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MAY 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

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THE FIERY FEMINISTS

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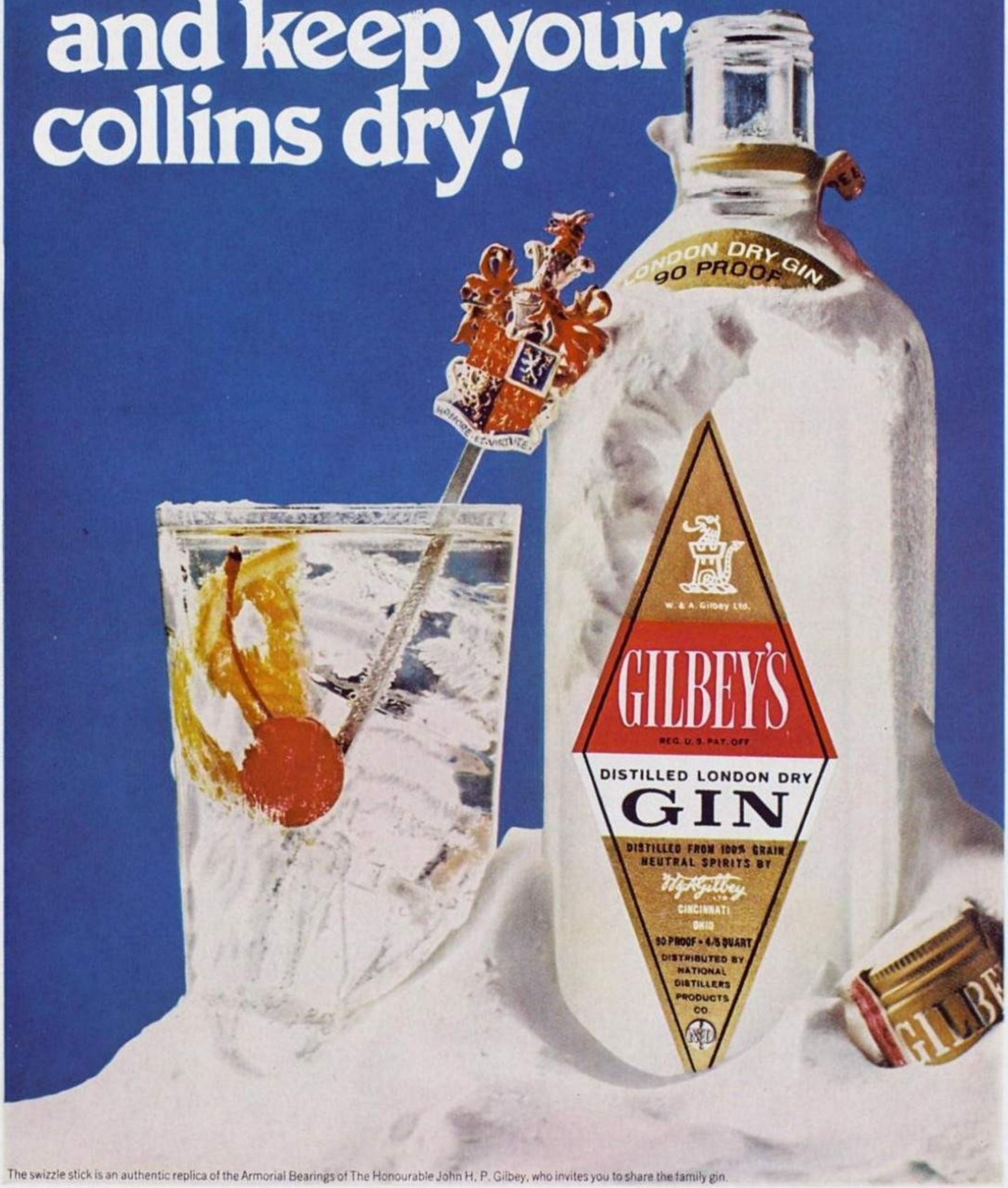
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

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ALL ABOUT BEDS

SENATOR VANCE HARTKE: FOR A PEACE DEPARTMENT

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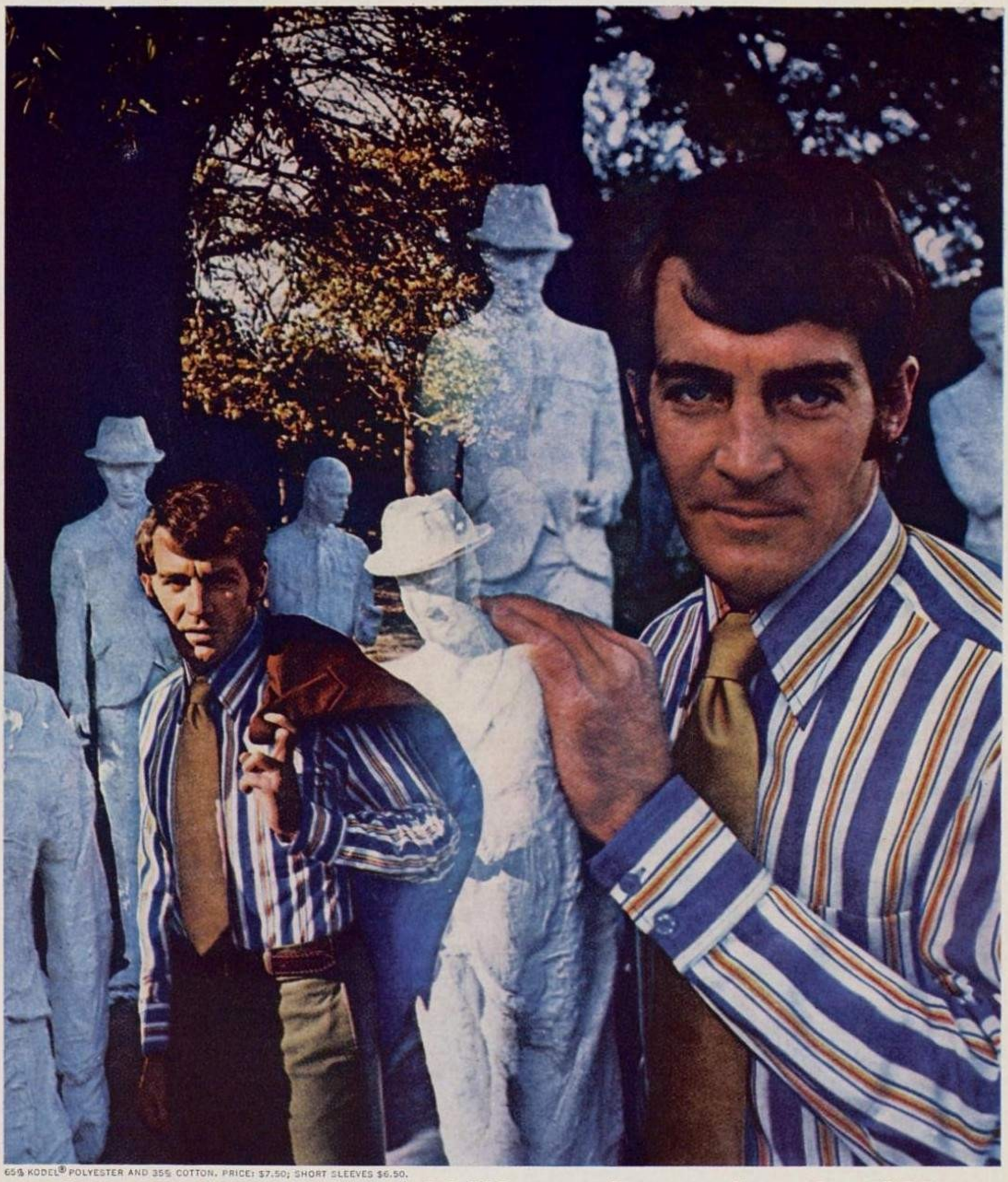
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417 VAN HEUSEN with KODEL*

The people who unstuffed the shirt

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PLAYBILL COVER GIRL. Phyllis Babila, happily ensconced between the sheets with our ubiquitous Rabbit in attendance, occupies a bed of very different design on page 152—a futuristic Pleasure Bed filled with heated water. It's one of the space-age sleepsites pictured in the seven pages of photographs accompanying *Bedsprings Eternal*, William Iversen's witty and whimsical account of the *machinae* man—and woman—has used through the ages for sleeping and loving. We're pleased to report that Iversen's book *The Pious Pornographers* has just been reissued in paperback, seven years after its hardcover release and 13 years after the title essay appeared in PLAYBOY.

There's more to intersexual relations, of course, than what goes on in bed; and with the current surge of activity by feminist factions, the "war" between men and women has once again become a critical issue. In *Up Against the Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!*, veteran free-lance writer Morton Hunt—whose latest book is *The Affair: A Portrait of Extra-Marital Love in Contemporary America*—identifies the legitimate grievances of American women, the shrill demands of today's more militant manhaters and finds that seldom, if ever, do they coincide.

Conflict of a grimmer sort—and its elusive alternative—is the topic for a timely diptych on war and peace: by Robert Sherrill, who takes an overview of the mighty Pentagon in *The War Machine*, and by U.S. Senator Vance Hartke, the senior Democrat from Indiana, who, in *The Peace Department*, proposes a Cabinet-level agency dedicated to promoting international amity. Sherrill, Washington editor of *The Nation*, provoked a flurry of mail with his unflinching dissection of *Justice, Military Style* in our February issue; Senator Hartke, one of the earliest critics of the Government's Vietnam misadventure, called in a speech last October for an immediate end to all American offensive operations in that bedeviled nation. Hartke is the author of two books, *Inside the New Frontier* and *The American Crisis in Vietnam*.

Two of this month's treats are the result of field trips by PLAYBOY staffers. Articles Editor James Goode flew to Rome to huddle with Federico Fellini over *Satyricon*, the eminent film maker's story of how—and why—he transferred to the screen Petronius' classic tale of depravity in ancient Rome. Fellini's article is accompanied by seven pages of scenes from the movie. While Goode was working with Fellini, Associate Editor David Butler was locked in conversation with conservative William F. Buckley, Jr. —first on the West Coast, then in New York and, finally, at Buckley's retreat in Rougemont, Switzerland—in order to produce this month's *Playboy Interview*


HARTKE


HUNT


FELLINI


GOLD


PURDY


SINGER


SHERRILL


IVERSEN


JENNINGS


PRICE


KOLB

with the gadfly darling of the right.

Zoya, Herbert Gold's *novella* of the ill-fated liaison in Moscow between an American black and a ravishing Red, is our lead fiction for May. Gold—whose latest novel is *The Great American Jackpot*—conceived *Zoya* several years ago, after a trip to the Soviet Union, "during which I spoke before the Writers Union, did push-ups during the evening at the National Hotel on Manezhnaya square and discovered that the Russian-language training I had received in the military gave me a vocabulary that's banned in print in the Soviet Union."

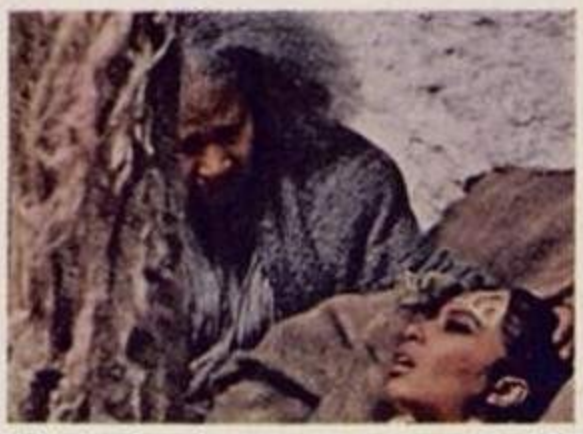
Romantic intrigue in a Stateside setting is the motif of Ken Kolb's *Love Letters*, the tale of a man whose anonymous epistles to his spouse have an unforeseen effect. Kolb—author of *Getting Straight*, on which the recently released film starring Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen was based—wrote *Love Letters* "in a burst of pure indulgence" on a day when he was supposed to be crafting a TV script. His novel *The Couch Trip* will be published by Random House in the fall.

Man-woman relationships are also central to Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Blasphemer* and to Reynolds Price's *Good Dreams, Bad Dreams*. Singer's anti-hero is a wandering atheist who takes up with a Warsaw whore. Singer's most recent book, *The Estate*, was published late last year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Price focuses on the fantasies of a man whose *amour-propre* drives his mate to desperation. Price plans to include *Good Dreams, Bad Dreams* in a volume of "long short stories," all concerned in one way or another with the question of suicide, titled *Permanent Errors*.

C. Robert Jennings—who surveyed the current astrology cult for us in March —delves into a subject that has literally haunted men for generations: *Ghosts!* Our Fashion Director, Robert L. Green, provides us with helpful insights on two new sartorial trends, *The No-Swelter Sweater*, which introduces a stylish line-up of lightweight cover-ups, and *Enter the Nonsuit*, which heralds an era of new freedom in ultra-casual male attire. Another sign of changing times is the pollution-free compact vehicle introduced in Ken W. Purdy's *The New Urban Car*. Master chef Thomas Mario, conversely, casts a glance back to an earthier life style in *The Clay's the Thing*, a course in the fundamentals of terra-cotta cookery. The unorthodox Playboy Pad of toy designer Marvin Glass gets detailed exposure in *Swinging in Suburbia*. And this month's pictorials include a woodsy walk with upcoming movie actress Susanne Benton, a day with our beauteous San Francisco Playmate, Jennifer Liano, and another installment in the epic saga of *Little Annie Fanny*. It all adds up, we think, to an issue that's bound to make May a merry, merry month, indeed.

vol. 17, no. 5—may, 1970

PLAYBOY



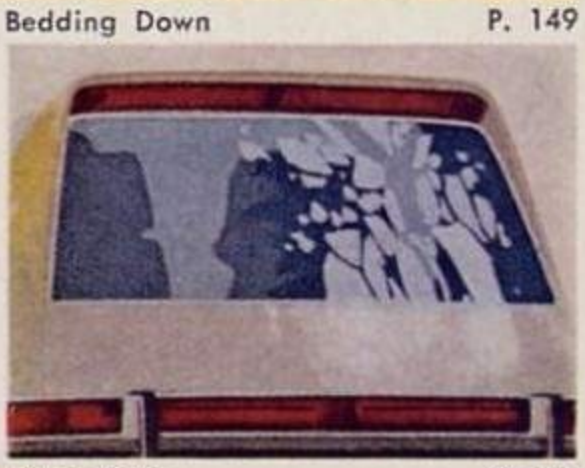
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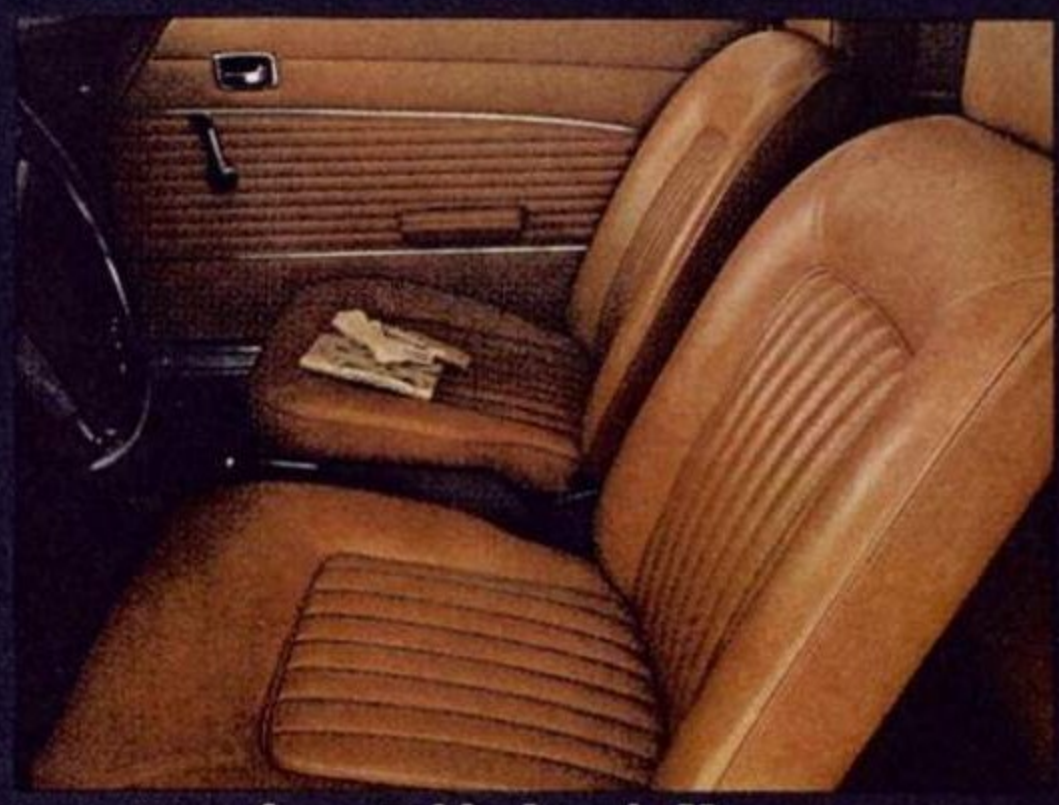
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Des Moines — Kucharos
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Wichita — Macy's – All Stores

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Owensboro — Mens Mart Inc.

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Baton Rouge — D. H. Holmes – All Stores
Baton Rouge — I. H. Rubenstein & Son – Both Stores
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Minden — McCrary's
Monroe — The Oxford Shop
Monroe — Palace Mens Shop
Monroe — Selber Bros.
Monroe — The Toggery
New Iberia — The Model Corp.
New Orleans — D. H. Holmes – All Stores
New Orleans — Porter's
Opelousas — Abdalla's
Ruston — Lewis Stagg Shop
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Bangor — Sleeper's

MARYLAND
Annapolis — Peerless Clothing
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Baltimore — Hyatt's
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Frederick — The Young Men's Shop
Hagerstown — De Vono's Men's Wear
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Alexandria — Bob's Clothes Shop
Duluth — Morterud – Koneczny
Fergus Falls — Arneson & Larson
Mankato — Wilson's Clothing
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Kansas City — Macy's – All Stores
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Rolla — Vern's Mens Wear
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St. Louis — Bryant's Esquire Shop
St. Louis — Wolff's – All Stores
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Manchester — Floyd's

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Wildwood — Allen's Men's Wear
Vineland — Dom Michael's Mens & Boys Wear

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Henry's
Santa Fe — Goodman's

NEW YORK
Albany — McManus & Riley
Albany — Spector's
Auburn — Homick's Men's Shop
Brockport — Wolk & Sons
Brooklyn — Dad & Sons
Brooklyn — Martin's
Buffalo — C & B Mens Shop
Buffalo — Riverside Mens Shop
Corning — Hub Clothing Co.
Cortland — Latimer's
De Witt — The Mr. Shop
Dunkirk — Town-N-Country
Elmira — Gentlemen's Quarter
Endicott — Alexander Harvey Clothing
Freeport, L. I. — Hunter's – All Stores
Glens Falls — The Outlet
Ilion — Warner's Men's Shop
Liberty — Sullivan's
Lockport — Clarke H. Glover
Mt. Kisco — Cohen Mens Shop
New York City — Browning 5th Ave.
New York City — Gimbels – All Stores
New York City — Mens Inc.
New York City — Wallachs
Niagara Falls — Frank's Men's Shop
North Tonawanda — J. T. Mens Shop
Norwich — Winans Men's Shop
Ogdensburg — Joseph Fisher & Son
Ossining — Ross Men's Wear
Riverhead, L. I. — Edward Archer
Rochester — McCurdy & Co.
Rochester — National Clothing Co. – All Stores
Rome — Sam Simpkins
Saranac Lake — Wilson Clothing Co.
Syracuse — E. W. Edwards & Son – All Stores
Syracuse — Gary's
Troy — Nachman's Men's Wear
Utica — Gerald's
Utica — Wicks & Greenman
Watertown — Boys' & Men's Specialty Shop
Yonkers — Wallace-Corning
Yorktown Heights — Towey's Mens Shop

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Charlotte — Harris-Hart Clo. Co.
Charlotte — J. O. Jones
Hickory — West – Deal Co.
New Bern — Hill's
Raleigh — McLeod Watson & Lanier
Salisbury — Goodnight's

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo — Fargo Toggery
Jamestown — Solien's
Minot — Shark's Clothiers

OHIO
Akron — Polsky's
Canton — The Harvard
Cincinnati — Pogue's – All Stores
Columbus — Walkers – All Stores
Coshocton — Rogers
Dayton — Walkers – All Stores
Euclid — Gornik's
Findlay — Findlay Toggery
Fremont — Lytle's
Marion — The Toggery
Newark — Mitchell's Men's Wear
Sandusky — The Manhattan Clo. Co.
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Tiffin — Tiffin Toggery
Toledo — Lasalle's
Youngstown — Hartzell's – Rose & Sons – All Stores

OKLAHOMA
Bartlesville — Vandevers
Drumright — S & S Clothiers
Elk City — Kennedy – Hestand Apparel
Enid — Richard's
Muskogee — Plaza Clothier's
Oklahoma City — Parks Apparel
Oklahoma City — Rothschild's
Oklahoma City — Sirs London Shop
Okmulgee — Toppers Menswear
Tahlequah — The Brass Lantern
Tulsa — Vandevers – All Stores

OREGON
Eugene — Ellingsworth's
Eugene — Fennell's
Portland — Lipman Wolfe
Salem — Bishop's

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Bohlen, Gross & Moyer
Ambridge — Terner's
Ardmore — Spritzler's
Beaver — Balint's Men's Wear
Beaver Falls — Lisle T. Miller
Bradford — James R. Evans Co.
Butler — McCarren's
Camp Hill — Stark Bros.
Charleroi — Frank's Men's Shop
Clarion — Wein Bros.
Clearfield — Jacobson & Etzweiler
Coatesville — Brait/Modern Cohen
Ellwood City — Jacob Oswold
Erie — P. A. Meyer & Sons
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Lebanon — Lawn's Inc.
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Monessen — Gaudio's Store For Men
Monongahela — J. D. T. Mens Shop
Natrona Heights — Herbert's Men's Shop
Oil City — Ray L. Way
Palmyra — Hostetter's
Philadelphia — Berg Bros.
Philadelphia — Gimbels
Philadelphia — Kovnat's
Philadelphia — Lit Bros. – All Stores
Pittsburgh — Gimbels – All Stores
Plymouth Meeting — Regal Slacks
Prospect Park — Torelli's
Reading — Croll & Keck
St. Marys — Ivan's Men's Shop
Titusville — Ross & Cox
Washington — The Hub
Washington — Victor's
York — De Vono's Men's Wear

PUERTO RICO
Puerto Rico — Tops – All Stores

RHODE ISLAND
Cranston — Outlet Company
Providence — Outlet Company

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia — Lourie's
Florence — Rice's Mens Shop
Florence — Singleton's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon

SOUTH DAKOTA
Huron — Hedblom The Clothier
Rapid City — Walter F. White's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Loveman's
Chattanooga — Ira Trivers
Memphis — James Davis For Men
Memphis — John Gerber Co. – All Stores
Memphis — Louis Lettes Clothiers
Memphis — Lowenstein's – All Stores
Whitehaven — The Oxford Shop

TEXAS
Austin — Blomquist – Clark
Austin — Merritt, Schaefer & Brown
Austin — Wally's
Brenham — Bode & Tonn
Brownwood — The Stag Shop
Dallas — Dad & Lad's – All Stores
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson – All Stores
Denton — The Varsity Shop
El Paso — Al's Shop For Men
Fort Worth — R. E. Cox & Co.
Fort Worth — Walter Johnston
Fort Worth — Sherman's
Georgetown — Gold's
Houston — Fowler & Wells
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle – All Stores
Houston — Oshman's
Houston — Rodney's – All Stores
Huntsville — Bode & Tonn
McAllen — Baum's Men's Wear
McAllen — Ken's Shop For Men
Orange — Tony Griffin's
Pasadena — Bernard's Men's World
San Angelo — Gabriel's Dept. Store
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
Temple — Johnson's
Waco — The Charles Shop
Wichita Falls — Perkin's

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Hibbs

VERMONT
Middlebury — Skibaus

VIRGINIA
Falls Church — The Oxford Shop
McLean — Embassy Father & Son
Norfolk — The Hub of Tidewater – All Stores

WASHINGTON
Oak Harbor — Kings Men
Wenatchee — Mills Bros.
Yakima — Rainford Ltd.

WEST VIRGINIA
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Fairmont — Jones Inc.
Huntington — Amshary – Johnson
Huntington — Robert A. Kopp Inc.
Princeton — Lynch Clothing Co.
South Charleston — Salamie's
Wheeling — Bernhardt's
Wheeling — L. S. Good Co.

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Clintonville — Olson's Tog Shop
Eau Claire — Muldoon's Men's Wear
Fond Du Lac — Goranson's Men's Shop
Green Bay — The White Store
Kenosha — Chiappetta Mens Stores
Lacrosse — Mader's
Madison — Olson & Veerhusen
Milwaukee — Gimbels
Milwaukee — Goller – Stein
Milwaukee — Schmitt – Orlow – Stumpf's – All Stores
Oconomowoc — The Country Squire, Ltd.
Racine — Levin Brothers
River Falls — Kulstad Bros.

HONG KONG
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DRUGS ON THE MIND

The February issue of PLAYBOY, featuring *The Drug Revolution*, has been the talk of the U. S. Bureau of Narcotics, as you can well imagine. John Finlator [Deputy Director, Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs] has had many calls from acquaintances all over the country, commenting, mostly favorably, on his participation.

Most of us who advised and consented in his statements feel satisfied with the over-all viewpoint that his contribution presented. We feel it helped with one of the bureau's aims—that of seeking to prevent the promiscuous use of drugs as a way of life. We also appreciated the opportunity to balance the two opposite viewpoints as expressed by some of the other panelists.

Robert J. Funesti
Public Information Officer
U. S. Department of Justice
Bureau of Narcotics and
Dangerous Drugs
Washington, D. C.

In your *Playboy Panel: The Drug Revolution*, I thought it was unfair of you to substitute one of your own men for Mr. Harry J. Anslinger in your efforts to discredit the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Your man, pretending to be Mr. Anslinger, generally responded in such a patently ridiculous manner that he made the drug supporters seem brilliant, as no doubt you had planned. You actually gave the whole thing away by having the substitute make so many completely idiotic statements; the commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics for 33 years and the man considered most responsible for the 1937 Federal marijuana law could not be that stupid. But seriously, I think it was an extremely well-done panel.

Prof. Arnold Binder
Director, Program in Social Ecology
University of California
Irvine, California

The Drug Revolution illustrates the fact that striking similarities exist between psychedelic experiences and mystical religious phenomena. Alan Watts recognizes that smoking marijuana "can be a profound religious experience." Essentially correct is Ram Dass's contention that "a person can be called a lunatic in one place and a saint in another for reporting the same kind of spiritual experience." The expanded consciousness of drug users, like the mystical religious experiences of the saints, serves as a reminder that final religious authority resides not in sacred Scriptures or in an institutional church or an ordained priesthood.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Ross Chandler
Central Michigan University
Mount Pleasant, Michigan

Mind expansion through the use of LSD has a built-in hazard that was barely touched upon in your panel on drugs. Chemicals and drugs tend to eclipse man's most prized possession, the rational mind, projecting him into the world of primitive magic, as Mr. Fiedler suggested. The tantra yogis, for example, who use pot, sundry sex practices and whatever else will turn them on, appear to have no direction, no morality and no orientation other than that of life as a cosmic orgasm. Timothy Leary, who seems to run their branch office here, should know by now that this is no path to enlightenment. Whatever he may choose for himself in his euphoric befuddlement, he has no right to entice others, many of them little more than children, onto his path.

Prolonged use of LSD can lead to total derangement, as witness what is happening in Southern California, where a bumper crop of cults and demonologies of almost incredible depravity has sprung up in the fertile soil of acid. Night in Los Angeles and its environs is *Walpurgisnacht*-in-the-smog.

Instant enlightenment is an impossibility; instant ruin, unfortunately, is not.

J. Emerson Pope
Wallace, Idaho

Your panel discussion of the drug scene was highly (no pun intended) interesting. By now, you must be aware of Congressional proposals for Government-sponsored studies of the long-range effects of marijuana smoking. A major problem the researcher faces is finding subjects who are willing to admit that they have used the drug for some time; certainly, more than a few of us would hesitate to

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reveal ourselves, even to university-controlled groups, in a society where "no-knock" search policies are proposed by those in power. The Government is left with a group of criminals—drug misusers who have progressed from pot to heroin—for research subjects. But a scientific study cannot examine only the misusers; this would be comparable with judging the effect of alcohol on the average drinker by studying only alcoholics.

One idea that deserves some attention is that a general amnesty from prosecution for all future marijuana violations be extended to volunteers who subject themselves to Government research in drugs. Under those circumstances, I think I might even step forward, describe myself as socially and psychologically normal (Yale '66, now a General Motors man) and three years a smoker (pot, hashish), and become a helpful statistic.

(Name withheld by request)
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

I read with interest your panel discussion concerning the various drugs in use today. Every one of the comments, both pro and con, concerning drug actions is nothing more than rubbish. The opinions expressed are based on a strong foundation of ignorance—much of it propagated by the laws prohibiting use of these drugs even for experimentation by qualified researchers.

Nothing is more abominable than those pseudo intellectuals who associate drugs with deep religious experiences and emotions. Recently, I attended a young man who sought inner peace presumably through the use of laughing gas. He found his inner peace and is still at rest in it.

Medical examiners know and recognize heroin deaths and deaths caused by a variety of drugs. I am personally familiar with morgues filled with self-experiments gone awry. But, to my knowledge, no one has reliable tests to detect LSD and some of the other mind-warping drugs. The reason for this is their illegality, which prevents adequate experimentation. The number of deaths caused by these drugs is, therefore, not well documented; this does not mean that they do not exist.

The killing and mutilation of young minds and bodies should stop. In order to do this, answers must be found, and soon; Government should help, not hinder, this vital research.

Howard C. Adelman, M. D.
Ft. Devens, Massachusetts

THROUGH A LENS LIGHTLY

True's Tentmate of the Month (*How Other Magazines Would Photograph a Playmate*, PLAYBOY, February) is, indeed, a comely lass who might well eliminate the need for hand warmers, thermal underwear and space heaters in any hunter's tepee. Shame on PLAYBOY, however, for posing her in the midst of all those overstuffed Teddy Roosevelt artifacts. Today's outdoorsman has a broader definition of sport.

Charles N. Barnard, Editor
True Magazine
New York, New York

You guys don't know from fancy product testing! As lovely as she is, we at Consumers Union would not have check rated Suzi Sunbeam. Laboratory tests on models of this type are often deceiving, since varying environmental factors (such as lighting, noise level, degree of solitude, etc.) can widely influence performance. Undoubtedly, a more comprehensive testing program on many samples of various double-breasted models in reasonably good condition would indicate that anyone is capable of performing at high levels under correct circumstances —and that performance may even improve with age.

Allan Eckhaus
Consumers Union
Mount Vernon, New York

You've done it again. You've produced a Playmate in our own inimitable style and we couldn't be more pleased. We're glad you included the technical data, so that our readers (as well as yours) can try to take the very same picture with their girlfriends, wives, sisters or baby sitters. However, there is one glaring omission: You say that the fill-in light was achieved by setting fire to the north wall of Ansel Aperture's studio. That's swell, but, damnit, *what kind of fire?*

James M. Zanutto, Editor
Popular Photography
New York, New York

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

I felt as if I were "speeding" as I read Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* (PLAYBOY, February). It's becoming increasingly certain that man has lost his head completely in the past few centuries and that a cancer of madness is eating up the world. As the feeble intellectual clock of mankind turns time into a new century, it appears that the machine will, indeed, snap and spray its glowing tin-foil contents into space, ending a wonderful but hopelessly insane creation.

Carlos Morton
Chicago, Illinois

In *Future Shock*, Alvin Toffler provides a splendid inventory of the new technological services and their accompanying disservices. He is not concerned with causes, only with products. New technologies alter the organs of human perception by putting new environments around the society. Concepts are useless as a means of adapting to new perceptual situations. That is why people live 50 years back, rather than in the present.

The cultural shock from new technology is administered directly to the nervous system. With the new satellite environment, the earth became an old art form. As the Gutenberg technology scrapped the preceding manuscript culture, it retrieved antiquity and dumped it into the Renaissance lap. As electric technology scraps the preceding mechanical environment, it dumps all prehistorical societies and all forms of occultism and ESP into the Western lap. The satellite environment scraps nature itself and compels man to launch out on the enterprise of total programming. It is these new technological environments that extend and alter our perceptual organs that make great demands on our psychological resources.

Marshall McLuhan
Director, Center for Culture
and Technology
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

MILITARY JUSTICE

In regard to *Justice, Military Style*, by Robert Sherrill (PLAYBOY, February): I am the chief sponsor in the House of a bill that would improve the judicial machinery of military courts-martial. This legislation would remove defense counsel and jury selection from the control of a military commander who convenes a court-martial and would create an independent trial command for the purpose of preventing command influence or the appearance of command influence from adversely affecting the fairness of military judicial proceedings. Therefore, I found the conclusions of Sherrill's article of particular interest.

Please be assured that I will continue my efforts to bring justice to the courts-martial system.

Representative Charles W. Whalen, Jr.
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

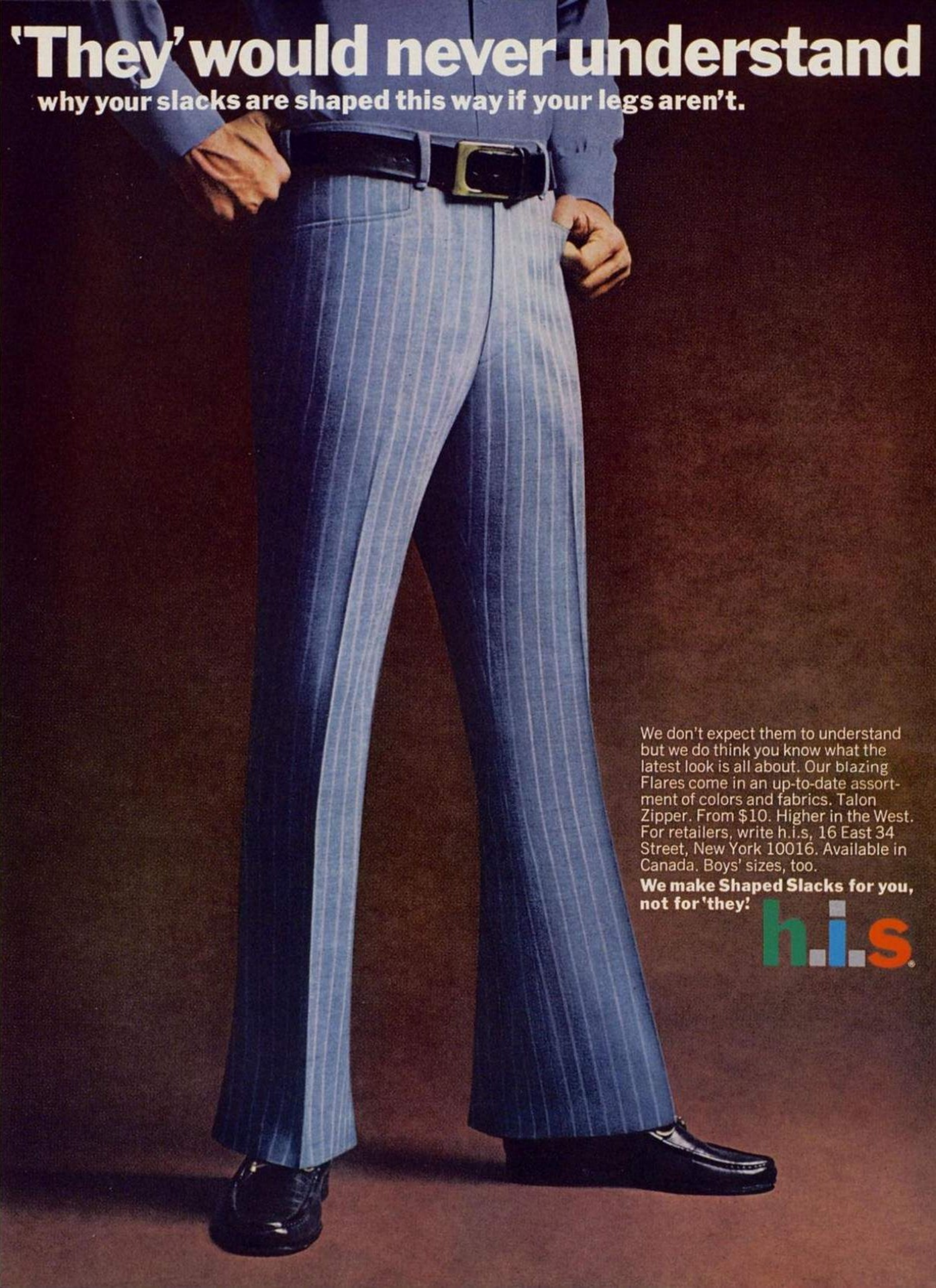
I must congratulate Robert Sherrill on his brilliant and brutally frank exposé of military injustice. As horrible as his account of conditions in the Presidio stockade and in the Treasure Island brig may have seemed, I found his facts and figures always accurate and usually on the conservative side.

The Army is fond of citing all the legal rights and privileges to which enlisted men are entitled. It is only when you view the system in practice that you are able to understand its real nature as a system of discipline, not justice; a system designed to destroy those who are either unwilling or unable to adjust to Army life, to suppress their individuality and to obey unquestioningly the orders of their "superiors."

An interesting footnote to the case of the Presidio 27 has been the Army's handling of their discharges on completion of the sentences. All of them

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received either dishonorable or bad-conduct discharges. As, by Army standards, that is regarded as the most punitive aspect of their sentences, the discharges are not executed until the process is through. In the meantime, those of the 27 released have been denied "excess leave" and confined to the base. Since the Fort Ord court-martial took two months and the transcript consisted of 15 volumes, the appellate process could take several years, during which time the appellants are required to remain in the Army without pay—unless they give up the right to appeal their convictions!

Terence Hallinan
San Francisco, California

Mr. Hallinan is chief counsel for 14 of the 27 Presidio defendants.

Get serious, gentlemen. *Justice, Military Style* was a slanderous, poorly researched misrepresentation of a highly sensitive problem. Nobody denies that inequities exist—witness the military's own internal investigations of recent months. But, hopefully, your readers will take this article with a grain of salt, understanding that all Sherrill really wrote was a cheap smear, twisting everything to fit his slanted assignment. The Pentagon and military justice are not filled with mindless generals and colonels. Your own injustice to military justice irresponsibly aggravates sensitive problems at a time when thoughtful, sensible discussions and actions are needed.

Peter Garries
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

Robert Sherrill's article on military justice explains why I deserted the U. S. Army and why I will not return.

Pfc. P. Craig Cobb (Ret.)
Montreal, Quebec

As professional educational and vocational counselors for the Army, we interviewed men who were confined in the Presidio of San Francisco stockade, which Robert Sherrill discusses in *Justice, Military Style*. We talked with young men who had made attempts at suicide (labeled suicide "gestures" by Army officials), who experienced physical brutality and mental harassment, and many whose mental condition suggested they should not have been inducted at all. Legal military channels open to Servicemen were almost totally ineffective in handling their legitimate grievances.

In March 1969, Senators Charles Goodell and Alan Cranston called for an investigation of military prisons. (Readers may be interested to learn that Senator Goodell had Sherrill's article reprinted in the *Congressional Record*.) As a result of their efforts, Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor established a Special Civilian Committee for the Study of the United States Army Confinement System, comprised of distinguished persons in the fields of penology, criminology, delinquency, narcotics control, youth and general correctional work.

We understand that now, over a year later, the investigation has been completed, but the report submitted to the Pentagon some time ago still has not been made available to legislators or the public. If the report is completed, are not the American people entitled to know the truth now? Or is this censorship simply another instance of "justice, military style"?

Lindy Zesch
Sandra Dilley
Washington, D. C.

Robert Sherrill's article did a very good job of summing up the problem with military justice. While stationed at Fort Meade, Maryland, with the Sixth Armored Cavalry Regiment, I spent six months as an "assigned" defense (three months) and trial (three months) officer. During the time I was a defense officer, I won only one case. The commanding officer made it quite clear to the military court that no one brought before it was to be judged innocent.

John C. Urban
Springfield, Virginia

In his piece on military justice, Robert Sherrill has done the kind of brilliant job that his regular readers have come to expect of him.

Frank Trippett, Senior Editor
Look Magazine
New York, New York

Robert Sherrill's in-depth investigation of America's military-industrial complex, "The War Machine," appears on page 134.

DIALOG AND DISSENT

The *Bring Us Together* symposium in your January issue and the statements of Senator McGovern, Tom Wicker, Julian Bond and Cesar Chavez were impressive and informative.

Blacks rage about the gulf existing between our nation's practices and expressed ideals. Black capitalism, which the Administration embraced as its antidote to black power, has become a moribund catch phrase. What President Nixon said on this subject was sound. The reality is saddening. In fact, black businessmen will be justified in giving up hope unless President Nixon matches accomplishments with his pronouncements.

Our young people signal through their anguished conduct their alarm at a life revolving around dependence upon a balance of nuclear deterrence to preserve their existence. Unfortunately, this Administration is not with it when it comes to carrying forward the aspirations and hopes of the young of today.

Blame must not be placed solely on President Nixon and his advisors.


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Students who resort to violence on campuses should know that they are hurting themselves most of all. What concerned students should do is speak out boldly, denouncing the failures of aloof, ivory-tower university trustees and officials to open constructive channels of communication and to recognize the causes that have resulted in violence in some instances.

The needs of black students as they seek to achieve identity and fulfillment must be recognized. Action must be taken to modernize college courses for black students as well as white. This can be done by adding qualified black instructors to the faculties and by electing two or more faculty members and a junior and a senior to serve for four years on the board of trustees. Taking these steps would bridge the communication gap now existing on college campuses.

Students should know it makes no sense whatever to denounce our intervention in Vietnam by resorting to violence on their campuses. Official violence on the part of the police is reprehensible and should be condemned and those guilty should be imprisoned. Their brutality, however, does not justify students' resorting to force and violence.

Nixon Administration leaders should realize that to bring us together, they must do things *with* young people, not to and against them.

Youngsters of today are extremely sensitive and concerned about the injustices, neglects and failures of present life in education and in government, and their unrest is not diminishing. We of an older generation would do well to stop, look and listen, and then share their concern and act intelligently on their demands. They should be heard.

Senator Stephen M. Young
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

GEORGE'S CREDIBILITY GAP

The idea that Washington (*George Washington's Expense Account*, PLAYBOY, February) submitted a gigantic expense account is amusing, until you stop to think about the facts. Washington advanced money to the hard-pressed patriot cause by paying out of his own pocket all the headquarters' expenses. Sometimes he lent even more when the Quartermaster Corps was out of money. Naturally, he tried to get the various sums back. What was repaid came, to a large extent, in certificates of indebtedness that were pretty hard to collect. Like any other farmer in hard times, he sold them for a few cents on the dollar and wound up after the War land-poor.

Many of these costs are set forth in terms of Continental dollars, which were terribly inflated at that time. I have checked my impression of this with authorities on Washington and am afraid that this is one time when Mr. Kitman's



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With this beautiful, compact, top-performing Player, you'll be able to add the convenience and full stereo sound of 8-track cartridges to your present stereo record system! Our regularly offered price for the Player is $69.95, yet you may have it for only $14.95, when you purchase your first three tapes for only $1.00, and then agree to purchase as few as twelve additional tapes during the coming year. See full details on membership at right—and note that, if you wish, you may charge the Player and your first three cartridges (plus mailing and handling charges) to one of six different charge plans.

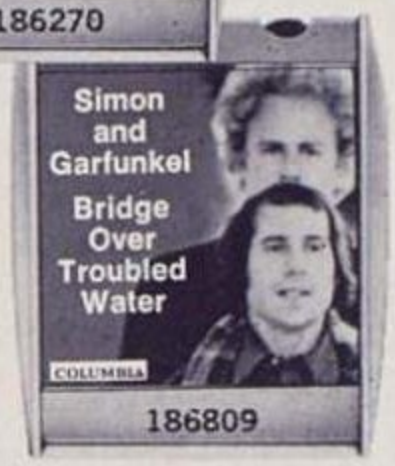
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As your introduction, choose

ANY 3 8-TRACK CARTRIDGES

FOR ONLY $1.00 plus mailing and handling

If you join now, and agree to buy as few as four additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered

THAT'S RIGHT! You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only $1.00! That's the fabulous bargain the Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service is offering new members who join and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year.

As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered...or take no cartridge at all...just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing. The choice is always up to you!

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, the Service will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Service price of $6.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

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START ENJOYING all the advantages of membership. Mail card or coupon today!

















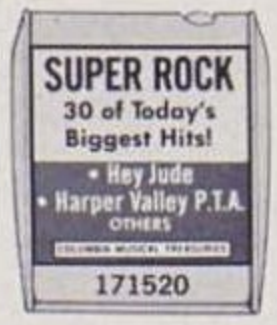








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Twice the music—yet each counts as one selection







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Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

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COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SERVICE
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please enroll me as a member of the Service. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for $1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Service price, under the terms outlined in this advertisement... and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below)

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My main musical interest is (check one box only):

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

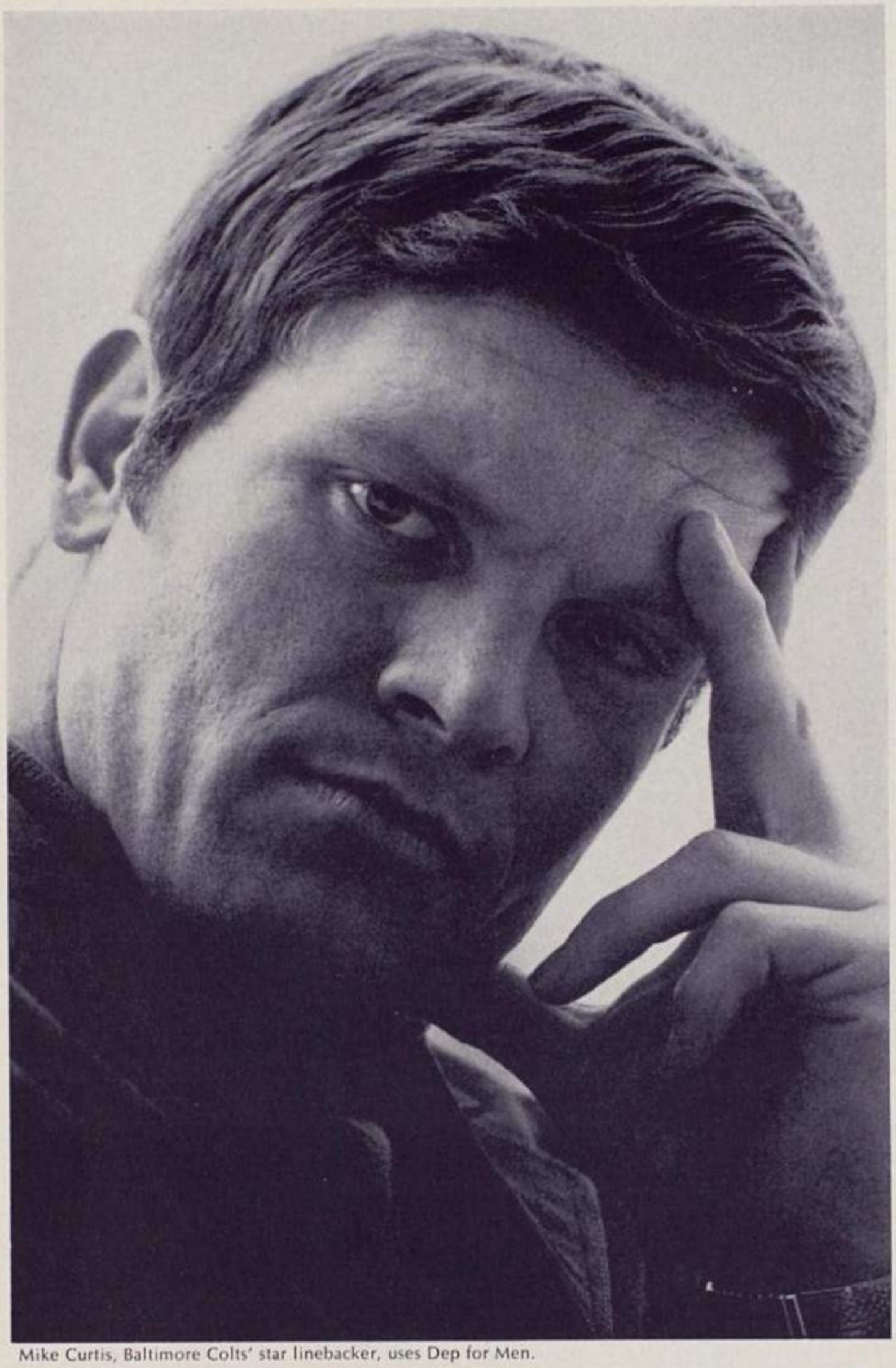
☐ Check here if, in addition, you want to receive the Columbia 8-Track Tape Cartridge Player for only $14.95. Enclose your check or money order as full payment. (Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded in full.) You'll be billed $1.00 for your first three cartridges (plus a mailing and handling charge for the Player and your first three cartridges), and you merely agree to purchase as few as twelve additional cartridges during the coming year at the regular Service price. (Be sure to indicate in the boxes above the three cartridges you want.)

If you wish to charge your Player, your first three cartridges (plus mailing and handling) to a credit card, check one and fill in your account number and card's expiration date below:

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☐ Midwest Bank Card ☐ Uni-Card ☐ BankAmericard

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____ 855-1/5W

Signature _____ 855-3/6W


Mike Curtis, Baltimore Colts' star linebacker, uses Dep for Men.

In football and hairgrooming Curtis has what it takes. Style.

Style. It's the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary. Where your hair's concerned, style means combing it a new way that's all your own. Giving it that thick, manly look. A healthy lustre like Curtis'. Style comes in a tube — Dep for Men Hairstyling Creme. It's the great deceiver. Looks like leading hair creams. But there the similarity ends. Greaseless Dep for Men gives you the control, lustre and thickness that add up to style. And Dep for Men Hair Spray keeps your hair looking just-styled. All day. Style. "Dep for Men" is how you spell it.



