I just about broke even.

PLAYBOY: Was there any time during those years when you doubted that *Faces* was worth all the effort?

CASSAVETES: Never. You know, we always try to think about what was the very best time of our lives. Usually it's college or childhood or something like that. Making *Faces* was the very best time of my life—because of the people. I'd never met people like that, and I'm talking about every single member of that company and cast, people who made my life really worth living. I never thought *once* during the whole time we were making that film that there was anything else in the world except those people; they were that devoted and pure.

PLAYBOY: Was *Faces* an immediate hit?

CASSAVETES: No, we had our share of

disasters—disasters very similar to the ones we went through with *Shadows*. We had a couple of midnight screenings in California and the picture bombed. People just didn't respond to it. The whole cast came to the first screening and I didn't want to let down in front of them; afterward, you're supposed to shake hands with all the people who've come to the screening and who are going to say insincere things like, "My, that's such an *interesting* movie." So what I did was sort of hide when the lights went on; I went to the john. But there was no escape: It was loaded with friends of mine saying things like, "Jesus, John wasted four years of his life on that piece of shit." For some reason, that gave me strength to go downstairs and pump hands. The actors were depressed by the lack of response, but no one really crumbled or felt terribly bad.

After that, we took *Faces* to Montreal and Toronto, where it did well, and then screened it for the Venice Film Festival committee. We got admitted to the festival—and walked out with five awards. We then sold the film to the Walter Reade Organization, which released it here and in Canada. And, surprise of surprises: I had an artistic and financial hit on my hands—this time in my own country. Proving to me that it was worth all the nonsense I went through. Proving to me that moviemakers don't have to spend their time doing garbage they hate. And when *Husbands* performed the same way *Faces* did, it gave me the opportunity to line up just about whatever projects I may want to do without having to sweat the money. Unbelievable as this may sound and for whatever it's worth, I'm doing just what I want to with my life and on my own terms, without any hassling whatsoever. And never have I felt so correct about myself, so secure in myself. I believe in miracles.

PLAYBOY: What kind of miracles?

CASSAVETES: In 1951, "The Miracle of Coogan's Bluff" was a phrase sportswriters used to describe the incredible way the New York Giants caught up with the Brooklyn Dodgers to win the National League pennant. When Bobby Thomson hit that home run to beat the Dodgers, that was a miracle. It might not have been *my* miracle, but at the time I thought it was. That's how I've lived. Films have been miracles in my life; Gena has been a miracle; my children have been miracles. Finding tears coming into my eyes during stupid conversations is a miracle. And after so much of my life has been difficult, repellent and a turnoff, I find that still being able to *love* is a miracle.





Buck Brown

"No, I'm not tired—just trying to remember why we were going upstairs."

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CHARLES DE ROSE

HOME: Ft. Lee, New Jersey

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Financial planning consultant to theater personalities, major corporations, and key executives.

HOBBIES: Horticulture, sky-diving, motor-cycling, sports-car rallying.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Meaning of Meaning"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-Founder and Treasurer of the Dance Theater of Harlem.

QUOTE: "The Dance Theater was an opportunity to bring Wall Street and the ghetto together. They're worlds apart, but money and talent can go a long way when there's mutual respect. Respect made the whole thing work. I only wish there was more of it to go around."

PROFILE: A direct, committed, self-made man. Uses his financial, social, and theater involvements to further the cause of human rights and the arts.

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