"Guys with style style their hair with Dep for Men."

idea is funnier than the facts. If there is one thing the general left us, it is a model of integrity. We've learned in the years since that he was human, but we find nothing to impugn his honesty.

Oliver Jensen, Editor
American Heritage
New York, New York

George Washington's Expense Account is an attempt to smear a great American. It is a little-known fact that George Washington was secretly supporting, through his spy network, various scholarly organizations that backed a free and independent confederation of states.

In Washington's day, scholars were seen, not heard. Youths who were bound by this code had to rely on Washington for funds to pay organizers and staff members who were agitating for independence.

Ronald A. Schmidt
Winona, Minnesota

SOUR NOTE

From an over-all perspective of today's music, Nat Hentoff has presented an accurate analysis in *Jazz & Pop '70* (PLAYBOY, February). However, it would have better served the plight of the black musicians who play jazz had he emphasized their negative conditions in contrast to the lucrative rewards of their white imitators.

The fact that the black man created the music in this country today has been clouded and is still being clouded. The time is long overdue for the "Until-the-white-man-does-it, it-does-not-exist" white-racist syndrome to take a leave of absence.

Ken McIntyre
Assistant Professor of Music
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

If spring is here, can the Playmate of the Year contest be far behind? Of the dozen truly beautiful girls who have been honored as Playmate, Miss November is clearly head and shoulders (if that's the phrase) above the rest. I hereby nominate Claudia Jennings for the post of Playmate par excellence.

Robert Stevens
Detroit, Michigan

For Playmate of the Year, I demand Miss June. A honey of a Bunny, Helena Antonaccio is the finest flower of the Garden State.

Frank Nolan
Newark, New Jersey

Miss July is the most outstanding Playmate who has ever graced the pages of my favorite magazine. Along with, I'm sure, many others. I would like to nominate Nancy McNeil for Playmate of the Year.

Michael Benson
Chicago, Illinois



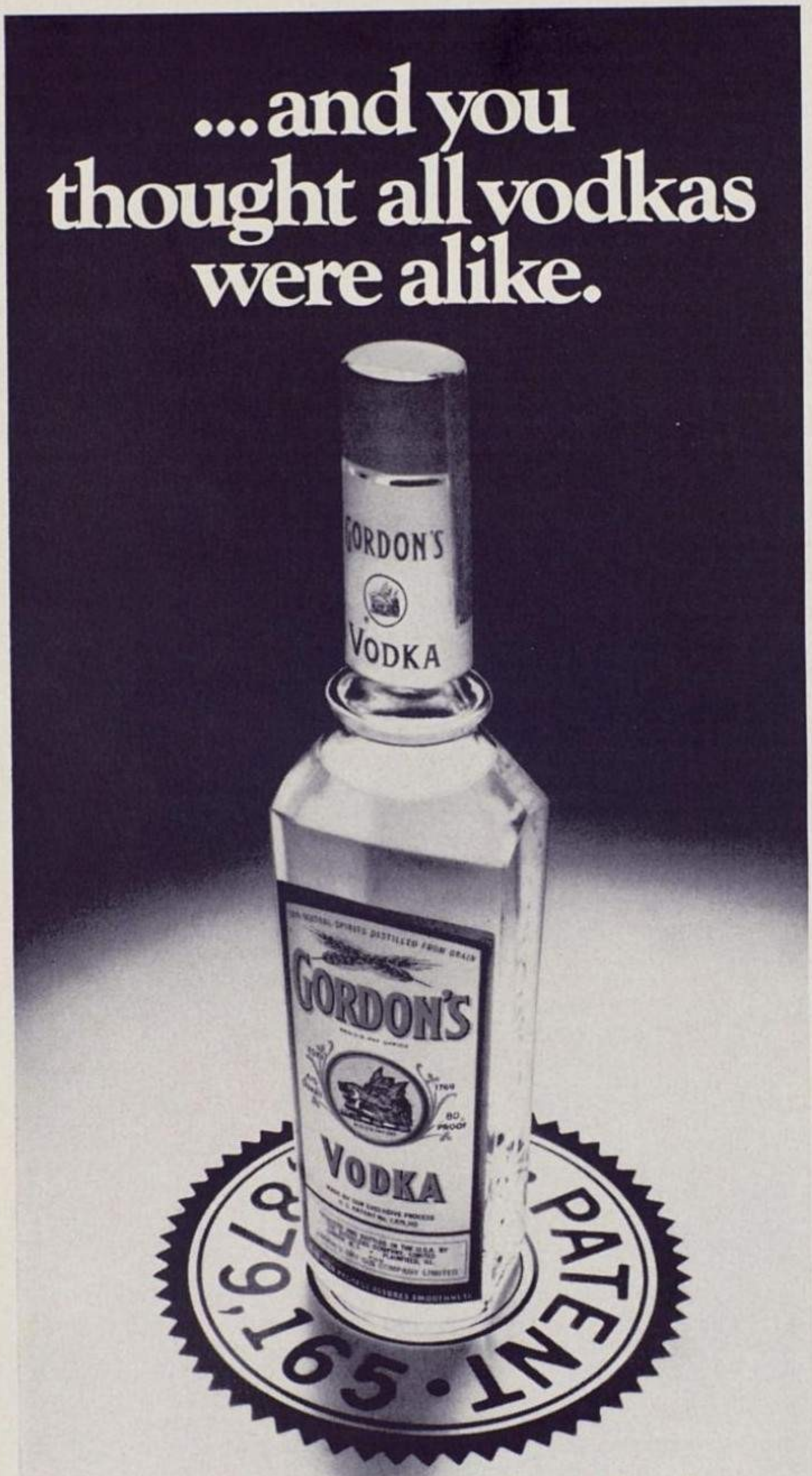
Have a Bacardi party.

It's the easiest, mixingest party idea ever invented by the swinging crowd! All you need is Bacardi rum. (It's the mixable one because it's light bodied, smooth and dry.) Then get as many different mixers as possible and invite lots of people looking for fun! Send for your free Bacardi Party Kit and learn how easy (and delicious!) it is to use Bacardi light rum rather than gin or vodka, Bacardi dark rather than whiskey, Añejo$_{TM}$ rum rather than brandy or cognac, and Bacardi 151 for robust drinks and cookery. Have a ball!

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I hereby nominate Miss October, Jean Bell, as fairest of the fair.

Oliver Davidson
Sacramento, California

Our thanks to the many readers who wrote in, nominating their choice for Playmate of the Year. A ten-page pictorial on the editors' choice will appear in next month's issue.

VIETNAM FOR THE VIETNAMESE

I would like to make the following comments on *The Americanization of Vietnam*, by David Halberstam (PLAYBOY, January):

I have always thought that the "Americanization" of Vietnam was a sure way to lose the struggle for an independent, non-Communist South Vietnam and, while ambassador there, I firmly resisted it—with success, I think, until I was replaced by Cabot Lodge. President Diem and I were in complete agreement that the South Vietnamese must win their own war without American combat forces. Otherwise, the war would become Americanized and the non-Communist Vietnamese would inevitably lose their political struggle with the Viet Cong.

However much he deplores the present situation, I know of no one who promoted the Americanization of Vietnam more than David Halberstam did when he was the *New York Times* correspondent in Saigon. By constantly criticizing the strong nationalist government of President Diem—by castigating it for not being democratic in the American image—he and his newspaper contributed largely to America's repudiation of that government and to its downfall. The overthrow and assassination of President Diem in 1963, for which Halberstam and certain other American reporters did much to set the stage, marked the real beginning of Americanization in South Vietnam.

As to the reference to me in his article, it is totally false. I never received the Vietnamese cabinet in my office, nor did I deal with them as he depicts. But this is an old story—for years, I have had to discount Mr. Halberstam's accuracy.

Finally, I want to point out that the Vietnamization of the war (the objective of present American policy) is the exact opposite of Americanization. After all that has happened in Vietnam, it may be too late successfully to pass the major responsibility back to the South Vietnamese themselves, where it was when I was there and where it ought to be. But it is the best policy now open to our country, I think, and it should be given a fair chance—without further undermining by David Halberstam.

Frederick E. Nolting, Jr.
New York, New York

Mr. Nolting was the American ambassador to Vietnam from 1961 to 1963.

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The books say Rome conquered the world with pitched battles and clashing swords.

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Bacchus, a remarkable after-shave that had the power to render men irresistible to women.

Taking a tip from the legend of the Trojan horse, the Romans left huge bottles of Bacchus outside their enemies' gates. At dawn the town's defenders would drag the bottles inside their battlements and douse themselves with its contents. Within minutes, their womenfolk would pick up the scent. And soon, the city would be left undefended as the men found themselves with something better to do with their time than fight. At that moment, the Romans would march in and take over. And that, we insist, is how the Romans conquered the world.

If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

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After-shave.

THE CONQUEROR.

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It is 161 inches long, just 2½ inches longer than the Volkswagen.

Yet its turning circle, at 32 feet, 8 inches, is about 3 feet less than VW's.

Which makes the Gremlin about the easiest car in the world to park and handle.

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This is great gas mileage, when you consider that the Gremlin has a bigger standard engine than any car near its size and price. 128 hp to VW's 57.

This engine gets from 0 to 60 in 15.3 seconds, the pickup you need on expressways.

And nobody's going to push you around in a Gremlin. It is 10 inches wider, 7 inches lower and 765 pounds heavier than a VW.

Which gives you about the smoothest,



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most stable ride possible in a car this size.

The Gremlin is remarkably easy to service and maintain.

Its normal oil change interval is 6 months or 6,000 miles; lubrication is normally needed only every 24,000 miles.

There are two basic Gremlin models.

A two-passenger, with storage area in the rear.

A four-passenger with fold-down rear seats for extra storage and flip-up rear window for easy access.

Both models cost about what you'd pay for an imported economy car.

The four-passenger lists for $1,959.[1]

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$1,879[1] 2-Passenger

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1. Manufacturers Suggested Retail Prices, state and local taxes, if any, destination charges, custom exterior trim, rally stripes, roof rack, white walls, and other optional equipment extra.

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El Toro Bravo



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A couple of our editors, in Washington, D. C., to conduct a symposium on drugs as a public-affairs extension of our February *Playboy Panel* on the subject, relaxed afterward with PLAYBOY contributor and political analyst Robert Sherrill (whose *The War Machine* appears on page 134). Out of this social occasion, a new game was born. We pass it on to you here, its name happening to be "Pass It On." Like they say, any number can play. The basic idea is to start rumors that have just enough basis in fact, or potential factuality, to make them believable—and then to pass them on. Each player must pick up the thread of the previous rumor and use it to launch his own, more elaborate rumor. One more rule: The rumors must not create mischief—except for those people and institutions that can stand a modicum of negative attention.

OK, a round of the game might begin like this: "Did you know that for an expenditure as low as 2.6 cents per instrument [an exact amount, with a decimal point, is important for verisimilitude], The Bell System could install on each residential telephone a device that would flash a red light and an address onto a viewing panel at the nearest police station whenever telephone wires were cut or an instrument was pulled from its moorings? This would result in a tremendous improvement in crime prevention and detection, yet this powerful monopoly won't spend the money required to make this simple electronic modification. Pass it on."

The next rumormonger adds a bit more dimension. "Apropos big companies' getting away with murder, did you know that the very same Government officials who are supposed to be doing something about pollution gave a $100-a-plate dinner recently, at which U. S. Steel—of all companies—was given the Clean Water Award? Pass it on."

"Speaking of pollution," the next participant might say, "do you know what's going to happen if the Atomic Energy Commission goes ahead and builds the nuclear reactors now planned for the Pacific Northwest? The thermal pollution will be so great that the warmer ocean temperatures will attract sharks from tropical waters. These sharks will kill and devour all the salmon on their way to the spawning streams. Once deprived of their finny prey, the sharks will naturally turn to people. Meanwhile, the Indians of the Northwest, who are dependent upon salmon for their sustenance, will be starving by the hundreds. Pass it on."

"Speaking of the Atomic Energy Commission and people dying," the next player says, "do you know that Ronald Reagan is in league with the AEC brass in a fantastic plot that will kill many millions of Americans and cause the world's greatest catastrophe? Very simply, the real reason behind all those underground atomic 'tests' is to precipitate a backward splitting of the San Andreas fault, so that instead of California sliding into the Pacific, the rest of the United States will slide into the Atlantic. Of course, Nixon is in on the deal; that's why he has had San Clemente fixed up as the new capital. Pass it on."

"Speaking of California, the AEC, Reagan and people dying," the next contestant might say, "do you know what some ruthless real-estate developers are doing in California? They're buying huge tracts of desert, with an available water supply for maybe a few hundred people, and they're putting up retirement homes for thousands of people for whom there will be no water and for whom the investment in such a home represents a lifetime of scrimping and saving. Then, the developers go to Governor Reagan and demand that the state provide water for these new residents. When Reagan sees through the ruse and refuses, they go to his Democratic opponents and urge them to make a partisan issue out of his refusal to provide a water supply for aging pensioners who are dying of thirst. In fact, not long ago, an archaeologist thought he had discovered America's southwesternmost Indian burial mound. But when the exhumed skeletons were subjected to the scientific process known as radiocarbon dating, which establishes the age of the bones, it was discovered that they were filled with high levels of radioactivity from fallout and DDT from the contaminated atmosphere. By careful calculation of the amounts of radiation and DDT, scientists were able to determine that all the skeletons belonged to what had once been streetcar conductors in the city of Detroit—pensioners who had put their last penny into what was touted as a desert paradise and who had wandered into the desert to die of thirst. Pass it on."

"It's interesting you should mention that," says the next contestant. "Actually, a fascinating thing happened to one of these wandering groups of thirst-maddened pensioners. In their search for water, they came upon previously undiscovered acreage of a fleshy cactus plant, the stems and leaves of which they pierced and pressed to extract the juice. To their amazement, they discovered that this juice had rejuvenating qualities. They tried to keep this secret, and set up communes in the area, as they got younger and younger in vigor and appearance. Of course, everybody knows this. What they don't know is that Charles Manson is actually a pensioned former Detroit streetcar conductor who was first maddened by thirst, then drank the rejuvenating juice and is, in actuality, 85 years of age. Right now, his legal advisors are trying to defer his trial for the Tate murders while they keep pumping him full of this rejuvenating juice, in the hope that he will get young enough before his case is heard to be tried as a juvenile. Pass it on." Et cetera.

If you think you have the general idea of how to play this game but can't figure out how to keep score, you may have missed an important aspect of it, which distinguishes it from all other reality-simulating games. In Pass It On, of course, nobody wins. Pass it on.

•

This month's Blind Leading the Blind Award goes to Pollution Controls, Inc., a Shakopee, Minnesota, business that specializes in disposing of other firms'

industrial wastes. According to an article in the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, officials of the company appeared before the state's Pollution Control Agency because of numerous complaints that it's polluting the air as it burns those wastes.

•

A friend of ours—a recent transplant from Chicago to the West Coast—forwarded this savory communiqué on the flavor of life in San Francisco: "Riding bus. Old Chinese man gets on bus with medium-size dog. Pays two fares. One for himself. One for dog. They go to rear of bus. Man decides dog needs exercise and allows dog to walk around bus. Dog jumps on lap of hippie. Hippie exclaims, 'This dog is shitting on me!' Chinese man says, 'Stop picking on us; we're just as good as you are!' Moral: Minority groups still oppressed, even in Greater Bay Area."

•

Our Bloomington, Indiana, correspondent sent us the following tidbit from the local *Six County Topics*: "True politeness consists in making one's self—and in making everyone else—as easy as you can."

•

The following conversation was sworn to have transpired over Cleveland: PILOT TO CONTROL TOWER: "Can you give me the correct time, please?" TOWER TO PILOT: "Who are you?" PILOT TO TOWER: "Never mind, just give me the correct time." TOWER TO PILOT: "Well, if you happen to be United Air Lines, it's two P.M. If you're Air Canada, it's 1400 hours. If you're the half-wit who buzzed the tower a few minutes ago, the big hand is on twelve and the little hand is on two."

•

A new computer-dating outfit calling itself Man-to-Man, Inc., advises potential clients to "do it the scientific way. Meet up to 14 new people a month for one year. Forget standing on street corners being harassed by authorities. Cruise by Gay Computer."

•

Columnist Jack Anderson reports that the U.S. Government has been conducting a prostitution survey since 1912. Anderson discovered the Federally funded study in an obscure listing under the heading "U.S. Government Procurements."

•

The New Zealand Herald printed this heart-warming item: "The Real Estate Institute has elected the former Minister of Justice and Attorney General, the late Mr. J. R. Hanan, a posthumous life member."

•

Hypocritic Oath Department: The Hammond, Indiana, *Times* noted the arrest of a doctor for raping a young woman during an examination in his office. Though a physical examination by another doctor immediately after the alleged attack confirmed that sexual relations had occurred, the friendly physician denied the charge. The woman, he said in his defense, had "misunderstood" part of the examination.

•

Whatever's in a name, we're greatly indebted to a conductor on the Illinois Central suburban lines who returned—safe and sound—the bankbook, pay check and address book of one of our Assistant Editors. Thank you, Mr. H. L. Trusty.

•

The Deutschland Hotel in Leipzig has this sign in its lobby: DO NOT ENTER THE LIFT BACKWARDS, AND ONLY WHEN LIT UP. And when the elevator recently underwent repairs, this sign appeared: WHILE THE LIFT IS BEING FIXED, WE REGRET YOU WILL BE UNBEARABLE.

•

Service Center: In Washington, D.C., there's a three-story building that offers service from bottom to top (or top to bottom, depending on your predilections). On the first floor, you can get your hair styled; on the second, meet your soulmate through computer dating; and on the third, get rid of her through a wife-swapping organization.

•

The North Carolina legislature approved a bill to make the gray squirrel the official state mammal, despite this enigmatic objection during the debate by Representative Henry Boshamer: "I would like to say that an animal that can bury nuts could be dangerous to this General Assembly."

•

Herb Caen reported this neat trick for avoiding the draft in his *San Francisco Chronicle* column: A long-haired, bearded Californian, classified 1-A, went to the Oakland Induction Center and flunked handily. On the back of his right hand—the saluting one—he had tattooed: FUCK THE ARMY.

BOOKS

They were both Catholics, those extraordinary men who brought the only excitement to the 1968 Presidential campaign—but how different they were. Bobby Kennedy, for all his indecision about challenging L. B. J., once he decided, plunged straight ahead in the familiar Kennedy way, with phalanxes of fancy advisors and an electoral juggernaut fueled with vast sums of money. McCarthy, the quixotic poet, was bravely decisive in choosing to attempt to unseat an incumbent President, but he ran his race in a most capricious way. Kennedy and McCarthy are examined in two books—***On His Own: Robert F. Kennedy 1964–1968*** (Doubleday), by William Vanden Heuvel and Milton Gwirtzman, and ***Nobody Knows*** (Macmillan), by McCarthy speechwriter-novelist Jeremy Larner. Both are good. *On His Own* is a big, solid book packed with information available only to insiders such as the authors. Yet Larner's book, though only a fraction of the girth, is much more adventurous. Larner believes that if McCarthy had acted differently, he could have achieved more—even the Presidency—and that even in losing, he could have begun to build the kind of political organization necessary to make the changes essential to American society. What gives Larner's book its special fascination is his attempt to unravel McCarthy the enigma. The task is relevant. Of Kennedy, we can speculate only as to what he might have done; but of McCarthy, we can speculate as to what he might yet do.

•

Anthony C. West has written one of the most moving and original novels to appear in many a season. ***As Towns with Fire*** (Knopf) is proof that good works of imaginative fiction derive their power not from intellectual programs or special subject matter but from the amount of sensuous and thinking life that has been poured into them. West has a lot to pour, ranging from his response to the beauties of English and Irish nature to his offbeat but perceptive picture of the realities of combat soldiery during World War Two. His hero, Christopher MacMannan, is a lyrical Irishman. The stuff he gets drunk on is not Brendan Behan's whiskey but the fascinations of primitive life and nature; and though he is Celtic in his fantasy, there is a vein of robust realism that Dylan Thomas, with all his genius, could never quite manage. *As Towns with Fire* is a saga of growing up and down—up to adulthood and down to earth, to the basics of sane living that the War's slaughters and extravagances have pushed so far away. To survive as a pilot in the R.A.F. and, at the same time, to save his soul is MacMannan's goal; how he both gained and lost that goal is the plot of this eloquent novel, which not only says something revelatory about the essential English character but also examines the spiritual significance of warfare from a unique perspective.

•

In ***On Violence*** (Harcourt, Brace & World), Hannah Arendt clarifies the nature of violence, revolution, power, authority and other terms that have long been carelessly used on the streets and in the academies. Although her analyses are made in a far-ranging context, Miss Arendt's primary focus is on present manifestations of violence in the ghettos and

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on campuses. Appreciative of the best qualities of young activists ("sheer courage, an astounding will to action and . . . a no less astounding confidence in the possibility of change"), she is critical of their confusions—the gap, for instance, between the Marxist rhetoric of the New Left and its ignorance of how alien the romanticization of violence is to authentic Marxist thought. As for black activism, she is convinced that "the tactics of violence and disruption make sense only for short-term goals." Hence, it is much more likely "that the established power will yield to nonsensical and obviously damaging demands—such as admitting students without the necessary qualifications and instructing them in nonexistent subjects" than that "violence will be effective with respect to the relatively long-term objective of structural change." Miss Arendt fears that we are approaching a tyrannical time in which we will be ruled by "an intricate system of bureaus in which no men . . . can be held responsible, and which could properly be called rule by Nobody." She offers no solutions, only the hope that "a new example" of real participatory democracy may somehow emerge "in a small country, or in small, well-defined sectors in the mass societies of the large powers." *On Violence* is a remarkable diagnosis of the roots of our present impotence and a skewering of the illusion that violence can cure that impotence.

•

Thomas Berger, whose grimly gay epic and parody of old-time Western heroics, *Little Big Man*, has just been filmed, is our most entertaining and thoughtful slapstick satirist. His new novel, ***Vital Parts*** (Baron), proves him to be hilariously capable of keeping zany comedy rolling through a long and complex tale. Carlo Reinhart, a Berger protagonist in two previous novels, is now found wallowing in the miseries of middle age. Hemmed in and hounded by a bitchy wife, a ranting New Left teenage son and a senilely sadistic mother, poor Carlo is ready for anything when he meets up with Bob Sweet, an old classmate who has the Indian sign on fad-crazy Americans, rides around in a Bentley, bedazzles teeny-boppers and owes his refurbished physical appearance to Dr. Streckfuss, an unlisted scientific genius. Streckfuss is the mastermind behind Sweet's latest venture, which involves cryobiology, the science of freezing dead humans, with an eye to future resuscitation under improved world and medical conditions. While Carlo tries to make up his mind about becoming the first two-legged recruit for this "breakthrough" project, his stumbling adventures take him into a grotesque landscape where *discothèques* are called The Gastrointestinal System and are twice as uncomfortable to be in; where Black Panthers stalk about, armed with haughty spite and toy pistols; where a swinging secretary behaves like a whore and a working whore sends her daughter to finishing school and demands not only cash but also respect from her "friends." Bruised and battered by this baroque deluge of inconsequence and irrationality—middle America at the tail end of the Sixties—Carlo somehow manages to keep his sense of humor and proportion, and to avoid frostification. A small victory for the human spirit.

•

The High School Revolutionaries (Random House) is yet another list of complaints from America's noisy majority of minors about the mess their elders have created. Two New York City high school teachers, Marc Libarle and Tom Seligson, put this book together by soliciting contributions from "a sampling of the nation's high school radicals." The cast is predictable: the black student who calls for "a relevant education" (i.e., black studies); the Berkeley high school senior who has been "active in radical politics since the sixth grade"; the little girl from Wisconsin who sermonizes on the joys of sex: "When you meet someone you like and he likes you, there is nothing better than having sex together." There is nothing new in this conglomerate of sincere sophomorism and little that is revolutionary. Surely, by now everyone knows that high school principals are martinets, teachers are tyrants and students are slaves. Or are they? But, then, they exist ***In the Country of the Young*** (Harper's Magazine Press), which is John W. Aldridge's description of an America in which "we let our children do our living for us." Critic Aldridge attempts to rebut the "wholly fraudulent publicity campaign which in recent years has been devoted to selling the public on the idea that the current young are the most intelligent, sensitive, morally scrupulous and generally magnificent generation ever to grace human history." On the contrary, says Aldridge, the young are remarkable for an entirely different set of reasons: "for their preoccupation with style and their boundless appetite for banality; for their moral severity and their personal scruffiness; for their indifference to standards of personal conduct when applied to them by adults, and their insistence upon the most exemplary standards of conduct when applied by them *to* adults. . . ." Aldridge makes at least as good—and as biased—a case for the shallowness of the young as those high school students have made for the venality of the old. Somewhere between these two points of view is Justice William O. Douglas' ***Points of Rebellion*** (Random House), a large share of which appeared originally in PLAYBOY. Justice Douglas, who seems to think younger all the time, has written a powerful book. He knows the United States as

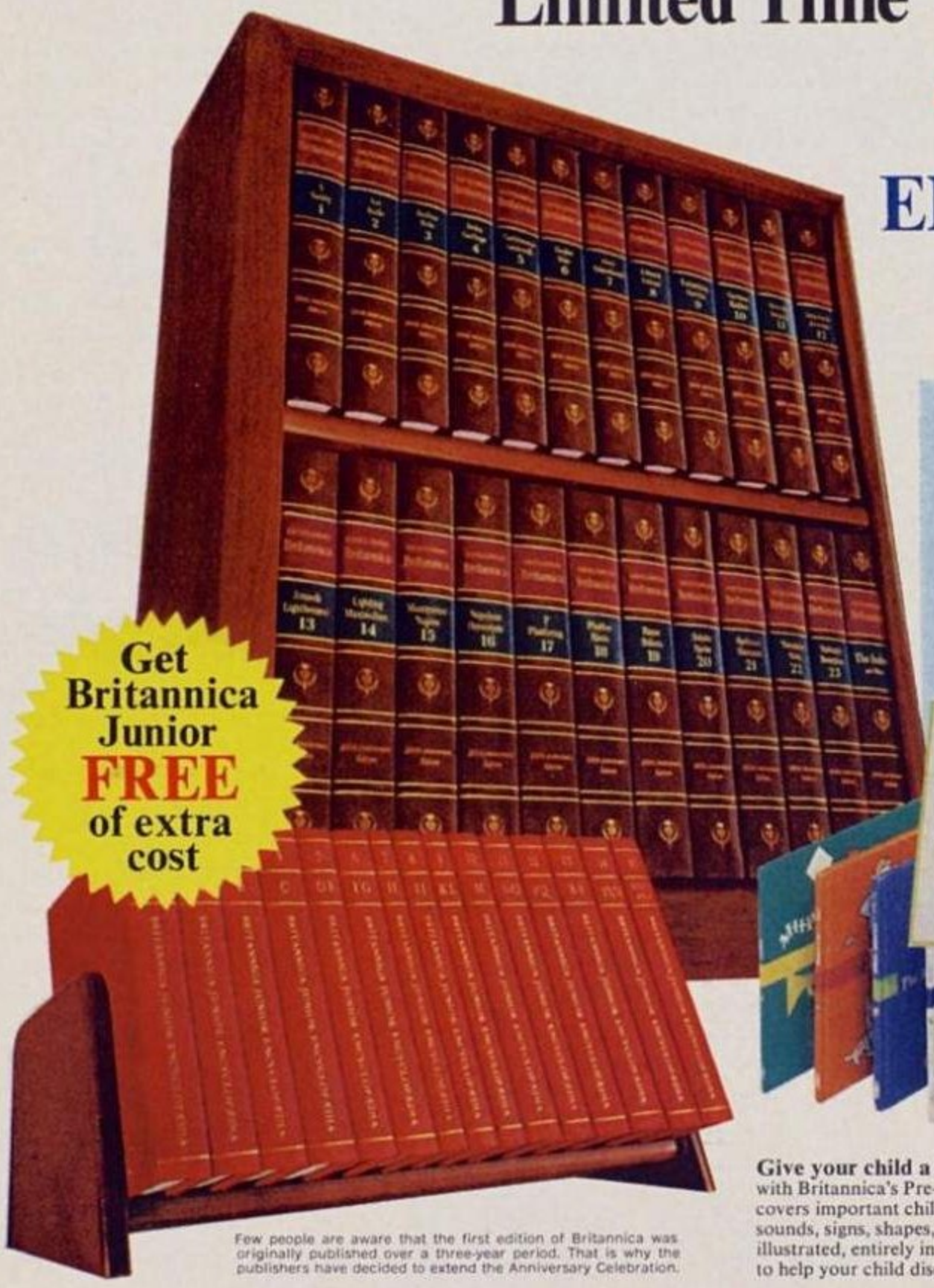
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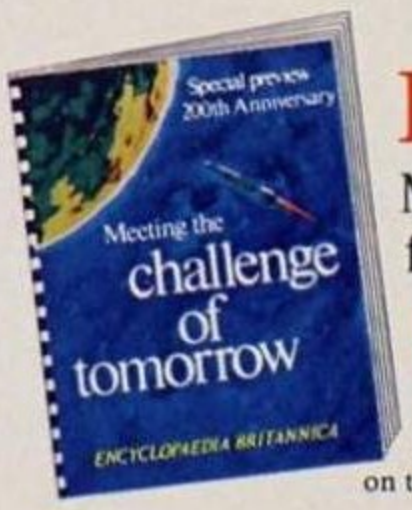
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perhaps only an experienced radical who has been privy to the establishment could know it. He documents the erosion of our liberties, the sufferings of our minorities and the avarice of our many lobbies. In the end, as he points out, one gets a feeling "that the individual is caught in a pot of glue and is utterly helpless." Like so many of his young allies, Justice Douglas calls for a revolution. But it need not be bloody. "It could be a revolution in the nature of an explosive political regeneration. It depends on how wise the establishment is. If, with its stockpile of arms, it resolves to suppress dissenters, America will face . . . an awful ordeal."

•

It's a little hard to believe that we have at hand a new novel by an author whose first one appeared—more than 40 books ago—in 1917. And it strains credulity to the point of hernia to discover that his latest effort is a strong contender for the Wickedest Work of the Year. Yet that sly old master Alec Waugh has done it in ***A Spy in the Family*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), accurately subtitled "An Erotic Comedy." It opens, familiarly enough, with a comfy picture of Londoners Victor and Myra Trail—he, a middling-important young official in the Treasury; she, an attractive matron in her 20s. They are happily married and their heads are screwed on right. Or so it seems. Then Myra gets a phone call from an old friend who mentions that she saw Victor that afternoon in a part of London nowhere near his office. When Victor gets home, Myra asks whether he has had a day like any other day; Victor indicates that he has, making no mention of being far from his desk on Brompton Road at three P.M. Myra has trouble sleeping, and on the advice of their highly sophisticated family doctor, she takes a vacation alone. "If Victor and this lady have their three weeks together," diagnoses the doctor, "there's very likely to come a sense of lassitude, of disenchantment, a feeling of 'well, is that all there was to it?' " So far, quite conventional. Then Waugh, slowly, delicately, turns on the perversity. He places Myra in circumstances that, shall we say, enhance her sexual horizons; on returning from her vacation, she finds that Victor rather approves, and they go on to live a richer, fuller life together. The book has urbanity and grace in the writing, and the plot is rich in clever twists and neat ironies. *A Spy in the Family* also contains some of the most effective seduction scenes we've come across of late. It's a pleasure to experience again the apparently inexhaustible fortunes of Alec Waugh. Cheers.

•

The Sensuous Woman (Lyle Stuart) tells a woman, in the most thorough and graphic language, how to do everything a man could possibly want her to do. The author, who hides behind the pen name "J," is unmistakably female; no man could possibly be so knowing about the exquisite details in the section on how a woman can make the most of what she's got. And when we get down to the step-by-step discussion of sexual intercourse, with all its variations, J conclusively demonstrates that she is not only a woman but an experienced one. You name it, she's done it; and, in writing about it, she displays admirable integrity by being candid instead of coy, precise without being clinical, matter-of-fact rather than rhapsodic. From masturbation to oral sex, J explains what a woman should do, where and when she should do it—and why. *The Sensuous Woman* may set the women's liberation movement back a generation, for it is dedicated to the delightful proposition that all sexual pleasure is reciprocal and the more the woman does for the man, the more the man can do for her. "*We were designed*," J writes in italics, "*to delight, excite and satisfy the male of the species.*" And then she adds, not in italics, "Men were designed to delight, excite and satisfy the female of the species." Hear! Hear!

•

On the morning of October 25, 1967, black migrant workers James and Annie Mae Richardson were driven to their jobs as orange pickers on a farm 16 miles from their ramshackle house in Arcadia, Florida. At noon, they were summoned to Arcadia General Hospital, where all seven of their children were dying, victims of an ingested insecticide poison. Richardson was charged with poisoning the children's food before he left for work, and subsequently convicted of murder. Today, he is an inmate of death row at Raiford State Prison, Florida. In ***Arcadia*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), attorney Mark Lane has reconstructed the investigation and Richardson's trial, interviewed the leading players in this human tragedy and presented what seems to be proof of Richardson's innocence—and railroaded conviction. Unlike his *Rush to Judgment*, in which Lane indulged in highly speculative assertions regarding the assassination of John F. Kennedy, *Arcadia* is a tightly knit plea for Richardson's freedom. Some of the salient points in this brief for the defense: No connection was ever made between Richardson and the parathion insecticide that caused the killings; the alleged motive—insurance on the children's lives—did not stand up to scrutiny; the jailhouse confession Richardson allegedly made to a fellow prisoner (who was shot to death before the trial) has been refuted by another prisoner, who testified that Richardson's accuser said he'd "made a deal with the sheriff." The most provocative point in Richardson's favor: Although the Arcadia police searched his home and the nearby wooden shack for poison on the day of the children's deaths, they couldn't find a thing. The next morning, however, a bag of parathion poison materialized in the shack, discovered with the help of the woman who had prepared the children's lunch—and who had previously been convicted of murdering her second husband; her first husband died of poisoning. James Richardson deserves, at the very least, a new trial.

•

Psychiatrist Thomas S. Szasz is still concerned with the theme of his first success, *The Myth of Mental Illness*. Dr. Szasz then believed that what society calls mental illness is actually a reflection of the ethical and moral problems that bedevil all human beings and that psychiatry is more closely related to moral philosophy and social theory than to medicine. His subsequent writings have proved to be variations on the same theme, a fact underscored by the appearance of two new volumes: ***Ideology and Insanity*** (Anchor) and ***The Manufacture of Madness*** (Harper). The first is a collection of essays on what Dr. Szasz labels "the psychiatric dehumanization of man," and the second is devoted to drawing a parallel between the persecution in the past of witches and the treatment today of the mentally ill. He argues that psychiatry is being used to rob man of his humanity by attempting to relieve him of his "moral burdens." He is particularly incensed by community mental-health programs, which he sees as part of an insidious drift toward "a collectivist society." What is genuinely regrettable about Dr. Szasz's polemical tone is that it dulls the effectiveness of his vital message: that throughout history, some groups, in order to consolidate themselves in power, have oppressed nonconformists on specious grounds.

•

Most writing on jazz has been impressionistic (the writer, rather than the music, being the principal subject), socially oriented (from Marxism to black liberation) or so technical that the nonmusician reader is bypassed. One of the best of the handful of writers who focus on the music itself in terms that illuminate it for the layman is Martin Williams. His new collection of essays, ***The Jazz Tradition*** (Oxford), is a substantial addition to the literature of jazz. In one sense, it's primarily a rhythmic view of jazz history; but Williams explores more than changing rhythmic directions. His knowledge of the music and the lives of which the music was an extension is so comprehensive that he is able to convey the total contribution made by each of the innovators he discusses. Williams sees in the very process of creating jazz a way in which even so fragmented a man as Charlie Parker was able to be at least

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transiently whole. "The high degree of individuality, together with the mutual respect and cooperation required in a jazz ensemble, carry with them philosophical implications. . . . It is as if jazz were saying to us that not only is far greater individuality possible to man than he has so far allowed himself but that such individuality, far from being a threat to a cooperative social structure, can actually enhance society." The book includes a discography for each chapter, so that, with the records at hand, any interested reader now has available an exemplary course on the nature of jazz and the jazz experience.

•

The reputations of two celebrated novelists, Eudora Welty and Gunter Grass, will not be enhanced by their latest works. A family reunion in the Deep South during the Thirties is the theme and plot of Miss Welty's new novel, ***Losing Battles*** (Random House). Her reunionists, the Vaughns and the Beechams, are incredibly numerous, garrulous and folksy; they all talk alike, and a mile a minute, so that even the best-intentioned reader will find it hard to sort them out. Miss Welty, a famous Southern regionalist, seems intent here on writing a paean to the natural, life-loving, earth-bound qualities of her beloved home folks, a paean that mixes the minutely realistic with the mythical and romantic in thoroughly bewildering fashion. The battles her characters lose in this meandering story are all with phantoms, never with anything as real as pellagra, blacks (they aren't even mentioned) or the Depression. Gunter Grass's ***Local Anaesthetic*** (Harcourt, Brace & World) is a laboriously contrived parable of present-day Germany in the grip of the mass media, overconsumption, industrial pollution and apocalyptic leftist student politics. The story limps along on a series of creaky devices that can't make up for the lack of living characters or an interesting plot. This isn't the first bad novel that a fine writer has been guilty of, but Grass's essayistic attack on the violence and crackpottedness of the New Left should never have been converted into fiction in the first place.

•

From that great American cornucopia of erotica, the Institute for Sex Research, comes a new plum for collectors of status sex volumes. ***Studies in Erotic Art*** (Basic Books) consists of five heavily footnoted essays, each by a different scholar, along with more than 200 illustrations harvested from the world's treasury of works of art inspired by the various sexual acts known to man. In the first three essays —on Greco-Roman art, prehistoric Peruvian ceramics and Japanese graphics— the experts deduce quite a bit about sexual practices from limited historical evidence. But for all their interest as

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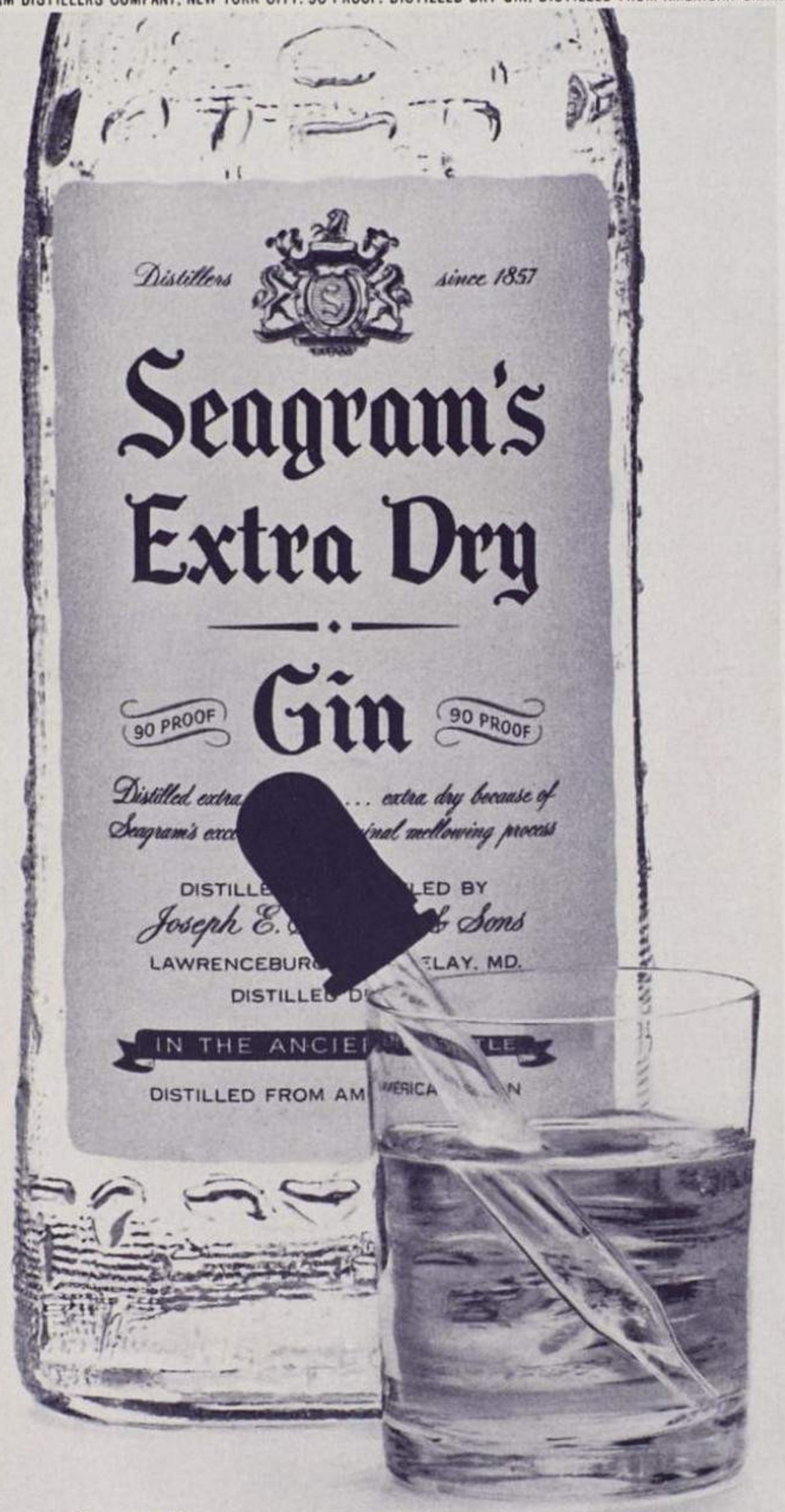
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exercises in academic ingenuity, they don't compare with Leo Steinberg's dazzlingly provocative essay on "The Metaphors of Love and Birth in Michelangelo's Pietàs." *Studies in Erotic Art* is a reference book, not a bedside companion, but, as such, it makes an original contribution to our understanding of how the artist records and interprets the universal sex drive. Another reference book of sorts is Paul Tabori's ***The Humor and Technology of Sex*** (Julian Press)—but there is nothing original about it. Its chief asset lies in bringing together a generous assortment of material, fragments that in themselves are lacking in impact but that may lure a reader into digging up the original works. Tabori includes literary episodes from mythology to Voltaire and Henry Miller, a big batch of blue jokes and an encyclopedic catalog of such items as aphrodisiacs, accessories for fetishists, imitation sex organs and mechanical aids for better performances (some commercial products are included among the illustrations that accompany the text). Tabori concludes with a report on experiments in artificial stimulation of the senses as part of the quest for intensified sexual awareness. By then, unfortunately, many a reader, senses dulled, will have given up the quest.

MOVIES

Michelangelo Antonioni came to America, fell in love with the desolate landscapes of Death Valley and took one of its place names as the title for ***Zabriskie Point,*** his incredibly naïve salute to American youth. Heretofore known as a mature artist, Antonioni uses *Zabriskie* as a forum for graceless platitudes about U. S. youth and politics in a materialistic society. But in the end, he comes off as an over-30 tourist, foolishly affecting the long-hair-and-love-beads sensibility of the "now" generation. That cops are pigs and that affluence is evil are revolutionary tenets accepted at face value by Antonioni, who obviously saw many U. S. advertising billboards and found no more behind them than he finds behind the beautiful, opaque faces of his two new discoveries, Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette. Mark plays an expelled college activist who steals an airplane and flies off to the desert because he may be implicated in the slaying of a policeman during a campus protest. While aloft 1000 feet or so over a strip of Arizona highway, he spots and instantly digs (don't ask how) an alienated young soul sister (Daria) who is driving to Phoenix to meet her boss (Rod Taylor), the chief of Sunny Dunes Estates, a land-development outfit presumably out to desecrate more and more of God's country. (One is supposed to ignore the fact that the community of model homes

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planned by Sunny Dunes in an otherwise arid wasteland might be considered a triumph for mankind in many parts of the world.) *Zabriskie Point* states somewhat presumptuously that violence is the only course open to America's disillusioned young; but the thesis cannot be much advanced by protagonists whose dialog consists mostly of mindless revolutionary jargon. Purely as cinematography, the movie is eye-filling—with splendid desert vistas. It ought to be. Antonioni spent thousands of dollars actually dyeing the desert, and even the lizards, various shades of pink and green. The movie is also redeemed by a dream sequence about the destruction of a luxurious mountaintop home and all that it represents, and an extravagantly poetic, if largely irrelevant, love fantasy featuring members of The Open Theater, who pair off and triple up to cover the dusty gypsum hills with every possible combination of sexes. The tone and texture of an Antonioni film are unmistakably there; what's lacking is intelligence.

•

Airport wheels onto the wide screen for a three-point landing in Todd-AO and Technicolor, with producer Ross Hunter piloting writer-director George Seaton's slick adaptation of the best seller by Arthur Hailey. Nothing has been spared (and approximately $10,000,000 has been spent) to satisfy the expectations of moviegoers who like to forget that cinema is a serious art and just settle down on the edge of their seats with a dandy melodrama. On screen, the popcorn crackles around a lively tale involving sundry arrivals and departures at a Chicago airport (the authentic exteriors were filmed in Minneapolis) during one long, eventful night. As a blizzard rages, the field's maintenance chief (George Kennedy) tries to avert disaster by removing a snowbound 707 from a landing strip; airport manager Burt Lancaster is having even worse troubles with his wife (Dana Wynter), under the interested eye of a girl Friday (Jean Seberg); a philandering airline pilot (Dean Martin) discovers that his favorite stewardess (Jacqueline Bisset) is pregnant; and a desperate former mental patient (Van Heflin) with a bomb in his briefcase prepares to board Trans Global's direct flight to Rome. And that's only the beginning of the picture! Director Seaton has scads of other famous faces waiting, so to speak, in the wings; and he manages to maintain the momentum of a half dozen separate stories until all dovetail in *Airport*'s smashing climax.

•

Ringo Starr walks amiably through ***The Magic Christian*** in the company of Peter Sellers, who co-authored this makeshift adaptation of Terry Southern's satirical novel. Deep fried and Southern



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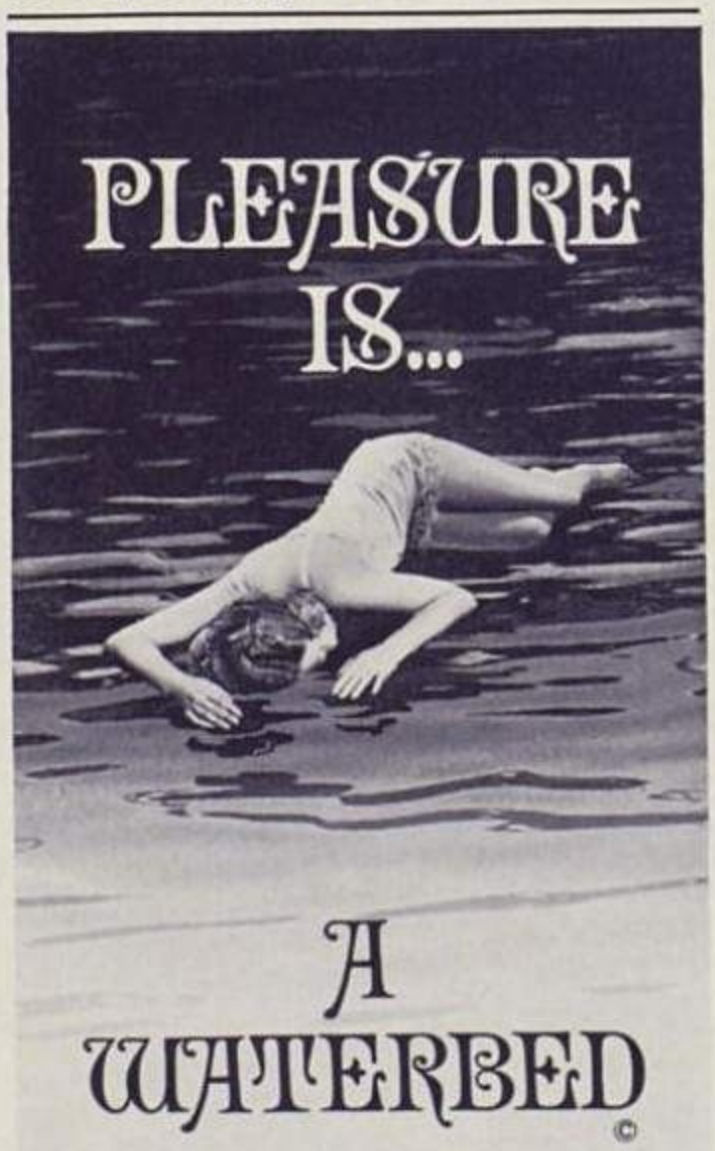
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style, the comedy turns on the adventures of Guy Grand (Sellers), an eccentric billionaire who adopts a vagrant lad (Ringo) just for the hell of it and strikes out to prove that mankind—the most corruptible of all species—will do anything for money, if the price is right. So will actors, it seems, since quite a number of big names join Ringo and Peter in minuscule comic bits, of which a few are genuinely funny. The jolliest scenes bring on Laurence Harvey, of all people, as a faggoty Thespian doing a striptease *Hamlet*, replete with bumps and grinds, and London favorite Spike Milligan as a gloriously craven traffic cop. The rest of *Magic Christian*'s mixed bag includes Richard Attenborough as an Oxford rowing coach who sells his scullers down the river; Raquel Welch as the whip-cracking mistress of a slave ship; and would you believe Yul Brynner, singing *Mad About the Boy* in drag? Somehow, the gags come across better on paper than on the screen. A wild shot from the spitball school of satire.

•

A recent influx of Yugoslav films peaks with ***An Event,*** director Vatroslav Mimica's tingling thriller based on a story from Chekhov and filmed in off-greenish color through a weird winter mist that chills the bone. Again, greed is the theme and money the poison that disrupts the seemingly tranquil rhythm of peasant life as an old man (Pavle Vuisic) and his innocent grandson (Sergio Mimica) set out for a distant village to sell a horse. On the way home, they are followed by a pair of cutthroats. While the terrified boy runs off with the money, the old man stays to fight for his life in a memorable scene of violence—charged with humanity when both the victim and his exhausted attackers fall back to support themselves against the nearest trees, each taking time out for an almost sociable smoke before the murder resumes. This one sequence might make *An Event* unforgettable, yet the perils that befall the boy thereafter are equally harrowing. He takes refuge with a woman and child in a lonely hut, where playtime gives way to sex and savagery, and murder begets murder during the long bloody hours until dawn. Director Mimica and his expert company create a special kind of primitive suspense that combines folk art with raw terror.

•

Abandoning the deliberate exploration of violence that made *The Wild Bunch* one of last year's bonanzas, producer-director Sam Peckinpah turns wry and semiphilosophical with ***The Ballad of Cable Hogue.*** Jason Robards, topping most of his previous screen performances in the title role, plays a grizzly prospector whose two treacherous pardners leave him in the desert to die. But Cable just won't die. He is a classic American prototype—a rugged individualist with a nose for free enterprise, who stumbles onto a water hole where water supposedly cannot exist. He opens a stop on the stagecoach route and begins to make a fortune selling liquid refreshment and reptile stew, vowing one day to wreak vengeance on the two sneaky bastards responsible for his good luck. Lending lively support to Robards are Playmate Stella Stevens, her Hollywood face washed clean to reveal a lot of unsuspected talent as Hildy, the plucky little whore who loves Cable but yearns to marry rich in San Francisco, and England's spindle-shanked David Warner, top-notch as Joshua, a horny pioneer preacher who spreads the gospel of salvation through sex. A spirit of fun prevails, but the striving for epic dimensions becomes strained toward the end, when the first motorcars appear in the wilderness as if for no purpose other than to write finis to Cable's career. Peckinpah's direction is strongest when he is least conscious of waxing poetic, when he simply spews earthy humor and trots out his gallery of wild frontier characters as though he were creating them on the spot.

•

Two attractive dropouts from Berkeley —a beautiful, pregnant girl and her hippie paramour, who intends to deliver their baby himself—run into trouble when the girl's father joins them in the hill country for an extended stay. Though subtle at first, rivalry between the men begins to stir elemental passions. ***Riverrun*** transcends the generation-gap clichés of the similarly plotted *Generation* through the strength and honesty of its contemporary truths about youth, age, birth, death, life and love. Writer-director-photographer John Korty, more than fulfilling the promise shown in *Crazy Quilt*, borrows his title from the first word of *Finnegans Wake* and invests his photographic style (filming on seaside locations north of San Francisco) with the kind of American classicism that Andrew Wyeth captures on canvas. Louise Ober and Mark Jenkins play the loving couple without a hint of pretense, while John McLiam reaps and sows the benefits of experience as the gamy old sea dog and grandfather-to-be who has never in his life felt at home ashore. Korty deserves honor points for creating a youth-oriented movie that doesn't work up a sweat trying to look trendy.

•

Narrating ***The Funniest Man in the World,*** Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., varies the flow of superlatives with a number of provocative old film clips. It may come as a bitter disappointment to diehard fans of W. C. Fields, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd or Laurel and Hardy, that



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the subject of writer-director Vernon P. Becker's admiration is Charlie Chaplin. Becker traces Chaplin's career from his birth on April 16, 1889—by a marvelous coincidence, the same year in which Edison perfected his first motion-picture camera—through a boyhood of abject poverty to sudden fame in London's music halls, then a haphazard assault on Hollywood that made him the world's best-known comedian when he was scarcely into his 20s. *Funniest Man* says goodbye to Chaplin at age 32, already a legend returning in triumph to his native England, and with all of his greatest screen comedies still to come. The Chaplin of the early years was not always brilliant, but he was brilliant enough, and the gleam of unpolished comic genius is evident in an excerpt from his first Mack Sennett short, *Making a Living*. His Little Tramp character, minus the all-important quality of pathos, is shown at a semifinal stage of evolution in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, Chaplin's first appearance in a full-length comedy, opposite Marie Dressler. The footage here falls short of sidesplitting high-jinks, but offers some fascinating film history, including shots of Chaplin imitators—among them a hopelessly inept Japanese "tramp" and Chaplin's brother, Sidney.

•

Chicago during the Democratic Convention fracas of 1968 is becoming a shopworn symbol for the spirit of youthful solidarity; yet familiar footage from the demonstrations reels off once more in the course of ***Prologue,*** a documentary-style drama made for the National Film Board of Canada by 29-year-old producer-director Robin Spry. What really happened in Chicago stops the picture cold. What moves it is Spry's fictional, thoroughly compassionate look at anti-establishment life in Montreal, where an underground editor (John Robb) peddles his papers on street corners and shares his old lady (Elaine Malus) with an American draft resister (Gary Rader) who comes north looking for asylum. *Prologue*'s semi-professional cast brings an easy sense of truth to a world in which newsreel flashes from Prague and Vietnam make the young feel like outsiders, though they still have to cope with one another, with parents, with a sympathetic but helpless lawyer, with extremist bullies and with hypercritical public officials. Credit Spry with a casting coup for the movie debut of convicted Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman, who appears in one lively sequence as himself—a highly colorful role that few actors would have the *chutzpah* to play.

•

Originally made for television, ***My Sweet Charlie*** was a prime-time special on home screens last winter but looks rather more modest in competition with

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current-and-choice cinema. Played with feeling and spirit by TV's Patty Duke and Al Freeman, Jr., *Charlie* is set on the flattened Gulf Coast of Texas in an empty summer house where two losers chance to meet as uninvited guests—one a pregnant runaway teenager who talks like po' white trash and shares all the prejudices of her peers, the other an educated Northern black who blew his cool during a civil rights march. As adapted from a novel and play by David Westheimer, the film's scenes of confrontation run a predictable course—hate at first sight, then a wary truce, followed by warm, mutual color blindness. Matching Freeman's tightly controlled performance, Patty shucks off the child-star precocity of yesteryear and wears her plainness the way other girls wear a bright new dress. Both actors are so persuasive that we're willing to overlook the soft pedal on sex in deference to family viewers—but did they have to add a Christmas Eve sequence built around Patty's tremolo singing of *Silent Night*?

•

A number of promising movie newcomers pool their promises in ***Out of It,*** basically the same stuff that *Andy Hardy* movies were made of, updated for the sock-it-to-me generation. It has to do with the plight of a verbal Long Island high schooler who feels rather at a loss when it comes to urgent matters such as sex. The film's charm, freshness and oblique angle on teenage mores can be traced to a team of novice movie-makers, producer Edward Pressman and writer-director Paul Williams, both still considerably under 30. Completed nearly three years ago, their comedy qualifies on a technicality as the screen debut of Jon Voight, who went on to success in *Midnight Cowboy*. Here assigned a secondary part, Voight limns a shrewdly funny character study of a jockstrapping football star—a stud so self-conscious about the power and glory within his Man-Tanned loins that he all but limps. "Why are there so many good-looking bastards like him who are so dumb?" muses the quizzical hero (deftly played by young Barry Gordon), who does a puny underclassman's best to score with two teenaged belles, a blonde (Lada Edmund, Jr., a fine new body) and a brunette (Gretchen Corbett, a bright new face with a flair for cryptic comedy lurking behind it). *Out of It* dryly celebrates the victory of mind over muscle, based on its protagonist's reputation for being "deep," which only means deeper than the average make-out artist in Bellmore, Long Island.

•

There are things that Elizabeth Taylor can do well, no doubt, but she cannot play a role made to order for the late Marilyn Monroe. ***The Only Game in Town*** recklessly casts Liz as a vulnerable Las

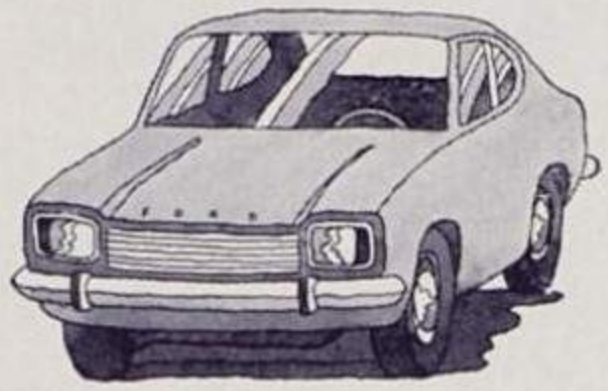
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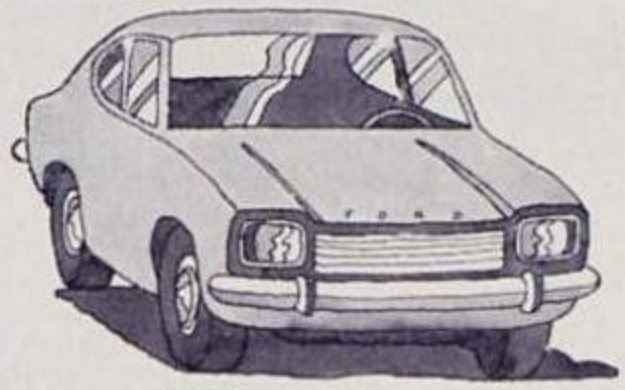
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Vegas chorine who is waiting for her rich married lover to come through with his divorce but is leery of love and marriage because her father left home when she was ten. Hopeless in the part, with her pouter-pigeon plumpness not quite concealed by a wardrobe of corrective minidresses, Liz resembles a well-heeled suburban matron having a fling at community theatricals. Co-star Warren Beatty (a last-minute replacement for Frank Sinatra) is better, as the cocktail pianist and compulsive gambler who moves into the chorine's apartment to supply temporary relief; but he, too, seems uncomfortable with the banal dialog. Considering its blinding mediocrity, the talents brought into play for *The Only Game in Town* are formidable: France's ace cinematographer Henri Decae, whose views of the tinselly Las Vegas scene are exemplary; veteran director George Stevens (who directed Liz in *A Place in the Sun* a long, long time ago), working with the professionalism of an automaton; and Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright Frank D. (*The Subject Was Roses*) Gilroy, whose screen version of his own work cunningly preserves the look and feel of a play that flopped.

•

At some point in his life, every moderately literate American lad cherishes a classic dream—to go abroad and groove in the manner pioneered by young American expatriates in the Paris of the Twenties. The standard text on the subject is Henry Miller's autobiographical novel of 1934, ***Tropic of Cancer,*** a sexual Baedeker so full of ebullient sex that two generations of travelers had to smuggle it through U. S. Customs wrapped in Jane Austen dust jackets. Published here amid much controversy in the Sixties, it has been made into a film by producer-director Joseph (*Ulysses*) Strick, who also had a hand in the adaptation. Strick fills the screen with enough rough language to send the last remaining censors into shock. To call this a breakthrough would be too mild, for it completely dissolves the already fuzzy distinction between underground and regular movies when Rip Torn—playing Henry Miller himself—narrates his masturbatory fantasies about a mislaid love object: "Oh, Tania, where now is that cunt of yours. . . . I'll make your ovaries incandescent." And there's more, much more. Yet beyond its significance as a landmark for film makers seeking total freedom, the movie serves mostly to remind a viewer that he'd like to reread the novel someday soon. Though everything is spoken, little more than bushy feminine nudity is actually shown as *Tropic of Cancer* ambles along, sans plot and sans any images equal to the author's prose; but they're well worth seeing anyway, as readers of next month's issue will discover in our exclusive pictorial preview of the film, accompanied by the author's

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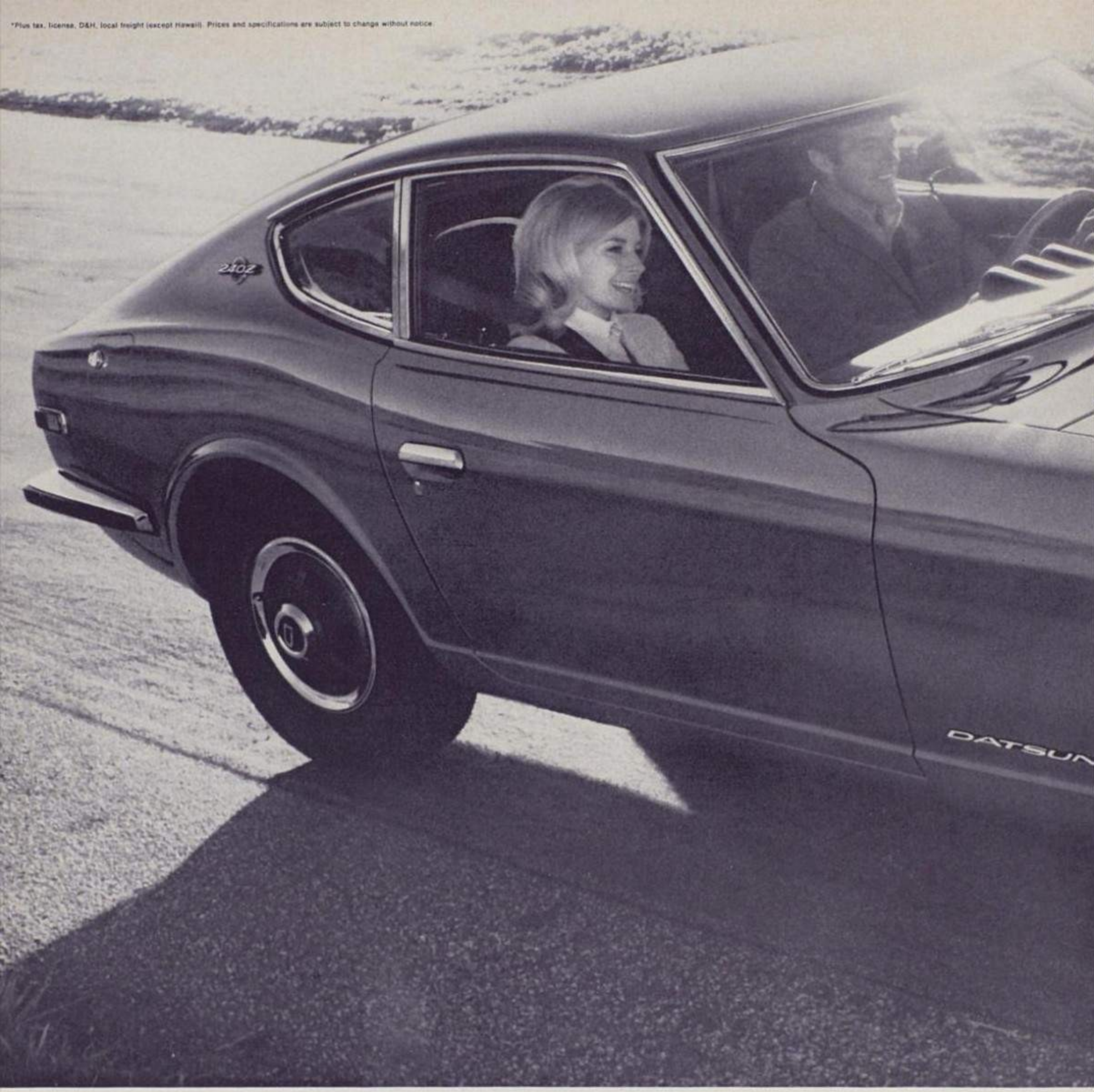
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own observations as an eyewitness to the re-enactment of these episodes from his own life. Even so, except for a ribald scene in which Miller tries teaching scurrilous English to some schoolboys in Dijon, the story is a series of random encounters between French harlots and hard-drinking newshounds, who find Paris a city of pubic hair and Pernod. The film's only solid characterization is that of Miller's sad, romantic friend, Fillmore, played with a perfect sense of weary raffishness by James Callahan. Casting Torn as Miller was a mistake, for his strained, aggressive smile lacks any suggestion of humor. We see the sexual acrobat in him but not the poet who could describe himself as "a bright, gory sun god cast up on an alien shore" and who finally summarized his experiences in the phrase, "Do anything, but let it yield joy."

RECORDINGS

Tim Buckley's songs, with their long, riverlike lines, cover a great deal of ground; and on ***Blue Afternoon*** (Straight; also available on stereo tape), his voice, coming on strong in a multitude of unexpected hues, does justice to his compositions. *The Train* is a bit too adventurous, but the softly uptempo *Happy Time, I Must Have Been Blind* and *The River* (on which David Freedman's vibes play a vital part) are thoroughly convincing essays in that open-ended musical form that might best be termed American Electric.

•

There isn't a dull note in a carload on ***Spirit of 1976*** (Impulse!), the latest effort of Emil Richards and his spirited crew called the Microtonal Blues Band. Recorded live at Donte's, an L.A. jazzeteria, the LP contains imaginative variations on jazz staples—*All Blue* and *Jordu*—mixed in with assorted *au courant* creations, including the title tune. Richards, of course, is a superior vibes man who dabbles in percussion exotica with almost unfailingly felicitous results. *Spirit of 1976* is no exception.

•

Longtime tape giant Ampex has gotten into the record business and at least one of its debut LPs indicates it could be a label to conjure with. ***Gil Evans*** (also available on stereo tape) is its name and Gil Evans is the game. Composer-arranger-pianist Evans has been an enormous influence on the jazz idiom as put forth by both small and large groups. Here, he's involved with the former, charting and leading an assemblage that includes guitarist Joe Beck, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland and sax man Billy Harper through a delicately shaded variety of sounds and rhythms. Listening to an Evans recording brooks no distractions but is more than worth the effort.

•

Marlena Shaw's ***The Spice of Life*** (Cadet; also available on stereo tape) has a couple of things going for it—the vocalist's beautifully smoky voice and dandy arrangements by Richard Evans and Charles Stepney. The unclichéed choice of material covers a wide range of subjects and emotions—soulful, swinging, baleful and balladic—all of which Miss Shaw makes her very own.

•

Soul sisters are definitely in the spotlight this month. Aretha Franklin may be somewhat misrepresented by the title of ***This Girl's in Love with You*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), but her voice and piano are formidable, indeed, on such vehicles as Ronnie Miller's blue-tinted *It Ain't Fair* and the churchy Lennon-McCartney opus *Let It Be*. Ruth Brown, soul queen of another era, makes a strong comeback on ***Black Is Brown and Brown Is Beautiful*** (Skye; also available on stereo tape); Gary McFarland's restrained charts provide the right milieu for Ruth's dramatic storytelling on *Miss Brown's Blues* and *Yesterday*. Nina Simone's hypnotic stage show, slick but never stale, is well captured on ***Black Gold*** (RCA; also available on stereo tape), as the pianist-singer—on her way to an album-ending, soul-stirring *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*—offers subdued interpretations of *Black Is the Color* and *Who Knows Where the Time Goes*. Elaine Brown, deputy minister of information for the Black Panther Party's Southern California chapter, is a limited singer, so the tracks on ***Seize the Time*** (Vault; also available on stereo tape) are best taken singly. However, Miss Brown's songs eloquently illuminate the Panthers' frequently misconstrued but painfully pertinent ambition: "To create conditions in which men can start being human."

•

Mel Tormé's ***Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head*** (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) is ultra-now and ultra-stylish, which may prove embarrassing to some of the beads-and-bell-bottoms set who'll find it tough to take the fact that a graybeard can put it all together better than almost anybody. The session, arranged and conducted by the very able Jimmy Jones, carries Tormé through the title tune, a couple of Teddy Randazzo beauties, Jim Webb's cerebral *Requiem: 820 Latham*, a splendidly moving *Take a Letter Maria* and a deliberately paced *Spinning Wheel* that's a gas.

•

No one could ever accuse flutist Herbie Mann of being locked into one bag. With ***Concerto Grosso in D Blues*** (Atlantic),

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Mann moves in yet another direction. It finds the Mann Quintet working with an 80-piece orchestra recruited in Berlin (when the Mann men were there for a concert in 1968) and conducted by Bill Fischer, a jazz composer with classical roots. The *Concerto Grosso* occupies side one and is filled with rich invention and beautiful solos by Mann, vibist Roy Ayers and guitarist Sonny Sharrock. Side two is of smaller dimensions but no less successful, as the quintet is joined by a brass ensemble for *Sense of No Return* and by a double string quartet for *Wailing Wall* and *My Little Ones. In toto,* a major triumph for Mann.

•

Creedence Clearwater Revival is probably the only rock group around that is actually playing pure rock 'n' roll—beautifully and with striking success. Consistency is their secret—80 percent of the music, says lead singer John Fogerty, is beat and sound—and on ***Willy and the Poorboys*** (Fantasy; also available on stereo tape), they've got it, whether bouncing *Down on the Corner,* grinding away on *Feelin' Blue* or hitting straight ahead on *The Midnight Special.*

•

Fancy Free (Blue Note) displays trumpeter Donald Byrd at his best. Byrd, backed by a small company of confreres (including the estimable tenor man Frank Foster, trombonist Julian Priester and Duke Pearson on electric piano), is able to stretch out over an LP that encompasses only four tunes. Two are his own—*Fancy Free* and the utterly delightful *I Love the Girl.* The others are by a pair of young Byrd apostles—Mitch Farber's *The Uptowner* and Charles Hendricks' *Weasil*—and they offer conclusive proof that Byrd is a thinking man's musician, and then some.

•

An LP straightforwardly titled ***University of Illinois Jazz Band and Dixie Band*** (Century) gives clear-cut evidence of why the Illini, under the direction of John Garvey, have been rated the best campus jazz organization extant. The first side is made up of big, booming band sounds, with cookers such as *I've Got My Mojo Workin'* and *Sister Sadie* performed so professionally it's astonishing. The four tunes on side two are attended to by a Dixie septet that would have done Buddy Bolden proud. The album is available for $5.50 from Century Records, 1 S. 303 Ingersoll Lane, Villa Park, Illinois 60181.

•

On ***Hello, I'm Johnny Cash*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), the true-blue troubadour, backed by the Tennessee Three, sings of bad women, trains, young men cut down by war, and religion; it's a memorable set by a master folkster, currently at his peak. A country star of a different order is Buck Owens, and ***Big in Vegas*** (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) captures both the excitement and the vulgarity of Owens' stage show; the LP is almost ruined by the Bonanza Hotel's TV-ish announcers and Owens' own cornball pronouncements; but there's plenty of hard-hitting country rock, courtesy of Buddy Alan, Susan Raye and Buck himself, among others. Of the younger Nashville stars, there's none better than singer-guitarist Jerry Reed; and on ***Cookin'*** (RCA), he applies a masterful touch to pop ballads (*Turn It Around in Your Mind*), hard rock (*Gomyeyonyo*), Beatlesque satire (*Aunt Maudie's Fun Garden*), down-home ribaldry (*Plastic Saddle*) and straightforward country music (*Alabama Jubilee*).

•

Kooper Session (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) is subtitled "Al Kooper Introduces Shuggie Otis"—and represents a landmark of sorts for Shuggie, the 15-year-old, guitar-picking son of r&b great Johnny Otis. Kooper's singing and keyboard work are, as usual, competent but uninspired; however, when Shuggie gets a chance—as on *12:15 Slow Goonbash Blues* and *Shuggie's Shuffle*—he displays a rapid-fire attack that should establish him, once he gets a few sides of his own on the market, as a monster of the blues.

•

During his lifetime, Erik Satie was noted chiefly for eccentric behavior and witty aphorisms; but today—nearly a half century after his death—his music is making it strictly on its own. The man had a cool elegance and a bizarre sense of the absurd that seems eminently apropos in the age of Mailer, Fellini and the Beatles. A well-rounded sampling of the composer's piano works is offered on ***Masselos Plays Satie*** (RCA). It runs from the haunting *Gymnopédies* of 1888 to the glacial *Nocturne No. 3* of 1919 and lingers en route over a collection titled *Sports et divertissements,* in which—Satie wryly remarked—"I have put everything I know about Boredom." William Masselos performs this music with the low-pressure control that effectively preserves Satie from satiety.

•

Watch out for The Earth Disciples. They're a very young quartet who play instrumental jazz-rock, and their first LP, ***Getaway Train*** (Solid State), is near perfection. Apparently influenced by the MG's, but more dexterous and less commercial, the Disciples never stop driving as they put across their own well-structured compositions, such as *La Bahemia* and *Life Cycle.* It's a hip new soul sound for the Seventies.

•

Kenny Burrell, a chap who says more by playing less than any guitarist around today, shows what it's all about on ***Asphalt***

How would you like to quit your job and not lose a nickel?

Enter Smirnoff's smart contest to abolish silly rules

HERE'S WHY WE'RE RUNNING THIS CONTEST: At Smirnoff we're in the entertainment business. We believe people should have fun. At their own pace. In their own way. Just as in our own way we've been providing fun in the best possible taste for years. But we think too many silly rules have cropped up that stop people from having fun.

By "silly" rules we don't mean good rules. Like traffic control laws. Or public health laws. Or responsible behavior. And we don't want to get involved in major political issues that you might consider silly.

We're talking about the silly conventions that cramp your style. The who-knows-where-they-came-from customs standing between you and a more entertaining, rewarding life.

Like the rule that says you've got to squeeze into your most uncomfortable clothes to attend the dullest party of the year. Or the rule that says white wine goes with fish and red with meat.

Hence our "Break a silly rule" contest. We want to hear from you: Smirnoff and non-Smirnoff drinkers alike. Tell us what you think the silliest social rule is—and how you want to break it.

Of course Smirnoff people have been breaking one completely silly rule for years: that you have to drink drinks you don't really like. Because crystal-clear Smirnoff blends quietly into *anything* that anyone finds delicious. It turns oranges into Screwdrivers. Transforms grapefruit juice into Salty Dogs. And about 2,300 delicious etceteras.

HERE'S HOW WE'RE RUNNING THIS CONTEST: (To win, unfortunately, you've got to play it according to *our* rules. And we admit some of these are pretty silly.)

1. There are no official entry blanks. Just grab the handiest piece of paper and write us—in 25 words or less *or more*—what you think the silliest rule of social behavior is. And how you'd like to change it.

2. There's only one prize. Just as there's only one Smirnoff. But this prize is fit for a Czar. The winner gets a year's vacation at full pay *plus* expenses anywhere in the world up to a total of $50,000. (For instance, if you're making $10,000 a year we'll match that and throw in another $40,000 for expenses. If you're making more than $50,000, you and your family will have to cut a few corners.)

3. After your year's up? If your present boss doesn't have the welcome mat out, we'll do our very best to help you find a better boss.

4. If you insist, we'll give you the $50,000 in cash. But we'd like this prize to be as unique as Smirnoff itself. And it would do our Smirnoff hearts good to think of you off rollicking for a full year.

5. Neatness doesn't count, just as long as you're legible. But humor and imagination and creative sparkle definitely count. The same kind of imagination Smirnoff people have been using for years to conjure up taste-expanding new drinks.

6. You don't need to buy Smirnoff to enter. But it doesn't hurt. Since it's the driest, smoothest liquor you can pour, it just might tickle your imagination along with your taste buds.

7. When this exposé of social silliness is over, *we intend keeping all entries as our property and maybe even publishing the ones we like best*—with full credit to you as author. You'll be able to pick up a copy at your Smirnoff store.

8. If contests are null and void in your state (and this offer *is* void where prohibited) maybe you should consider moving.

9. This contest is only for U.S. citizens over 21. But there's no silly rule that says you can't borrow an idea or two from the kids. Or a friend in another country. After all, Smirnoff *is* the number one choice in vodka around the world.

10. There's no limit to the number of different silly rules you can enter. Just like there's no limit to the number of delicious things you can make with Smirnoff.



11. A silly rule forbids anyone from entering who's employed by or supported by anyone who works for Heublein, its subsidiaries, affiliates and ad agencies or R. H. Donnelley Corp.

12. Entries will be judged by the R. H. Donnelley Corp. Their decisions will be final.

13. Deadlines. To qualify, your entry (entries) must be postmarked no later than July 13, 1970. Any later than that, you're an unlucky loser. The lucky win-a-year-off entrant will be announced the day after Labor Day, and will be notified as soon as possible by mail.

Send your Break-a-Silly-Rule entry (entries) to: Smirnoff, P.O. Box 1000, Dept. B, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 10559.

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Canyon Suite (Verve). Side one is taken up with the title opus, the flip with assorted goodies, including *Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Put a Little Love in Your Heart* and *Please Send Me Someone to Love*. Part of the credit for the success of the LP must go to Burrell's orchestral backdrops arranged by Johnny Pate, who has added a considerable amount of verve to the Verve jazz catalog since moving to that label.

•

Soviet-American artistic amity has yielded many splendid musical dividends in the past but none more rewarding than the recent collaboration of cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and violinist David Oistrakh with conductor George Szell and his Cleveland Orchestra in the ***Brahms Double Concerto in A Minor*** (Angel; also available on stereo tape). Rostropovich's plush yet aristocratic tone and Oistrakh's intense phrasing are superbly suited to this mellow music, and Szell weaves them in and out of the orchestral fabric with his customary regard for rhythmic precision and balanced sonorities. On another Angel disc made at the same time, Oistrakh attacks the robust ***Brahms Violin Concerto*** (also available on stereo tape) with all the sinewy strength of a veteran combatant.

•

It's called ***The Beatles Again*** (Apple; also available on stereo tape), and it's a revenue-minded gesture that contains a few tunes previously issued as singles (*Hey Jude*), a few brash oldies (*Can't Buy Me Love*) and a couple of gems (*Old Brown Shoe* and *Don't Let Me Down*). Meanwhile, the Plastic Ono Band—John, Yoko, Eric Clapton and a rhythm section—has etched ***Live Peace in Toronto 1969*** (Apple; also available on stereo tape); included are a 17-minute scream by Yoko, some lightweight rock performances by John and the 1970 John and Yoko calendar.

THEATER

Art Buchwald's columns have won him a reputation as a gentle deflationist and armchair acerb—the friendly wit next door (to the White House). ***Sheep on the Runway,*** his first play, is set in the minikingdom of Nonomura, a Himalayan last resort that supports a placid monarch (Richard Castellano) and an ignorant American ambassador (David Burns)—and little else. The embassy is so impoverished that the ambassador and his wife (Elizabeth Wilson) take turns raising and lowering the American flag. Enter Joseph Mayflower (Martin Gabel), a ferretlike pundit who is, of course, no relation to Joseph Alsop, to turn Nonomura into a storm center. Soon the country is filled with military advisors, civilian advisors, tanks, planes, bullets—and gags. The comedy is pointed but always amiable. The portrait of Vice-President Agnew on the wall is only slightly atilt. But though *Sheep* is fun, it isn't really a play. It's a string of topical jibes, without structure or pace. And at the conclusion, there is no conclusion; the comedy just stops. One expects something more, perhaps the author to come on stage and tell some droll anecdotes about the difficulties of writing a play for Broadway. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

•

A melodrama makes its own rules—but it must live up to them. Although Robert Marasco's ***Child's Play*** is good for about half of its duration and has two very good performances, it finally falls flat, a victim of its own slackness and superficiality. This Gothic tale takes place in a Catholic boy's school that seems to be turning into a suburb of Transylvania. The boys, who look like bug-eyed refugees from Keane paintings, lurk in dark stair wells. They flagellate themselves and scourge one another, hang one chap on a cross, pluck out another's eyes. Why? The author plays his cards close to his chest. He focuses not on the boys—they are a presence, not individuals—but on the three lay masters, the Chipsian old codger (Pat Hingle), the malevolent disciplinarian (Fritz Weaver) and the sunshiny former student (Ken Howard). Although Weaver and Howard are exceedingly effective, Hingle does little to offset the patness of his part. Kids sneak, stairs creak and soon the set—an ominous one by Jo Mielziner that manages to sustain whatever suspense there is in the play—is bursting with portent. But no content. What *is* going on? For too long, the answer is withheld; and when it comes, it is a cop-out, a contrived and unmotivated pseudopsychological twist. It is, we guess, supposed to give depth to the horror story—but how can you give depth to something irredeemably shallow? At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

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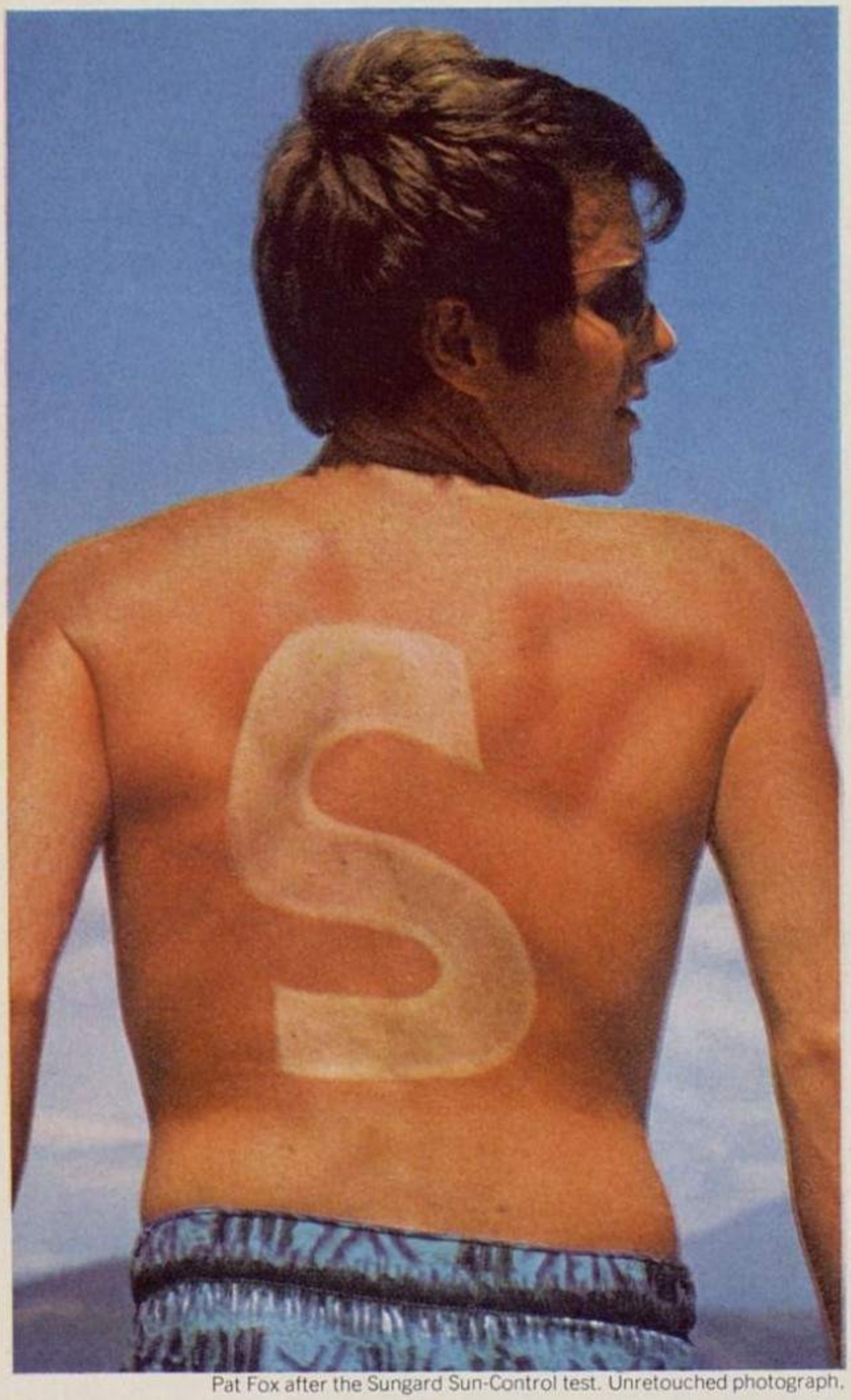
Jules Feiffer's ***The White House Murder Case*** is a satire about the desensitizing effects of power and violence. The two-plot play deals with the deadly use of nerve gas in a fictional Brazilian war and with an emergency meeting of the President's Cabinet to determine this country's course of inaction. At the meeting, the President's peace-prone First Lady is murdered. The Brazilian attack, enacted on a Beckettian landscape by two unnerved soldiers (one gung-ho, the other CIA in disguise), is meant to be an ironic counterplay to the Cabinet meeting. Instead, it interrupts the action and weakens the pace. But the play survives as a hilarious indictment of the corrupting

[The Newest McGee, in Cotton]

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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nature of politics. Director Alan Arkin leads a Second City reunion (there are a few outsiders, but they meld well) that embellishes Feiffer's cartoon with wonderful comic detail. Peter Bonerz, as the President, gives a brilliantly lunatic performance. At first he is superstalwart, laughing heartily at his own jokes, commanding obeisance from his rat-fink subordinates. The straight characterization slowly, superbly, turns quite mad. As the Cabinet discusses in dry, businesslike terms what lies to invent to conceal the murder of his wife, Bonerz dissolves into a flood of tears and sinks beneath the table. Then, with his head still under the table, his fingers drumming on top, he coolly reassumes the dignity of his office and converses matter-of-factly with his crazy cronies: Anthony Holland as the self-defensive scientific advisor; Andrew Duncan, the digressionary Secretary of Defense; Paul Dooley, the bully-boy Attorney General; Paul Benedict, the party-lining Postmaster General; J. J. Barry, the nerve-gassed top general. All are wildly original and funny. Arkin and company make Feiffer's flawed fantasy an act of inspiration. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

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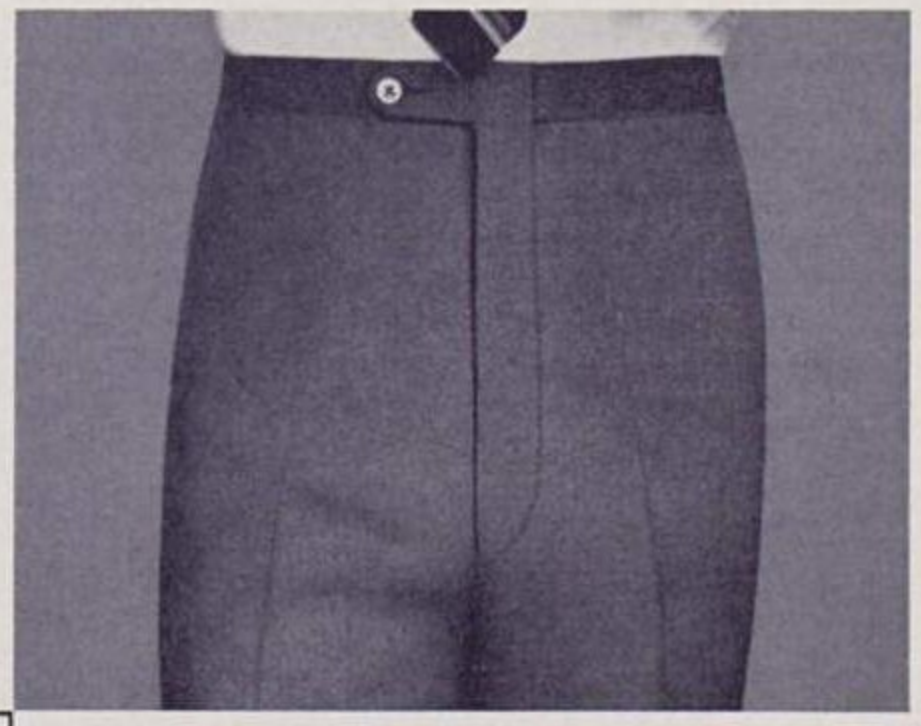
Unlike so many rock musicals, ***The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*** is not a multimedia protest live-in. It is actually *about* somebody, a McLuhanized nonhero named Isaac Bernstein. Trapped between floors in an elevator with a pretty girl, what does he try to do? Of course. But since he's a certified nut, he also tries to record the moment—as he records all moments—for posterity. Around his neck he wears a camera and a tape recorder (and also totes a guitar). His dream is to record his entire life—and then market it. But, he wonders, would anyone want to relive the life of Isaac? Finally (still in the elevator), the willing girl grabs his microphone and sings a smashing song of liberation while he attempts to disrobe her. That damn microphone keeps getting in the way. The scene, as performed by Austin Pendleton and Fredricka Weber, is marvelously funny—and also touching. The second act is an extension rather than a development of the first. Isaac, at a younger age, has just been jailed for protest, and Miss Weber plays a demonstrator in the cell next door. They communicate, absurdly, through TV sets. This act is slightly less successful than the first but still delightful. In both, Gretchen Cryer's book and lyrics are intelligent, contemporary and wacky, and Nancy Ford's tuneful, pulsating music is a perfect match. The score is played by a terrific electric combo called The Zeitgeist, which inhabits a lofty perch high over the stage. At the East Side Playhouse, 334 East 74th Street.

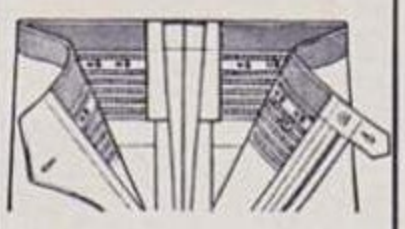
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What's a Marantz?

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Until this year, the least-expensive Marantz stereo component you could buy cost $300.00. And our FM tuner alone cost $750.00! To own a Marantz, you either had to be moderately wealthy or willing to put beans on the table for awhile. But it was worth it. And a lot of experts thought so, too, because the word soon got around, and the products sold themselves.

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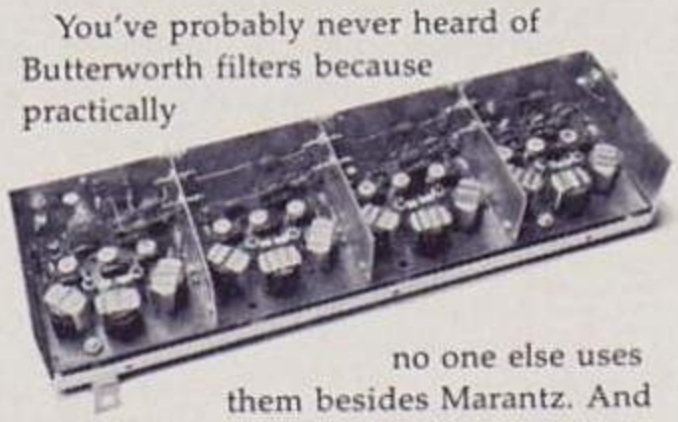


An oscilloscope is kind of a TV tube. But instead of the "Wednesday Night Movie," it shows you a green wavy line. An electronic picture of the incoming FM radio signal, telling you exactly how to rotate your antenna for minimum multipath distortion (ghost signals) and maximum signal strength (clarity) even from the weakest stations.

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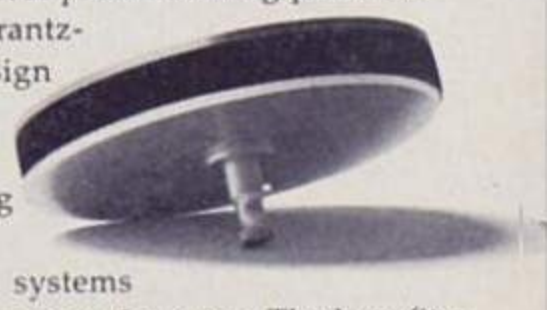
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no one else uses them besides Marantz. And the U.S. Military. Other manufacturers feel they can get by without them. And they can. Because their standards don't have to measure up to Marantz'. Butterworth filters let you hear music more clearly, with less distortion, and, unlike conventional I.F. coils or filters, they never need realignment. They help pull in distant FM stations and separate those right next to each other on the dial. Although Butterworths cost more, Marantz designed not one but four of them into our Model 18 receiver.

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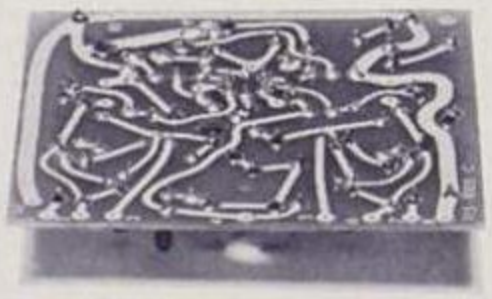
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Marantz stereo components aren't built in the ordinary way. For example, instead of just soldering connections together with a soldering iron, Marantz uses a highly sophisticated waveflow soldering machine—the type demanded by the Military. The result: perfect, failproof

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When someone tells you he has a "100-watt amplifier," ask him how the power was rated. Chances are his 100 watts will shrink to about 75 or 50 or perhaps even as few as 25. The reason is that most manufacturers of stereo amplifiers measure power by an inflated "peak power," or "IHF music/dynamic power."

Marantz states its power as "RMS continuous power" because Marantz believes this is the only method of measurement that is a true, absolute, scientific indication of how much power your amplifier can put out continuously over the entire audible frequency range.

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Moreover, you can depend on Marantz to perform. For example, the Marantz Model 16 can be run all day at its full power rating without distortion (except for neighbors pounding on your wall). That's power. And that's Marantz.

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In a way, it's a shame we have to get even semitechnical to explain in words what is best described in the medium of sound. For, after all, Marantz is for the listener. No matter what your choice in music, you want to hear it as closely as possible to the way it was performed.

In spite of what the ads say, you can't really "bring the concert hall into your home." For one thing, your listening room is too small. Its acoustics are different. And a true concert-hall sound level (in decibels) at home would deafen you.

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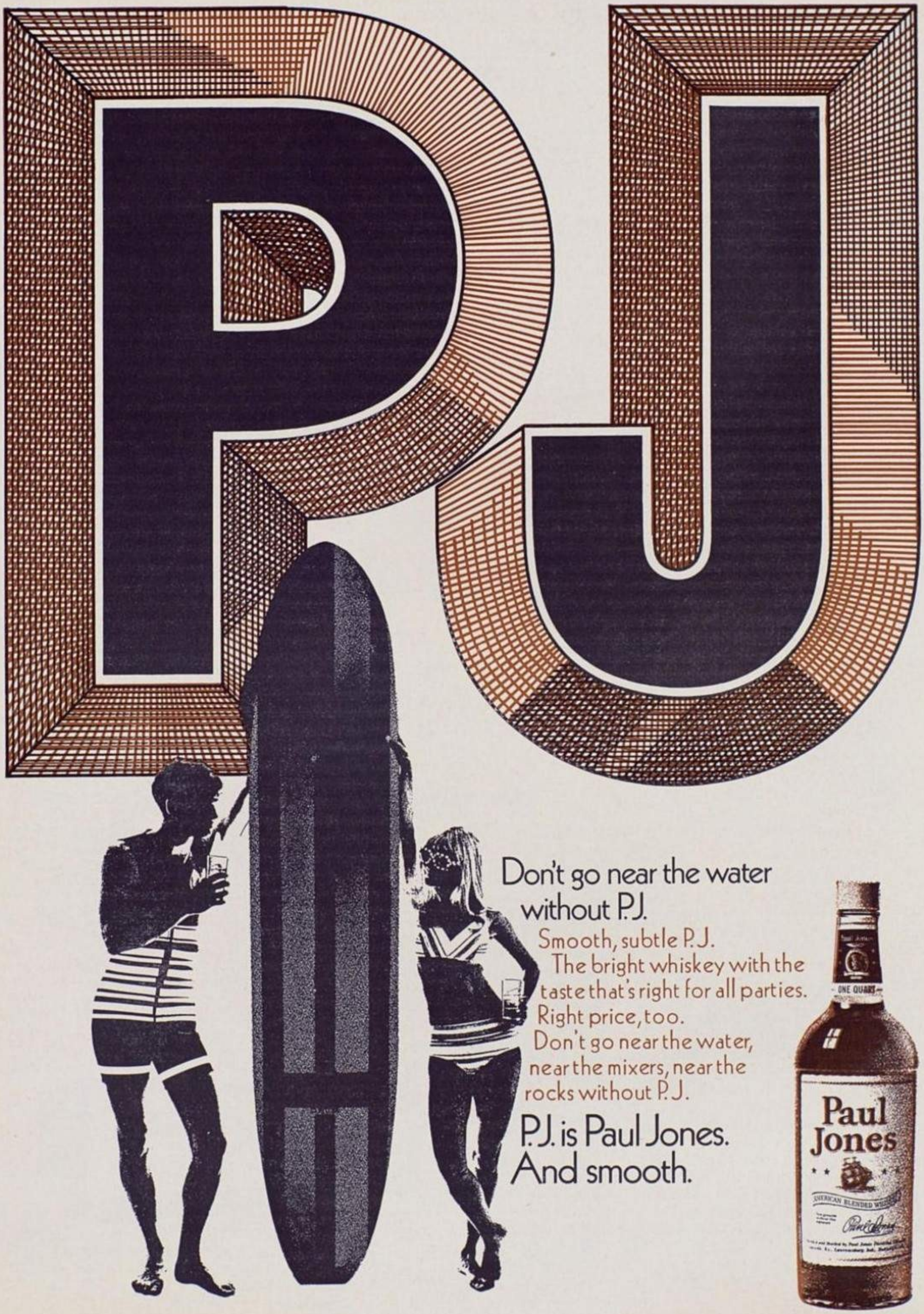
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

At a rock dance last winter, I met a girl and we grooved right off. Soon we were talking freely about sex and I asked her up to my apartment for further conversation. Almost immediately, we were kissing and she startled me by asking if I wanted to take her to bed. I did and we enjoyed sex together every remaining day of that month. But then she failed to show up for a date one day and when I phoned to ask why, she told me that her husband was back in town. Now, what kind of girl cheats on her husband when he's away on business? I feel like telling him about her. Should I?—G. T., Quincy, Massachusetts.

We're sure her husband will appreciate your being Mr. Goodguy, and we can think of several ways he might thank you—all of them painful.

Movie and clothing ads have aroused my husband's interest in tattooing and now he wants my buttocks adorned with a design that would fill a circle having a diameter of about four inches. Are tattoos really becoming more common on women and is there any medical reason tattooing should be avoided?—Mrs. L. C., Billings, Montana.

The venerable art of tattooing has fallen upon hard times for reasons best summed up by the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," which cross references it with "mutilations, deformations and branding." Tattooing, which consists essentially of breaking or puncturing the skin and rubbing in pigment, has been observed on Egyptian mummies dating back to 2000 B.C. and enjoyed a brief vogue among the British upper classes a century ago. It's also been used to identify criminals and the inmates of concentration camps. Recently, tattooing has been suspected of causing skin cancer and it has been severely restricted in New York City because of the spread of hepatitis by contaminated needles. Tell your husband about body decals—those sexy designs he's been mistaking for tattoos. They have the advantage that when he tires of looking at MOTHER *or* TWIN SCREWS *or daisies, they can be readily changed.*

After having intercourse with my wife, I usually get out of bed immediately, wash up and then raid the refrigerator. My wife thinks there is something sick about this, but I just want to be clean after the act and I also get hungry. Please advise me if there is something wrong and if I should see a psychiatrist. —N. A., Houston, Texas.

If you're really as compulsive as you seem to be, a psychiatrist might, indeed, make room in his schedule for you. But before dashing off to the shrink, why don't you see if you can manage some elementary boudoir courtesy? Most women need and appreciate warmth and affection after the sex act, as well as before; understandably, they resent lovemaking's being treated like a tennis game in which their partner runs off for soap and sustenance immediately after the match. Try lingering a little longer next time—you might enjoy it, too.

What is the new Wankel automobile engine and how does it differ from motors used in other cars?—L. I., Scottsdale, Arizona.

This revolutionary power plant (developed by Felix Wankel, a German inventor) is lighter and more compact than conventional reciprocating engines. Instead of pistons that move up and down in cylinders, it uses one or more triangular rotors, each turning in a combustion chamber and each going through the familiar four-stroke sequence of intake, compression, power, exhaust. The Wankel is a smooth power source with relatively few moving parts. Its early drawbacks—sluggish acceleration, high engine wear and "dirty" emissions—have been successfully eliminated by some makers.

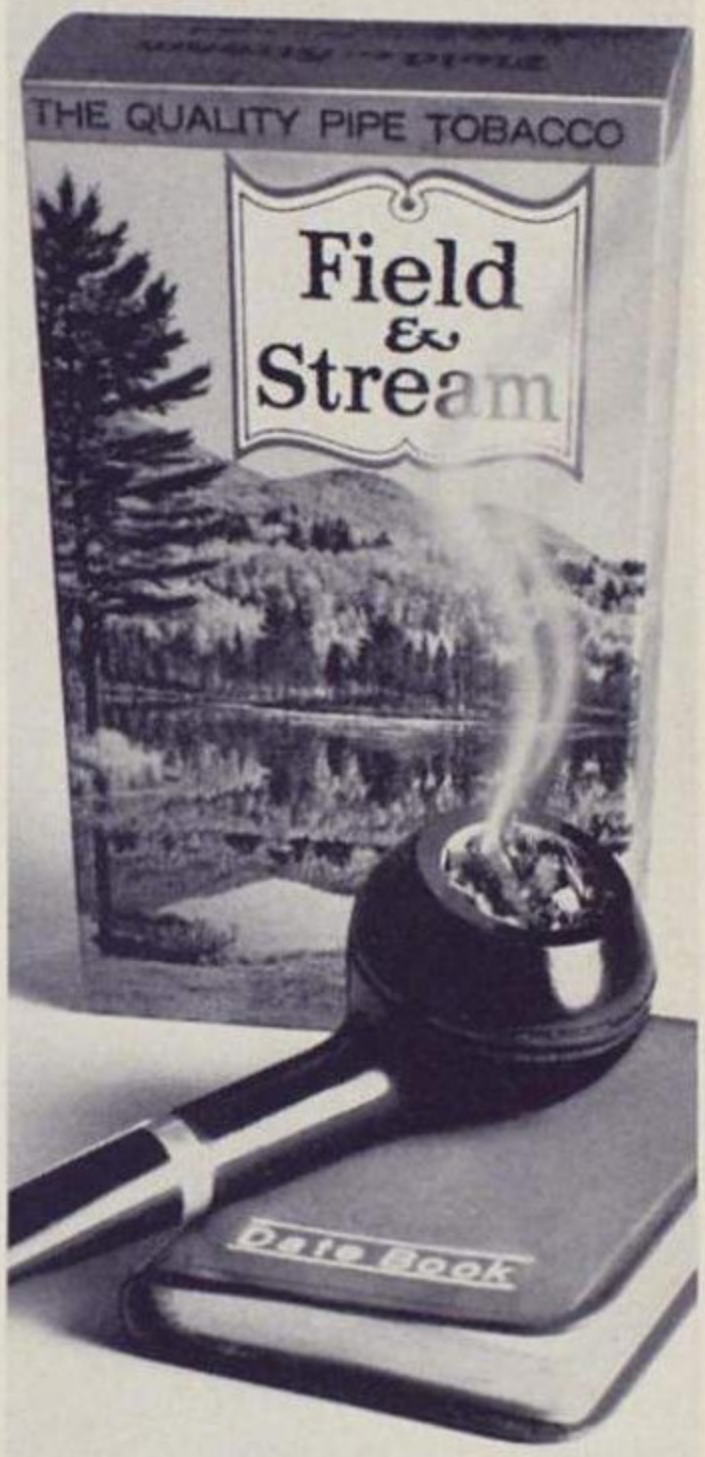
My fiancé has been to bed with many girls, but I've never had intercourse with any man other than him. Now, as the wedding approaches, he says he's worried that after we marry I may begin to feel dissatisfied because I haven't had a variety of premarital sexual experiences. I tell him I expect my needs for physical variety can be happily satisfied with the good sexual relationship we have and expect to have. Is that not so?—Miss J. M., Miami, Florida.

It is. Leonardo da Vinci observed that when he went to bed with his wife, he was going to bed with every woman in the world. Even lacking his great genius, you can bring the world to your side with honesty, imagination and love.

I'd like to recommend my girlfriend as Playmate of the Month. What's the procedure to be followed and what would be the rewards if she were selected?—S. R., Nashville, Tennessee.

First, send to our Picture Department (HMH Publishing Co. Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611) photographs of your girl, clearly showing her face and figure. We prefer color transparencies, but, if unavailable, snapshots will do. Naturally, nude photos are best, but bikini shots are also acceptable. If we find her as attractive as you do,

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we'll assign a professional photographer to do a comprehensive test shooting near her home, or we'll fly her to Chicago (where she'll be a guest at the Playboy Mansion) for test shots by a staff cameraman. If selected as a Playmate of the Month, the young lady will receive $2500 after all necessary photographs are completed and another $2500 when her pictures appear in the magazine. She will also be eligible for a Playmate Promotion Contract, which guarantees a minimum of $2500 for a two-year obligation. For finding this rare bird, you would receive a fee of $500 after the shootings have been completed.

It isn't that I don't like boys; I do. But I don't feel that going to bed is mandatory on the first date. I'm a sophomore in college and I admit it does seem a little corny to tell someone over and over, "I'm not that kind of girl." There must be some way to avoid being self-conscious about saying "Thanks for a wonderful evening" with affection, warmth and dignity. I'd be grateful if you could help me find it.—Miss E. C., Jacksonville, Florida.

It's called keeping your cool. Don't assume that your date's expecting anything more than the warmth and affection you're giving him. Unless he's still wet behind the ears, he'll be able to tell from your attitude that sexual overtures would be unwelcome. The moment you make assumptions about his assumptions, you can't help broadcasting the impression that you're expecting a pass —and he'll be happy to oblige. If it's back to your place and you don't want to encourage him, don't invite him in. Shake his hand or kiss him without passion. Tell him how much you enjoyed the evening—and vanish. Cutting it short is far better than fighting a delaying action.

My friend claims that the word fuck originated in the 15th Century, when a married couple needed permission from the king to procreate. Hence, *F*ornication *U*nder *C*onsent of the *K*ing. I maintain that it's an acronym of a law term used in the 1500s that referred to rape as *F*orced *U*nnatural *C*arnal *K*nowledge. Which is correct?—R. N., Los Angeles, California.

Neither. We can only guess at the derivation of this famous four-letter word, because its etymological history is shrouded in centuries of linguistic prudery. Similar words are found in many of the Indo-European languages (for example, Sanskrit ukshan *or* fukshan, *meaning bull, hence, impregnator; Greek* phuteuo; *Latin* futuere). *Anglo-Saxon (the mother language of English) has* fachan—*meaning to take or seize—and German (a sister language) has* ficken, *meaning to strike. Fuck is probably related to either or both of the last two. The meanings of these words, incidentally, indicate a somewhat primitive notion of relations between the sexes; but we shouldn't be too hard on our forebears, since the notion has survived right up to the present: Compare the modern slang phrase "to bang."*

I'm separated from my wife and in the process of obtaining a divorce, an action that will take several months to complete. Neither of us is considering the possibility of a reconciliation and we are looking forward to our new lives apart from each other. I would like your opinion as to how long I must wait to consider myself legally and ethically free to date other women.—P. V., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

There's no reason you can't date right now—just be honest about your current status with your new companions.

At a cocktail party given for a visiting uncle from California, the guest of honor told an anecdote, the point of which was a crude racial slur. A few of those present felt obliged to laugh; I personally was shocked and offended but said nothing, for fear of offending, in turn, the host and his guest. In retrospect, I feel that I was wrong to remain silent; on the other hand, I'm not sure what I should have said. Any suggestions?—H. W., Indianapolis, Indiana.

It's easiest to do nothing at times like this; but, unfortunately, bigotry thrives on silence and polite laughter. Next time, if you want to do something about it, simply tell the person—as courteously as you can—that you find racial slurs offensive. If you're lucky enough to be asked why, be prepared to tell him.

Twice in the past I have given my heart away, only to discover that the girls I loved pretended to return my feelings just to gain some advantage. I love the girl I'm now dating and she claims to love me—but how can I really tell?—R. H., New Orleans, Louisiana.

If you never find yourself doubting her love, that's one indication. If her actions fit her words, that's another. If she's as thoughtful in the minor things as she is in the major ones, that's a third. Above all else, observe how she treats other people—if it's obvious that she's conning them, be careful, she may also be conning you. Love, of course, requires both trust and faith—trust in your girl and faith in yourself.

I tend to be on the skinny side and, although it's probably only vanity, I'd like to add a few inches of muscle to my chest and shoulders and legs—improve my over-all physique. I do all right with the fair sex and no girl has complained about my thin biceps and slightly concave chest—this is strictly a personal thing. Would weight lifting help?—R. C., Olympia, Washington.

Weight lifting would probably do the trick, particularly if you concentrated on the "heavier" exercises—deep knee bends, bench presses, etc. It takes dedication, but working out three times a week at a local gym should add both weight and muscle. Not quite as effective but a lot more fun are swimming, handball and similar sports. No regimen helps much, though, unless you eat the right foods and get enough sleep. Also advisable is a physical checkup before you embark on muscle building.

Why are most gin bottles square-shaped?—K. G., Bronxville, New York.

In the early 18th Century, gin was a popular potable in England. It was available on draught and even sold from barrels in the streets. For more distant connoisseurs, it was shipped in square-sectioned wooden cases. As a convenience in packing, the bottles were also made square, with very short necks. Since then, the shape has become identified with the product.

A friend told me of an easy technique by which a woman can abort herself up to the sixth week of pregnancy. The method is to insert a foreign object (such as a sterilized rubber urine catheter) into the vagina and keep it there for a while. The presence of the object will introduce air into the uterus, causing it to contract and expel the embryo. Does this method work?—K. C., New York, New York.

The method you describe does not work and would be extremely dangerous if carried further. If merely placing a foreign object in the vagina were a sure-fire method of abortion, tampon stock would show a meteoric rise. Introducing a foreign object deep enough to reach the uterus is probably what your friend is talking about, but to do so would take the skill of a contortionist and the experience of a nurse. Also, there had better be a doctor handy, because of the ever-present dangers of infection (a sterilized catheter doesn't stay sterile long), uteral rupture or air embolism—all of which are possibly fatal. A woman would be foolish to endanger her life by attempting to abort herself this way.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

LINE OF DEMARCATION

According to a letter in the February *Playboy Forum*, Alameda County, California, has a law that forbids any woman to expose "any portion of either breast below a straight line so drawn that both nipples and all portions of both breasts which have a different pigmentation than that of the main portion of the breast are below such straight line."

I have two questions: Who gets to draw the line? What about girls with freckles?

Melva Cavanaugh
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I am shocked that my wife would violate the law in Alameda County, California, by exposing a "portion of either breast [having] a different pigmentation than that of the main portion of the breast," as cited by Robert A. Sturgess. This would happen if she were to wear almost any fashionable bathing suit, since she has a "differently pigmented" birthmark in that general area. As Sturgess said, it will take a semantics expert to enforce this law.

Lloyd H. Kopp
Lynnwood, Washington

THE LADIES ARE FOR BURNING

There are those who think it can't happen here. Well, recently a hearing was held before the Milwaukee common council's judiciary committee to consider broadening the censorship powers of the city's motion-picture commission, at present an advisory body. About 18 women showed up to demand movie censorship in Milwaukee. I was there, too—armed with facts from *Playboy Forums* that described the drop in sex crimes in Denmark since pornography was legalized there. I also talked about the University of Chicago's survey of psychiatrists and psychologists, showing that most of them saw no link between pornography and sex crimes and that people who crusade to suppress pornography are often fighting their own unresolved sexual problems. When I rose to speak, the response from the pro-censorship forces dramatically proved the latter assertion. The ladies responded, not with arguments of their own, but with boos, groans, jeers and catcalls, which virtually drowned me out.

Even more disturbing was the reaction when attorney Phillip Fox, speaking for the National Association of Theater Owners, gave his opinion. I'll quote the *Milwaukee Sentinel* on this, so you'll know I'm telling it like it is:

> Arguing against censorship, Fox said that "When Hitler decided to burn books, he burned movies and then he burned people."
>
> "Maybe we ought to have a little burning here," said Mrs. [Martha] Gressen, who was representing the home and school association of St. Stephen's Catholic School. . . . "Maybe it's better to burn them [movies] than to sell our souls to the Devil."

Phillip Dupor
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

PRURIENT INTEREST

The following article appeared in *The Dallas Times Herald*:

> Pornography can be an important tool in treating persons suffering from sexual impotence or frigidity, the president of the American Institute of Hypnosis says.
>
> "The emphasis today is that sexual stimulation is bad and that anything that caters to lustful feelings is bad," Dr. William Bryan, Jr., told the institute's convention. [Bryan is a Los Angeles doctor, specializing in treating impotence and frigidity.]
>
> "But if you don't have these kinds of feelings, you may be in a heck of a lot more trouble. If we're going to legislate against sexual arousal, maybe we're creating a land of frigid and impotent people."

Gerald Kettler
Dallas, Texas

EQUAL TIME FOR GOD

As your readers probably know, Max Rafferty, California's superintendent of public instruction, has ruled that all grade and high school classes that teach the theory of evolution must give equal time to the Bible's account of man's creation.

Now a letter has appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* pointing out that the Bible gives the value of pi, or the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, as exactly three. The author demands that all mathematics classes (which teach the "Godless" theory that

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pi is 3.14159265 . . . etc.) must give equal time to the Bible version.

I don't know if the author of that letter was a deluded fanatic or a master of the satirical put-on, but it probably doesn't matter, because in a state that puts a Max Rafferty in charge of education, the proposal just might be taken seriously.

Otto A. Steen
Bishop, California

LEARNING ABOUT SEX

My eight-year-old daughter loves to read and has the inquisitiveness typical of children that age. She has learned that books supply answers to many things she wonders about. Some weeks ago, she visited the local library with her father and returned with a book titled *How Babies Are Made*. I felt pretty small, a little ashamed and downright inadequate when I realized that I had not fulfilled my responsibilities for her education in the sexual area. In fact, I had dodged her questions.

I read the book to her and then we went through it again, page by page, allowing her to ask questions, which I answered without further evasions. I discovered that she had acquired a number of misconceptions and I was very glad to be able to correct these. Also, I saw that the book cleared up many of the fears that were created in her mind as a result of being left to figure things out for herself.

I recalled how I had gotten my own sex education—by delving into a medical book when my parents were away—and how (because the words were beyond my comprehension) I'd acquired some pretty weird ideas. I don't want this to happen to my children; and I felt very grateful to the people who, in *How Babies Are Made*, had published a book that youngsters can easily understand. The experience renewed my daughter's trust in me.

You can imagine my shock and amusement when I read Dr. Gordon V. Drake's attack on the filmstrip version of this book and the people who created it—that "pack of carnivorous sexologists," as he called them (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969). All I can say is that anyone impressed by Dr. Drake's charges that such sex-education materials are confusing and "animalistic" should read the book and decide for himself.

Mrs. James LaRose
Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

SEX-EDUCATION DANGERS

As a concerned father, I have a couple of questions about the effects of sex education. While I agree that most of the criticism of these programs is about as credible as a speech by Adolf Hitler, I'm still not convinced that learning the details of sex would be harmless to children. After all, we're not talking about mathematics or geography, which have

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

KINDEST CUT OF ALL

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA—*In the absence of any precedent or applicable law, Santa Clara police decided it came under the heading of good deed for the day to help a lady out of a chastity belt. The device, made with nylon, chains and three locks, had been installed by her husband just after their marriage three weeks earlier. When she discovered that her groom was not only the jealous type but was still legally married to another woman, she threw the rascal out of the house and he took the keys with him. The police freed her with a boltcutter.*

ABORTION DRUG

A single injection of a new drug has safely induced abortions in women up to five months after conception, according to the preliminary findings of medical-research teams in London and Stockholm. Working with a hormonelike chemical known as PG F² alfa, one of the prostaglandin family of drugs, the researchers have been able to terminate pregnancies in the first eight weeks without hospitalization or side effects other than normal menstrual bleeding. After that time and up to 20 weeks, the same drug and injection technique appeared to be equally safe, simple and effective under hospital conditions, but sometimes caused diarrhea and nausea. According to Lancet, *the British medical journal, a similar drug, E² alfa, may work as effectively and avoid even those side effects. Not only would such a drug avoid the risks entailed in minor surgery, the common method of abortion, but other experiments suggest that the PG family of chemicals may eventually prove useful in birth control, as agents for raising or lowering blood pressure and as a cure or preventive for stomach ulcers.*

ABORTION LEGALIZED

HONOLULU—*Hawaii has become the first state to remove virtually all restrictions on abortion, leaving it strictly a matter between a woman and her doctor. The law now requires only that the operation be performed by a licensed physician in a state-licensed hospital and that the woman be a resident of Hawaii for at least 90 days.*

FEAR AND THE PILL

Frightened by Senate hearings on the safety of birth-control pills, some ten percent of women using them will either quit all contraceptives or switch to less effective methods; and the result could be 100,000 unwanted pregnancies over a period of only two or three months. This alarming prediction—made at the time of the hearings by Dr. George Langmyhr, of Planned Parenthood, and Dr. Irvin M. Cushner, a noted Johns Hopkins gynecologist—may prove to have been conservative. Since then, a special Gallup Poll commissioned by Newsweek *indicates that over 1,500,000 women (18 percent) have quit the pill and another 23 percent may yet abandon it. After surveying a sample of doctors and clinics throughout the country,* The New York Times *finds the number of unwanted pregnancies already beginning to climb.*

Meanwhile, the Canadian Medical Association, endorsing the use of the pills, implicitly criticized the U. S. Senate for alarming women with testimony based on "inconclusive research studies."

CUSTOMS CURTAIN TORN

LOS ANGELES—*The Government has appealed a Federal Court ruling that would permit the importation of pornography. The U. S. Central District Court of California ruled that the import ban violates freedom of speech and press by denying a person books or pictures he may legally possess for private use—a right established by a Supreme Court ruling last year ("Forum Newsfront," July 1969). However, the law remains in effect pending the outcome of the appeal.*

RIOTS RE-EXAMINED

NEW YORK—*A detailed study of 17,000 arrests made during 39 civil disorders in American cities from 1964 through 1967 has confirmed that the reports of sniping were greatly exaggerated and that most of the deaths and injuries could be attributed to law-enforcement officials. In addition, it discovered that 40 percent of the persons arrested for shooting incidents were white. The study, conducted by Dr. Robert B. Hill, of the National Urban League, and Dr. Robert M. Fogelson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, further determined that most of the whites were "outside troublemakers," who were as likely as black arrestees to be unemployed and to have prior police records.*

YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES

FULTON COUNTY, GEORGIA—*The audience at a showing of Andy Warhol's "Lonesome Cowboys" came to see a picture, but they ended up being in pictures—taken by the local police. Stating that the photographs would be placed in their undesirables file and compared with those of known homosexuals, the police explained that members of the audience were probably "sex criminals." A Unitarian minister who was among the spectators is suing to have his photo*

removed from the file; he also asks that police raids on moviehouses be stopped where there has been no court trial determining that the film is obscene. The American Civil Liberties Union, backing the minister's case, added sharply that "The raid . . . was illegal and unconstitutional. The police intimidated and slandered persons exercising their First Amendment rights."

WALDEN TWO

LONDON—*An Englishman's home will once again be his castle—if a bill to ensure the right to privacy, introduced by Labor member of Parliament Brian Walden, is passed. The bill, in one simple clause, makes all forms of invasion of privacy statutory offenses—including phone tapping, bugging and every variety of credit snooping in which information is passed on to third parties not entitled to the original confidence. Said the London* Times: *"In the United States, Computer Data Banks of Information compile private records and confidential information about many millions of private citizens. The bill would prevent similar abuses developing in this country."*

DON'T SPOOK THE HERD

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS—*Randy Smith, 17, has filed an $80,000 damage suit against the school that suspended him for wearing his hair too long. Defending the school's action, school-board member John Goskusky contended that Smith represented a danger to the student body, because "his hair could cause a stampede in the halls and students stopping to look at him could be trampled."*

TEXAS SEX LAW VOIDED

DALLAS—*A three-judge Federal Court has voided the Texas sodomy law and permanently enjoined the Dallas County district attorney from further enforcement of the statute. The ruling grew out of a suit filed by a Dallas man convicted of sodomy, charging the police with harassment of homosexuals. Later, a married couple intervened in the complaint, claiming the original suit did not protect the interests of heterosexual spouses. The judges agreed, declaring the statute void for "unconstitutional overbreadth insofar as it reaches the private, consensual acts of married couples" and noted that while sodomy is "probably offensive to the vast majority . . . such opinion is not sufficient reason for the state to encroach upon the liberty of married persons in their private conduct." Since the original suit pertained to acts committed in public places, the court retained that case for later consideration.*

NEW CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*State superintendent of public instruction Max Rafferty, foe of Darwinism, sex education and other evils, is now organizing a children's crusade to fight crime and drugs. The youngsters will be recruited into a state-wide "I'm a Helper" club, an organization reminiscent of the Post Toasties Junior G-Men, in which they will learn the dangers of marijuana, narcotics, vandalism, shoplifting and the bad life in general. Fifth and sixth graders will be enlisted first, then trained to teach smaller fry from the first grade on up.*

THE MONKEY AND MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—*The state legislature has thwarted a movement by some of its members to repeal a 43-year-old "Scopes" law, which prohibits the teaching of evolution. One opponent of the repeal bill claimed it would "make a monkey out of my Creator"; and another shouted, "We need all the divine help we can get."*

A week later, a chancery-court judge ruled that the law does not prohibit teaching evolution as a theory but only as fact; which leaves Mississippi the last state with an anti-evolution law, although California now requires its grade school and high school teachers to give equal weight to the Bible.

BOOZING BOLSHEVIKS

MOSCOW—*Drunkenness has become a national problem in Soviet Russia—to such an extent that harsh new laws have been proposed and government spokesmen have admitted that Friedrich Engels erred in asserting that alcoholism was "a disease of capitalism" which socialism would cure. Fifty-three years after the Bolshevik Revolution, Russia still has an estimated 10,000,000 heavy drinkers; and soused Soviets are blamed for 60 percent of all murders and rapes and 90 percent of all "hooliganism." Officials also estimate that 90 percent of those who miss work or come in late are suffering from the effects of Demon Vodka. As a result, anti-alcohol commercials now appear regularly on Russian TV, Deputy Interior Minister Boris Shumilin has urged a comprehensive nationwide attack on the problem and one newspaper,* Literaturnaya Gazeta, *has even proposed that alcoholics be sterilized.*

PENALTY OR PROVOCATION?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*In some cases, the death penalty may incite a capital crime rather than deter it, declares the American Psychiatric Association. As a friend of the court in the appeal of a rapist sentenced to death, the association filed a brief stating that the very existence of the death penalty may be subconsciously enticing to certain individuals with suicidal tendencies and to those "to whom the lure of danger has a strong appeal."*

no heavy emotional freight, but about imparting information concerning what may be the most influential factor affecting a child's emotions and actions.

I know that many children have a natural curiosity about their own bodies and those of others, which leads them to engage in surreptitious sexual play. I did this as a nine-year-old boy, but my playmates and I confined our activities to looking and touching because we knew nothing about the mechanics of sexual intercourse. I feel that, had I known how intercourse was performed, I might have attempted it during sexplay.

Does PLAYBOY think that if the mechanics of sex were taught to children in the preteenage group, they would be likely to attempt sexual intercourse? If they did, would such an attempt, successful or not, result in psychological harm, which would be an obstacle to normal sexual behavior in adult life?

Michael Murphy
Los Angeles, California

We refer you to our April "Playboy Interview" in which Dr. Mary Calderone states: "It's ignorance that most often leads to experimentation. Kids have known the hazards all along—in fact, that's practically all they've known; and it hasn't deterred them in the past. I think teaching the truth about sex—the hazards, the pleasures and the responsibilities—allays many of the children's anxieties, which are another impetus for experimentation." As to the effect of such activity, whether or not it includes attempted intercourse, much depends on the psychological make-up of the individual child. However, children are often seriously upset by sexplay because ignorance or half knowledge gives them distorted ideas of its possible meanings or consequences. Since some preteenage sex experience is likely in any case, it would seem that the best way to safeguard the child's emotional development is to make sure that his attitude toward sex is an informed, enlightened one.

SEX-EDUCATION SURVEY

I have read with interest the continuing discussion of sex education in *The Playboy Forum* and I think that some expression from those most intimately involved—the students—might be in order. Three of us surveyed our high school on this subject last year and 793 students, representing 95 percent of the students present that day, responded. Here are some of the questions and results:

• To the question "Is the present system of sex education in the home adequate?," 28 percent of the students said yes; but more than twice that number, 57 percent, said no; and 15 percent gave no answer.

• To the question "Should human sexuality be taught in the school?," 78 percent answered yes; 16 percent, no; and

6 percent gave no answer.

• To the question "Do you generally trust your teachers to give you correct information?," 74 percent replied yes; 12 percent, no; and 14 percent gave no answer.

• To the question "What was the major source of your sexual education?," the highest proportion, 28 percent, listed friends; 27 percent were uncertain or had no answer; 18 percent listed their parents; 9 percent, books given to them by parents; 8 percent, books not given to them by parents; 7 percent, miscellaneous sources; and 3 percent listed school. (There is no sex education in our school at present.)

In short, over half the students found home sex education inadequate and more than three fourths wanted the school to fill the gap. Since this survey expresses student attitudes from a fairly typical high school, the results should be considered by those debating the issue.

Michael Spencer
Burnt Hills-Ballston Lake High School
Burnt Hills, New York

REDS AND BEDS

As an editorial assistant with a leading medical journal, I have read many letters from opponents of sex education. They claim it is a Communist plot to destroy the moral fiber of American youth, that children are presented with material that is beyond their ability to absorb, that the spiritual and moral aspects of sexuality are disregarded and that the parents' right to teach their own beliefs to their children is threatened by public school sex instruction. I wish to rebut these arguments.

It is improbable that sex education is a Communist invention. The Communists themselves have puritanical attitudes about sex and tend to regard sex education as a capitalist plot. Furthermore, proper sex education need not weaken children's morality; denial of it, however, may do so by creating confusion and ignorance. The children may become afraid to ask adults about sexual matters. Then, turning to other children for information, they may collect only myths and superstitions. Sex-education opponents fear that correct information may lead to antisocial behavior, but the truth is that *misinformation* is far more dangerous. If we consistently act on the theory that ignorance is safer than knowledge, then we should ban chemistry classes (to prevent students from learning to synthesize LSD at home) and, ultimately, all other sciences, as well.

We trust intelligent educators to know which material is appropriate for specific stages in a child's development. Just as professional educators would not be so incompetent as to burden a pupil who hasn't yet mastered multiplication with calculus, neither would they present sexual information to a child when he is not prepared to deal with it.

As for the spiritual and moral aspects of sexuality, these should be taught at home and in church; it is not the public school's concern. I would certainly protest if a teacher gave my child his opinion of proper sexual conduct. Conversely, the parents' right to teach such values to their children is not threatened in any way by a school program designed to teach basic facts rationally and unemotionally, which is usually impossible in the parent-child relationship. A division of the labor—allowing the school to present facts, and parents, moral judgments—is workable and desirable.

Mary S. Teetor
Chicago, Illinois

LONG HAIR

On my first day of high school this year, I was approached in the hall by the principal and told to have my hair cut. I explained that I am a member of a musical group aspiring to professional status. But that made no difference: The principal said the rules were decided upon a year ago by a fair vote of 20 student-council members. Apparently, an invasion of personal liberty is perfectly OK as long as it's approved by a majority through some legalistic process. The way American schools try to enforce conformity reminds me of communism.

Reed Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah

I must laugh whenever I think of the "problem" that educators are having with students wearing their hair long, growing beards and wearing "unacceptable" clothing. The problem exists only in the educators' minds. If these short-sighted and power-hungry people would consider the situation objectively, they would see that their job is to teach, not to impose their own sartorial preferences on those of a different generation.

Here at Seminole Junior College, there is no problem. The faculty teaches, the students learn, and nobody is ever told to "Get that hair cut" or "Shave that beard." The results are a better relationship between administration and students and a more conducive atmosphere for study.

If other colleges had equal respect for individuality, there would be less discontent on campuses today.

Jim Buckler
Seminole Junior College
Sanford, Florida

MAKING SENSE OUT OF NONSENSE

Outside of survival itself, man's greatest need, in each generation, is to cast off the conventional clichés about life, which he is taught as he grows up. Life, as lived in the 20th Century, is nonsense—just as Franz Kafka and André Breton so brilliantly described it—and we have to make sense out of it.

Trying to use the establishment's concepts to cure the ills of our society is like trying to use Band-Aids to alleviate a malignancy. We need new definitions of words such as love, hate, good, evil, real, unreal, male and female. Love, as portrayed in establishment terms, takes place between an impotent young man, imbued with the naïve ideals of a Tom Swift or a Frank Merriwell, and a frigid young woman, equipped with false hair, false eyelashes, false bosom and false soul. And, absurd as the orthodox notion of love may be, the idea of courage, as it is taught the young by our so-called authorities, is even more so. A man who, at the risk of being condemned by both his family and the community, stands up for peace is called yellow; and a man who, through fear of what people may say or do, is ready to follow orders and perform the most dreadful atrocities is publicly acclaimed a hero.

Clyde Martin
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

BORING FROM WITHIN

George Bernard Shaw said: "Any person under the age of 30, who, having any knowledge of the existing social order, is not a revolutionist, is an inferior." We who are under 30 are soon to inherit an ideal encompassed in a geographical boundary—democracy in the United States. Our parents and predecessors have made a mess of the ideal and the country. The problem for us is how to get power and use it to change our individual worlds and the world in general.

Most of those protesting the present situation live a style of life deliberately opposite to that of the establishment. This is picturesque, but not very effective. People with beards, beads, flowers and grubby clothes look to establishmentarians like troublesome Indians to be rounded up and put on reservations.

The idealists of my generation should play the game by the power-structure's rules until they are in a position to play by their own rules. They should plot their course as guided by their conscience, get Brooks Brothers suits and ties or Peck & Peck dresses, then pass Go, collect 200 dollars and begin the game. They can start in local government, be aspiring young bureaucrats. When they eventually get high enough, they can throw off the chains and get to work remaking society.

The turning point in my own education was when I was tossed out of prep school with the parting words, "If you don't like something, change it—if you can't change it, leave." There are other countries, newer ones, where a person might be able to live a life of freedom. But it would be great to be proud to be an American again and to live in an

Two more shots for the cause.

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"I'm with him."

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atmosphere of constructive enthusiasm with the same ethics, simplicity, high-mindedness, practicality and purpose of our forefathers.

Richard F. Koppe, Jr.
APO San Francisco, California

ANARCHISTS AND WAFFLERS

Kevin McCool seems to be caught up in the eternal, bourgeois liberal hang-up—a morbid fear of violence; and it is ridiculous of him to assert that all anarchists share this orientation (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Actually, because anarchism is, as McCool says, subjectivistic and individualistic, it follows that each anarchist defines for himself what tactics he will use. Thus, there are both revolutionary anarchists, such as Sacco and Vanzetti, and impotent academic wafflers, such as Kevin McCool.

John Jear
Montreal, Quebec

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

There seems to be a program afoot these days to convince us that questioning the regime in power in Washington is unpatriotic. The answer to this nonsense was succinctly stated by the great libertarian philosopher Stephen T. Byington, who wrote: "It can never be unpatriotic to take your country's side against your government. It must always be unpatriotic to take your government's side against your country."

Joseph Wyatt
Taos, New Mexico

SILENT MAJORITY

Somebody should tell Richard Nixon that Hitler had a "silent majority," too.

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

WHITE PARENTS, BLACK CHILD

James Pinkney criticized a Michigan court for denying a white couple parental custody of an apparently black child (*The Playboy Forum*, January). Shortly before your January issue appeared on the newsstands, the Michigan Court of Appeals reversed the trial court's decision on this case and granted the couple permanent custody of the child. The only factor considered by the appeals court was the child's best interest; the races of the parents and child were not even mentioned in the opinion.

While our system of law is far from perfect, it does provide for correction of its own errors, as this case illustrates.

James Edward Sheridan
Research Attorney
State of Michigan
Court of Appeals
Lansing, Michigan

WHO WILL BE NEXT?

John Coleman, 32, is a well-known leader in the black community of Flint, Michigan, and an employee of the Citizens Administration Advisory Service, a local Ombudsman project. He is also a leader of the Brougham Club, which defines itself as a service organization in the ghetto but is seen by law-enforcement agencies as the most visible militant black organization in Flint.

One Monday, at 7:10 A.M., there was a knock on the Coleman door. A boarder answered, thinking his ride to work had arrived. Six white men entered the house, brushing the boarder aside; two of them were Flint policemen—who, according to Coleman, had drawn guns, though the police have denied this—and the four others were later identified as Federal agents. They went upstairs to the room where John Coleman was sleeping with his nine-year-old son, woke him and announced they had a warrant for his arrest on a technical gun charge. Coleman told them where the two pistols in question were kept; at no time did he withhold information or resist arrest. After he informed the officers that one pistol was in his mother's room, they went there, but she asked them not to come in for a moment, as she wasn't dressed. They entered anyway, saying, "We're not coming to look at you." When she asked them for a search warrant, none was produced.

Meanwhile, Coleman was handcuffed and one officer pushed him roughly about, although he told them, "I'd be a fool to resist arrest." After the guns were found, where Coleman said they would be, the officers, still without showing a search warrant or explaining what they were looking for, continued to ransack the house. Coleman's primary concern throughout was to calm his hysterical mother. After arrest and booking, he was released on a technical bond.

John Coleman obtained the first of the two pistols after receiving a personal OK from the Flint chief of police. (The chief has admitted before six witnesses that this took place.) John had taken this action because he had been arrested and convicted (although he had served no prison time) eight years earlier. Under Michigan law, it was legal after the eight-year lapse for him to obtain the pistol. When John bought the second pistol, he filled out a routine application with the police. It now appears that, although this was lawful under Michigan statutes, it violated a Federal law.

Many blacks believe there is a national conspiracy to carry out political repression of any black known as a so-called militant. John attempted to comply with the law and the charge against him is ambiguous and very technical. The procedure used in his arrest was provocative, abrasive and carried out at gunpoint when the family was asleep. With the surprise and confusion, and the dread many blacks have of white policemen, one of the family might easily have made a move that could have been construed as resistance or threat—and so, another shoot-out, with the blacks telling one story and the white police telling another. Perhaps this was prevented only because John Coleman is a very calm person under pressure.

If the Flint community (and the citizens of the United States) allows arrests to be made in this manner, what controversial person, black or white, will be next?

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf
Interfaith Action Council of
Greater Flint
Flint, Michigan

CANNABIS CONSERVATISM

In the February *Forum Newsfront*, you reported that 85.2 percent of physicians polled opposed the unrestricted sale of marijuana and quoted Dr. Donald Hastings as attributing this to physicians' opposition to all things manifesting nonconformity. Admittedly, physicians do tend to be conservative—because most of us have been burned more than once. The FDA carefully tests drugs and licenses them only after prolonged testing; yet, many serious side effects appear only after drugs are in general use for a period of years—birth-control pills, chloramphenicol and Thalidomide are examples.

We are paying a very high price for nonprescription drugs that are already legal. We are willing to tolerate some 25,000 deaths a year for the privilege of driving while drunk and smoking is responsible for at least 300,000 premature deaths every year. We should remember that 20 years of moderate-to-heavy smoking was required for lung cancer and heart disease to begin to increase and another 20 years was needed to gather statistical data to prove a relationship. We simply don't know whether marijuana is more or less dangerous than alcohol or tobacco. Instead of legalizing another chemical to help us tolerate the world, we need to do a great deal of unbiased research, both to study this particular chemical and to study why we humans need such crutches at all.

John E. Downing, M. D.
Orange Park, Florida

Certainly, harmful effects of marijuana might be uncovered by scientific studies as yet unperformed; only a man who claims the ability to foresee the future could deny that statement. Obviously, too, doctors have a right and a duty to be skeptical. For these reasons, a survey asking about "unrestricted sale of marijuana" could be expected to find the overwhelming majority of M.D.s in opposition to such a proposal.

PLAYBOY *has never urged the unrestricted sale of marijuana—but there is a large area of intelligent compromise between that ultrahippie position and our present barbaric pot laws. One such rational path, we feel, has been predicted by Boston attorney Joseph Oteri.*

{A day of poor eating is a day wasted.}



This is a table in an ordinary suburban eating place such as you find in most Swiss towns. If you ever happen by, please order geschnetzeltes Kalbfleisch mit Rösti *(snippets of veal with roast potatoes, in case you're curious). And best regards from Swissair.*

And then there's another reason for flying (by Swissair) to Switzerland.

THE FOOD. We aren't presumptuous enough to say Swiss food is better than the grande cuisine of France, more amusing than Spanish or Italian specialities. There are more splendid steaks in America, finer fish in Scandinavia, fresher caviar in Russia.

Beside these pleasures of the palate, Swiss fondue and Swiss roast potatoes with veal snippets (the two most popular local standbys) seem rather unpretentious.

Only that's not the problem.

We're not talking now about the supreme achievements of gastronomy; we're praising the average run. Every-day Swiss cooking.

You emerge from a Swiss railway station (always supposing you haven't already been caught by the station buffet). Go straight ahead, then left—and you'll find yourself outside a Restaurant Commerce, Schweizerhof, Touring, or Terminus. Drive into a village with a couple of hundred population; where you see the parked cars you're sure also to find a Bear, a Croix blanche, a Cavallino, or a Key.

Walk in.

The place may be a bit smoky, the panelling may show its age, and the tablecloth has been mended with a sewing-machine. But you can be practically sure of getting a well washed salad, tender vegetables, and excellent meat. The sausage is from the village butcher, the eggs were laid not too long ago, the herbs may even grow behind the inn. And if you're not sure what to eat, ask what your host himself prefers. And what wine he drinks with it.

After all, one can't go on eating *caneton a l'orange* or *quenelles de brochet* forever, any more than one cares to sit down every day in the Grand Hotel or the Palace with napery, silver, and crystal.

In this respect, take our word for it, Switzerland is incomparable, and on the inexpensive side to boot. There aren't many countries in the world where you can eat so well and so agreeably in village inns and small-town restaurants.

But of course if this is too low-key for you, we can come on strong with three-star suggestions. One might be Swissair itself; for instance this menu shows what's set before you in the First Class on one of our long hops.

Bon appétit!

APERITIF
Cocktail

HORS D'ŒUVRE RICHE SUR VOITURE
Selected Hors d'Oeuvres

CONSOMME CELESTINE
Clear Soup with Sliced Pancakes

CREME PORTUGAISE
Tomato Cream Soup

CHATEAUBRIAND
Double Tenderloin of Beef

STEAK DE VEAU MAHRAHANI
Veal Steak in Curry Sauce

POMMES DUCHESSE
Squeezed Potatoes

RIZ PILAW
Pilaw Rice

CHOIX DE LEGUMES
Choice of Vegetables

SALADE DE SAISON
Salad in Season

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING

BOMBE MOSCOVITE
Ice Cream Mould

ASSORTIMENT DE FROMAGES
BISCOTTES SALEES
Cheese-Tray and Crackers

CORBEILLE DE FRUITS
Assorted Fruit

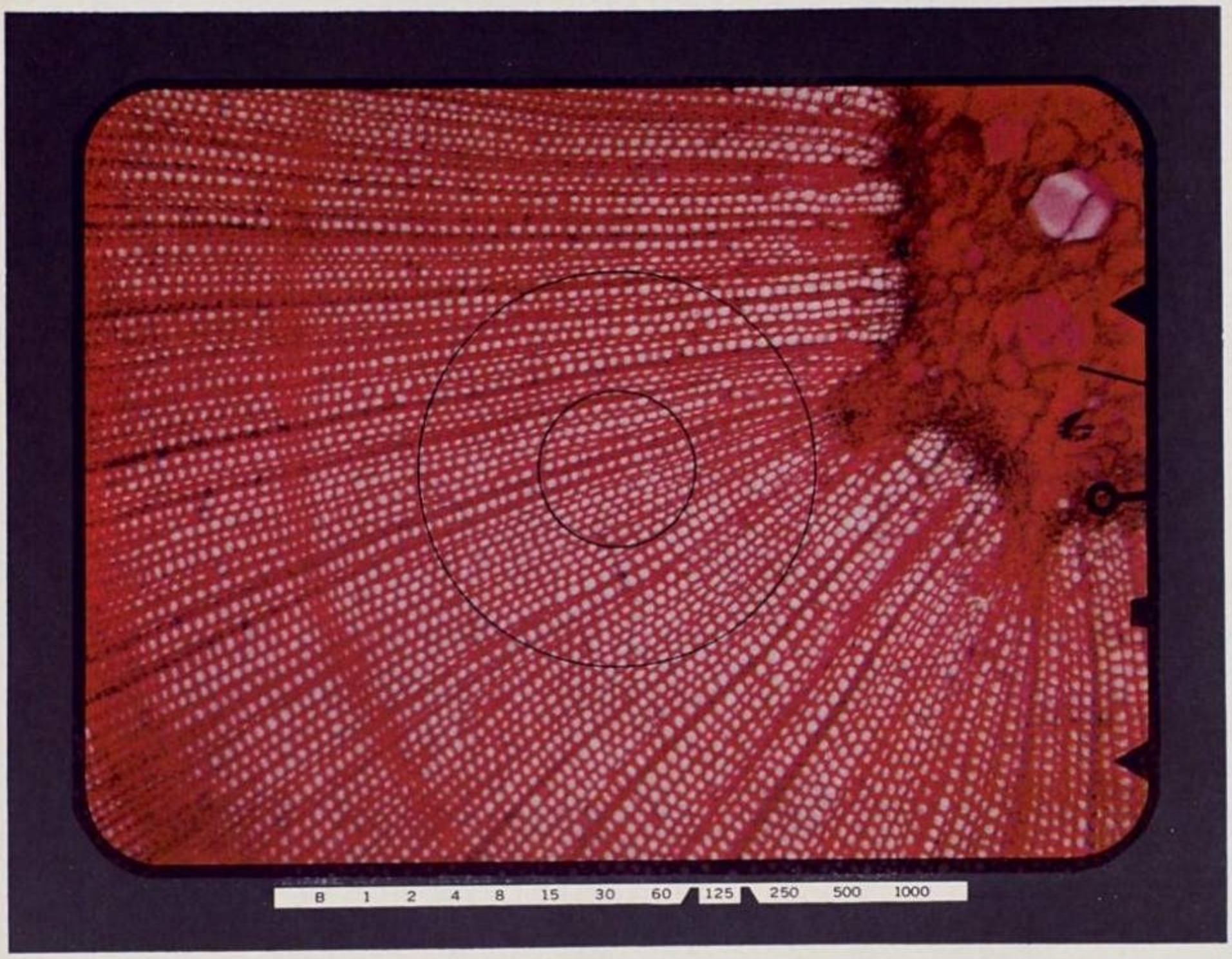
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PRALINES
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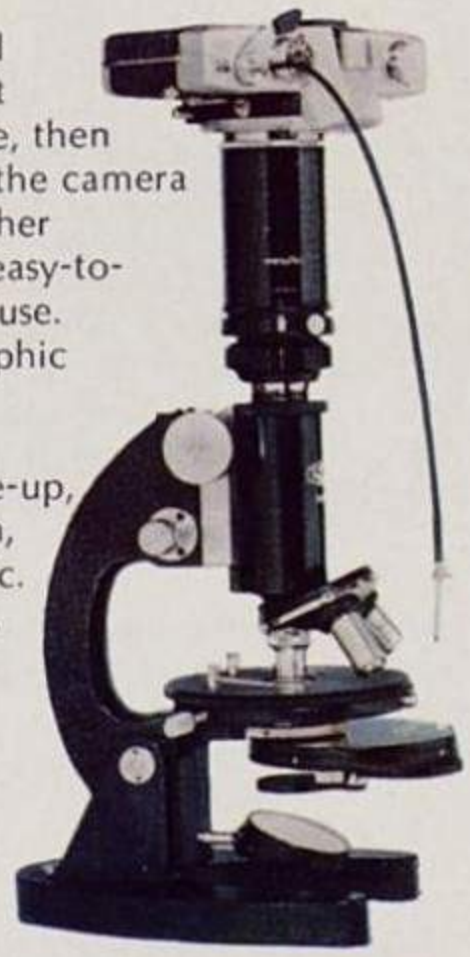
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According to his view, in the future, the large dealer would be punished, but the user and the small dealer (usually a college student who buys a few ounces and sells some to a friend) will not be punished. If medical considerations were actually paramount in Washington, we assume that this is what would be done; for, where medical dangers are proved to exist in a given drug—for instance, Thalidomide—it is generally the manufacturer, not the user, who is legally vulnerable. The fact that marijuana (where no dangers have yet been proved) is treated in a vastly different manner (with sentences for use going as high as 99 years, and proposed "control" bills allowing the police to break into a person's house without knocking) leads us to suspect that not scientific caution but prejudice, fear and inertia hold back our legislators.

MARIJUANA MYTHOLOGY

A friend showed me a clipping from a tabloid newspaper stating that marijuana cures cancer. Even a source was given: Dr. James H. Kostinger, director of research for the Pittsburgh Academy of Forensic Medicine, who has been conducting studies on pot and cancer for four years.

Would PLAYBOY please check this out and let us know if it's true?

(Name withheld by request)
Springfield, Ohio

Sorry to destroy any hopes you may have, but there is no "Pittsburgh Academy of Forensic Medicine"; nor has any medical school or academy of medicine in Pittsburgh heard of a Dr. James H. Kostinger.

After 30 years of anti-pot mythology in the sensational press, it was inevitable that some pro-pot mythology would eventually appear in such publications.

THE GRASS CARP

I drank water before I ever tasted Coke, and then—*zowie!*

Coke hit the spot until I got my first taste of whiskey. *Wow! Pow!*

No matter how many favorable testimonials you publish, I'll never take the first drag on one of them grass cigarettes. I have no desire to spend the rest of my life as a helpless heroin addict.

Grok?

Jim Moran
New York, New York

Jim Moran is a publicist and public figure who has dyed a cow purple, painted a dozen owls red, served a 136-course dinner, found a needle in a haystack, frequently appears on TV talk shows, is the author of "Why Men Shouldn't Marry" and, clearly, has no need of grass.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE

I would like to inform the person whose letter about compulsory chapel services at West Point appeared in the February *Playboy Forum* that the efforts



of all military institutions are aimed at instilling discipline in the students. The mere thought that consideration for the individual should be placed above overall military objectives is utterly revolting. West Point is not a religious institution; the regimented attendance at chapel services has a disciplinary purpose, not an ecclesiastical one.

During my 26 years in the Service, in both enlisted and commissioned ranks, I respected strict discipline and those who lived by it. The individual does not exist until after the mission has been accomplished. Were that principle not observed, our Armed Forces would be disorganized mobs.

Major A. B. Hale, Jr.,
U. S. A. F. (Ret.)
Edwards, California

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

With respect to mandatory chapel services, the Air Force Academy's policies are similar to those described by a West Point cadet in the February *Playboy Forum*. Though regulations may have changed somewhat at the academy since I graduated in 1965, at that time, chapel was required for freshmen, sophomores and juniors.

I had registered as a Roman Catholic when I entered, but during my junior year, I decided that I wanted to alternate between Catholic and Protestant services. I was told there was no procedure permitting rotation; one joined a chapel unit on a permanent basis and roll call was taken before services. I decided to bring the matter to a head by requesting permission to drop chapel services entirely.

After I wrote to the commanding general, some time passed, during which my officer supervisor wrote to my family about what I had done. Finally, I received word that I was to answer phone calls during services. For the rest of my junior year, I baby-sat with a telephone in the empty social center and read the Sunday paper. The phone never rang except when I was being checked on. I've often wondered what would have happened if others had also requested such releases; after all, there were only so many phones at the academy.

I've never understood why chapel services should be mandatory for the cadets at any of the Service academies.

Capt. Dennis E. Valentine
Belleville, Illinois

The American Civil Liberties Union has filed a complaint in Federal Court stating that mandatory attendance at religious services, as required at West Point, Annapolis and Colorado Springs, violates the First Amendment's prohibition against establishment of religion and interferes with religious freedom. The suit was filed for seven Naval Academy midshipmen and a West Point cadet. Previously, the A. C. L. U. had tried for a year to persuade the Armed Forces to change their regulations. Now, they seek judicial action to stop the three academies from forcing cadets and midshipmen, under threat of stringent penalties, to attend religious services.

MILITARY JUSTICE

My law office is representing 20 Marines at the Camp Pendleton, California, installation. On November 12, 1969, after not having received what I considered proper handling of one of my cases at Camp Pendleton, I had a motion to dismiss served directly on the commanding general. An immediate flurry of corrective action ensued. This means that it *is* possible to correct justifiable grievances by bringing them to the direct attention of higher military authorities. Though there is much need for improvement in the area of military justice and administration, not only at Camp Pendleton but elsewhere, the fact is that only in the U. S. could a civilian attorney achieve direct access to, and immediate action from, a prestigious military figure such as the commanding general at Camp Pendleton. This experience has reaffirmed my faith in the workability of the Constitution.

I believe the changes made in the *Manual for Courts-Martial*, which became effective in August 1969, partially remedied several of the evils in the military-justice system. However, I find that many career officers remain wholly committed to their old solutions, especially in conflicts concerning individual rights versus Government and police authorities. The Warren Court vastly expanded the definition of individual rights in the areas covered by the Fourth Amendment (freedom from unreasonable search and seizure) and Fifth Amendment (right not to incriminate oneself). The new *Manual for Courts-Martial* embodies the broadened interpretation of these rights, but, in practice, they are not always protected at military trials. These rights will be recognized only when military leaders at every level are required to guarantee that the Serviceman accused as a criminal has every privilege granted to his civilian counterpart.

The new, widely publicized Serviceman's right to bail exists only after conviction. Pretrial confinement continues to be a problem in the military. In some cases, an accused man can be held in pretrial confinement for several months with no recourse available to him or his attorney, though such a person would be entirely bailable were he held by civilian authorities.

We have also been involved in two trials by Navy courts-martial, which indicate the second-class citizenship of accused Servicemen. In one, the sailor's right to protection under the Fourth and Fifth amendments was seriously violated. The numerous legal authorities cited to prove this were ignored by the military judge and the man was found guilty. The court's attitude appeared to admit the expanded rights of the individual against those who act as police officers, but was equally determined that the Navy would do as it pleased regardless. In the other case, we presented uncontroverted evidence that a 20-year-old sailor had undergone brutality, humiliation and harassment from his military superiors on board a U. S. Navy vessel. This young man was sentenced to three months' confinement at hard labor because (having been rebuffed by an officer when he tried to report what was going on) he went A. W. O. L. after bearing such treatment as long as he could.

Military lawyers are often assigned as prosecutors one day and as defense attorneys the next. This can only have a detrimental effect on their interest in their work and in the vigor with which they prepare and try their cases. Military lawyers should be assigned to one side of the fence or the other for some reasonable period of time.

A continuing effort on the part of military judges and lawyers, as well as civilian members of the bar who handle military cases, to achieve greater recognition of the constitutional rights of Servicemen will eventually result in military justice that is more truly just.

Michael E. Somers
Attorney at Law
Santa Monica, California

ADULTERY AND INSECURITY

Mrs. Judy Poole seems to feel there must be something wrong with a marriage if a husband engages in extramarital affairs (*The Playboy Forum*, February). She and others who share her belief fail to understand that there are men (and women) in whom the desire for new sexual experiences is so strong that they will risk everything, including the destruction of a happy marriage, to satisfy these desires. It is entirely possible for a husband to have an affair and still be deeply in love with his wife.

How a wife reacts when she learns of her husband's infidelity depends, of course, on her emotional stability. Obviously, a woman who is well adjusted and has a healthy ego can better cope with this problem than can an insecure female. For the wife with an inferiority complex, no amount of reassurance by her husband that she is the only one he loves, that she is a wonderful wife, mother, bed partner and companion will compensate for the loss of self-esteem she may suffer. Such a woman may turn to another man for assurance that she is still desirable and has nothing wrong with her. Another woman, one who is hurt and angered by her husband's infidelity, may spitefully embark on an

(continued on page 235)



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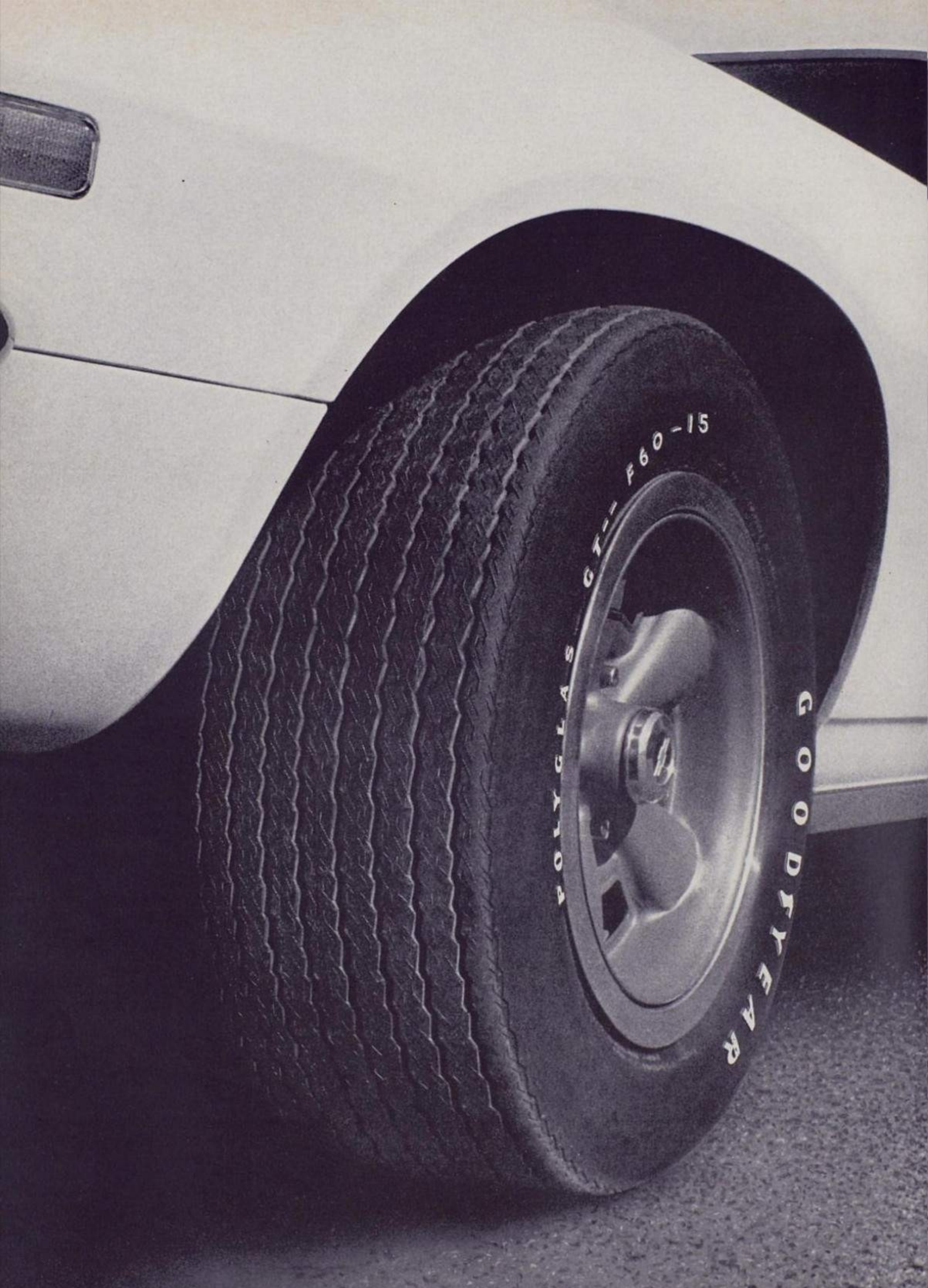
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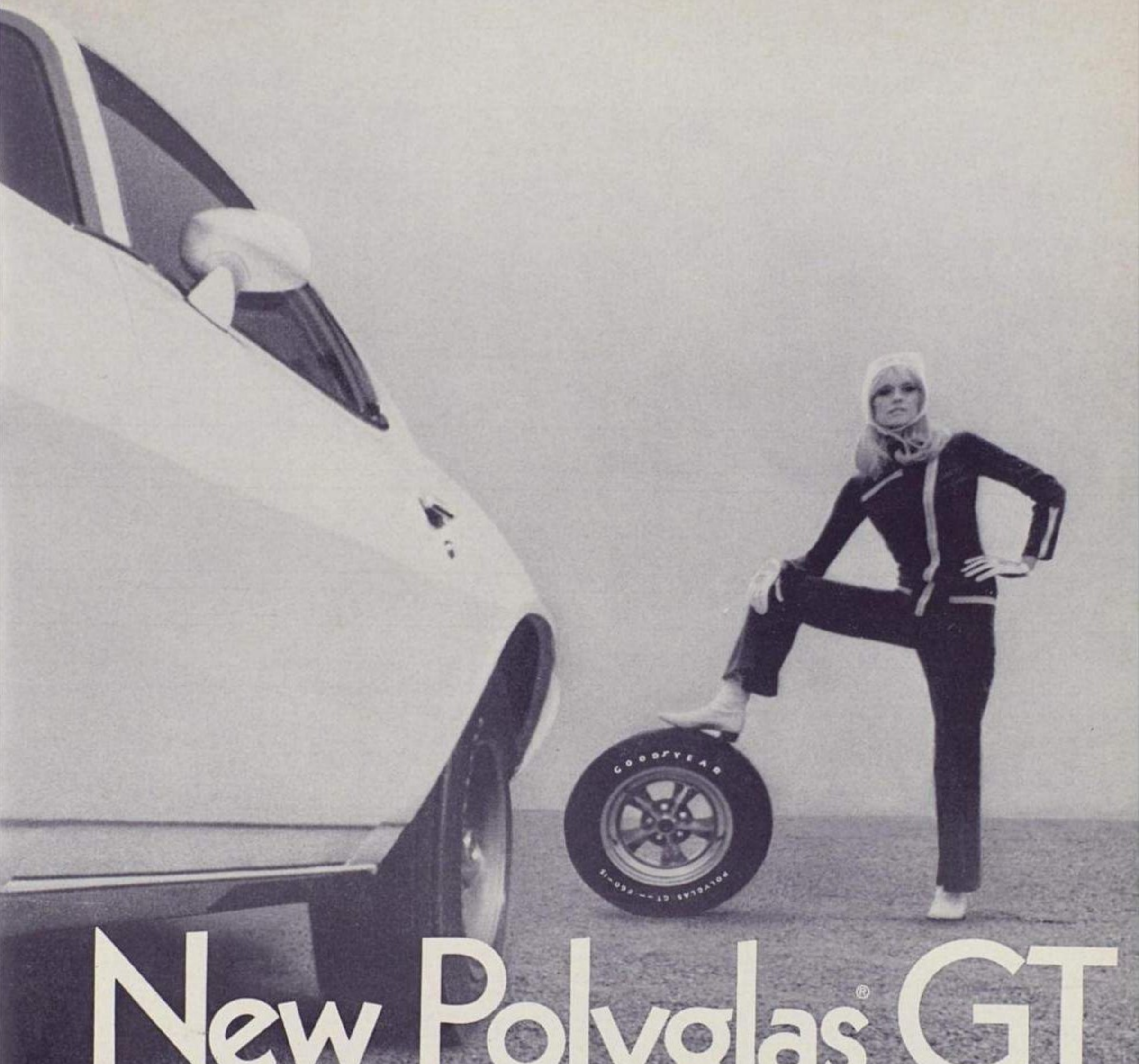
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GOODYEAR

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

a candid conversation with the acidulous columnist, polemicist, editor and articulate exemplar of conservatism

"Hello, my learned friend. How goes the empire?" Recently returned from a fact-finding trip to Vietnam and in the midst of one of the several speaking tours he makes each year to spread the conservative word, William F. Buckley, Jr., is on the long-distance line with Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's top foreign-policy advisor. The call is chatty, but Buckley assures him—by way of preamble to a debriefing session that will take place later in Washington—that "all the indices are good" over in Saigon. "As usual," he adds, "I think I've found the keys to the universe."

"As usual" is right. When he was six years old, Buckley wrote the king of England that it was high time for that country to get serious about repaying its World War One debt. At prep school, he crashed a faculty meeting to denounce a teacher for refusing to allow him to express his political views in class. And within 48 hours of his arrival at a San Antonio Army base in 1946, he had written the commanding general that the post was mismanaged. An intermediary intercepted that letter—one of the few times cooler heads have prevented Buckley from expressing himself. "To the extent that one has confidence in one's intuitions," Buckley told an interviewer some years ago, "one wants to share them. I have great confidence in mine." During the past two decades, he has used every propaganda device except the teach-in to broadcast those intuitions and, in so doing, has found himself characterized as "an unprincipled, egocentric intellectual exhibitionist," "the most dangerous undergraduate Yale has seen in years" and "an urbane front man for the most primitive and vicious emotions in the land." But Buckley has also been called "a true liberal in the old, traditional sense of the word," "a brilliant journalist" and—by his friend John Kenneth Galbraith—"the only reactionary I ever met with a sense of humor." In an insightful essay, "God's Right Hand," for last May's PLAYBOY, *George F. Gilder captured the prevalent Middle American attitude toward his subject: "'He's so brilliant he frightens me,'" an unidentified middle-aged woman gushed. "'But I love it.'"*

The man and the political philosophy responsible for these heated judgments grew and flourished in the patrician, intellectually competitive atmosphere of the family estate in rural Connecticut. Buckley is the sixth of ten children of a Texas-born lawyer-turned-millionaire-oilman who studiously inculcated in his children the rightness of Catholicism, yesterday's America, the free-enterprise system and the rugged, individualistic pursuit of excellence—faiths that none of them is known ever to have questioned, let alone abandoned. Two measures of William, Jr.'s success as his father's son are that he earned the sobriquet "the young mahster" from his siblings, and that his father was constrained to admonish Bill when he was 15 to "learn to be more moderate in the expression of your views and try to express them in a way that would give as little offense as possible to your friends."

Buckley got his first big chance to give real offense at Yale, which he entered after his Army service. There he learned how to fly, was tapped for the best clubs and accepted—while still an undergraduate—as a faculty member in the Spanish department. But all this was peripheral to his polemics: As a debater and chairman of the Yale Daily News, *he gave notice that at least one member of the Fifties' Silent Generation wasn't going to be. In 1951, the year after his graduation, Buckley leaped from the status of local irritant to national notoriety as the bête noire of liberal education with "God and Man at Yale"—a book that anticipated, in spades, the faculty critiques that so many of today's militant student bodies produce for themselves. Buttressed with quotes from lectures and assigned texts, and predicated on Buckley's own inimitable definition of academic freedom, the book accused Yale's departments of religion and economics, especially, of promoting both atheism and collectivism. "God and Man" drew fire: "As a believer in God, a Republican and a Yale graduate," McGeorge Bundy wrote when it was published, "I find that the book is dishonest in its use of facts, false in its theory and a discredit to its author."*

But the deepest and most bitter liberal animosity toward Buckley dates from the appearance of "McCarthy and His Enemies," which Buckley and his brother-in-law L. Brent Bozell wrote in 1954. The two writers acknowledged some of the



"Nobody would have thought twice about My Lai if there had been a machine-gun nest there and we had plastered the village from the air, resulting in an identical loss of life."



"Martin Luther King's attempt to sanctify civil disobedience is at least one of his legacies; if it emerges as his principal legacy, then he should certainly be remembered as a bad historical force."



"I have discovered a new sensual treat, which the readers of PLAYBOY *should be the first to know about. It is to have the President of the United States take notes while you are speaking to him."*

Wisconsin Senator's excesses—Buckley would insist that they acknowledged all of them—but maintained that "as long as McCarthyism fixes its goal with its present precision, it is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks." Among the least outraged of the book's reviewers was William S. White, who wrote in The New York Times Book Review, *"What is urged is not only that the end justifies the means but that a moral end justifies immoral means."*

Following the publication of "McCarthy and His Enemies," Buckley poured his energies—and his money—into National Review, *America's only substantial right-of-center political journal. In the first issue of the magazine—which appeared in 1955 ten days before his 30th birthday—Buckley announced that its purpose was to "stand athwart history yelling 'Stop!' at a time when no one is inclined to do so, or to have much patience with those who urge it." In 1962, he began writing his syndicated newspaper column "On the Right," and in 1966, launched his television show "Firing Line." Both ventures undoubtedly have greater impact than the magazine—the column is the second most popular in the country (number one is Washington columnist Jack Anderson) and the show is seen in 86 cities and towns—but it is as the editor of* National Review *that Buckley seems to define himself. It was in the pages of* NR *that he did battle with Ayn Rand and the John Birch Society ("For all I know, Robert Welch thinks I'm a Communist plot," Buckley was quoted as saying at the height of that controversy), called for the nuclear destruction of Red China's atom-bomb potential and published such well-known conservative thinkers as Whittaker Chambers, Russell Kirk and James Burnham.*

And it was in his magazine that Buckley refined his contempt for liberal Republicanism to the point where he felt obliged to oppose its most glamorous embodiment, John V. Lindsay, in New York's 1965 mayoral campaign. That adventure failed to get Buckley elected—which neither he nor anyone else ever considered a real possibility—and failed also in its major purpose of wresting victory from Lindsay, whom Buckley delights in dismissing as "destiny's tot." But Buckley's presence in the campaign infused it with a candor and wit that hadn't been seen in U.S. electoral politics since Adlai Stevenson's first campaign and would not be seen again until Norman Mailer ran for the same post four years later. (Mailer is, in fact, a frequent Buckley platform rival—and personal friend.) The mayoral campaign also produced "The Unmaking of a Mayor," which Buckley considers his best book. Many critics do, too. "His sense of comedy rode triumphantly through a process which turns most men into sodden lumps," liberal columnist Murray Kempton wrote of the memoir. "His understanding that comedy must be serious provides us with many cranky but unexpectedly useful reflections on the New York ordeal."

Buckley kept his cool through the campaign: He eschewed sidewalk politicking altogether, and the closest he got to venom was the crack "which fact should be obvious," in response to his Democratic opponent's boast of having been educated by the city of New York. But the famous Buckley sang-froid *vanished in a flash three summers later, when he exchanged insults with fellow commentator Gore Vidal on ABC-TV during the course of the roughest night of the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. "Not since George Sanders divorced Zsa Zsa Gabor has so much talent been wasted on such a nasty spat,"* Newsweek *said of the encounter, its subsequent magazine amplifications and resultant law suits.*

More recent—and more characteristic—Buckley activities include his appointment by President Nixon to the five-member Advisory Commission of the USIA and work on four Buckley-authored or -inspired books that will appear this year. "Odyssey of a Friend"—a collection of Whittaker Chambers letters received and now edited by Buckley—was published in January. "Quotations from Chairman Bill" appeared on April 30; "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" will be published at the end of this month for general audiences and in December as a textbook under the title "American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century." And "The Governor Listeth"—like "The Jeweler's Eye" (1968), a compilation of Buckley's favorite columns and magazine articles—is scheduled for publication late next month.

Associate Editor David Butler, who conducted this interview with Buckley in locales as far-flung as Stockton, California, and Rougemont, Switzerland—Buckley's winter retreat—writes of his subject: "He exudes a personal charm that comes across in neither his lectures nor his writing and seldom in his television appearances. In a hotel, for example, the bellboys who bring him the several pots of coffee he drinks a day are treated to the kind of smiles and small talk that can issue only from a man who genuinely likes people, and the strangers who stop him on the street to say they watch 'Firing Line' every week are answered with a 'Nice to meet you' and a toothy smile that would shame Nelson Rockefeller.

"The second remarkable thing about the man is his energy. 'God, I had a great day last week,' he told me when I arrived in Switzerland. 'I did a column on the train to Geneva in the morning, gave a talk there, came back here and skied all afternoon, went to a marvelous chamber-music concert that night and then got in a couple of hours' painting.' In New York, we talked one night until 2:30. Buckley then felt like singing, so we took our cognac and cigars into the living room for a half hour of Cole Porter songs—Buckley is an accomplished pianist—and, finally, he insisted on driving me to my hotel on his Honda. When I arrived at his apartment later that same day, his gracious, almost equally energetic wife, Patricia, told me he had been up, making the day's first phone calls, at seven. Despite the pace, when Buckley folded himself into a chair for a taping session, it was as if no one else in the world had a claim on his time. His voice was less sonorous than it is in public, but his answers were as erudite and intricately phrased as his writing. My first meeting with Buckley took place in mid-December, and it was with the imminent end of the decade that the questioning began."

PLAYBOY: It's already a cliché to say that the Sixties were a remarkable decade. Looking back, what event or development stands out in your mind as most important?

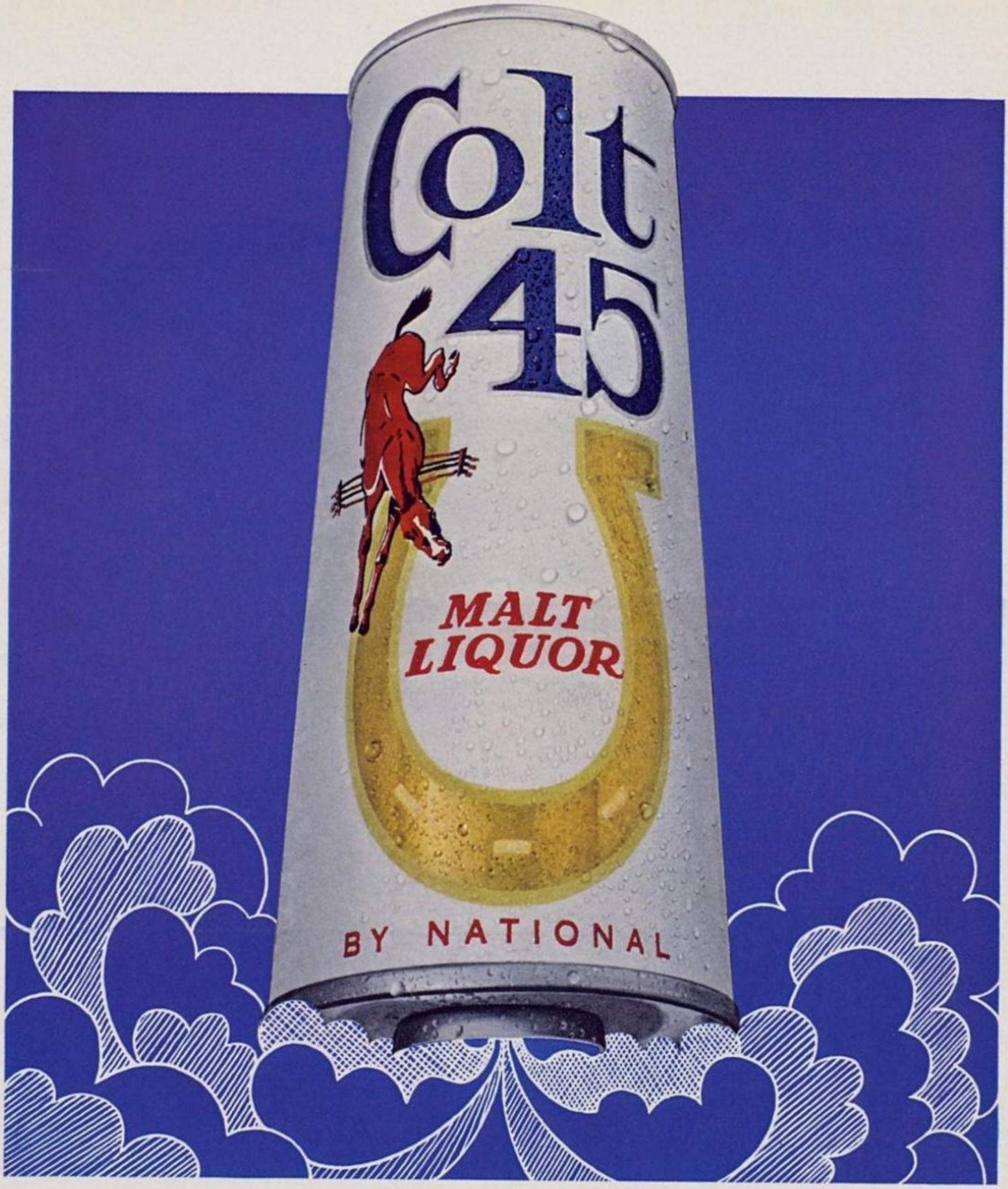
BUCKLEY: The philosophical acceptance of coexistence by the West.

PLAYBOY: Why "philosophical"?

BUCKLEY: Because a military acceptance of coexistence is one thing; that I understand. But since America is, for good reasons and bad, a moralistic power, the philosophical acceptance of coexistence ends us up in hot pursuit of *reasons* for that acceptance. We continue to find excuses for being cordial to the Soviet Union; our denunciations of that country's periodic barbarisms—as in Czechoslovakia—become purely perfunctory. This is a callousing experience; it is a lesion of our moral conscience, the historical effects of which cannot be calculated, but they will be bad.

PLAYBOY: Among the reasons cited for a *détente* with the Soviet Union is the fact that the money spent on continuing hot and cold wars with the Communist bloc would be better spent for domestic programs. With the 150 billion dollars we've spent in Vietnam since 1965, according to some estimates, we could have eliminated pollution throughout the country and rebuilt 24 major cities into what New York's Mayor Lindsay has said would be "paradises." Do you think our priorities are out of order?

BUCKLEY: When I find myself entertaining that possibility, I dismiss my thinking as puerile. But first let me register my objection to your figures: It's superficial to say that the Vietnam war has cost us 150 billion dollars. It has cost us X dollars in excess of what we would have spent on military or paramilitary enterprises even if there had been no war. That sum I have seen estimated at



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between 18 and 22 billion dollars a year. Now, suppose I were to tell you that if Kerenski had prevailed in Russia in 1917, we would at this point have a budget excess sufficient to create the city of Oz in Harlem and everywhere else. The correct response to such a statement, for grownups, is twofold. First, we are not—unfortunately—in a position to dictate the activity of the enemy; we cannot ask him please to let down because we need money for Harlem. Second, there are no grounds for assuming that the American people would have consented to spending the kind of money we're spending on the Vietnam war for general welfare projects. They might have said, "No, we'd rather keep the money and do what we want with it." I suspect they *would* have said just that, and with justification: The bulk of the progress that has been made in America has been made by the private sector.

PLAYBOY: With reference to the first part of your answer: At the strategic-arms-limitations talks, aren't we actually asking the Russians to let down their guard if we let ours down?

BUCKLEY: Yes, we are. And, ideally, there would be massive, universal disarmament. But we don't live in an ideal world. The fact is that the Soviet Union is prepared to make remarkable sacrifices at home in order to maintain its military muscle abroad. It is prepared to do so in a world that has seen the United States pull out from dozens of opportunities to imperialize. We have walked out of 21 countries—I think that's the accepted figure—that we've occupied in the past 30 years. The Soviet Union has walked only out of Austria, for very complicated reasons. Under the circumstances, one must assume that the arrant armament expenditures by the Soviet Union—for instance, 20 billion dollars to develop its ABM system and its MIRVs—have to do with the attraction of a first-strike capability. There is only one known explanation, for instance, for the known "footprint"—the configuration—of the MIRVs the Soviet Union has been practicing with. Those missiles are exactly patterned after our Minuteman installations. If the Soviets intended their MIRVs only as a deterrent to an American first strike, they would aim those missiles at American cities. But they aren't being fashioned that way. Now, I don't think the collective leadership of Russia would dream of making a first strike for so long as we are in a position to inflict insupportable damage in a second strike, whatever the urgings of their Dr. Strangeloves, who are not without influence. But, manifestly, America is not preparing for a first strike. If we were, we would be aiming our weapons not at Russia's population centers but at her military installations—and we're not.

PLAYBOY: The best information available—from hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at which Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard appeared—is that we are well ahead of the Soviet Union in the development of MIRVs, and it's generally conceded that we conceived the system. Doesn't this suggest both that the threat posed by the Russian MIRVs is less than you imply and that their MIRVs may have been developed as a defense against ours?

BUCKLEY: The question of who conceived the system is immaterial. Who makes it operational is what matters. It is only a happy coincidence that Jules Verne was a non-Communist. On the question of whose MIRVs are more advanced, *a*) your information is, unhappily, incorrect and *b*) it is irrelevant to the question of whether MIRVs are designed for offensive or defensive purposes.

PLAYBOY: MIT professor Leo Sartori, writing in *The Saturday Review*, implies that some of our ICBMs are aimed at Russia's missiles rather than at her cities. Doesn't this indicate that the U. S. is prepared—to the point of overkill—for a massive first strike against the Soviet Union?

BUCKLEY: Look. The intellectual, attempting to evaluate the military situation, tends to fasten on a frozen position. He says, "Assuming apocalypse were tomorrow, how would the two sides stand?" But it is the responsibility of the military to understand how military confrontations actually work—which means that you cannot prepare for Tuesday by being absolutely prepared for Monday. In a world in which it takes between four and eight years to develop what is actually intended as a first-strike *defensive* system, you may, in the course of preparing for that system, find yourself temporarily with a first-strike superiority. A caricature of what I'm talking about is the sudden apprehension by Darryl Zanuck when he was filming *The Longest Day*—on the Normandy invasion—that he actually found himself in command of the third largest military force in the world. Presumably, he would not have used it even to attack Otto Preminger. You need to ask yourself the subjective question: Do I know people in the United States whose hands are on the trigger, who are actually conspiring to opportunize on the temporary military advantage? It seems plain to me that the recent history of the United States ought to be sufficient to appease the doubts of the doubters. In fact, we have had such superiority even at moments when the enemy was at its most provocative—and yet we haven't used it.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been authoritatively asserted that U. S. superiority is overwhelmingly beyond the defensive or offensive necessity of any conceivable threat from another nuclear power?

BUCKLEY: That's a military judgment and I don't feel qualified to pronounce about it. I feel confident only to make an elementary philosophical point. I tend to believe that what the lawyers call "an excess of caution" is not something we should penalize the military for. I *want* an excess of caution, because I understand a mistake in that direction to be apocalyptic in its consequences. Now, if you say, "I can establish that we are spending money to develop a redundant weapon," my answer is: Go ahead and establish it. Meanwhile, I would rather side with the cautious, the prudent people. And here I find myself wondering how it is that Robert McNamara—who, for some reason, tends to be rather beloved by the liberals—how come *he* didn't object to the technological-military evolution that nowadays strikes so many people as untoward. And, again, why have we so drastically reversed our attitudes concerning what was for so long considered the liberal thing to do? During the Fifties, the great accent was on defense. The military-industrial complex—as you know—used to be called the "Arsenal of Democracy." Now, all of a sudden, when you talk about ABMs, the same people who encouraged us to spend 50 billion dollars—yes, 50 billion dollars—on defense during the Fifties object to spending an extra five billion dollars on defense in the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: You seem to delight in reminding people that liberals are capable of changing their minds in the light of changing circumstances. Why?

BUCKLEY: Quite apart from the fact that delightful pursuits are delightful, it is important for any ideological grouping to confront historical experience. For one thing, it makes the ideologists less arrogant; or it should. That ought to be a national objective, after we eliminate poverty.

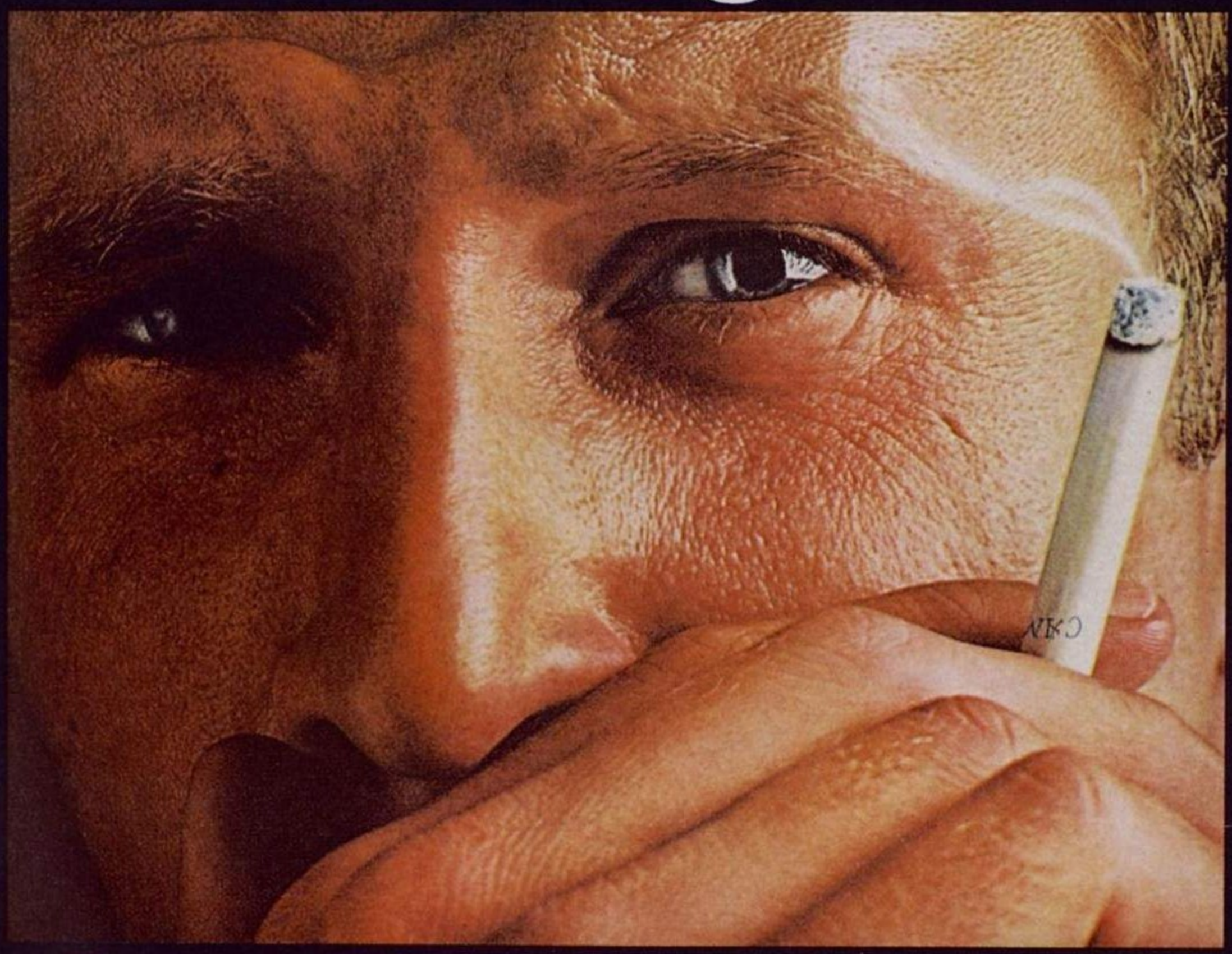
PLAYBOY: Ten years ago, wasn't there more reason than there is now to believe that the Russians wanted to bury us, militarily as well as ideologically?

BUCKLEY: That is an exercise in ideological self-indulgence. How do you account for the anomalies? Such as the crash program the Soviet Union has developed in ABMs and MIRVs.

PLAYBOY: One can only repeat that the U. S. is developing these systems as furiously as Russia is; and many observers feel that the Soviets have, therefore, just as much reason to suspect our intentions as we do theirs. But we'd like to return to your observation that the United States has walked out of 21 countries in the past 30 years and ask this: Doesn't the fact that we've also walked *into* Vietnam and Santo Domingo, tried to walk into Cuba at the Bay of Pigs and attempted to control many other countries through quasi-military, CIA-type operations leave us open to the charge of imperialism you impute to the U. S. S. R.?

BUCKLEY: Of course. But we are always at the mercy of the naïve. Imperialism suggests the domination of a country for the

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commercial or glorious benefit of oneself. The Soviet Union began its experience in imperialism not merely by jailing and executing people who disagreed with it but by systematic despoliation. In Czechoslovakia, for instance, they took one, two, three billion dollars' worth of capital goods and removed them physically to the Soviet Union. Far from doing anything of the sort, we did exactly the contrary; we sent our own capital goods to places like France and England and Spain and Latin America. I can't think of any country that we've "dominated" or "imperialized"—in the sense in which you use those words—that is worse off as a result of its experience with America than it would have been had we not entered into a temporary relationship with it.

PLAYBOY: One could argue that South Vietnam is such a country.

BUCKLEY: South Vietnam? My God! Above *all*, not South Vietnam. Not unless one is willing to say that South Vietnam would be better off satellized by North Vietnam—and derivatively by Asian communism—and consigned to perpetual tyranny. Put it this way: I will assent to the proposition that South Vietnam has been harmed by America's efforts during the past five years only to somebody who would say that France was harmed by the efforts of the Allied armies to liberate it during the Second World War.

PLAYBOY: We won't say that, but we will agree with the increasingly popular opinion that our adventure there has been a disaster—to us, as well as to South and North Vietnam—from the beginning. Yet you said recently that "the indices in Vietnam are good," which is something even McNamara and Westmoreland stopped saying three years ago. Why?

BUCKLEY: Because the indices *are* good, right down the line: First, there is the prestige of Thieu and our increased identification with him. A week or so after the 1968 Tet offensive, Professor J. Kenneth Galbraith gave it as the conventional wisdom that Thieu's government would fall within a matter of weeks. I predict that in the next election, he will get a significantly greater vote than he got the last time. Second, there is a lower rate of infiltration from the North. Third, the area controlled by the good guys is now much greater than it has ever been. The fourth positive index is the introduction in South Vietnam of a nonregular army, the equivalent of a militia, which makes it possible for people simultaneously to till their land during the day and yet be part of a large constabulary. Still another indication is the relative rise in South Vietnamese casualties and decrease in American casualties, which shows that they are beginning to shoulder even more of the human burden of the war.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Thieu's suppression of dissent among his political opposition—even moderate Buddhists and Catholics who have done nothing more subversive than suggest consideration of a postwar coalition government?

BUCKLEY: I am not in a position to judge whether Thieu suppresses more or fewer people than he should suppress in order to achieve his goals. I know that my own countrymen were prepared to take tens of thousands of innocent Japanese and throw them in jail during World War Two. And I know that moral-political revulsion over that act didn't come until years later—when we recognized that what we had done to the nisei was, in fact, historically unnecessary. But it remains that a man who was tempered by four centuries of parliamentary experience—Franklin D. Roosevelt—thought it an altogether appropriate thing to do. I am not, under the circumstances, confident that I can authoritatively advise Thieu what is the right kind of suppression to engage in during a civil war.

PLAYBOY: Then it *is* a civil war and not a case of Communist expansionism exported from Russia and China?

BUCKLEY: Yes, it is a civil war, provided one is prepared to define any war as a civil war if one finds a significant number of collaborationists within the indigenous population. There are South Vietnamese Communists, even as there were Norwegian quislings, Northern Copperheads and French appeasers. General Pétain was sentenced to death for obliging the Nazis less effusively than the Viet Cong have done the northern imperialists. If the "civil" insurrection in Vietnam had depended on its own resources, it would have lasted about as long as the insurrection of the Huks in the Philippines.

PLAYBOY: You frequently use the fact that Thieu has fired 1200 civil servants to demonstrate what you consider his opposition to corruption. But weren't many of those firings really intended to get rid of his political opponents?

BUCKLEY: I didn't think to ask Thieu when I was over there. I assume it is because they were corrupt—at least the ones I'm talking about. I don't know how many he has fired for opposing his policies. I don't know how many officials Lyndon Johnson fired because they opposed *his* policies, or exactly how many F. D. R. did—plenty, I assume. Incidentally, I thought John Roche made a rather good point when he said that the critics of Thieu fail to account for the fact that he moves about without any difficulty at all—without bodyguards or any other protection—throughout South Vietnam. And they fail to point out that he has done something no tyrant *ever* does, which is to arm the citizenry. The very first thing he did, when he became president, was to ask Westmoreland to increase the arming of the people. In Cuba, if you're caught with an unlicensed rifle, you're liable to be executed.

PLAYBOY: Your satisfaction with the relative rise in South Vietnamese casualties indicates that you believe in Vietnamization. If, as Presidents Johnson and Nixon have claimed, we have a moral and legal commitment to defend the South Vietnamese, why are we now disengaging?

BUCKLEY: We're not disengaging. We have a moral and legal commitment to give aid to the South Vietnamese in resisting aggression, pursuant to the protocol that extended the SEATO treaty to that area. We did not specify in SEATO the nature of the aid we would give. It is Nixon's strategy to arrive at a realistic formula: indigenous manpower and external material aid, precisely the way the Soviet Union and China have been handling the situation in behalf of North Vietnam. I advocated such a formula five years ago. Allowing for the cultural lag, it is time for its adoption.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it was wrong, then, to send our troops in the first place?

BUCKLEY: No, we had to. The South Vietnamese were not prepared to defend themselves.

PLAYBOY: In other words, though it was right to send them in when we did, it's right to withdraw them now. Are you saying that everything we've done there has been correct?

BUCKLEY: Not at all—there are plenty of things we've done wrong. We shouldn't have stopped the bombing of the North and put the restrictions on it that we did. And, above all, I continue to believe that Japan is the key to that part of the world and that we may very well wish, before this decade is up, that she had the defensive nuclear weapons the nonproliferation treaty denies her.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that if America remains steadfast in Vietnam—with or without the support of our allies in Asia or Western Europe—the Communists will be less likely to test our commitments elsewhere in the world?

BUCKLEY: It's hard to say. In order to answer that question, you have to ask yourself: What is the point of view of the enemy? I have always maintained that the Soviet Union has been delighted over our experience in South Vietnam. It has cost them very little. But, at the same time, the Soviet Union has to reckon with the psychological realities. The psychological realities in the case of Vietnam are that America isn't prepared to do this sort of thing two or three times a decade. We did it in Korea and we're doing it in South Vietnam. If the Soviet Union decides to mount a challenge—let's say in the Mideast—it will probably have to reckon with the fact of a shortened American temper. The shortened American temper could result in one of two things. It could result in isolationism, which would please the Soviet Union dearly and encourage it; or that shortened American temper could result in our saying, "Since we cannot afford



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protracted, graduated South Vietnam–type resistances, we're going to go back to another kind of resistance. We're going to knock the hell out of you."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that bellicose attitude *will* develop—and can you imagine it resulting in a nuclear strike by the U. S., say, over Berlin or in the Mideast?

BUCKLEY: Only if the Soviet Union is capable of a miscalculation on an order that is unimaginable, on the basis of our historical experience with a society that on the one hand is ideologically rabid but on the other appears to have a positively Rotarian instinct for survival.

PLAYBOY: Critics of the war point to the alleged massacre at My Lai to prove our indifference to the lives of Vietnamese civilians. How do you react to that incident, as it has emerged in the press?

BUCKLEY: If, indeed, there were no extenuating circumstances in the case—if everything that Captain Medina has said is proved wrong, for instance—then either we have a case of collective hysteria or we face the appalling alternative that what happened there expresses a trend within America. I find it extremely difficult to indulge that conclusion, for the reason that if it were so, we would have had many more such incidents.

PLAYBOY: In January 1967, ten Marines were court-martialed on charges resulting from the murders of a farmer, his mother, his sister, his three-year-old son and five-year-old niece and the gang-rape of his wife. From the beginning of 1966 through October 1969, 27 soldiers were convicted by U. S. courts-martial of murdering Vietnamese civilians; and since March 1965, 21 sailors and Marines have been so convicted. The speculation is that most such crimes by U. S. military personnel against civilians in Vietnam go unreported. So it would seem that there *have* been many other such incidents, though perhaps on a smaller scale.

BUCKLEY: They are either so routine as to go unremarked—like, say, the incremental murder in Manhattan—or so spectacular as to be unbelievable. It took the most extraordinary coordination of ineptitudes to fail to bring the My Lai incident to light. Here we have a Pulitzer Prize–winning story—I predict that it will get the Pulitzer Prize—and yet the two newspaper people who had the story couldn't interest anybody in it for months. Editors wouldn't buy it precisely because they couldn't believe that kind of thing could have been committed on such a scale.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there should be or will be extensive war-crimes trials of American Servicemen and policy makers, conducted either by the United Nations or by us?

BUCKLEY: No. There shouldn't be and there won't be. The whole Nuremberg Doctrine, I continue to believe, is an elaboration of the crime of losing wars. It was, for one thing, obviously and intrinsically contaminated by the presence on the tribunal, in the capacity of judges, of the principal massacre-maker of the 20th Century, namely, the representatives of Stalin. America is not about to invite the United Nations to preside over trials of American soldiers. Those people who have been guilty will be punished, most of them, by America. I grant that we have a technical problem of how to reach out and get some of those individuals who apparently ought to be defendants, but my guess is we're going to crack that problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a moral difference between what is alleged to have happened at My Lai and the aerial bombardment of free-fire zones where, it's generally granted, some civilians almost always get killed?

BUCKLEY: Of course. It's a difference explicitly recognized in Thomistic doctrine, where the whole definition of a just war was arrived at. If, in order to achieve a military objective, someone gets killed, that is on one scale of morality—on the permissible scale in warfare. If, however, someone is killed simply for the sake of killing him, unrelated to any military objective, that's different. Nobody would have thought twice about My Lai if there had been a machine-gun nest there and we had plastered the village from the air, resulting in an identical loss of life.

PLAYBOY: But, of course, there wasn't a machine-gun nest there. Most critics of the war put little trust in those who decide which villages and which other targets are legitimate military objectives. Do you?

BUCKLEY: I trust that somewhere along the line there is a constant monitoring of the criteria that are used by people who have that kind of authority. In the specific case of Lyndon Johnson, I am informed that only he *personally* could authorize the bombing of certain targets where considerable civilian carnage might have resulted. I believe that he took that kind of meticulous concern not merely out of political considerations but because he was always very sensitive to the notion that he was an indiscriminate killer.

Let me digress at this point: A few months ago, in Hawaii, a professor informed my audience that we had dropped one and a half times as many bombs on a very small area of Vietnam as were dropped on Germany throughout World War Two. That statistic, he claimed, proves that we are committing genocide in Vietnam. I read the figures differently. It seems to me that if we have dropped that many bombs and killed as few people as we have—there are an awful lot of live Vietnamese left, no matter how you look at it—it must mean that an enormous effort is being made to drop bombs where people *aren't*.

PLAYBOY: According to official sources, several hundred thousand North and South Vietnamese civilians have been killed by American bombing raids. In view of those statistics, do you think the bombing has been justified?

BUCKLEY: It depends on whether there was an alternative, less bloody means of achieving the military objective. How many of those dead would be alive today if the North Vietnamese had desisted from infiltration as their principal technique? And if historical contexts interest you, bear in mind that we killed about as many German civilians in the course of a couple of raids over Dresden as we have killed Vietnamese in the five years in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: For all our bombing—precise or indiscriminate—we have not yet won the war. Do you think North Vietnam could successfully have resisted the most powerful military nation on earth for this long if it didn't have the support of most Vietnamese, North and South?

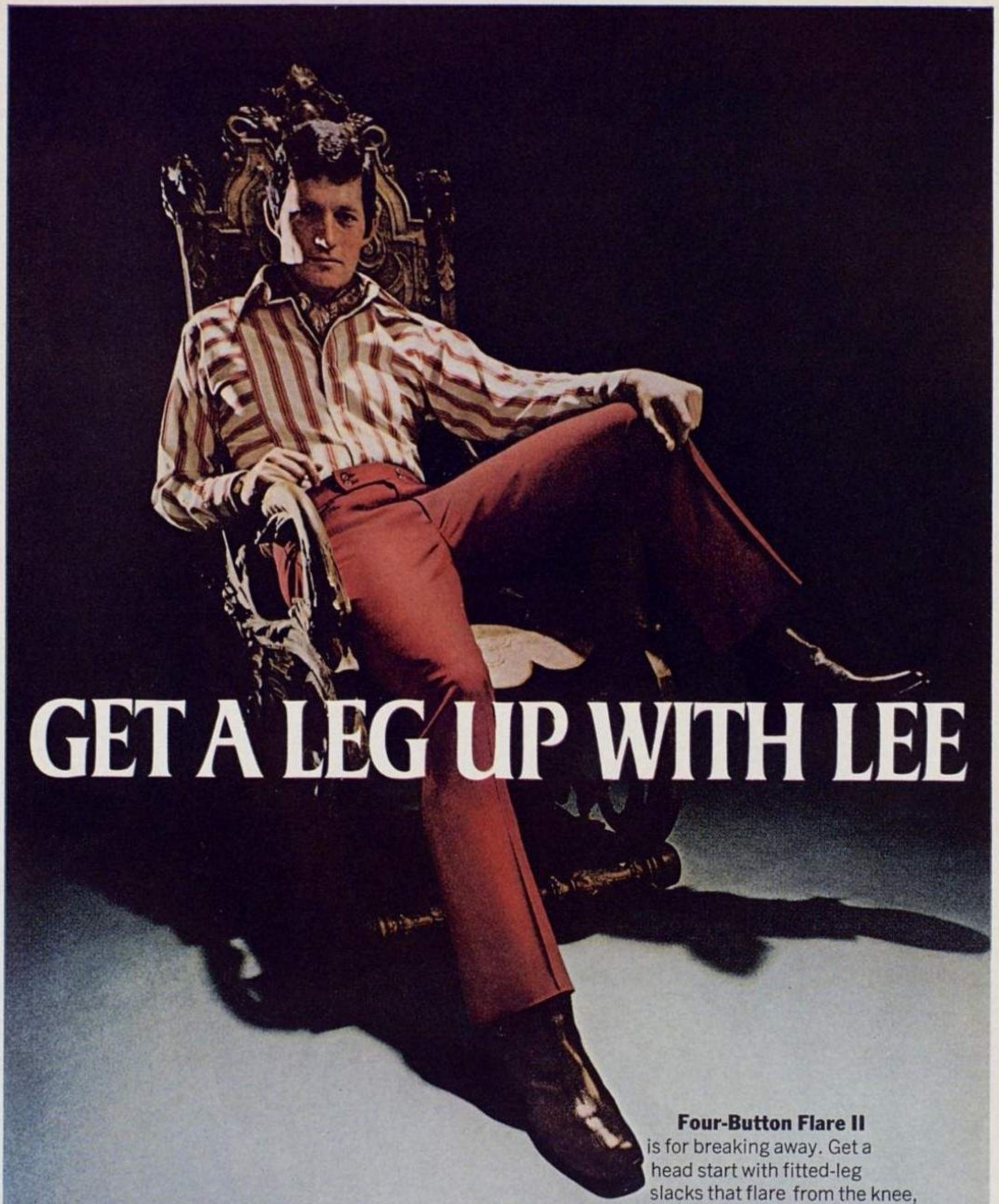
BUCKLEY: There are both extensive and succinct ways to answer that. The succinct way is for me to ask you: Could Nazi Germany have triumphed over France without the overwhelming support of the French? My answer is—obviously—yes, Germany could, and did. The South Vietnamese situation is one in which the critical weapon was terror. I have great admiration for my countrymen, but I haven't the *least* idea whether or not we would have the stamina to resist an enemy that had strung up an equivalent number of our elite in the public squares. Roughly speaking, what the South Vietnamese suffered during the high period of terror from 1959 to 1963 would be the equivalent of, say, 3,000,000 of our politicians, teachers, doctors, engineers and civil servants being executed. How we would behave under the circumstances I don't know. I tend to reject the ethnocentrically arrogant assumption that we Americans are uniquely valiant. I think it's not at all impossible that years from now, people will think of the South Vietnamese resistance through this entire period as one of the truly heroic historical efforts.

PLAYBOY: Weren't many of the South Vietnamese elite, during this same period, jailed or killed by the Diem regime?

BUCKLEY: What you're saying is: Did Diem and the rest of them go to lengths they needn't have gone in order to effect what they wanted to effect, which was the independence of Vietnam? My answer is —I don't know. A very good argument may be made that they didn't go to great enough lengths. In fact, such an argument could appropriately be engraved on Diem's tombstone.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like an endorsement of political imprisonment and assassination.

BUCKLEY: In time of war? Of course. The



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detection and shooting down of Admiral Yamamoto was one of the triumphs of American intelligence during the Second World War, and it gets described at least once every ten years in the *Reader's Digest*. You do remember, don't you, how Walter Pidgeon almost assassinated Hitler at Berchtesgaden? Do you remember the political prosecutions during the Second World War, when the New Deal decided that [pro-Nazi authors] George Sylvester Viereck and Lawrence Dennis should be put behind bars, so that we could get on with the War? I think we overdid it. I hope the South Vietnamese aren't as jumpy as we were.

PLAYBOY: Is your claim that the leaders of South Vietnam have been motivated by a desire for independence consistent with their near-total reliance on the U. S.?

BUCKLEY: Of course they've depended on us. They are waging war not against an autarchic aggressor that is satisfied to use its own resources but against an aggressor that—from the very beginning—has been armed by great powers, namely, Red China and the Soviet Union. The South Vietnamese didn't have a *rifle factory* in 1954. As far as I know, neither do they now. And neither did the North Vietnamese.

PLAYBOY: Since you applaud the fact that we rushed to the assistance of the besieged South Vietnamese government, do you also think we should oppose any war of national liberation that happens to have Communist support?

BUCKLEY: No, I wouldn't be willing to make that generality. I'd want to know where it was, what the surrounding situation was, how important it was to either Russia or China at the moment—in short, what the consequences might be. I would like to note that neither of those countries has ever supported a *real* war of national liberation—in lower-case letters—that is, a war in which the objective really *was* national liberation. When the Communist powers get involved, the point is *never* national liberation, always satellization. Now, it seems to me that the United States position ought to be to support whatever elements in a particular country are heading in the better of the apparently available directions. John Stuart Mill says that despotism is excused as a temporary arrangement, provided the purpose of that despotism is to maximize rather than minimize freedom.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the idea of despotism maximizing freedom a contradiction in terms—at least in practice?

BUCKLEY: No. Lincoln put it well when he argued that it could not have been the intention of the framers of the Constitution to sacrifice all future prospects for freedom in order to celebrate constitutional punctilio.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that most indigenous Communist movements in Southeast Asia are motivated more by nationalism or by economic needs than by ideological communism?

BUCKLEY: No, it isn't. Most troops simply do what they are told. Intermediaries interpret the formulation that will most inspire a particular group of soldiers to act enthusiastically in obedience to orders—whether that's a matter of telling them that their kamikaze raids will instantly elevate them into the heavenly spheres, to live forever after in glory, or that they will become large landholders, or whatever. But the people who are directing the drives in that part of the world are, in my opinion, genuinely committed to a Communist vision. The general Western assumption has been that time erodes that vision; but it is, nevertheless, true that there is a fundamentalist Marxism-communism rampant in China today. It may be inevitable that time will overcome that ideological pretension, but that is not the kind of thing around which one writes a foreign policy for the here and now.

PLAYBOY: It is also part of liberal orthodoxy—based on his long-standing animosity toward China—that Ho Chi Minh would probably have reached a Titoist accommodation with Peking had he succeeded throughout Vietnam. Do you think that might have happened?

BUCKLEY: I have no doubt that Ho Chi Minh would have preferred to be the master of Vietnam rather than merely the surrogate in that area for Mao Tse-tung. But we have to recognize that Ho Chi Minh is dead and that it was foreseeable even six or seven years ago that he would be dead in due course, since he was an old man even then. The usefulness of Ho to Mao had to do with the veneration of Ho as an individual figure, which veneration would not and did not flow to his successor. In Chinese, Vietnam means "farther South," a fact that suggests the ancient Chinese attitude toward the area: that it was never really licensed as a separate territory—the same feeling they have toward Tibet.

PLAYBOY: Considering your hard-line view of China, how do you feel about Nixon's recent diplomatic overtures to Peking?

BUCKLEY: I don't really see why our attitude toward Red China ought to be different from our attitude toward the Soviet Union. The principal international leverage we have at this particular moment has to do with the Russian-Chinese feud. It strikes me as supremely intelligent to constantly advertise to the Soviet Union that, just as we were prepared to side with the Soviet Union in order to effect a victory over Hitler, so are we prepared to understand the potential desirability of a flirtation with Red China in order to contain the Soviet Union. Or the other way around. This strikes me as simply a return to traditional diplomacy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that we should—and will—recognize Red China?

BUCKLEY: I think we should not recognize her—and that it is unlikely that we will. For one thing, it becomes increasingly apparent that all of the old arguments for recognition of Red China are meaningless. The old arguments were, first, "You can't ignore a nation of 800,000,000 people." But it has gradually become manifest that we are hardly ignoring a country by failing to recognize it. As a matter of fact, we are sort of *super*recognizing it. The easy thing to do is to recognize; if you *don't* recognize, you're giving it very special attention. Point two: The notion that if we recognize Red China, we would then be able to transact some differences with her—to talk about them—has been discredited by experience. We've had hundreds of meetings with Red China; we are probably having one tonight. So we go ahead and have the meetings anyway. Number three: We have discovered from the British experience that the mere fact of having an active consulate or an ambassador in Red China has no effect at all in terms of a thaw. The English have not been able to show that they've accomplished a single thing—even concerning the protection of their own citizens—that they might not have accomplished if they hadn't had their people there. Number four, and finally: It was Lyndon Johnson who said that he would agree to give passports to Americans who wanted to visit Red China—journalists and so on. What then happened, of course, was that Red China refused to grant visas. So that we are therefore left with no adverse practical consequences of a diplomatic nature having to do with the recognition of Red China, but purely with symbolic consequences. And those consequences, in my judgment, argue against recognition.

PLAYBOY: So far, you haven't disagreed with any aspect of President Nixon's foreign policy. One critic has suggested that you may feel a sense of obligation to him for appointing you to the advisory commission of the USIA.

BUCKLEY: Oh, for God's sake. The point is that when I look around the world today and ask myself what it is that I truly care about in international affairs that Nixon has let me down on, I don't come up with anything. On the other hand, I acknowledge that there may be a feeling of restraint deriving not from my appointment to the commission but from the fact that I have seen him once or twice privately. I have discovered a new sensual treat, which, appropriately, the readers of PLAYBOY should be the first to know about. It is to have the President of the United States take notes while you are speaking to him, even though you run the risk that he is scribbling, "Get this bore out of here." It's always a little bit more difficult to be rhetorically ruthless with somebody with whom you spend time. For example, I find it more difficult to be verbally ruthless with Hugh Hefner after meeting him as my

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guest on *Firing Line* and seeing him on a couple of other occasions. Beyond that, if I'm kind to Nixon, it's also because I think he needs to be protected from that part of the right whose emphasis is unbalanced in the direction of the paradigm.

PLAYBOY: Is Nixon conservative enough for you?

BUCKLEY: My ideal conservative President would be one who would strike out for certain radical reforms that, in my judgment, would greatly benefit America and augment human freedom. But such a President cannot be elected—at this time—and couldn't get his programs through Congress. It is also true, I think, that the paramount need of this highly divided society at this particular moment is for conciliation; and Nixon—who is making gradual progress while attempting to fortify the bonds of common affection—is a good President from the conservative point of view.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Vice-President Agnew served the purpose of conciliation when he referred to the leaders of last October's Moratorium as "an effete corps of impudent snobs"?

BUCKLEY: No, he served other purposes. There *are* other purposes to be served, such as isolating the sources of discontent and the agitators and merchants of it. Some Presidents do that kind of thing adroitly, some don't. At a moment when we needed reconciliation after Pearl Harbor, I think it was wrong for F. D. R. to call those who were against the War "the New Copperheads." But history appears to have forgiven him.

PLAYBOY: To many liberals, Agnew's attacks on the media late last fall brought to mind the Chinese emperors who executed messengers bringing bad news. Do you think that the press is as objective as it professes to be?

BUCKLEY: When Mr. Nixon in November said that North Vietnam cannot defeat or humiliate the United States, only Americans can do that, he meant that if the American people refuse to back an enterprise that—in the judgment of the men they elected to write their foreign policies—is essential to the good health of this country and of this century, then one must face two alternative explanations for their failure to do so. One is that they have run out of stamina. The other is that they have been constantly hectored into taking an erroneous position because they are insufficiently aware of the dimensions of the problem. He would obviously prefer the latter explanation to the former, as would I. He tends to feel that the majority of morally alert people in America have, for the most part, heard only a single side on the Vietnam issue—in the universities as well as in the press. He is absolutely correct. It is almost impossible, you know, to work your way through Yale or Harvard or Princeton and hear a pro-Vietnam speech. This is a pure caricature of academic freedom.

PLAYBOY: Aren't campus conservatives free to speak—and don't they, often and at length?

BUCKLEY: Well, you must mean students, because there are very few conservative professors. At Princeton, for example, 65 percent of the faculty voted for Humphrey in 1968, seven percent for Dick Gregory and seven percent for Nixon. And it's the professors I'm talking about; their capacity, at a college, is to instruct.

PLAYBOY: Then you're suggesting that the faculty allows its political bias to creep into every course.

BUCKLEY: Constantly. In any course in the humanities or social sciences. And not only in their teaching but in the books they assign. It seems to me that the entire academic community collaborated in the demonstration of academic bias when Walt Rostow and Dean Rusk went around looking for an academic post after they left Lyndon Johnson. What kind of a demonstration do you need beyond that? Here are two people whose academic credentials are absolutely first-rate. But all of a sudden, you find MIT—that paragon of academic freedom and scientific devotion—saying that they assumed Walt Rostow had "forgotten" what he knew about economics as the result of his stay in Government. That was one reason given by a senior faculty member; even James Reston made fun of it. You will notice nobody at Harvard went around saying that Galbraith "forgot" what he knew about economics as the result of his service for John Kennedy. Though I don't know. Maybe they hoped he had.

I think the health of any university is damaged by this monopoly of opinion. I spoke at the University of Minnesota a few months ago. A professor—a very distinguished historian—stood up and said that there are 50 professors of history at the university and one Republican, himself; that is, the ratio is 50 to one. Now, how much real political dialog is the typical student at the University of Minnesota going to be exposed to, under the circumstances? And if he is *not* subjected to a true dialog, then he tends to think dialog is unnecessary, that what you need is asseveration. Placard justice: "Hey, hey, L. B. J.—how many kids did you kill today?"

PLAYBOY: Don't you think most students get the pro-Vietnam argument from their fathers?

BUCKLEY: That's unrealistic. Students are terrific snobs. I was one myself, though I had no right to be with my own father. The fact is that unless your father is right up with the academic vernacular—unless he's read Douglas Pike as recently as last week—you tend to feel that he's not equipped to discuss serious intellectual matters with you. In any case, I think that this hegemony of thought within the colleges is something that—perhaps without even knowing it—Agnew is scratching up against.

PLAYBOY: In his speech on TV news, the Vice-President's avowals of distaste for censorship, coupled with his allusions to the power of the FCC to withhold broadcasting licenses, struck many liberals as hypocrisy. How do you feel about it?

BUCKLEY: I think they were entitled to think of it as at least potentially hypocritical. I find absolutely mysterious the way in which the debate was ultimately joined. My devoted friend Frank Stanton, who emerged as the spokesman for the victims of this pogrom—or intended pogrom—didn't, for instance, pause to remark that Congress has *already* withheld total freedom from the industry. The whole equal-time provision is an effort by the Congress of the United States to say to the networks and television and radio stations, "Certain freedoms you don't have." The FCC finds as much in the fairness doctrine every year as the Supreme Court finds in the First Amendment.

PLAYBOY: So it was really unnecessary for Agnew to refer to licensing?

BUCKLEY: It may be that Agnew's speech will serve some sort of a maieutic function—that it will tease out of the system a public policy concerning the tendentious limits to which an individual station owner may go. Such a policy would be a refinement of the fairness doctrine, which was not only accepted but applauded by liberals as recently as four or five years ago. In any case, *I* would like to say: Let any radio or TV station owner do what he wants. If he wants to put only Benjamin Spock on from midnight to midnight, let him do it. But make it as hard as possible for him to achieve monopoly status—by licensing pay-TV, which is precisely the way to wed the individual eccentric with his individual network or station.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the Vice-President's blast at the liberal *Washington Post* and *New York Times*?

BUCKLEY: If the press is so easily intimidated as to feel threatened by three speeches by the Vice-President of the United States—if all those effete snobs are moral pygmies after all—then I ought to be even more worried about the press than I am. Mr. Agnew is not Mussolini; for better or worse, he cannot close down *The New York Times*. To sum up: I think what Mr. Agnew was attempting to say to the American people was that, particularly in New York, the networks and the commentators tend to reflect a single point of view—they look and act like the Rockettes—and that it is necessary for people to escape from the assumption that that is the only point of view. I think he has done an extremely useful service. Of course, it isn't just Mr. Agnew who came to such a conclusion:

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The identical conclusion was arrived at a few weeks earlier by Theodore White, who is a renowned liberal, on my television program. Agnew was simply accenting the obvious; and the obvious, when it has been taboo to state it, tends to hurt. *Ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse*, as Mr. Agnew would put it.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if Agnew were to become President?

BUCKLEY: I have been persuaded for several years that the office of the President is so staggeringly complicated that nobody can, by conventional measurement, be "a good President." That is to say that nobody can conceivably oversee the range of activities that, technically, the President is responsible for overseeing. Under the circumstances, whereas it is widely supposed that the President needs to be a man of more and more complicated attainments, I tend to feel that he needs to be less and less a man of complicated attainments. A hundred years ago, a President really had to run the Post Office, among other things. Today, what one needs most from a President is good will, a working intelligence and sound character. The people who praise Harry Truman were willing to point this out at the time, incidentally, but were not willing to remember the thought when it looked as though Goldwater might be nominated by the Republican Party. Second, I do think that when a man becomes President, a transmogrification takes place; that which was theretofore inconceivable becomes somehow conceivable. Nobody could really imagine Harry Truman—even himself, as he subsequently confessed—as President, until all of a sudden, he *was* President. Allan Drury dwells on this in one of his books. On Monday, the man is just that vicious, sniping, polemical, Nixonite Vice-President; on Tuesday, he's inaugurated and suddenly things happen not only to his critics and to the people but also to him. In short, Agnew wouldn't sound like Agnew if he were President—and, in a sense, properly so.

PLAYBOY: When you list good will, a working intelligence and sound character as what we need most from a President, do you mean regardless of ideology?

BUCKLEY: A man can't have a working intelligence, as distinguished from an abstract intelligence, without a reasonably sound "ideology"—a word I don't use much.

PLAYBOY: By reasonably sound, you mean reasonably conservative.

BUCKLEY: Yes. Conservatism is the politics of reality.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Administration is using Agnew in an attempt to wrest away some of the support for George Wallace in the South?

BUCKLEY: I hope so. Anybody who can take the 9,000,000 votes that went to George Wallace, baptize them and rededicate them to a hygienic conservatism certainly has my best wishes. It would be as though Adlai Stevenson had addressed the Communist Party and urged them to desert and follow the Democratic Party.

PLAYBOY: Kevin Phillips, in *The Emerging Republican Majority*, argues that Republicans can strengthen their current national advantage by building an alliance of heretofore solid Democratic voters in the South, already conservative citizens in the traditionally Republican heartland states, and middle-class whites everywhere who are disenchanted with costly Democratic social engineering. Do you think this so-called Southern strategy is a correct one for the Republican Party?

BUCKLEY: Any strategy is correct that isn't practiced in such a way as to persecute the people who do not acquiesce in the goals of the winning party. Kevin Phillips is saying that a single politics, in fact, can, given the foreseeable future, appeal to the majority of the American people. If it follows that that particular appeal is at the expense—indeed, has as its intention the persecution—of people who do not agree with it, then one would have to renounce it. But in all the criticism I have seen of Mr. Phillips' book, I have never seen that made plain. Of course, I start on the heretical assumption that Southerners are people and that, under the circumstances, it is not immoral to appeal to somebody merely because he is a Southerner. If you're going to appeal to Southerners by promising to re-enslave the black people, then I consider that to be immoral, but I don't see any suggestion of this in Mr. Phillips' book. I think, actually, that the horror Mr. Phillips has inspired in such people as George McGovern derives not from any moral abhorrence of the thesis but out of a recognition by a very shrewd professional—which Senator McGovern is—that Mr. Phillips has the clue to how to stitch together a winning majority. Franklin D. Roosevelt, McGovern's patron saint, found such a clue, which remained operative for an entire generation.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the intention of Phillips' Southern strategy—which you seem to be endorsing, with some qualifications—its effect is clearly to exclude blacks from "the emerging Republican majority." And we note that in citing the West's acceptance of coexistence as the most significant development of the Sixties, you apparently downgrade the importance of the black revolution, which many consider the milestone of the decade. Why?

BUCKLEY: I think that the important philosophical fight in the area of American black-white relations was won by Abraham Lincoln, who insisted on the metaphysical fact of human equality. This was the great achievement of the American 19th Century. The next milestone, as far as the Negroes are concerned, will come when whites turn to—and seek out—Negroes as a result of their individual achievements. This has come in some places and will come in others, but it is going to take time. It is certainly open to speculation whether all of the activities of the past 15 years have significantly accelerated that emancipation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the black struggle in the past 15 years has *retarded* that emancipation?

BUCKLEY: America has, lately, given herself over to the promulgation of unrealizable goals, which dooms her to frustration, if not to despair. Voegelin calls it the immanentization of the eschaton—broadly speaking, consigning that which properly belongs to the end of life to the temporal order. That can lead only to grave dissatisfactions. The very idea of "Freedom now" was an invitation to frustration. *Now* means something or it means nothing. When months and then years went by and the kind of dream that Martin Luther King spoke about in 1963 in Washington didn't come true, a totally predictable frustration set in. It is one thing to engage in great ventures in amelioration; it is another to engage in great ventures in utopianization.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't it be argued that the career of Martin Luther King—even if it didn't create freedom—inspired a sense of dignity in the masses of black people?

BUCKLEY: It could. It could also be argued that the dignity was already there. What Dr. King inspired was more nearly self-assertion, which sometimes is and sometimes isn't the same as dignity.

PLAYBOY: Your belief that black Americans had dignity before the appearance of King strikes us as less important than the fact that millions of blacks themselves didn't think so.

BUCKLEY: Look. There was anti-black discrimination pre-King, there is anti-black discrimination post-King. If dignity is something that comes to you only after you succeed in putting an end to discrimination, then the blacks didn't have dignity then and don't have it now. If dignity is something that comes to you by transcending discrimination, then I say they had it then even as they have it now. What some blacks—and a lot of whites—now have, which is distinctive, is a greater tendency to self-assertion. I am trying to insist that that isn't the same as dignity.

PLAYBOY: In an *Atlantic* magazine interview on the occasion of your unsuccessful candidacy for membership in the Yale Corporation two years ago, you made the unluckily timed crack: "It was only a very few years ago that official Yale conferred a doctor of laws on Martin Luther King, who more clearly qualifies as a doctor of lawbreaking." A few weeks later, Dr. King was assassinated. Did you regret the publication of your quote? And do you think of Martin Luther King as a pernicious force in American history?

BUCKLEY: I regret but am philosophical

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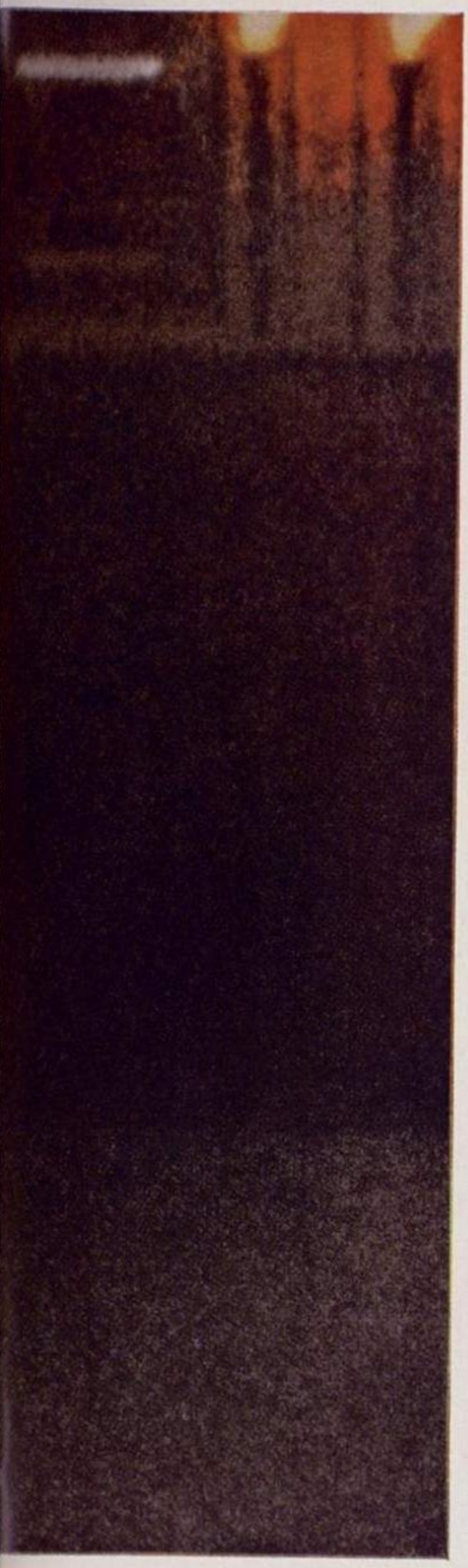
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THERE ARE NO WOMEN in Moscow. Well, there are women and children, but no girls. Well, there are girls, but for whom? All claimed for the entertainment industries or the large oblong bureaucrats with their flapping pants or the officers smelling handsomely of leather.

He was strolling along across Red Square from his suite in the National Hotel. Ah, poor lonely Jim Mackton. A lonely, rich, black Afro-American in Moscow, doing a job for a great newsmagazine. Being horny was the worst of the job, even worse than trying to get some hard news, not just the press-department handouts, the same old denunciations, warnings, transfers, reminders, quotas, plans, new men in space and old space in the men.

Well, horniness was hard, but it wasn't always the worst. Work was sometimes the worst, a harassing day-to-day scramble with sources and notes and copy. For example, there was his problem with the Patrice Lumumba People's Friendship University. He thought it would be a good story. His African cousins, all threaded through a block of squat yellow buildings, were learning to be good Marxist engineers, learning Russian, learning to be good Leninist accountants, learning calisthenics, learning to put together their emergent nations, learning—what else? There were rumors of trouble. Some Moscow drunks had beaten up a Nigerian student they caught with a Marxist-Leninist white girl. The kids were being confined to quarters like untrustworthy basic trainees. The proletarian princes of Africa, Jim had heard—future engineers, teachers, scientists, leaders—felt insulted and injured.

Jim got a permit to visit the university. "Lumumba, Tuesday," were the words on his calendar. He tucked the pass into his wallet.

It seemed odd to gather so many different peoples—Yorubas, men of Dahomey, Senegalese, Nigerians, men from Ghana and Upper Volta—into this one spot which was so much like a compound, but maybe it made some kind of sense. After all, they did need to learn the common language for their studies. And they were all the same color, if you count brown, black and blue-black the same. But anyway, it did feel kind of gummy to Jim.

He took a cab to the locked flat yellow stone building. The driver waited. Jim wondered why, since he dismissed him and told him he would be spending the day. But the driver seemed to expect his

they met secretly—the black american and the russian's wife—grasping fragments of joy in a world of cunning and betrayal

ZOYA

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

fare back soon. At the door, a sentry stood in the familiar greasy double-breasted blue suit of the lowest rank of clerk. He admitted visitors in single file —a group of portly East Germans with pasty faces, a couple of Albanians with ruddy cheeks and handle-bar mustaches. A delegation of high school principals to inspect the storied halls of ole Lumumba U. Jim got in line and presented his pass. "*Propusk*," he said.

An official in a leather jacket stepped forward. He had been waiting for Jim. He looked at the pass but did not look at it. He took over for the clerk. "*Nyet*," he said. "*Nein* today. No visitors."

"*Propusk*. Pass," said Jim.

"*Nyet*."

Jim went pushy and insistent. The others had been let in. He could just join the group. He had been promised. He had a pass. Here, the pass.

An implacable leather arm barred the door. "*Nyet*"—with trouble coiled and waiting in that arm.

"You let *them* in!" he said to the owner of the leather arm, and hated the whine in his voice.

"*Spetsialny propusk*," said the guardian with a small smile. Well, he liked Jim's whining. It was one of the prerequisites of his job—make people whine.

Jim pushed a little, just to try. The man meant business. The answering shove had a lot of push-ups and put-downs buried among cracked folds of winter leather. The business was no business.

Jim returned to his cab. The driver also wore a little extra tuck at the mouth. Smile. OK, Jim smiled, too. He went back to the office to order a *special* pass. No go. No pass could be special enough. They were having exams at Lumumba. They were repairing the labs at Lumumba. They were busy at Lumumba. No visitors. No pass. No pass to the American Negro journalist.

Good. He'd get his story, anyway, and the no pass was part of it. He returned every day. He waited outside on the street. At different hours. Then at the same hour, so the students could find him. He talked with gangling blue Dahomans, fat Yorubas, narrow-eyed Nigerians uncomfortable in their flapping Soviet clothes. No matter what the rules, they had to be let out sometimes. They were guests of the Soviet people. He lurked, they lurked, they found each other. The African students were curious about him; they plucked at his gabardine trench coat. The Nigerians and the Ghanaians spoke English with a handsome lilt. And they told him their sad stories—isolation, mistrust, disorganization, homesickness, disappointment. They were sick of indoctrination. They wanted to learn. They were sick of group singing. They wanted some fun.

Then one day they walked by without turning their heads, or, rather, they turned their heads every which way but his way, and the tall Nigerian who had become a kind of pal and interpreter lagged behind a little, waggling his finger as a signal. Jim already knew his time was up with them. They had been threatened.

OK, he decided, and walked briskly off toward the bus stop. He would let the story ripen. Maybe he had tried to go too fast—the eagerness of the new man. He had been warned about this. Maybe he had gotten too interested in the African students and that was a mistake. But he would follow it up. He could be stubborn, too. . . .

Pieces of paper, the tumbleweed of Moscow, blew in the dry summer wind at his feet. He climbed the long steps into the Moskva Hotel, palace of bedding. A doorman in a greasy coat stared at the door, hands in his pockets, as Jim pushed it open. The doorman didn't move. Jim walked around him. He followed the corridor to the main dining room.

He was in the huge pre-Revolutionary hall, the grand dining room of the Moskva Hotel. Smell of cabbage and waitress. The *commissar d'hotel* showed him to a small table drowning in linen, lamp silver. Above him swung a watchful chandelier. He was hungry. He was thirsty. He was alone. He studied the menu. He would eat and drink a great deal again tonight. His expense account covered all the goodies a fellow could buy. On the stand, the all-girl balalaika band—none weighing in under 180 pounds—played *Stay As Sweet As You Are*. Much food, much drink. Another night in Moscow. Much, much alone.

• • •

Mackton was industrious, agreeable and eager to make his mark. He went to the ballet, the opera, the theater. He sent notes to all whose names were given him by American journalists, French writers, Italian cameramen—friends of friends—anybody. Soon he began to break through the sulky fear and isolation. He partied at the National Night Bar, where a girl like a tucked-in, fatty sausage sat week after week, waiting, with that invisible sign hanging from her visible neck: OFFICIAL-FOREIGN-CURRENCY-ONLY WHORE. (The girl looked sad. She not only had to perform her traditional labors; she also had to fill out reports afterward. And probably there was a camera fitted to her bedstead to check that she was giving good socialist realism. It kind of takes away some of the kick to know that the moment of unearthly joy goes into a file for possible future study.) He drank melted ice cream at the Gorki Street ice-cream parlors. He ate egg rolls in the penthouse restaurant at the Peking Hotel, and shashlik at Aragvi, where the Georgians broke into fistfights at midnight (explanation: "They're Georgians"). He got taken along to apartments in the House of Creativity, where writers, actors, directors and other artists lived pell-mell piled together, with a florist's shop at ground level so that tributes could be fired up pronto into the bedroom of an admired contralto or dancer.

Thus it happened, due to continuous cultivation, that he was invited to the summer *dacha* in Peredelkino of a famous critic, translator, collector of forbidden modern art, and police spy. Many thought him a rat, but he provided good food, jolly talk and, most important, was allowed to entertain all sorts of foreign visitors. So people watched what they said and went when invited.

The guests strolled on the porch of the large cottage and in the pine and spruce of the woods, where sandaled painters toted canvases from their studios and children played near a log-cabin library, built in the style of the traditional Russian izba, and everyone congratulated each other on the minty air of Peredelkino and on escaping brown, dusty Moscow, and expressed concern at the increasing weekend crush on the roads. Occasionally, someone slipped away to visit the grave of Pasternak.

The writers and artists have it good, he decided, yes, pretty sweet-smelling, summer-cottagey, woodsy good. So long as they are good little writers and artists like his host, the distinguished critic and police spy. There was ice, caviar, a samovar bubbling, vodka cooling and heaps of little gleaming-eyed fish and cheese with curly seeds embedded in it and slices of ham and morsels of cold chicken. And flowers, flowers everywhere. And Pasternak, hounded to death, his grave covered with flowers.

This was a village for "creative workers." They created in cottages of creativity and in hotels for creativity, and they led a rather monastic life, it seemed. Frequently, he would be stopped by a raised hand and a camera and a smiling creator who hustled about, stationed him in the sun and took his picture. "Photo," he would say.

"Photo," Jim replied.

"*Spasibo* thank you," the creative photographer answered, bowing. "Write. I send photo." And Mackton gave the new friend his New York address, which was what he wanted. He wanted to see a New York address written in the hand of a genuine New York Creative Negro.

Once a gay little bald chap sprang out of the bush, where he had been doing Mackton knew not what, crying, "Kodak!"

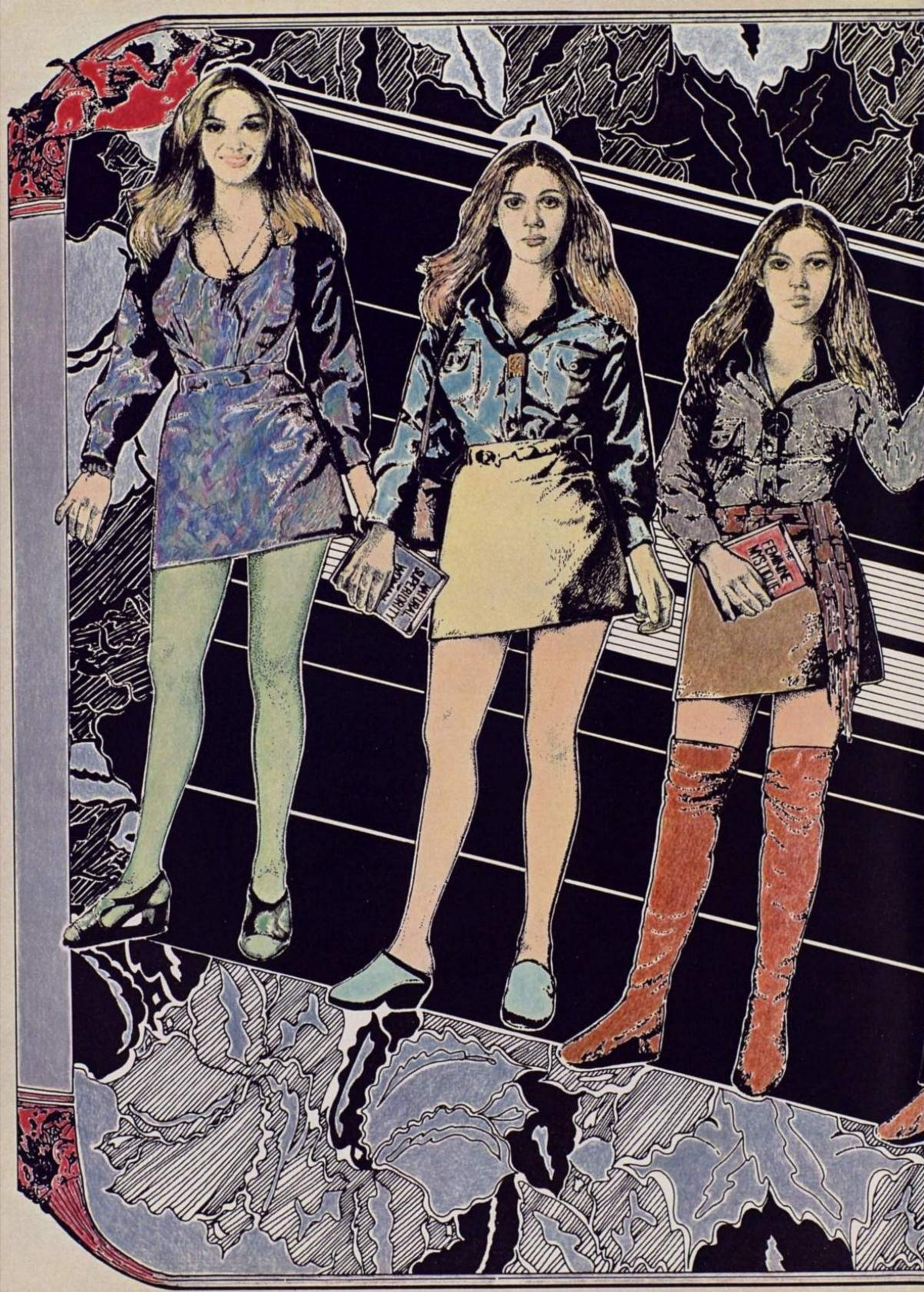
"Agfa!" answered Mackton in astonishment, hoping that was the password.

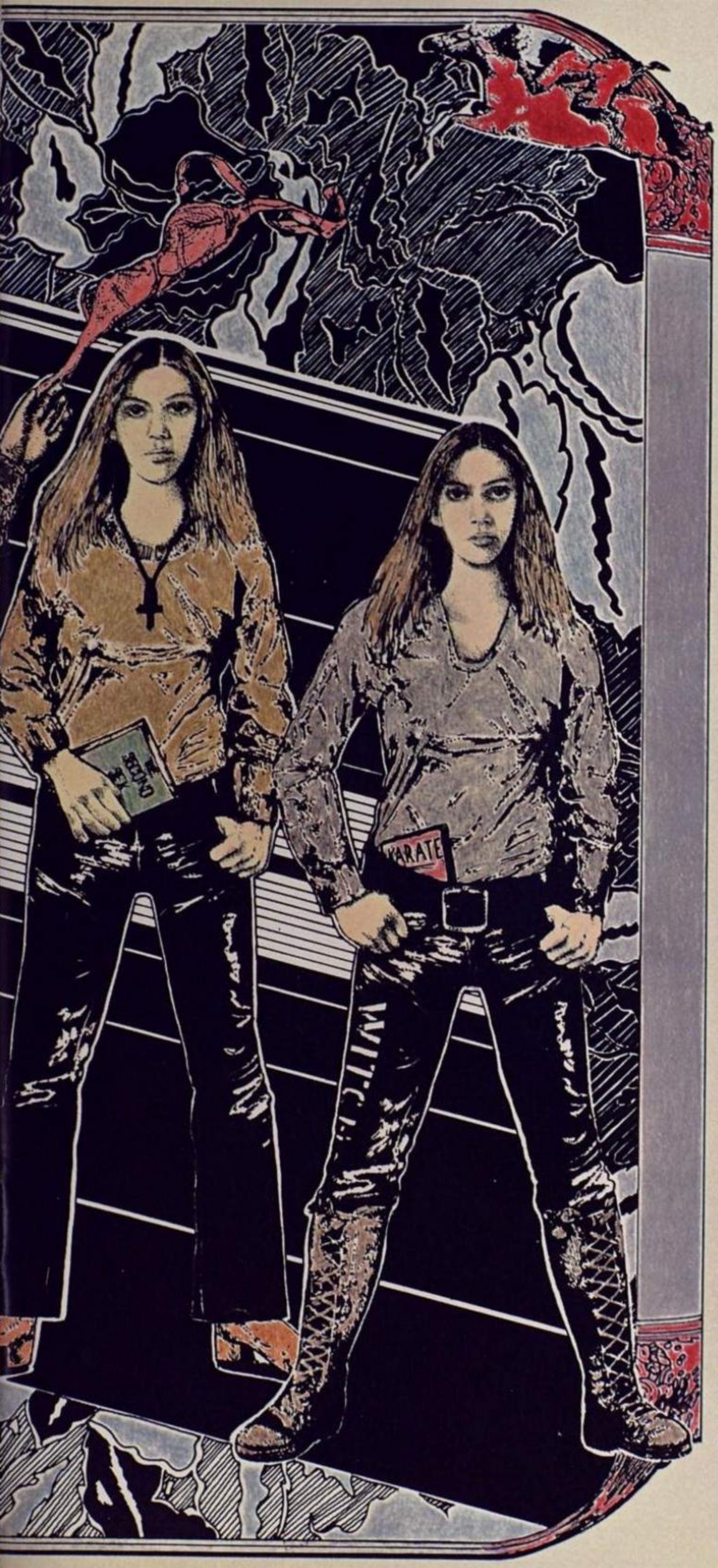
The man giggled and cried, "Medlinkov! My name! Playwright, critic, satirist, friend!"

(continued on page 112)



"How about it, J. B.? Miss Band-Aid of 1970."


MORAL SUPERIORITY
THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE



militant man-haters do their level worst to distort the distinctions between male and female and to discredit the legitimate grievances of american women

UP AGAINST THE WALL, MALE CHAUVINIST PIG!

article

By MORTON HUNT

REVOLUTIONS traditionally appear first as clouds no larger than a man's hand, easily overlooked if you're not staring at the sky. Only occasionally are they as startling and dramatic as a clap of thunder.

You might, for instance, never have noticed the tiny cloud that appeared one night last fall at a feminist Congress to Unite Women meeting in New York, a conference attended by thousands of anxious members of women's organizations ranging from Hadassah to a small radical group somewhat muscularly named Female Liberation Cell-16. When H hour struck, the girls of Cell-16 strode on stage in tight pants, polo shirts and heavy custom-made mountain boots and announced to the awe-struck thousands that they were going to "demonstrate a liberated woman."

The only woman on stage with long hair promptly stepped forward; all the others had newly cropped locks that barely covered their ears. The long-haired girl spoke plaintively about the way men related to her tresses rather

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN

than to her as a person and complained that she was still a sex object. "My long hair symbolizes a delicate Alice-in-Wonderland thing that undercuts the image of a strong human being," she said sweetly.

"No, no, don't!" came the cry from some anguished members of the throng. But the long-haired girl held up a tiny scissors and handed it to one of the members of Cell-16 drawn up behind her, their arms folded self-consciously across their chests, like pre-adolescent tomboys spoiling for a fight. She sat down on a chair and, while the shorn curls fell around her, the various girls of Cell-16 stepped forward, one by one, to tell the audience how short hair made them feel stronger and freer. Once the ceremony was over, hostility from the rest of the congress rolled over the stage like breakers over a beach. There were shouts and protests and nobody accepted the invitation to join the hair liberation.

"Women have been denied so much for so long," pleaded an older woman with coils of white hair piled above her brow, "why deny any part of our femininity that makes us feel good?"

A striking blonde in a boy's polo shirt, obviously not wearing a bra, put it more succinctly. "I want to be liberated!" she bellowed over the hubbub. "But I'm not cutting my hair just because men like hair. When I make love, men play with my breasts and I'm sure as hell not cutting *them* off!"

And so the discussion went at the front lines of *another* revolution by women. Actually, they had begun their fight before any of today's other insurrectionary groups—in 1848, to be precise—and had seemingly won it by the 1920s and made peace.

As a revolutionary act, it sounds laughable—but Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette laughed, too, and eventually lost their heads. Modern men who cherish their own heads, and their—you know what—had better pay attention. For, since 1966, a new insurgency known as the women's liberation movement (no capital letters; it's not an organization but a phenomenon) has rapidly gained strength and is now more powerful, revolutionary, morally justifiable—and, at times, more ridiculous—than any previous wave of feminist revolution.

The ridiculousness is thoroughly misleading. While snickering at the follies of the neofeminists, one is likely to underestimate both their seriousness of purpose and the legitimacy of many of their complaints. The women's liberation movement is unique: No other recent struggle for human rights has been so frivolous and yet so earnest, so absurd and yet so justified, so obsessed on the one hand with trivia and, on the other, with the radical restructuring of male-female relationships, of family life and of society itself. It is, in short, a study in contrasts. A few examples:

Higher education: Eight Temple University coeds insist on their right to take R. O. T. C. courses, and go hup-two-three-fouring alongside the boys, rifles on shoulders, in winter wind and sleet; 20 Berkeley girls demand that they be admitted to the karate class and invade the men's locker room—catching some occupants dripping wet—to make their point; on a number of campuses, extremist women variously strip to the buff in lecture rooms, shout dirty words at professors or speakers they consider male chauvinists or even bite, punch and kick some of the latter, to prove that women are not necessarily weak, timid and inferior.

But there is another side to all this: Such women, kookie though they may be, are the advance scouts of a vast, slow-moving army of females pressing forward into all aspects of college life and into the world for which it presumably trains people. Two and a half times as many girls go to college today as did 20 years ago, and they now make up over 40 percent of the college population—the highest proportion in our peacetime history. Increasingly, they go to college on equal terms: Yale, Princeton and other redoubts of male privilege have opened their doors to women.

Equal opportunities: In the landmark year of 1969, girl jockeys ride in the races for the first time. *The New York Times*, pestered to death by demonstrators and lawyers from NOW (the National Organization for Women), stops listing help-wanted ads according to sex. Neofeminist women march upon Wall Street, carrying placards and shouting denunciatory slogans, because it allows so few women to function as brokers and only one to hold a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. And NOW president Betty Friedan and a handful of her pals picket the Plaza Hotel, where businessmen can lunch in the Oak Room away from the sight and sound of women.

Are you amused and contemptuous? All right, but don't overlook what lies behind these frivolities—a major drive by American women, the Labor Department and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to give women an even break in the job market. For it is not only blacks, Jews and other minorities who are discriminated against: In nearly every part of American industry, women are systematically given, and largely limited to, the lesser jobs. Thirty-one million women work—but a third of them are secretaries and clerical workers and over a fifth are service workers (waitresses, domestics and the like); only small numbers of male workers are in either category. Not surprisingly, the average yearly income of full-time female workers is about $4150, while that of full-time male workers is $7200; only three percent of the women make over $10,000, as compared with 23 percent of the men. Apologists for discriminatory hiring often say that the discrepancies in position and income are due to the lesser abilities and lesser work drive of women, and, to some extent, this may be true. Unquestionably, the lower female *average* yearly income reflects the fact that many women drop out of the work market for marriage before they have had the opportunity to climb to a respectable annual salary. But even when men and women do the same work, and equally well, women are given lesser titles and lower pay. Women full professors, for instance, earn about ten percent less than their male counterparts and women chemists earn a half less than male chemists.

Feminine charm: Busloads of feminists from a number of cities disembark outside Convention Hall in Atlantic City to protest the "degrading, mindless boob-girlie symbolism" of the Miss America contest and, more generally, the exploitation and oppression of women through "sexism." The demonstrators publicly remove and burn their bras, crown their own Miss America (a sheep) and fill a "freedom trash can" with instruments of sexist enslavement: steno pads, false eyelashes, women's magazines and copies of PLAYBOY. Before an enthralled group of neofeminists in Boston, several members of Cell-16 demonstrate the karate blows and kicks designed to keep objectionable men in their place (crumpled on the ground?) and Abby Aldrich Rockefeller provides the *pièce de résistance* by breaking a board with her forehead as effectively as any man—well, actually, on the *second* try.

Sneer at all this, if you like—but don't deceive yourself that it's nothing but the exhibitionism of a handful of neurotics, uglies and dykes. For these women are martyrs of a new faith being propagated among the multitudes. Behind the few hundred extremists there are from 5000 to 10,000—no one knows the actual figure—vociferous but less extreme women who belong to all sorts of liberation groups; and behind these thousands are millions of nonjoiners whose moderate feminism is evident in their voting, their letters to Congressmen and to editors, their reading habits, their work lives, their sexual behavior, their marriages and divorces. Not many of these millions feel the feminist rage of which the radicals speak; not many advocate, as do some of the extremists, living in female communes and avoiding men except for sex or, better yet, doing without men altogether for long periods and relying on their own hands for relief. Not many seek, as do feminists from the New Left, the total overthrow of male-dominated, sexist, family-based, capitalist-militarist society. But all of them feel at least some of the frustrations, the conflicts, the contradictions endemic in the lives of

(continued on page 102)

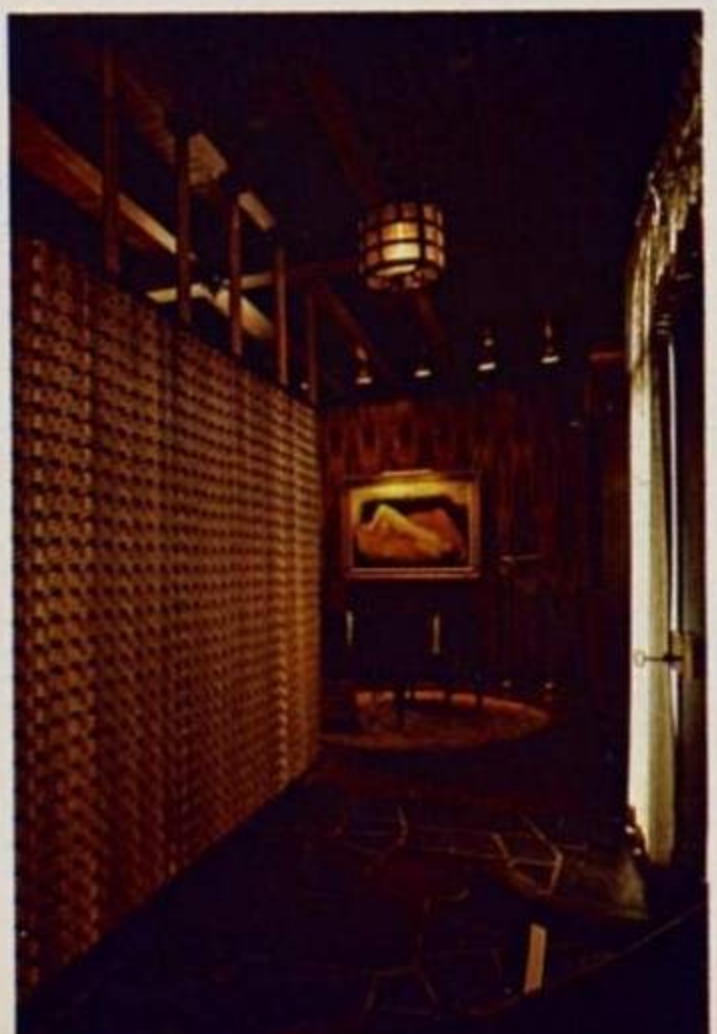


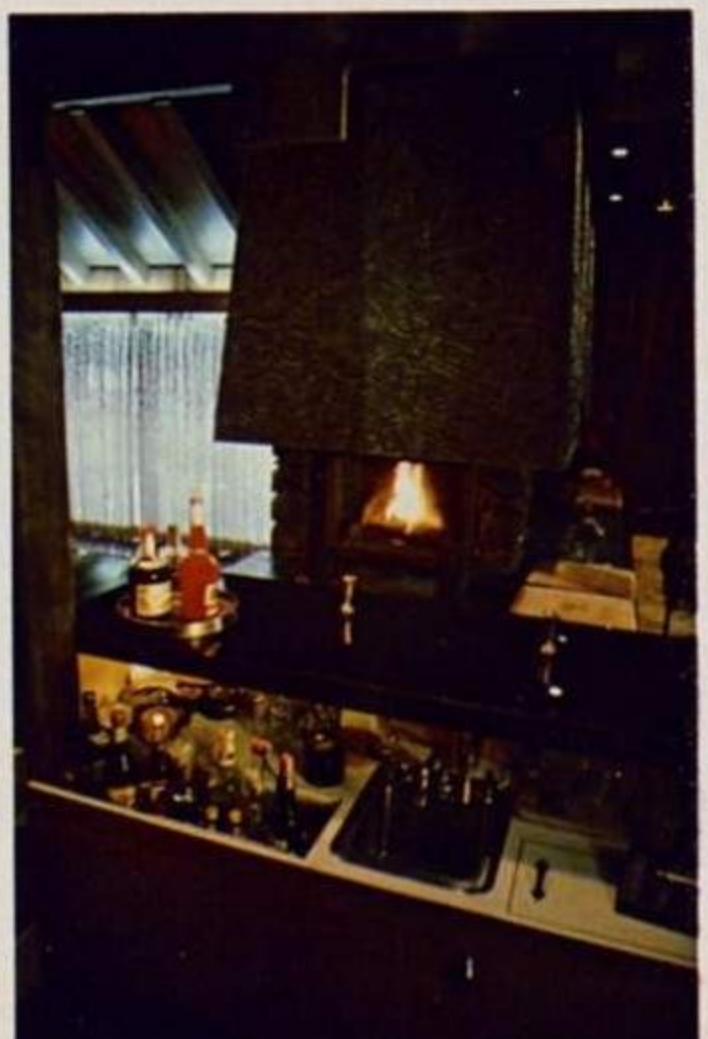
A PLAYBOY PAD:

SWINGING IN SUBURBIA

an imaginative toy designer
turns a staid old carriage house into a
focal point for fun and games

Previous page: Guests arriving at Marvin Glass's Evanston, Illinois, home park their cars where a coach-and-four once stood at the ready; in former days, the pad was the carriage house to a now-demolished mansion. Glass completely gutted the interior of his digs, leaving the original roof lines untouched. Above: The living room's focal point, a primitive-patterned hood, covers two fireplaces—one of which (below right) is positioned opposite a fully stocked wet bar. Below left: An intricately carved screen creates a foyer near the front door.





ALTHOUGH TOY DESIGNER Marvin Glass has created some highly imaginative playthings, his most ambitious and successful undertaking to date has been the total renovation of a 96-year-old Evanston, Illinois, carriage house. A bachelor, Glass purchased the building several years ago, then got together with architect Jim Stewart and drew up plans to revamp the interior from gabled roof to cellar floor. The result, pictured here, clearly reflects Glass's personalized approach to creating a live-in adult toy.

Most of the furnishings in Glass's pad are both contemporary in design and entertainment-oriented, as the master of the house is self-admittedly a compulsive party giver. His bashes usually are just for the fun of it, but, on occasion, he'll shrewdly combine business with pleasure







Above left: When it's party time in the Glass ménage, showbiz personalities often entertain on the living room's grand piano or grab a nearby hand mike. A Picasso hangs to the right of the piano. Above right: Glass's hi-fi controls are built into the cocktail table's top.



Aquanauts who want to take a dip in Glass's swimming pool, located just outside the front door, can change in one of the cabanas shown above. Drinks are mixed in the end hut, which houses bar and jukebox. Below left: An island cooking counter stands at the hub of the spacious, fully equipped kitchen. Below right: Most of the floors—and the stairway leading to the master bedroom and guest rooms—are of inlaid teak. The painting at the head of the stairs is by artist Frank Gallo, whose sculpture stands in the living room and bedroom.

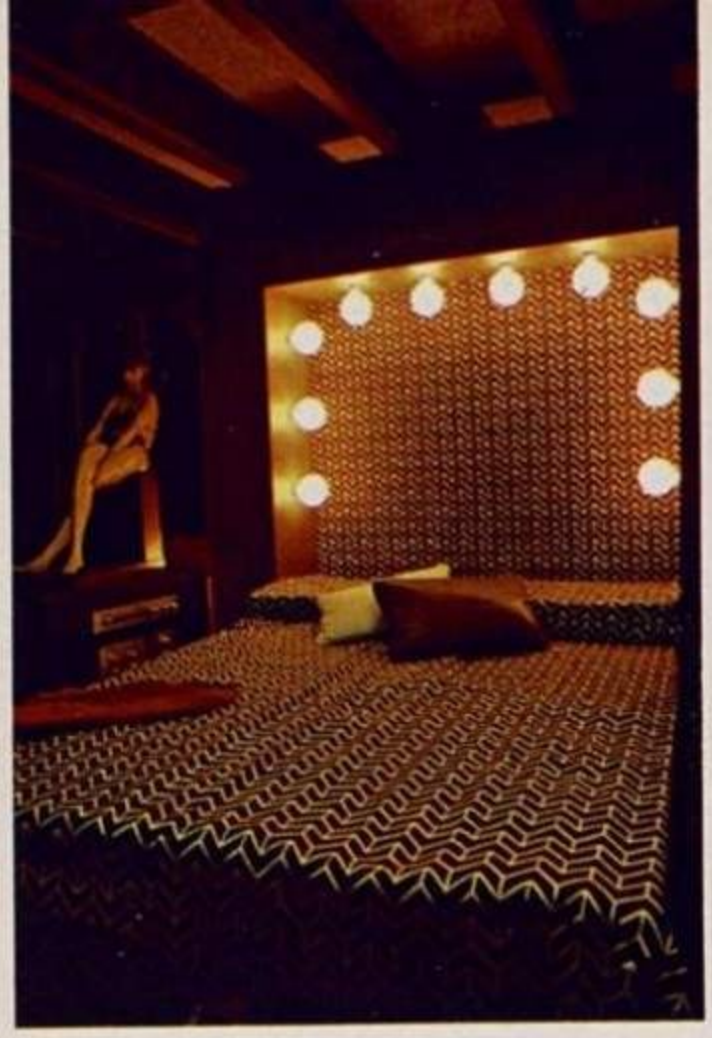
and take the opportunity to gauge guests' reactions to an adult game he's perfecting. (The couples above are playing Funny Bones, a Glass money-maker.)

Since a good deal of the action at a Glass party takes place in the large, beam-ceilinged living room, all the necessary ingredients for a gala affair are close at hand. Hi-fi controls have been built into a marble and black-glass cocktail table that's framed by a three-piece sofa—and a grand piano and microphones stand nearby, awaiting the showbusiness personalities that invariably attend. Thirsts are quickly quenched at the pad's well-stocked walk-in wet bar located between the living room, dining room and kitchen. With drinks in hand, guests can wander about, admiring Glass's collection of sculpture and paintings

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY DALE GORDON









by Picasso, Dali, Rouault and Frank Gallo, or study the primitive-patterned aluminum fireplace hood that dominates the first floor. The custom hood extends over two fireplaces and continues into the dining room, where it covers an entire wall. Other walls in the living room and dining room are paneled in rosewood cut from a single tree, so that the grain matches from section to section.

Glass purposely placed his emperor-sized ceramic Roman tub for eight (which is adjacent to a sun-lamp-equipped sauna) below ground in what was once the carriage-house basement, in order to get all the depth he needed. When designing this room, Glass included several built-in gadgets that the pleasure-digging Romans would have liked; incorporated in the ceiling is a unique lighting system

The master bedroom of the Glass house is highlighted by a rheostat-operated multibulbed headboard, which provides illumination for reading, and a Gallo sculpture. Nearby is an auxiliary hi-fi system and a minibar with built-in ice maker. Above right: A complicated mechanism controls the colored-light system in the shower–tub room's ceiling; hues span the spectrum, gradually changing from warm red to deep violet and back again. Den, sauna and outsized Roman tub are located on the lowest level, in what was once the carriage-house basement.





Above: Adjacent to the sunken bath is a sauna equipped with stereo speakers, phone and a row of ceiling-mounted sun-lamp bulbs. Below: Distaff guests frolic in Glass's huge ceramic-tile tub as his Jacuzzi whirlpool whips up bubbles. An elegant drink dispenser is close at hand.



that changes the color of the room, and a Jacuzzi whirlpool stands ready to whip up copious amounts of bubble bath, should a sudsy frolic be in order.

Those more romantically inclined can relax just down the hall in the wood-paneled den, where a blaze can be kindled in the field-stone fireplace and libations mixed at the black-leather-padded bar that stands at the opposite end of the room. Vinophiles can choose from a complete selection of vintages housed in the den's custom-built wine rack. On warm summer evenings, couples often take to the swimming pool, where there's a row of cabanas for changing, along with a bar and a jukebox. Since Glass designed his pad with guests in mind, it's no surprise that his parties and his eminently livable domain are both resounding successes.





The pool stands silent at dusk; in a moment, both cabana and underwater lights will automatically turn on. The fiberglass hut roofs are translucent, to let the sunshine in; at night, they create an atmosphere straight out of *The Arabian Nights*. Above right: Glass, backdropped by a Dali, presides over a dinner party in his rosewood-paneled dining room. Below: The den, a romantic below-ground grotto near the sauna, serves as the quiet corner for a tête-à-tête. Two leather Chesterfield sofas enhance the massive stone fireplace and rough-slate floor.

MALE CHAUVINIST PIG! *(continued from page 96)*

modern women, and all of them would like things to be different.

How different? They don't agree; indeed, their opinions run the gamut from moderate amelioration (better jobs, abortion reform, more child-care centers for working mothers) to a total radicalism that calls for the abolition of marriage, the transfer of child rearing from the home to communal centers and the elimination of all sex differences in clothing, education, home life, politics and manners.

• • •

Why the new feminist revolution? Didn't women win their war long ago? Oberlin, originally a men's college, first admitted them way back in 1837 and other colleges followed suit over the years. Abolitionist and prohibitionist women held the first Women's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. In the next several decades, a number of states liberalized their divorce laws (giving women greater leverage over husbands who mistreated them); and by 1900, most states had granted women the right to handle their own property, make contracts, bring suit and, in general, be persons (rather than childlike dependents) before the law. Women entered the labor force in ever-larger numbers, making their way into factories and business offices. By the Twenties, birth-control clinics were multiplying and women began to have the freedom to use their own bodies as they chose. And, finally, women got the vote. From then on, it seemed as if they were into everything, including free love, Bolshevism, flying, nuclear physics, Congress and, during World War Two, aircraft assembly lines.

There was good reason for this long, slow, sweeping change. When America was still agricultural and mercantile, women had innumerable essential functions to perform. Granted that they worked like galley slaves, had no legal rights and lived in a totally male-run society; at least what they did was absolutely necessary and gave them a clear sense of importance and achievement. In 1778, one Christopher Marshall, a thrifty and prudent Philadelphian, wrote approvingly in his diary of his wife's activities, as follows:

> From early in the morning till late at night she is constantly employed in the affairs of the family. . . . This calls for her constant attendance at getting prepared in the kitchen, baking our own bread and pies, meat &c. [and] also on the table. Her cleanliness about the house, her attendance in the orchard, cutting and drying of apples . . . her seeing to all our washing done . . . add to this her making of 20 large cheeses, besides her sewing, knitting, &c.

Mrs. Marshall, it's safe to say, suffered no role conflicts; when would she have had time to think about such things?

But as America became industrial and urban, many of woman's functions were taken away from her. Factories, canneries, public schools and hospitals made her skills unnecessary (at least if her husband had some money) and left her to fill her leisure with romantic novels, tatting, gossip and attacks of the vapors. When electricity, household machinery and refrigeration became available, her relegation to the minor chores of homemaking was almost complete and her sense of devaluation increased.

No wonder more and more women began to hunger, as the 19th Century wore on, for legal rights, the vote and the chance to do some of those interesting things men did in the outside world. No wonder girls who had discovered in college their own mental power could envision themselves as scholars, scientists and businesswomen and tried to make their visions real. No wonder women felt liberated when they achieved control of their fertility and were no longer committed to 20-odd years of successive pregnancies. No wonder they felt, when they finally won the vote in 1920, that they had opened the gates to the man's world. With this victory, the revolutionary fervor died away until, by World War Two, writings about "the woman question" had a quaint bygone flavor, like the faded picture books of a war fought before one's time.

But it was a false peace. Woman had won a kind of liberation—but not from her own biology nor from thousands of years of tradition. Except for a handful of hard-driving careerists and a small corps of daring bohemians, almost all American women wanted, more than anything else, to marry; compared with that, careers, sexual freedom and the right to seek public office all took a back seat. After World War Two, this traditional orientation was particularly strong; home life had been so threatened by the War that women were anxious to rebuild familism and to play house once again. More girls than ever went to college—but worked only briefly afterward, quitting their jobs when they married and settling into suburban domesticity and fecundity, only to find, within a few years, that they were bored, trapped by household and maternal duties and resentful of men, who, it seemed, had somehow tricked them into all this. They wanted to be wives and mothers and had their wish, but somehow it meant less than they had thought it would; besides, they wanted to be *people*, deal with adults, use their minds, be considered interesting, "*do* something." Worst of all, after a few years of marriage, they could begin to see the long decades stretching ahead, when their children would be slipping away from them into adolescence and adulthood and they themselves would be idle and useless for 30 or 40 years; by comparison, Mrs. Marshall's daily toil seemed exhilarating.

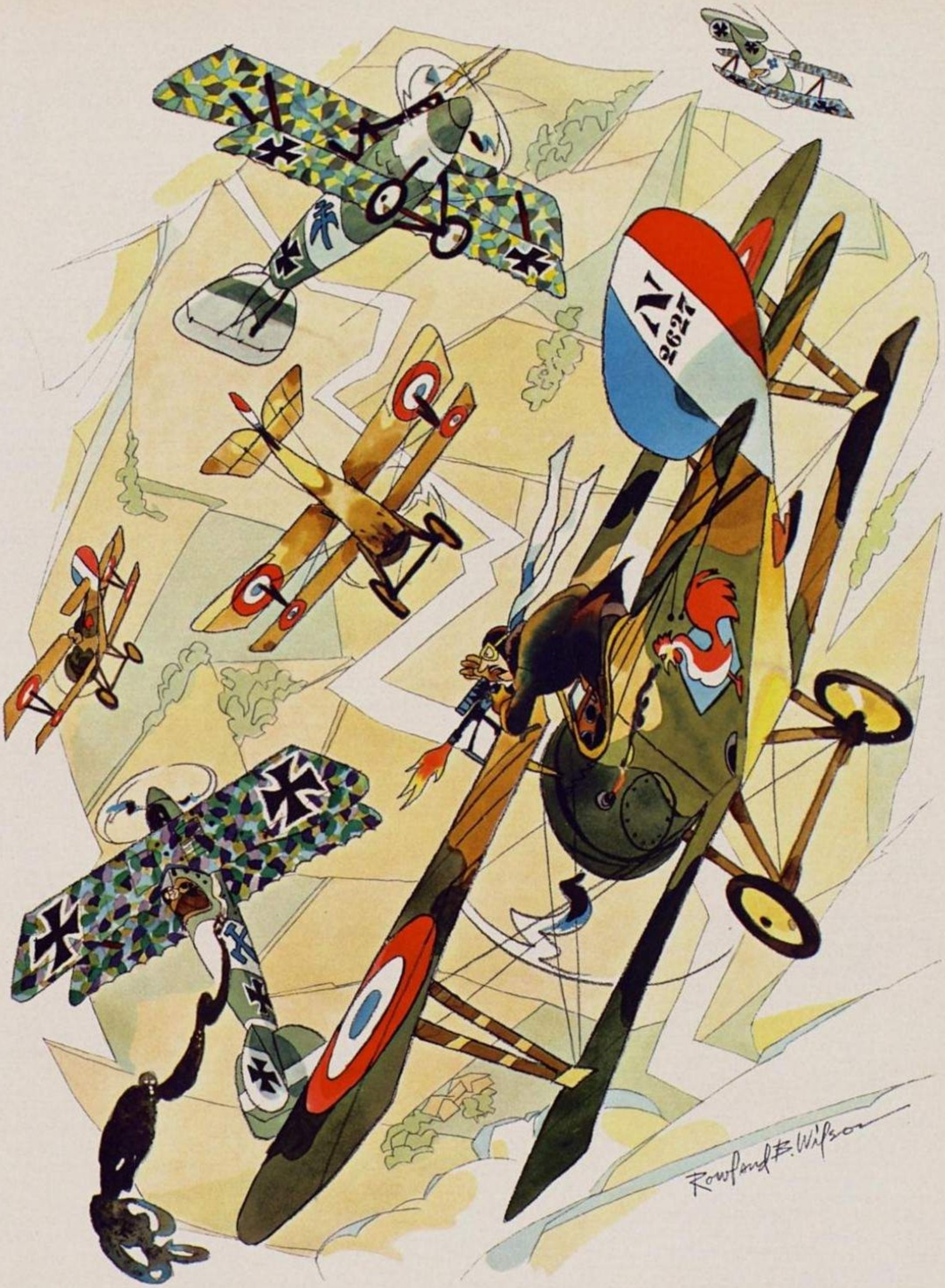
Meanwhile, post-War domesticity was allowing the gains of the feminist movement to evaporate. The earnings gap between men and women widened: In the mid-Fifties, full-time women workers averaged 64 percent as much as men; but by the late Sixties, they averaged only 58 percent as much. In 1969, women held 50 fewer seats in state legislatures than they had a decade earlier. In 1940, they held 45 percent of all professional and technical jobs; but in 1969, only 37 percent, though over twice as many women were so employed. In higher education, they slipped from 26 percent of faculty positions in 1920 to 22 percent in 1964.

Odder yet, even in professions where they had seemed most likely to get ahead, they had not. They continued to make up the same small proportion of physicians (six to seven percent) that they had for half a century, achieved only token representation in politics (only ten women have served in the Senate in 50 years) and made virtually no inroads into upper-echelon business and industrial management in two decades after World War Two.

The time was out of joint and Betty Friedan, like Hamlet, was born to set it right. Mrs. Friedan, a discontented homemaker and part-time magazine writer, had her celebrated book, *The Feminine Mystique*, published in 1963, the message of which was that women had been sold a bill of goods, not just for the benefit of men but for that of American industry, which stood to profit by having them stay home and *consume*. Throughout the country, women heard her message—they bought over 1,500,000 copies of the hardcover and paperback editions—and began to gird for combat. Noting the restlessness of the natives, but partly as a joke, Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia added "sex" to the Civil Rights Bill of 1964 that banned job discrimination on the basis of race, color, religion or national origin. Congress, chuckling, passed it—but women have had the last laugh: Some 7500 of the 44,000 complaints thus far filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission created by the act have involved discrimination against women and have resulted in girl jockeys, over-32 airline stewardesses, desegregated help-wanted ads and at least one female steamship yeoman.

In 1966, Betty Friedan and other feminists formally organized NOW; since then, splinter groups and other women's liberation organizations have proliferated in every major city—50 in New York, 35 in San Francisco, 25 in Boston, and so on—some sporting aggressive names such

(continued overleaf)



"Ze Kaiser's mistress is flat-chested!"

as WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) and WOLF (Women's Liberation Front), while others are more blandly labeled (Redstockings, New Feminists, New Women). In 1966 and 1967, NOW seemed fierce and bristling; but some of the later groups have so greatly surpassed it in their activism and their extremism that today Mrs. Friedan looks a little like an Aunt Tabby, a sort of Roy Wilkins of feminism.

Among the small feminist contingents that take the hardest lines are those formed by disillusioned and embittered young women who had expected SDS and other politically radical groups to understand their problems but discovered, to their dismay, that men of the New Left intended to do all the planning and confronting and let the chicks fix food, type, sweep and provide sex. (Stokely Carmichael once said, "The only position for a woman in SNCC is prone"—presumably, he meant supine—while one of the New Left's leaders at Berkeley, hearing of feminist discontent in the ranks, crudely paraphrased Marie Antoinette, saying, "Let 'em eat cock.")

Today's radical neofeminists have also turned away from the contemporary sexual revolution, even though their predecessors at the turn of the century had linked the women's rights movement with contraception, free love and the female's right to orgasm. Radical feminists see the present fascination with sexuality as the oppressors' effort to imprison women by making them value themselves only as sexual objects, brainwashing them into seeking to please men and, thus, eventually trapping them in the housewife-mother role. Nudity, sexual freedom in print and on film, the emphasis on sexual pleasure, the preoccupation of advertising with beauty and sex appeal, all are considered links in the chains binding women to love and to men.

In their own words, taken from miscellaneous pamphlets of radical feminist groups published in Boston, New York and Chicago:

> If your appearance is pleasing, you are sunk, for no one will ever look beyond. . . . We reject the soft, sexy, slender, stylishly clothed body. . . . [Be] inoffensively plain, thoroughly nondescript. . . . Bright colors and materials are wonderful to have around, but do you really want to decorate your body with them? On your body they cry out, "Look at me, I'm swinging, I'm sexy, I'm female." . . . You have to be prepared to be not just unattractive but actually sexually repulsive to most men, perhaps including all the men you currently admire.

In two separate issues of the feminist journal *No More Fun and Games*, Dana Densmore shot down sex itself:

> [Sex is] inconvenient, time-consuming, energy-draining and irrelevant. . . . Guerrillas don't screw. They have important things to do, things that require all their energy. . . . Erotic energy is just life energy and is quickly worked off if you are doing interesting, absorbing things. . . . [If] genital tensions persist, you can still masturbate. Isn't that a lot easier, anyway? This is not a call for celibacy but for an acceptance of celibacy as an alternative preferable to the degradation of most male-female sexual relationships.

Procreation fares no better. A memo from SDS women in *Women: A Journal of Liberation*: "We are the baby producers, the household slaves, who should be weak and dumb and can be successful only by being 'pretty.' . . . It's all jive, a lot of bullshit."

In effect, the rallying cry of Roxanne Dunbar of Cell-16 was "Up against the wall, Mother!": "We are damaged—we women, we oppressed, we disinherited. We have the right to hate and have contempt and to kill and to scream. . . . The family is what destroys people. Women take on a slave role in the family when they have children."

Her opinion was echoed by sociologist Marlene Dixon in *Ramparts*:

> The institution of marriage is the chief vehicle for the perpetuation of the oppression of women; it is through the role of wife that the subjugation of women is maintained. . . . The Sky-God tramples through the heavens and the Earth Mother–Goddess is always flat on her back with her legs spread, putting out for one and all.

One is tempted to dismiss such women too easily as frigid or Lesbian (a few of them look and sound it, most do not), dignifying their despair with the name of revolution; one is tempted to say, condescendingly (and probably incorrectly), that all they really need is to get soundly laid. In any event, either way of dismissing them is only an *ad hominem* attack (dare I say so? Or would they scream that it is *ad feminem*?). Roxanne Dunbar, with her monkish haircut, karate postures and vicious rhetoric, or Abby Rockefeller, with her bare calloused feet and battered forehead, may not be *your* kind of girls, nor any man's, but the basic attack on the "oppressors" and the arguments for the elimination of sex-role differences deserve to be judged on their own merits.

• • •

The central argument of the neofeminists is essentially a moral one: Man has always enslaved and oppressed woman, assigning better roles to himself and worse ones to her; and since it is immoral to treat equals this way, eliminating all male-female role differences should be the goal of every fair-minded person.

The morality is flawless, but the assumptions on which the major premise rests are hopelessly faulty. For one thing, it is assumed that men have always divided the roles in the same fashion, assigning desirable ones to themselves and undesirable ones to women; for another, it is assumed that all role differences are assigned or chosen and could, therefore, be eliminated; for a third, it is taken for granted that the elimination of all role differences would make women happier.

On the first point, there is a wealth of contrary evidence in the collected data concerning the hundreds of separate primitive societies, as well as the various civilizations, that human beings have constructed around the world. From the record it is clear that men have not invariably divided roles in the same way and that what constitutes a "desirable" or male role in one society may be a female role in another or an ambisexual role in a third.

It *is* true that extremely few functions have universally or very generally belonged to one sex or the other: Some years ago, anthropologist George Murdock surveyed the available data on 224 primitive societies and found that warmaking was a male job in 100 percent of them, childbearing and suckling a female job in 100 percent, and that it was almost always men who performed the far-ranging, strenuous, risky tasks, while women very generally had the more sedentary and nurturant tasks. Nor is that surprising: This much of the division of labor is a natural consequence of the physical differences between men and women, at least in cultures where human energy, rather than mechanical, is the chief way of getting things done.

But beyond these generalizations, the assignment of male and female roles is far from uniform and the data belie the paranoid picture the feminists paint of human history. Trading or bartering, for instance, is most often a male job—but in 18 percent of Murdock's societies, women also participated in it, and in 13 percent, it was exclusively a female role. Food gathering was a male role in almost all hunting societies, but in agricultural societies, it was as often a woman's job as a man's. Pottery making, weaving and working with hides were quite often assigned to women, but in nearly a quarter of the societies, they were assigned only to men. Various household tasks were female work in most societies but were shared by men in about a tenth—and were wholly male functions in slightly more than that. Cooking, curiously enough, was exclusively a male function in nine percent of the cultures studied.

(continued on page 202)

pictorial essay By FEDERICO FELLINI

satyricon

the protean creator of "la dolce vita," "8½" and "juliet of the spirits" casts some light—darkly—on the message and metaphysics of his latest film



Fellini shows London fashion model Hylette Adolphe how he wants her to pose during a provocative *Satyricon* nude scene.

I FIRST READ the *Satyricon* of Petronius a long time ago, in school, with the pleasure and the morbid curiosity of the adolescent. The memory of that first distant reading has never left me during all these years, but little by little it was transformed into a constant and obscure temptation to which, three years ago, I finally yielded: I had to sign a contract for a film, and the title I chose was *Satyricon*.

When the moment came to honor the contract—when it was a matter of executing the project whose end up to that time I had only dreamed of—I was seized by panic; I felt lost. What kind of mess had I got myself into? Why was I making *Satyricon*? One never knows why one makes one film rather than another. At least *I* don't know. Pressed by journalist friends, I can invent all sorts of motives and reasons, chattering on in bad faith about urgencies, coincidences, analogies, anger, nostalgia, memories. But they are all fabrications, an artifice of screens and labels that, in part unwittingly, have the function of protecting and camouflaging the real and unforeseeable growth of what I really want to do.

Anyway, when I said that I wanted to make *Satyricon*,

a number of friends whom I esteem kept repeating to me: "It will be your best film!" "You couldn't have chosen better!" But apart from the fact that this plebiscite made me suspicious and full of icy doubts about the validity of the enterprise, I did not really know what to say to those who encouraged me in that way. How could it be my "best" film? What could I have in common with the pagan world? Of one thing, at least, I was absolutely certain: All those enthusiastic affirmations of my presumed undeniable capacity to make a film like *Satyricon* contained the sinister shadow of the film that I did *not* want to make, that I should not make and that I have not made. Nothing—but nothing—did I know about the Romans; they seemed to me unknown and more remote from us than a cat or a crab could be. The busts I saw at the Capitoline Museum said nothing to me; their splendid inertia had only the familiarity of academic knowledge or the casualness of personal associations.

Perhaps for this reason, the choice of faces for this film found me faltering, disoriented. In general, the human tapestry of a film of mine is the most precise element for penetrating the meaning of the film itself; but this time its plot was hard to structure, precarious, even incongruous. There existed no models, no aesthetic canons to copy; each conventionally expressive perspective was confused, upset; and if, perchance, I let myself be tempted by it, the result could be unexpected or catastrophic. The Appian Way? The ruins of the Colosseum? Picture postcards. Nothing was coming to me. Less than nothing, save that vague sense of funereal melancholy that photographers have invented, showing those ruins silhouetted at sunset with a couple of lambs in the foreground.

Then one night, in the Colosseum, I saw that horrendous lunar catastrophe of stone, that immense skull devoured by time, as the testimony of a civilization with a different destiny, and it communicated to me for one instant a shiver of terror and of delight; and for the first time, I felt myself immersed in the convulsive lucidity of dreams, in the feverish temperature of fantasy and forebodings. And this seemed to me the exact tone that the film ought to have. *Satyricon* should have the enigmatic transparency, the indecipherable clarity of a dream. The greatest effort, therefore, that this film has required of me has been to make two parallel and completely contradictory operations coincide. In the film, everything is invented: the faces, the gestures, the situations, the atmosphere, the objects. To obtain all this, I committed myself to the burning and passionate dimension of fantasy. But then I had to objectify the fruit of this fantastic operation, to detach myself from everything in order to re-explore it from a disquieting point of view—to find it again intact and yet altered beyond recognition, as in a dream. To give a sense of strangeness to the film, therefore, I have adopted a dream language, a figurative code that has the elusiveness, the ineffability of a dream. The detachment, the estrangement, in fact, often seemed to me the only means that could defend me from the danger of a dialectical relationship, whatever that might be, with a remote and unknown reality, the only perspective from which to regard pagan Rome with eyes unclouded by the myths and ideologies that have followed in these 2000 years of Christianity. In the Rome of the decline that I was preparing to conjure up, Christ did not yet exist; to forget, to put aside this idea, this experience that has modified us almost biologically, was psychologically a most difficult and exhausting task, but only its success could allow me to show the Roman world with the same wonder, the same curiosity, the same amazement with which we approach a tribe of the Amazon or observe a human magma sunk in mystery.

On the other hand, it was not possible to ignore the obvious analogy between the Roman society described by Petronius—corrupt, dissolute, cynical—and the society of today, at the height of its magnificence but already revealing the signs of a progressive decay; a society where every religious, philosophic, ideological and social belief has crumbled, leaving in its place a sick, frenetic occultism, an impotent promiscuity. Likewise, the principal characters of the story—Encolpius, Ascyltus, Giton—could be the long-haired students that one sees these days on the Spanish Steps in Rome or in Paris, Amsterdam or London; people who go from one adventure to another, even the most wretched and impudent, without the least hesitation or the slightest repentance, with the innocence and the vitality of young animals. Their revolt has none of the character of traditional revolt—neither the faith nor the desperation nor the will to change things or to destroy them. Rather, it remains a rebellion that expresses itself in terms of total indifference and separation from the society that surrounds it. Their interests in life are natural and elementary: They eat, they make love, they live together, they wander here and there. They find the means to live through casual, often illegitimate expediencies. They are outside of any system, free from obligations, constraints, duties; they are completely insensitive to the often blackmailing rules of conventional emotionality, from family ties; they do not even have the cult of friendship, which in its traditional expression they

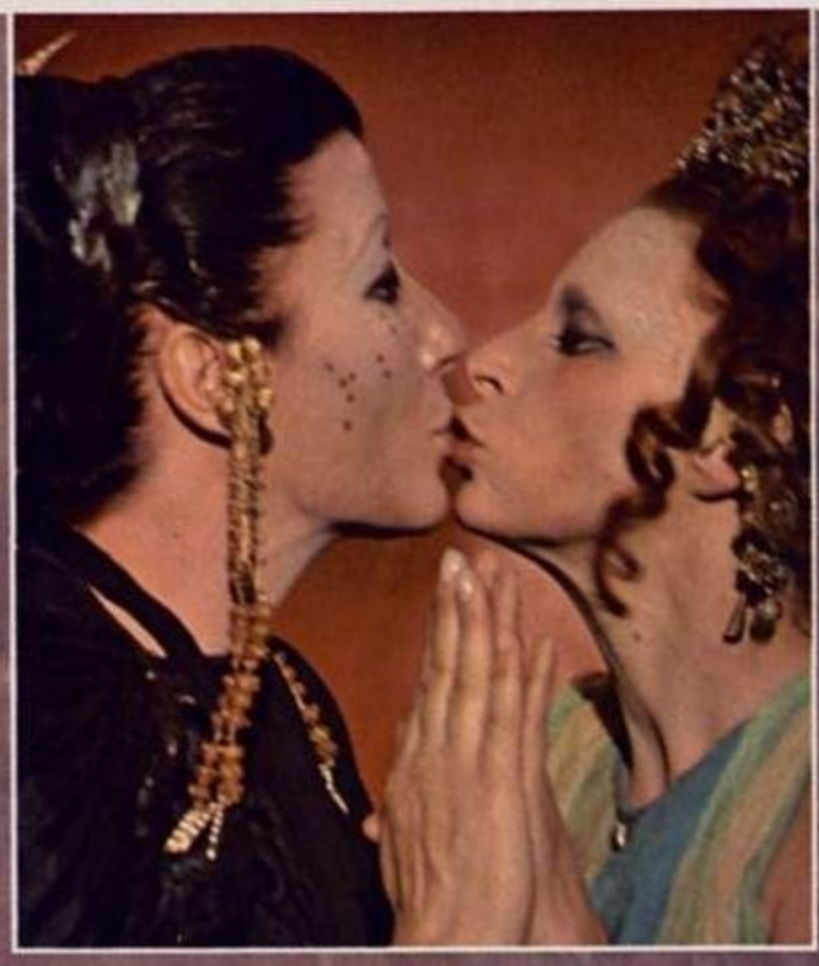


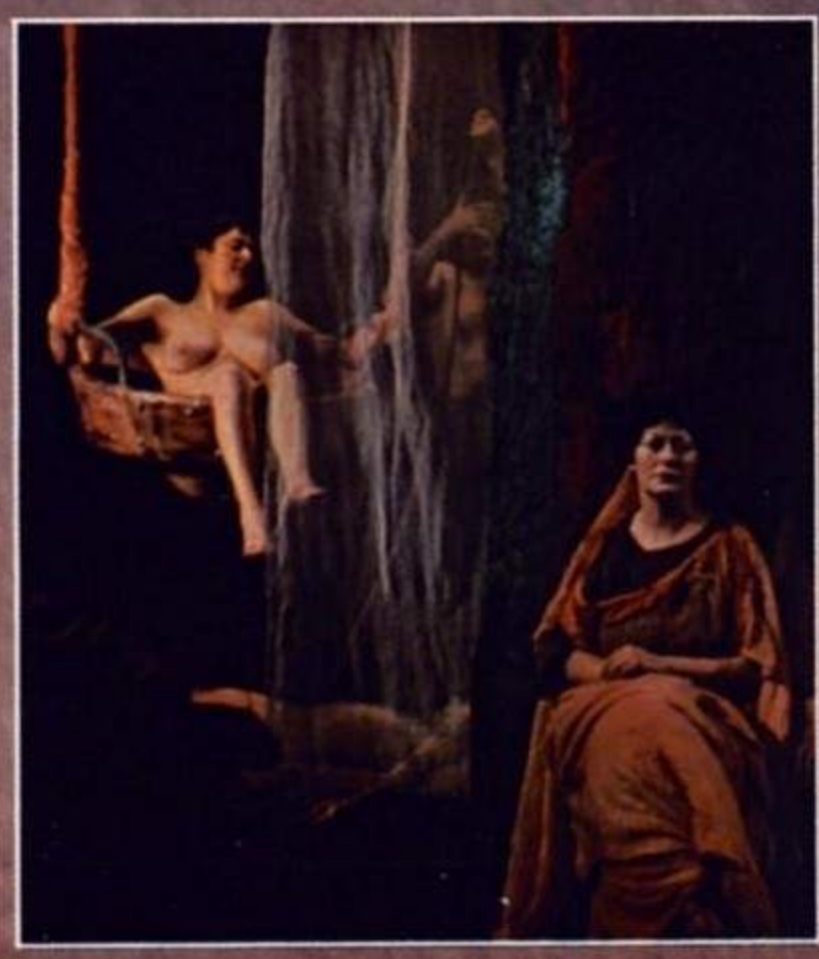
Hylette plays a slave raped by Romans Ascyltus (Hiram Keller, left) and Encolpius (Martin Potter); she soon finds three-way loving to her liking.

One of the many memorable scenes in *Fellini Satyricon* is an orgy at Trimalchio's mansion. Before the huge feast gets under way, Trimalchio—a freed slave who's fond of showing off his new-found status as a wealthy man—invites several dozen of his friends and neighbors to use his lavish private baths (above). When dinner is over, Trimalchio has the good sense to serve up spicy desserts (inset) that are especially pleasing to the libidinous palates of his guests.

Fellini's evocative and erotic imagery is his cinematic hallmark. Inset, top, Danica La Loggia and Magali Noel exchange more than Platonic greetings; bottom, one of the many jarring sights Encolpius encounters while investigating a labyrinthine bordello. After he battles a Minotaur, Encolpius is given the voluptuous Ariadne (Elisa Mainardi, below right) as a sexual reward for his heroism. But Encolpius cannot rise to the occasion and his impotence leads him on an eerie quest for a cure.







consider a precarious, contradictory and self-interested sentiment, and they are ready to deny and betray it at any moment. They have no illusions about anything, because they do not believe in anything, but theirs is a new form of cynicism, a sort of peaceful disengagement, a healthy, concrete common sense, a singular realism.

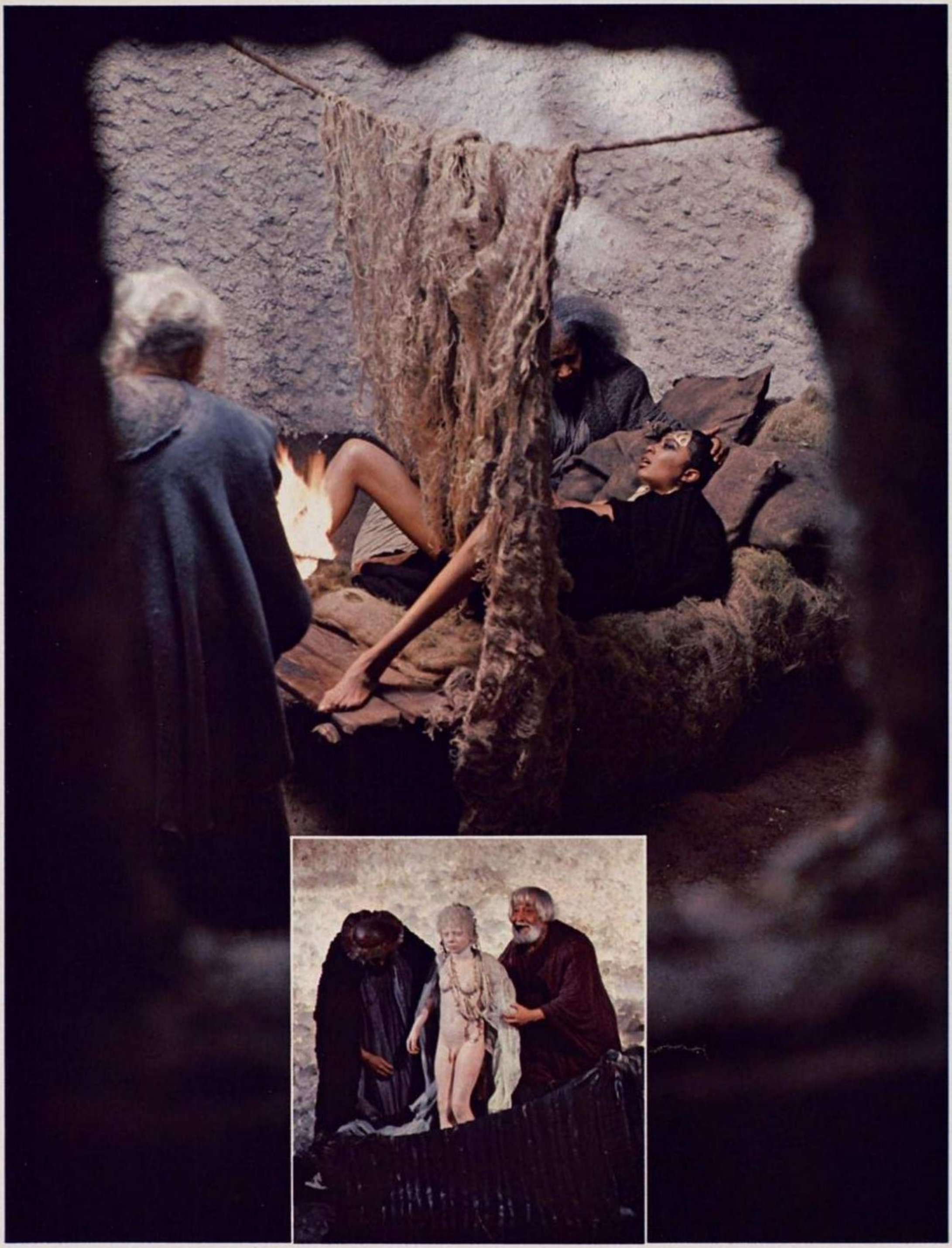
I think that young people will react positively to *Satyricon*, because it seems to me that they are living in the







In search of his manhood, Encolpius is offered the favors of a strumpet (top) but demurs. Opposite page, top: His last chance is Oenothea, a witch whose loins are about to be set afire so that the townspeople's torches—extinguished in a mysterious blackout—may be rekindled. While Encolpius makes love to Oenothea (Donyale Luna), he can't see what she really is—a bloated harridan (above). For profit, Encolpius abducts a frail hermaphrodite healer (opposite page, inset), who then dies.



same free, adventurous way as the boys in the film. During a trip to America last January, I had occasion to meet many university students and I spent time in the company of hippies. It is, above all, the nonviolent revolution of the latter—its significance, the sweet and indifferent passivity with which it is being lived—that has troubled and shocked me, so much so that one feels powerless to formulate even an *(concluded on page 210)*

ZOYA

(continued from page 92)

When he returned, the party at Valodya's country villa was in pleasant progress. Flowers in little vases were losing their petals in the heat. Ladies in flowered dresses swelled pinkly under the influence of "Konyaku," which is a sweet yellow Soviet brandy, and vodka, which is pure glassy Soviet vodka, and tea and cheese with little seeds in it, some of them showing signs of sprouting. There was Finnish bread. There were smiles, greetings, jokes, explanations as the alcohol performed its good works; they forgot that some of them regarded others as enemies of the people, others as enemies of the state, while a few were marked down as police informers. Instead, it became simply a fragrant August day in Peredelkino, made for the enjoyment of the privileged and the creative.

And then she entered the room and his life. The first thing he saw was the sunburned part in her hair. Oh, that probably hurts a little. But she didn't seem to notice it.

She was smiling.

Pink sunburned part in the hair.

She was wearing an Italian knit dress, and just an extra pound or two beyond legally defined slimness; she was sweet-fleshed, healthy and she gave the impression of being astonished and delighted by the world.

Introduction. To his surprise, Jim already knew her husband's name, even some biographical tags. Dimitri Mestchersky was colorful enough to figure in anecdotes—born "*knyaz*," a prince in the melancholy post–1917 Paris world of titled taxi drivers and patrician headwaiters. His talent was for ancient instruments—lyre, recorder, lute—and in a fit of sentimental Russianness, he took the amnesty and came home in 1945. Baroque music, though un-Marxist, was not anti-Marxist; and so, with his group, he gave concerts everywhere in the cities of the Soviet Union. His wife was called Zoya.

"Is it true," she said to Jim Mackton in excellent English, "my husband wishes me to ask you is it true, as you know he plays Rameau, Couperin, Bach, Baroque music using the old instruments, is it true, as someone told us recently, is it true. . . ?"

She seemed nervous. Why should this fine lady be nervous before brown, nervous, smiling Jim Mackton?

"Is it true in America they play this music with electronic lutes? Amplified harpsichords? Treated recorders?"

"You're kidding," said Mackton. "You are putting me on."

"You are putting me off," Zoya said.

"OK, I'll answer you seriously. It's a confusion. I think your informant is thinking of the Swingle Singers or something—voices they use. And then maybe sometimes it's recorded electronically, but that's not how it's usually done."

She sighed. "We hear so many things. I read an article yesterday about the zoot-suiters. But I am reasonably sure——"

"Righto," said Jim. "You are right to be reasonably sure."

"You know tvist?" she asked.

"Tvist?"

"Tvistovat," she said. "Chobby Checker, Beatle, Rollingstone."

"Oh," he said gravely, "twist, yes. A few years ago."

"I know easily to pronounce vee and doubleyou," she said, "only I make mistake sometimes when I don't know."

"I wish I could *mis*pronounce your language. But you speak beautifully, and your voice——" It was a rich voice, well imbued with her body.

They simply looked at each other after so much politeness and exchange of information. Their words had been foolish. The intention was clear.

"I think," she said, "I must take a walk in the woods."

"May I go with you?"

She smiled as if he had obeyed her command in the way that pleased her most. She set off, walking rapidly, without waiting for him. He understood that he was to follow her, "gradually," as he put it to himself. For a moment, however, he looked after that woman striding off into the pine woods of Peredelkino. She was already crackling twigs and not looking back. It pleased him that she was wearing sensible shoes, since the rest of her looked so Western and elegant.

A translator's girlfriend was asking him: "You are an American Negro?"

"Yes, my dear," he said.

"I see. You are a peace-loving American Negro, part of the world family of peace-loving peoples?"

"Deed ah do love peace," said Jim Mackton. "But mah family live in constant turmoil."

"Pardon?" said the whatzit's girl. Impatiently, he cut the English lesson short and ambled out to the woods.

The trail curved through leaves, twigs, dappled sunlight in bursts of fir. There was nobody on the trail. OK, she was going someplace. He would take a walk, anyway. His thoughts were peacefully monklike. His celibacy had begun to grow habitual; that is, he felt like a cucumber becoming a pickle, not knowing what was hitting him—vinegar, cloves, untimely souring in a barrel.

A crackle on the trail behind him. Zoya Mestchersky stood in a gleam of sunlight as he turned. She waved her handkerchief, then touched it to her forehead, as if to bless her brain, then hurried toward him in a silky, filmy float handkerchief, a springlike wiggle of firm flesh in Italian knit. "Hallo!" she called. She came toward him, lips slightly parted, laughing inwardly, bragging: "I was watching you from a tree. Like a Druid. I was spying on you like a CIA Druid, sir!"

"Hallo, funny," he said.

"You gave up very quickly, it seem to me. You forget me already."

"There's so much to remember," he said.

"You go for a walk alone. First you see me, then are happy to be alone."

"Not so happy," he said.

This brought a look of grammatical puzzlement to her face. She came very close to peer into his eyes, to stare at his mouth and his nose. There was more than syntax in her inquiry. He felt as if he were receiving his annual checkup three years late. He felt like surrender: he knew what a girl felt like, surrendering; he recognized this feeling, he did not like it, he took her in his arms.

And they stood together a moment in the middle of the path before they kissed. And then he pulled her off the path, someone might come along, he pulled her away, someone might see, he put his arms around her, he grasped, he took handfuls, they were kissing, someone might see, he pulled her off the path onto a crackling bed of leaves, he felt straps yielding, he felt her sudden hands reaching for him, for him, for him, a squeak came from her mouth, she was falling, someone might see. . . . "Oh, no!" she sobbed.

"Yes."

"Wait, wait, oh, wait."

And panting they untouched. They detouched. They let the hot humid air cool them. Crickets, other bugs. Shimmer off trees. They made plans swiftly. It was all decided in a few words, with no doubts at all. Whenever it starts, there are doubts, there are fears, whenever it is the first time, but this time there were none. They understood everything. And it began with this, as simple as this: She would come to his room in the little outer garden cottage in exactly 40 minutes. And now, to be careful, they must hurry back to the party separately.

First, before going to the cottage, Jim Mackton decided to eat a cold cucumber and have a glass of iced vodka.

She opened the door without knocking. It was on a leather thong; she lifted the thong. There was a passion for antiquity in Peredelkino—Baroque music, wide pants, fireplaces, leather thongs. And there she stood in the piny dark, embracing him a hundred yards away from her husband, and the distance steadily widening as they flew toward the Milky Way. Here in puritan Russia, Jim Mackton and Zoya found their little cottage in the woods, a few miles from Moscow. There were pine cones and the hot smell of sunlight on leaves, rather

(continued overleaf)



"The love is free, the sex will cost ten bucks."

than ice buckets and Coke machines; and other things were different; and they flew, distancing the earth, plans, fears, expectations, toward the Milky Way and on through.

Afterward, he awoke—when had he fallen asleep?—and heard little scraping and slipping noises in the cottage. He opened one eye. She was straightening up where clothes had been flung. He closed his eye. He opened it again. Still picking up. Both eyes opened. "What the devil are you doing?"

"The *chyort*," she said, "is cleaning your mess. You were asleep, filthy person."

He pulled her to him, he fitted her body to his, he rocked against her, he rocked with her. She twisted around and looked full into his face. She kissed him, keeping her eyes open. His eyes open. They struggled. Nails, groans. She sighed. She turned her back to him to be rocked some more. Then he seemed to sleep again. She kissed him like a child. She was gone.

Later, a few hours later, he was in the crowd at the *dacha* again. It was time for midnight supper. Cheeses with exotic marbling, wine and brandy from the Caucasus, Georgian sausages and heaps of glistening, sugary sweets, all sharpened with iced vodka and then espresso coffee, black as night, made in a complaining machine some lucky traveler had brought back from Italy.

Jim tried to find on Zoya's face a sign of what had happened that afternoon. He knew her because he knew her. He knew her because he knew himself, a rage of relaxed good will, his soul expanded and his heart full. But she smiled and bestowed her smiles as impartially as if she merely sought to please a visitor.

He was about to guess what he would do if her husband spoke with him when her husband was speaking with him. "I understand, *Gospodin* Mackton, that Baroque music has become a veritable fad in your country. On radio FM, they say, there is sometimes eight hours of uninterrupted Bach and the sons of Bach. That is too much."

In this excellent English, he was inviting Jim Mackton to his Moscow concert the next weekend. It was sold out; it was filled with Komsomol lovers of Baroque, but would Jim like to accompany his wife, Zoya, to the concert, and then afterward, they could all have a little light supper together?

Her smell still clung to his fingers. Her husband was asking him to sit with her and watch him conduct from the harpsichord. They would form a long isosceles triangle, Jim and Zoya at the base and the nonprince at the public apex and the delicate shading of Komsomols in their red ribbons all between. What nonsense. What absurdity. What trouble this boded. What a ridiculous thing to ask. What a peculiar, silly, dangerous game. Why ask for trouble? Why risk so much? Why spend such danger on a girl, a flowered, delicate, tender, married girl? What a fool is the man who falls into that trap.

"Yes, I'd love to," said Jim Mackton.

As he stood at the doorway, saying goodbye to Mestchersky and his wife, Zoya, who stood smiling shyly at him, a chipper little voice cried out, "Kodak! And you answer Agfa!"

The bald playwright sprang up from nowhere.

"Hold!" he cried. "Workingman's camera! I smile, you smile!"

The three of them stood fixed in their own secret thoughts as Medlinkov shaded his viewer. Click. *Bolshoe spasibo.*

Many, many thanks.

• • •

Is it because she happens to fit the hollow place in my heart? Is it because she tastes so sweet? Both, both, thought Jim Mackton. She had come to his room on the fourth floor of the National Hotel, not far from the onion domes and cobblestoned expanses of Red Square. It was afternoon and they took this chance. They just walked along, past the hairy, frowning, bored old *babushka* stationed at the elevator, who accepted the laundry, kept the keys, reported all that went on. But today it seemed unnecessary to practice the usual deception by meeting under the Bolshoi Kamenny Bridge. They could go to the concert openly.

What mattered was the fantasy which, for no good reason, had come true for James H. Mackton, prudent dreamer. He had dreamed of the girl who would love him by magic, by virtue of a spell received from the gods or maybe the Devil. Therefore, no doubts or wavering and he could be free. He didn't have to do anything. He didn't have to be white or black. No performance required on Sunday through Saturday. She just loved him. He had connections with eternity and a little pull down at the universe. And, therefore, filled with lazy confidence, loafing like a happy American, like that dream of a happy American, he needed no spells, charms or magic. It had just happened; she had simply chosen him.

They had just time for essentials. As far as the elevator *babushka* knew, they were on their way to the theater. Down the wide imperial hall of the National Hotel, past the Chinese engineer in his shorts and the East German bureaucrat sweating for his convictions (black suit of thick black fleece), he shut the door, he shut the double door, he had already searched the floor and walls for wires. None. He was not important enough for the new pinhead listening devices. Likely, they would just use an old transistorized nest, if that. Zoya and Jim would take care and lip-read into each other's bodies, and they would take the chance because they had no choice in the matter. Love, love, sweetest love, whatever they try to do to us now. Lip-read, whispered, sighing words. *Darling, golubchik, darling.*

Inside Jim Mackton's room, his Zoya was a prisoner. It was Zoya's room and Jim Mackton was a prisoner. In this generous cell—samovar, table with shawl tablecloth, unused tea service, then nook with bed, hung with dusty velvet, and bathroom with tub which he could fill with reddish rusty hot water—both of them found freedom, air, light, no past and pure present and never mind the future. He took off her clothes. He looked in the towel compartment for a nest of wires—no wires. He kissed her body, her body, all of it. He tapped the rug for a speaker or connection. He turned on the radio—Tchaikovsky, followed by a panel, discussing the problems of Ghana—to wear over the sighs, sobs, undone cries. Afterward, he could not sort out when he had done what, against electronic intervention, against future loneliness, it all came together. There was not very much time. By now, the first arrivals were standing in line for her husband's concert.

"Open your arms," he said. She did. "You're a bird, you're a plane—you're superchick."

"Super chic? My clothes are Soviet products. I'm not wearing any. And *shhh.*"

"An American joke. A poor American joke. A poor American joke but mine," he said.

"You crawl into the house of Baba-Yaga, the house on chicken's legs. You hide in folklore."

"What?"

"You see, we don't understand each other."

"But we do"—tickling her—"don't we, Zoya?"

"*Perestan!* Stop it! Yes," she gasped, "stop it, yes, we do, stop it!"

After lovemaking comes gossip, joking, ease. She never said anything critical of her husband; when she spoke of him, she spoke with warmth, as of an old friend. When he went prying, she laughed and tossed her head and did not answer. It did not interest her to diminish her husband. He felt like a happy brute; like a cat stretching and sleepy; like a dim, proud animal, bones all stretched and clicked into place. Then it was time to head for the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. They dressed.

They strolled down the hall, past the concierge with her gray monolingual head bent into the box of keys, and down four flights of the long curving stairway, past the restaurant and "Night

(continued on page 194)



fiction By KEN KOLB *"how lonely and vulnerable are these commuters' women, how they bloom beneath the saddest, cheapest ray of admiration," he thought as he laid the trap*

LOVE LETTERS

HE WAS TIRED of the long commute, the nerve-grating traffic tangle each morning and night, but he knew she would not move. Suburbia was made for women. With hubby packed off to work, they can settle back amid the stale comforts of morning papers, reheated coffee and color quiz shows. Do they really do this? No man knows.

At any rate, Mort knew that Betty would never consent to a move back to a "stuffy city apartment." Of course, that was exactly what he wanted, a stuffy apartment. Ask for it by name. Search the classified section. Never mind those ads with the five spacious rooms, view, private garden entrance, all utilities paid. Look for a tiny stuffy apartment next to a couple who like cabbage. That was the way the discussion always went, so several months ago he stopped mentioning it. Then he had an ingenious idea.

The little hamlet that formed the core of several tracts around them had existed before the city began its drunken sprawl, so it still had its own post office. If the letter bore the local postmark, she'd be sure to think it was someone in the neighborhood. But who? Who would make a likely candidate? Have to be someone purely fictitious, of course. Wouldn't want to actually get anyone in trouble, in case she got so hysterical as to demand an investigation.

He decided on a hulking young drop-out type, for nothing scared him more than ignorance coupled with brute strength. Imagine, say, a brutish lout of about 18, fat lip and drooping jaw, slightly exophthalmic, no doubt a glandular imbalance that accounted for all his difficulties. Socially maladjusted and radiating sex hunger. He'd seen the type—one? he'd seen dozens—hanging around the concrete apron of the drive-in on the long summer evenings.

But how would such a creature write? And on what? During his lunch hour, he skipped the chore of dropping by the plant to check the print order and went, instead, to the dime store. He selected a school tablet of that pulpy paper with the thin blue lines, suppressing the flow of memories that the very heft and smell of it offered. My God, did school never change? Was it an inviolable epoch, the same for these space-age kiddies as for us old Pleistocene survivors? He bought a yellow wooden pencil and, on impulse, bit *(continued on page 118)*

enter the nonsuit

for freedom-seeking activists in the avant-garde of the sartorial revolution

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

THE NONSUIT, a refreshingly uncluttered look in coordinate leisurewear, makes the urban scene in a variety of guises. The ensemble sometimes appears—and is known—as a shirt suit, vest suit or tunic suit; but if function means more to you than form, it can also be called a boat suit or safari suit. Fabrics, too, are an important consideration: Herringbone is correct for a casual weekend, but black satin would be better for dancing at a *discothèque*. The freewheeling feeling imparted by the cut of the nonsuit is demonstrated by the swinging trio pictured here. The high-spirited chap at close right wears a polyester triple-knit shirt suit with a pullover top that features a long-pointed collar and button-placket front, by Peter Golding for Van Heusen/Windbreaker, $49, eyelet riveted belt, by Canterbury, $10, and a pair of suede slip-ons, by Gucci, $55. The middle man comes on in a satin safari suit with stand-up collar, wide-leg slacks, by Yves St. Laurent, $250, a patent-leather wide belt, by Pierre Cardin, $15, and a pair of square-toed patent-leather slip-ons, by Verde, $28. And the fellow at far right makes his fashion stand in a herringbone-patterned acrylic vest suit, $40, worn with Dacron body-traced crepe shirt with long-pointed collar, $22.50, both by Stanley Blacker, and a pair of antiqued-calf slip-ons, by Roblee, $20.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



LOVE LETTERS *(continued from page 115)*

the eraser. He was flooded with an old ambition to grow up to be an airplane pilot.

DEER MRS AVERY,

A bit too broad, perhaps, that spelling error. He tore off the page, crumpled it and threw it into the wastebasket.

DEAR MRS AVERY,

WHEN I LOOK AT YOU IT MAKES ME FEEL FUNNY ALL OVER. THE WAY YOU WALK MAKES ME THINK BAD THINGS. SOMTIMES AT NITE I LOOK AT THE WINDOW WHERE YOU ARE SLEEPING AND WONDER IF YOURE HUSBEND IS HOME. MAYBE SOMTIME I WILL FIND OUT.

Printing in block capitals is tiring. Mort stopped to review his work, finding it good. He considered adding another line or two but decided against it. No need to get pornographic. And the implied menace of that last line could hardly be improved. He thought for a moment, then signed it "YOURE FREIND."

He stopped at the shopping center on the way home from work, picked up his clean shirts at the laundry (that big automatic machine up at the house didn't know how to starch), then went into the post office and bought five airmail and five regular stamps. Picking a moment when the postmistress was busy with another customer, he slipped the block-lettered envelope into the slot.

There was a minor accident on the bridge next morning that tied up traffic for five miles, but Mort didn't mind so much. He knew he was enduring this torture for, if not the last time, one of the last, and he was calmly reasonable about it. In a sense, he actually enjoyed the delay, the creeping and stopping, for it dramatized all the hated aspects of the evil he was escaping. He imagined the look on Betty's face as she read the letter, and he found himself grinning.

The mail was still in a pile on the mantel when he got home that night. She'd had such a busy day; it was garden-club meeting (none of the women who attended knew lilies from crab grass), then, afterward, there was a get-together at JoAnne's to see about a welcoming party for the new people up the street. It had been decided that the whole neighborhood gang would (one more time!) gather in the big back yard of the Hammersmiths' for a barbecue. Then everybody would get drunk and confide their deepest secrets to the newcomers. His lust for a quiet, private city apartment was a physical gnawing in his stomach as he sorted the mail, dropped the third-class solicitations into the fireplace unopened and ended up with just a telephone bill and a letter from Aunt May.

"Was this all the mail?" he asked, before he even thought.

"That's all," said Betty from the kitchen. The oven door clanged, then he heard the jingling of silverware.

It was possible, of course. The mail service was rotten, Zip Code and all. Letters went from New York to Los Angeles in hours and were delivered from one corporate office to another the same day. But mail from the city to the suburbs was apparently floated in bottles through the sewers; it took days. So perhaps it was reasonable that mail might take 48 hours or so to climb the half mile from the post office to Seaview Terrace.

Next day, just to be sure, he composed another letter. After all, anyone who reads the Sunday supplement knows that undelivered letters to General Washington are constantly found behind the plasterboard partitions when ancient post offices are dismantled. Take no chances.

DEAR MRS AVERY,

I AM WATCHING YOU A LOT OF TIMES WHEN YOU DONT KNOW IT. I LIKE TO THINK OF YOU WITHOUT ANY CLOES ON. I WONDER IF YOU GET LONESOM WHEN YOURE HUSBEND IS GONE TO WORK. I WOUD LIKE TO FIND YOU ALONE IN YOURE BEDROOM.

A FREIND

Almost too soon, he found the note finished. To his surprise, he had enjoyed composing it. And to his greater surprise, he found he had not invented anything but had told only the truth.

In the neat stack of mail laid out on the coffee table next evening, there were two bills, a letter from a onetime friend now selling insurance and an invitation to join a highbrow book club at fantastic savings. There was even, to prove it possible, a club-meeting notice mailed only that morning at the local post office. But no envelope with block printing. Betty was out in the yard, trimming dead flowers with the garden shears, so he bent quickly and riffled through the accumulation of discarded papers in the cold fireplace. Not there. He rose, staring out the picture window at this strange creature who was his wife, seeing her acquire new dimensions. A faint chill passed over him as he noted that she had worked her way to the back of the garden, where she paused now, no longer trimming. She was half hidden by the hedge and she was looking at their bedroom window with a pensive smile.

The time to stop was now and he knew it. Instead, he began to write the letters regularly. One every other day for a while, then one every day.

DEAR BETTY,

AS YOU CAN SEE I HAVE FOUND OUT YOURE NAME. YOU SMILED AT ME THE OTHER DAY WITHOUT NOWING IT. YOU HAD ON THE BLUE SKIRT WICH IS SORT OF TITE BUT I LIKE THAT. YOU HAVE VERY SEXEY LEGS. I AM STILL WATCHING YOURE HOUSE.

A FREIND

It was amazing how much he managed to vary the letters without ever becoming downright dirty. It was a game that exercised a strange fascination over him. He stopped doing the crossword during the lull between the morning and afternoon invoices. He had to visit the dime store again for a new tablet and another batch of cheap envelopes. The pictures of criminals on the local post-office wall were becoming like old friends. Had he seen one of the missing convicts on the street, he probably would have nodded amiably, wondering where they had met.

The effects on Betty were wholly unpredictable and rewarding. She was no longer careless about her dress. Occasionally, he had come home at night to find her in the same threadbare housecoat she'd had on at breakfast. She was never unclean, but she often developed a fondness for particular garments, then wore them till they were rags. He'd had to burn one of her bathrobes in the incinerator to get rid of it. But now she was attractively dressed almost all the time.

Her make-up, too, was kept up. She began to apply lipstick and comb her hair even before she started to get breakfast. It was as if she felt herself continuously under the eye of a new admirer. She had become far more affectionate, greeting him in the evening with a kiss that was more than routine.

As for Mort, things had proceeded beyond his understanding. Or, rather, they had proceeded faster than he let himself analyze them; for though he was far from stupid, he was frankly afraid to let his puritanical mind go to work sorting his own and Betty's behavior. God knows what sort of Freudian mess he might find. It had begun innocently enough, sort of a gag, actually—that was the explanation he accepted now. And since the results were so gratifying, why pry?

He had been bored and unhappy, with a bored and unhappy wife. Now they were both interested in life and in each other. He even forgot how much he hated the long commute, for his mind was occupied on the way to work with the letter he was preparing and, on the way home, with the expectation of the vivacious and affectionate new Betty. She seemed to delight in preparing his favorite foods; she listened to his office anecdotes and she stopped retailing stale neighborhood gossip to him. In fact, she said almost nothing about her daily life,

(continued on page 130)



"Giddap, damn it!"

BORN FREE

aesthetically inclined jennifer liano discovers that—in san francisco, at least—life imitates art

TO THE BIRD WATCHERS of San Francisco, Jennifer Liano is that *rara avis*: a native. Born to royalty (her grandfather was an Italian count), she regards her fiefdom of cable cars and Victorian houses with affection. "San Francisco is the most beautiful city in the United States, and if you're young, it can be the most free and exciting." She's proud of her city and her Italian background, as well as of the things she makes from the knickknacks of yesterday found while prowling the "junktique" shops just across the bay. But the city is only a base of operations for free-spirited Jennifer. Partly at the insistence of her father, who wanted her to go to art school in Florence and marry a prince, she decided last summer to make the European scene. Along with a friend from San Jose State College, she bought a secondhand camper and toured the Continent for three months, visiting relatives in Rome and Naples, finally abandoning the camper when it broke down to hitchhike to Spain. European manners and morals left an indelible impression on Jennifer, as did the people she met. "Most of southern Europe is terribly poor," she says, "but the people are great, especially the kids. The next time I do Europe, though, I'm going to go to the Scandinavian countries. I met some Swedish students in Spain and they're impressive —beautiful, independent, into politics and social action." Back at home base, Jennifer is very much into the art scene; she's developed a bent for making rings and for painting. Her interest in the arts also carries over to the world of rock. "I once wrote a song for friends in a group called Cold Blood and stood in the wings at the Fillmore when they played it. It never went anyplace, but writing it was good practice. I find myself picking up on the lyrics a lot now, not just digging the sound. Music means a great deal to me and I wouldn't mind playing in a group. If I did, I think I'd try the harmonica. It's a private instrument, not like an electric guitar or drums. It's strictly for loners, people like the character Peter Fonda plays in *Easy Rider*." The memory of that movie makes her smile suddenly. "I think Peter would be a lot of fun to date. He's easy for me to

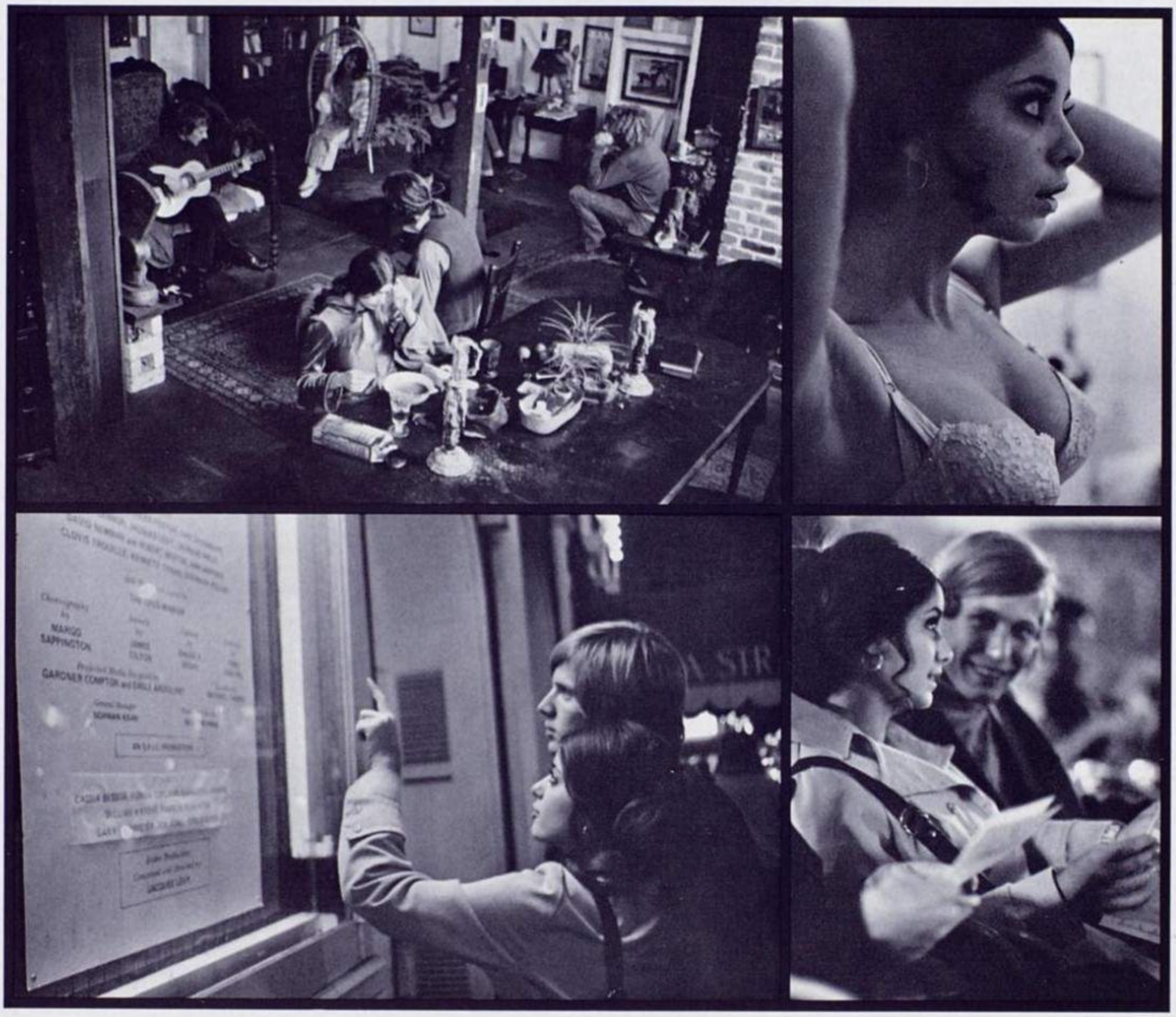


Jennifer Liano has explored much of the California coast, but the most beautiful spot she knows is the rocky shore of Big Sur, where she goes to collect wildflowers (left). In San Francisco, she satisfies an artistic urge by making rings under the watchful eye of art teacher Neal Boor (top left). Jennifer blows on a model of the ring to clean it (top center) and then lights a torch (above left) to melt down old silver for the casting. Later, she shows the finished ring to sculptor John Chase Lewis, who demonstrates his polishing technique on a wire sculpture he's made (above right).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



The flowers she picked at Big Sur find a happy home with the potted plants in Jennifer's apartment (opposite). Relaxation includes dropping in on friends at a nearby commune (below left) and enjoying a bowl of soup while local hippies listen appreciatively to a guitarist. "The kids are a groove—we understand one another instinctively. It doesn't take a lot of words." Early in the evening, she dresses for a theater date. After a walk through San Francisco's North Beach, the two check the cast listings for *Oh! Calcutta!*, then slip into their seats just before opening curtain.



identify with; he's easygoing and not hung up and, most of all, he's free." Student protesters and others actively interested in freedom usually have a basic political philosophy, as well as a shared concept of the realities of life, and Jennifer is no exception. "I went to San Francisco State for a quarter and I was there when Hayakawa jumped onto the sound truck; I thought he was insane. I was with the strike all the way, but I think it shook up the school too much. I dropped out and so did a lot of others, because we didn't know if there was still going to *be* a school. It made me think about the future and where I fit into it. I'm not a deep thinker about life, but I do know it's pretty much what you want it to be. You can't afford to be afraid; you have to be completely out front and you have to really dig yourself." Although she likes the city, Jennifer is also at home in the country and is fond of everything from the rocks and waves of Big Sur to the rolling hills of a ranch owned by family friends at Santa Rosa, where she enjoys riding horses among the redwoods. Perhaps most of all, she prefers the seclusion of her brother's A-frame high in the mountains near San Bernardino, where she sometimes hides out with her dog, "dirty, smelly, funky Charley." Despite her outlook on life and love of personal freedom, Jennifer doesn't consider herself a hippie. "Too many kids are hippies because that's the thing to be—this year; a lot of them are just costume freaks." But she doesn't deny that life styles are changing, hers among them. "I can't do the nine-to-five bit; I've tried it. I don't want to feel tied down; I want to feel free. That's why I'm interested in art, in making things—expressing yourself is a form of freedom. I like to stay home and paint and make rings and think about what's ahead. When I was in high school, I really didn't have to think. After all, I had my parents, I had my school, I was accepted by my family and my friends. I was even a pompon girl —I did the whole thing, honest—and I was so ashamed of being skinny I used to pad my hips. But the summer I got out, I really had life laid on me. Good friends of mine at school were busted for drugs, and I started meeting far-out people at the Be-ins and the Monterey Pop Festival. *Really* far-out. Maybe the most important thing I learned is that being free is being yourself." By that definition, Jennifer Liano is one of the freest souls we know.

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Wearing the ring she made today, Jennifer looks forward to other projects tomorrow—a morning of sunbathing at Stinson beach north of San Francisco, an afternoon visit to a friend's art exhibit in Berkeley and an evening at a W. C. Fields film festival.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A handsome advertising executive attended a party given by a female co-worker and left with an extremely attractive guest. In the office the next morning, he thanked the hostess and explained that he really liked her friend. "Oh, she's not really a friend of mine," the girl responded, "only an acquaintance."

"Well, in that case," the exec chuckled, "I'm happy to have made your acquaintance."

We hear there's a new type of tranquilizer that doesn't relax you—it just makes you dig being tense.



Early one evening, the shrewish wife of a stock-market analyst returned home unexpectedly from a bridge game and discovered her husband in bed with a shapely blonde. "Harry, what the hell are you doing?" she bellowed.

"Don't you know?" the quick-thinking chap replied. "I've gone public."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Oriental grocery clerk* as a Chinese checker.

The family doctor, consulted by the hysterical parents of a pregnant teenager, said he positively would not perform an abortion. "But when her time comes, I'll deliver the baby at a private hospital. Then I'll show it to one of my other patients—let's say a woman who's married and who's in for a gall-bladder operation—and tell her there's been a mistake, it wasn't her gall bladder, she was pregnant, and here's the child."

All went as planned; but at the crucial time, there was no available female patient on whom to foist the infant. There was only a male—a priest, in fact. The physician, undaunted, decided to brazen it out. When the man of the cloth awakened from the anesthesia, he was informed that, by a miracle, he had been delivered an offspring, a boy. Far from being shocked, the good cleric was overjoyed at this evidence of divine intervention and raised the boy as his own.

Years later, as the priest lay dying, he concluded that he must unburden his soul to his son. "I have always told you I was your father, but that is untrue," he confessed, and he told the lad about the "miraculous" incident at the hospital. "So you see, my boy," the priest announced, "I'm not your father. I'm your mother. The bishop is your father."

During camouflage training in Louisiana, a private disguised as a tree trunk had made a sudden move that was spotted by a visiting general.

"You simpleton!" the officer barked. "Don't you know that by jumping and yelling the way you did, you could have endangered the lives of the entire company?"

"Yes, sir," the soldier answered apologetically. "But, if I may say so, I did stand still when a flock of pigeons used me for target practice. And I never moved a muscle when a large dog peed on my lower branches. But when two squirrels ran up my pants leg and I heard the bigger say, 'Let's eat one now and save the other until winter'—that did it."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mate swapping* as intermarital extracourse.

And, of course, you've heard about the fellow who was hired to coach an all-girl softball team but spent the season in the batter's box.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cherry cobbler* as a virgin shoemaker.

The prudish landlady suspected that her comely new boarder was breaking the no-men-upstairs rule of the dwelling. Finally, the busybody stormed up to the young thing's room, banged on the door and called out, "Miss Reynolds, are you entertaining gentlemen in your room?"

"I must be," was the giggled reply. "They all keep coming back for more."



Shortly after a new police commissioner took office, the local house of pleasure was raided and the girls were lined up outside for questioning by the fuzz. A little old lady chanced to walk by and, noticing the commotion, asked what was happening. As a joke, one of the chicks told her they were standing in line for free lollipops. A few minutes later, a constable approached the elderly woman and asked, "Aren't you a bit old for this?"

"Officer," she cackled, "as long as they keep making them, I'll keep sucking them."

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



"I guess this pretty well blows your 'sweet sixteen and never been kissed' theory all to hell."

LOVE LETTERS *(continued from page 118)*

as though she ceased to exist when he was gone. Her only peculiarity of this period was that she insisted on making love—which they did with the frequency of newlyweds—with their bedroom window open, regardless of the temperature. He was quite sure her brief cries could be heard as far as the hedge.

When jealousy suddenly smote him, it nearly killed him in his tracks. He was on his way to the supervisor's office with a batch of inventory reports and he actually stopped dead, paralyzed. How god-awful stupid of him not to have considered this before! He was lost in the ugly possibilities when he became aware of two secretaries staring at him, and he forced his unwilling legs into motion again. Muscle cramp, he explained with a feeble smile.

No longer with any thought of its effect on her, he sat down at his desk and wrote, his hand trembling:

DEAR BETTY,

I CANT STAND THE THOUGHT OF YOU IN ANOTHER MANS ARMS. SOMTIMES I AM AFRAID I WILL GO CRAZEY AND DO SOMTHING TERRABLE. I LOVE YOU.

At this point, he stopped for a long while. He had said what really mattered and he was calmed. Then he had a diabolical idea.

IF YOU WILL RITE TO ME I WILL KNOW THERE IS A CHANCE FOR ME. PLEASE SEND IT TO GENERIL DELIVERY IN THE CITY. TELL ME WHEN WE CAN MEET. THIS IS NOT MY NAME, BUT SEND IT TO

JIM LOVELL

It took him quite a long time to think of that pseudonym. His imagination kept handing him such bizarre and unusable names as Tom Peeper, Dick Dropout and Sam Sexfiend. Lovell sounded a bit out of character for the Neanderthal oaf he had invented, but he let it stand. He was in a hurry to arrange his own ruin.

He watched her intently on the day she must have received this last letter, but he could see no change whatsoever in her. Women are truly inscrutable when they want to be.

She appeared at breakfast next morning in a chic suit of dark-green material. She was, he noted again, a very attractive woman. Small but firm breasts, slim waist, fine hips. Worth watching.

"Doing something special today?"

"Just going down to the shopping center with Myra."

"I thought you bought groceries yesterday."

She nodded. "I have to mail a letter and do some things."

His heart stopped, then began pounding so hard he was afraid she would hear it or see it through his suitcoat. "I'll mail it for you." His voice was like crushed gravel.

"It's not ready yet. Myra's not coming by until ten."

He started to protest and his voice saved him from being ridiculous by refusing to function. He coughed, pretending a bit of toast in his windpipe. He gulped his coffee, spilling some on his pants, then got away from the table as quickly as possible. His hands were shaking so badly when he left for work he could hardly get the key in the ignition.

He phoned in with a hasty excuse about a dental appointment, then spent the next two hours in an unfashionable bar built to resemble a beached ship. From its dark recesses, he could see the front of the local post office. He drank beer, a beverage he hated, because he had to drink something and he was determined not to be drunk for the ordeal ahead.

At 10:45 (women are *never* on time!), he saw Myra Hansen's maroon station wagon pull up in front of the post office. Betty got out, went inside and came back in just a moment. He moved so hurriedly then that he was halfway across to the post office before he realized that Myra's car was creeping up the road slowly toward the shopping complex and he might easily be recognized if either of them happened to look back. Nevertheless, he plunged on. He was beyond the ability to exercise caution. His mind was suspended in fear like a pear in Jell-O.

The scene in the post office did not go according to plan. The gray-haired lady behind the bars was blank and unsympathetic, her humanity lost beneath the bureaucratic shell.

"My wife was in here just a moment ago and mailed a letter. She'd like to have it back, please—we forgot to enclose the check that goes with it." Too late he knew, from her telltale wince, that his breath reeked of beer.

"I'm sorry, mail can't be given out except to the addressee."

He smiled a good-neighbor smile. "We live right up the hill on Seaview Terrace. My wife's name and return address are on the envelope. It'll be right on top—she just mailed it."

"Are you the addressee?"

"No, the addressor. My wife is. But we have to enclose a check with it and we forgot."

"Mail cannot be given out except to the addressee."

He had that sinking feeling that goes with talking to a recording, a sense that no human intelligence is there to respond to need. He dropped the thin smile and became very businesslike. "Let me speak to your supervisor, please."

"I'm the postmistress here."

A grave tactical error. Now she was up on her tiny high horse. Nothing for it but to grovel. He used his most boyish, persuasive tone. "I'm sorry to bother you about this—but our letter concerns a debt that's overdue. There has to be a check enclosed or we're in serious trouble. Now, if you'll please look——"

"Can't do it." The postmistress, widowed 20 years, had wed the postal service and made the book of regulations the divine word. She was no more capable of breaking a rule than she would have been of riot and fornication. Especially not for this wild-eyed beery stranger, who had appeared suddenly a few weeks ago and had been in altogether too often with his furtive look. She wondered if he might not be looking for his own picture on the wall.

Mort's mouth was open, ready to shout, but a look into her pale, merciless eyes told him it was hopeless. With a sense of utter disaster, he turned away. As he walked out the door, it occurred to him that he had risked ruin for nothing. The tryst note he was trying to intercept was addressed to him, Jim Lovell, and he would receive it this afternoon, or tomorrow at the latest.

But there was nothing for Jim Lovell in general delivery at the main branch of the city post office. And nothing the next day. Nor the next. Nothing at the main branch and nothing at the smaller branches, which he covered in the senseless waste of a whole day.

On the fourth day, he had a nice letter at home from Aunt May, thanking Betty for writing to send that recipe she had requested.

DEAR BETTY,

SINCE YOU DIDNT RITE TO ME I GUESS THERE IS NO HOPE FOR ME. I SUPPOSE YOU LOVE YOURE HUSBEND. I STILL THINK YOU ARE THE SEXEYEST WOMAN I EVER SAW. PLEAS HAVE PITY ON ME AND LET ME MEET YOU ALONE.

JIM LOVELL
(NOT MY REAL NAME)

He endured an agonizing week of rushing to the general-delivery window every noon hour, but nothing arrived for Jim Lovell. He began to look so haggard, the supervisor told him to take Friday off and get himself rested up over the weekend.

Creeping along through the traffic tangle that Friday morning, an empty and planless day ahead of him in the city, Mort finally began to see his way through the swamp of undisciplined emotion to the solid ground of reason. The letters had been a bad idea, a rotten idea. It was symptomatic of the gulf developing in their marriage that he would try such a stunt to force her into

(concluded on page 200)

food By THOMAS MARIO

THE CLAY'S THE THING

terra-cotta cookery provides a temptingly aromatic variation on the main-course theme

CALL IT CLAY-BAKED CHICKEN, terra-cotta chicken or crocked chicken, but this bird by any name is sure to provide its maker with rich rewards. Even the most blasé autocrat of the dining table should be caught up by the flavor fidelity not only of chicken but of meat and fish cooked in the new form-fitting ceramicware.

The modern generation of down-to-earth ovenware has been brought forth by a simple but ingenious job of face lifting —which bears out the proposition that one of the oldest ways of cooking is still one of the best. In design, the latest clay pots take their cue from outdoorsmen, who, for generations, have known that the best possible way to cook game in the field

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR SKREBNESKI

is to wrap a cloak of wet clay around the bird or beast, bake it in a smoldering fire, knock the clay off and then enjoy a most succulent dish. With this principle in mind, the new ceramic pots are carefully sculptured to fit the food and molded in such a way that heat is slowly conducted to all sides of the viand simultaneously. In effect, the ceramic pot becomes an oven within an oven. All juices that normally flow off into an open roasting pan and then are lost as vapors are, instead, imprisoned within the thick clay walls. The meat or bird that's cooked will be lightly rather than deeply browned; but instead of a few tablespoons of drippings, you'll find a full cup of juice. It's a clean-tasting, superb essence that at one time in France was served as the only sauce with meat baked in an earthenware casserole. Today, it's made into a sauce that would have won kudos from Escoffier.

What would seem at first to be some obvious disadvantages of clay pots are really cardinal culinary virtues. For instance, clay pots filled with food can't be rushed from freezer to oven the way porcelainized cast-iron casseroles can. But the new clay kitchenware is intended for raw food, rather than the cooked food that usually goes into a metal casserole. And a thick clay pot should never be the receptacle for raw frozen food; in the case of fish, this is a limitation devoutly to be wished. Clay is breakable, but this also means that it's porous—a quality in cookware that French chefs for centuries have insisted is necessary for the delicate perfection of oven-baked dishes. Clay-pot cookery is a slow process; a chicken that might be ready in an hour in an open pan may take two hours in a covered terra-cotta chicken pot. But this leisurely pace permits relaxed cocktailing without the common worry of the meat drying out or becoming tough; as time goes by, the meat in a clay pot can only become more tender. Since there are no large handles on a clay baking pot, it should be lifted carefully and removed from the oven with some protection for the hands. It may be awkward to carry, but when it's placed on the table, the pot roguishly proclaims its delicious cargo: The proud head of a fowl usually adorns a pot designed for chicken, pheasant or guinea hen; a defiant fish's head and tail are built into the long clay pot designed for striped bass, salmon and other finny feasts. You can always count on the ceramic cooker, with its decorated lid, playing to the gallery at the dining table, providing the kind of showmanship that is both intimate and impressive.

There are two main types of ceramic ovenware, each marked by its own complexion. The older, more primitive-looking and less expensive has a dull, sandy beige-to-orange color, and its surface is unglazed inside and out. The most orthodox of the clay devotees will use nothing else. When in use, the inside should be lined with cooking parchment, to keep the food from sticking. After the pot is used, it should be cleaned vigorously with scalding water and a very stiff brush, preferably with wire bristles; no soap ever demeans its patina. Keep the lid off the pot when it's resting on the larder shelf. If you use an unglazed pot for fish and you hold the pot dear, you'll use it only for fish and not for fowl or meat. If the unglazed pot is designed for chicken, however, you may also use it for meat without the danger of any flavor mix-up during the baking.

The second type of clay pot is glazed on the inside and sometimes also on the outside. Glazing provides a shiny, nonporous surface; in practical terms, it means the pot is very easy to clean and that it will not retain odors, as an unglazed pot sometimes will. In time, a clay pot that is unglazed on the outside will become dark with use. An occasional chip or surface crack may appear. These signs of maturity usually mean that the pot, having passed through the fiery furnace of experience, is actually stronger than when it was new. Two or three pieces of clay ovenware are immensely useful acquisitions for any bachelor chef dedicated to the art of feeding his friends well.

Although meat baked in a clay pot will be first-rate even when cooked without salt and pepper, imaginative chefs marinate or spice the meat beforehand, remembering to use a light hand when piquant spices such as ginger or rosemary are used with veal or other subtle meats. The light natural gravy in the clay pot should be cleared of its fat before it's served. A simple technique is to pour the juice into a gravy boat with two lips, designed to pour off lean and fat gravy separately. Another method is to pour the gravy into a small container filled with ice cubes; the fat will congeal at once. Fat and ice should then be quickly removed to keep the ice from diluting the gravy. The gravy may then be seasoned, reheated and served as natural *jus* or it may be converted into a more sophisticated sauce.

A clay crock decorated with a molded head of a fowl or a fish needs little else by way of table decor. Place it on a simple platter and it will be its own showpiece. A plain earthenware pot, however, should be placed on an attractive trivet of brass or silver.

Henri IV, who in 1589 vowed that every French peasant would have a chicken in his pot on Sunday, and Herbert Hoover, who centuries later also promised a chicken in every pot, were men of limited vision. Pots, particularly of clay, can and should be used not only for chicken but for a mouth-watering variety of dishes—as the following recipes demonstrate.

BAKED STRIPED BASS, SHRIMP STUFFING

(Serves six)

- 4½-lb. striped bass
- Salt, celery salt, pepper
- 1½ cups white bread crumbs
- ¾ cup milk
- ½ lb. cooked shrimps, peeled and deveined (1 lb. raw shrimps in shell)
- ¼ cup very finely minced onion
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 24 small silver onions
- Salad oil
- 24 fresh button mushrooms
- 6 medium-size potatoes, peeled

Have fish cleaned, with head, tail and backbone removed. Preheat oven at 425°. Sprinkle fish inside and out with salt, celery salt and pepper. To prepare white bread crumbs, cut off crust of two- or three-day-old French bread, cut into large dice and turn a small batch at a time into blender at high speed. Place crumbs in mixing bowl; add milk, stir well and gently squeeze to remove excess liquid. Put shrimps through meat grinder, using fine blade. Combine bread crumbs, shrimps, minced onion and eggs, mixing well. Season generously with salt, celery salt and pepper. Stuff fish with bread-crumb mixture. Peel silver onions. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in skillet and sauté onions (keeping pan covered, to avoid sputtering oil) until brown. Wash mushrooms and sauté briefly, adding more oil if necessary. Place fish in clay pot. Surround fish with onions and mushrooms; add potatoes if there is room; if not, boil them separately to be served with fish. Bake 1¼ hours.

BAKED VEAL NICOISE

(Serves six)

- 3 lbs. (boned weight) boneless veal roast, rump or loin
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 large carrot, sliced
- ½ teaspoon dried basil
- ¼ teaspoon cracked bay leaf
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- Salt, pepper
- 3 medium-size tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ teaspoon very finely minced garlic
- ¼ cup dry vermouth
- 2 whole canned pimientos, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons finely minced pimiento-stuffed olives

Have butcher tie veal as for roasting. Place veal in bowl or shallow pan. Add onion, carrot, basil, bay leaf and oil; sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Toss ingredients to coat veal thoroughly. Cover bowl with clear plastic wrap and marinate overnight. Preheat oven at 375°. Place veal, with marinating vegetables, in clay pot. Cover and bake 2½ hours or until veal is very tender. While veal is cooking, prepare tomatoes for sauce: Lower them into pot of rapidly boiling

(concluded on page 234)

in her sleep, she fantasized about how to end their life together, then sought a violent solution; in his sleep, unencumbered by guilt, he conjured up visions of absolution

GOOD DREAMS. BAD DREAMS



fiction By REYNOLDS PRICE SHE WENT OUT at eight, leaving him asleep. So he let her believe. He was only waiting behind shut eyes to have the room still and empty at last, his for the day—his first free solitary day in months; *years,* it felt, by the weight that dissolved with each breath now. As he flung back the covers and stood, he thought, "Chance." The word itself, clearly. Then, stripped and shuddering (she had not lit the heater), he smiled—chance for what? Well, nine free hours. The room his again. But *warm* first.

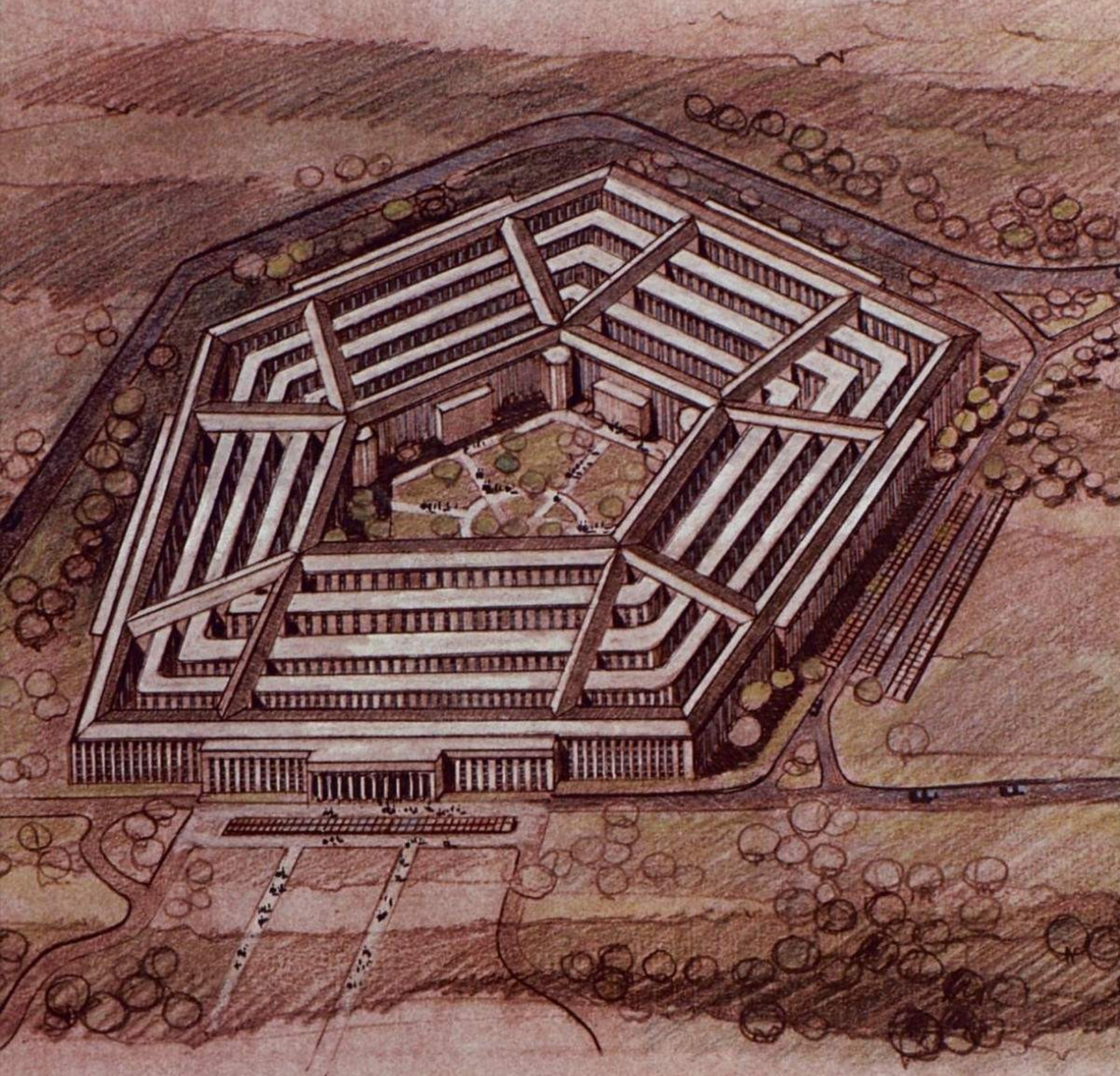
He scissored to the heater in three steps, squatted, inhaled, threw the gas jet. The breath was one that he always took—shallow and secret—before lighting the gas (fear of breathing fire; she had never noticed). But, alone now, he also flinched at the puff. A minor luxury—with her, he could not show a hint of fear.

Waiting in the warmth, he rocked farther forward, to see the room upside down through his crotch. His dangling sex transfixed the unmade bed—stake in the heart of the vampire at the crossroads! He actually laughed, and caught the frail permanent scent of his groin—the room's ground *(continued on page 210)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS

THE WAR MACHINE

a washington analyst takes a pragmatic view of the awesome pentagon juggernaut as the lamentable keystone of our economic well-being

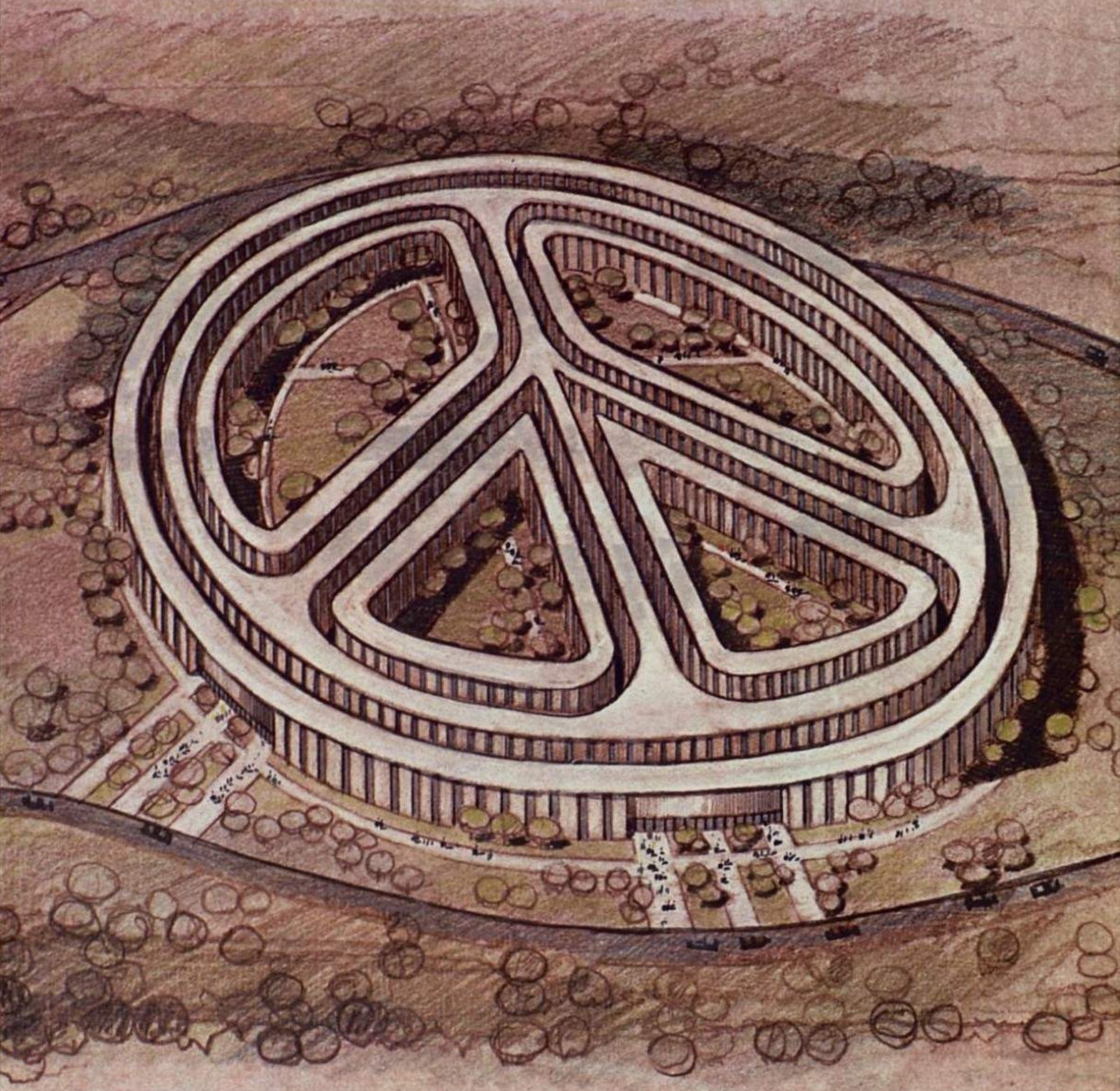


article **By ROBERT SHERRILL** ABOUT TEN HOURS after Robert Kennedy was shot, the 700 graduating cadets of West Point were given a lecture by General Harold K. Johnson, then Army Chief of Staff, who made no mention of the dangers faced by those who participate in civilian politics but, instead, came straight to the top of military priorities and warned his young colleagues of certain dangers they faced in their own careers. He admonished the Army's freshest officers to beware of "the perils of pacificism." But he did comfort them with the observation that "the sharp demarcation which tended to separate the military from the civilian element of our society [when he graduated from West Point in 1933] has all but disappeared."

The speech was largely ignored by the press; the points he made, though sound enough, were old ones. It is a truism that, in an economy long attuned to military budgets, a sharp turn to *(continued on page 214)*

THE PEACE DEPARTMENT

a federal legislator proposes the creation of a
cabinet-level secretariat dedicated to international amity and nonviolence



article **By U.S. SENATOR VANCE HARTKE** IN AUGUST OF 1914, as all of Europe fell into deadly conflict following the collapse of diplomacy and reason, the chancellor of Imperial Germany inquired of a member of the high command, "How did it all happen?" and received the reply, "Ah, if one only knew!" That answer exemplifies the historic futility that defeats man's intentions. The irrationality of war is universally acknowledged, but man seems helpless to alter the pattern of destruction. It is left to the survivors who survey the ashes of victory and defeat to resolve that it shall not happen again. But it always does.

In this century, more than in any other, man has sought to contain the devil in himself. Pacifism became a movement of international proportions and a favorite leitmotiv of literature and art. Statesmen spoke of eternal peace and their nations declared war illegal. But for all the peace conferences, international treaties, conscientious objectors and

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK E. NELSON

antiwar novels, history will describe this as an age of total brutality.

We are a generation of survivors who sometimes wonder whether it is possible to defy the darker impulses that seem to predestine us to disaster. There are some who would argue that the answer to the question is obvious. They point out that there have been only about 230 years of peace during more than 3000 years of recorded civilization, that aggression and violence are the natural outlets for the pressures placed by society upon the individual, that man is the only mammal except the rat that commonly kills members of his own species, that war is the way of the world. Sigmund Freud advised us to "Say not that a good cause justifies any war. Say, rather, that a good war justifies any cause. . . . War affords the joys of cold-blooded murder with a good conscience. . . . Whenever in our time a war breaks out, there also breaks out, and especially among the most noble members of the people, a secret desire. They throw themselves with delight against the new danger of death, because in the sacrifice for the fatherland they believe they have found at last the permission they have been seeking: the permission to evade their human purpose. War is for them a short cut to suicide. It enables them to commit suicide with a good conscience."

Certainly, the example of the past offers little encouragement for the future. One can justify the viewpoint that the story of man's existence is a narrative of perpetual warfare and define peace as merely a time of frantic preparation for more terrible conflicts. But because man's actions are not preordained and because the future is still ours to create, it is incumbent upon us to resist the insanity to which our ancestors submitted.

A poster that has won popularity throughout the country has it that WAR IS NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN AND OTHER LIVING THINGS. As this is an irrefutable proposition, I would like to address myself to the problem of finding a way to avoid its miseries. For the United States, this is a particularly compelling concern; it is a somber fact of history that since the war with Spain in 1898, every generation of American men has seen combat in some part of the world.

The chauvinist will argue that the issue of war and peace is beyond our control. Arguing that some nations are born warlike and that others have wars thrust upon them, he declares that the United States rests benignly in the latter category and is, therefore, innocent of any guilt for international disorders. However, the chauvinist expresses a simplistic view, because wars are rarely confrontations between good and evil. Only a few of history's cataclysms were caused by the type of naked viciousness that motivated the Assyrian king who wrote, 3000 years ago, "I covered the lands of Saranit and Ammanit with ruins. . . . I chastised them, pursued their warriors like wild beasts, conquered their cities, took their gods with me. I made prisoners, seized their property, abandoned their cities to fire, laid them waste, destroyed them, made ruins and rubble of them, imposed on them the harshest yoke of my reign; and in their presence I made thank offerings to the God Assur, my Lord."

Wars are more often the product of the conflicting intentions of decent men who have lost the patience to negotiate their differences peacefully, or who have concluded that the battlefield offers the best opportunity to fulfill the national interest. According to Von Clausewitz, war is merely politics by other means. Of course, the reality of thermonuclear war has forced the superpowers to content themselves with diplomacy when dealing with one another. But in their relationships with weaker nations, the Clausewitz doctrine remains relevant to our times.

Because the United States is a democracy, we like to think that we are immune from the selfish instincts that lead dictatorships and oligarchies to war. But the confidence of millions of Americans in the pacific intentions of their country has been shaken by its participation in the war in Vietnam. We hear our leaders proclaim daily that international tranquillity is the primary objective of American foreign policy; however, we have witnessed for most of the past decade the massive application of the military might of the United States against a small agrarian country that could never threaten the security of this nation. Clearly, there is a gap between the United States' idealistic pronouncements and the reality of its actions. This war shattered the illusions of many who believed that this nation would accept the use of force as an effective arbiter of political differences only under extreme pressure. Now, those who have been awakened to the disturbing truth by the war in Vietnam realize that the conflict is the culmination of policies that motivated our use of force in Laos, Lebanon and the Dominican Republic.

We have transformed the quest for peace into a martial exercise. Claiming that tranquillity will come only when the intentions of the Communist forces of darkness have been subdued, the United States has committed itself to policing large areas of the world. The American concept of waging peace argues that the most effective way to enforce peace is to make war on those we consider to be potential aggressors. Bombing, napalming and defoliating in behalf of peace are considered virtuous exercises that enhance a nation's sense of moral rectitude. But Vietnam, great educator of American public opinion that it is, has taught us that the cause of peace is often little more than a cosmetic cynically applied to disguise the ugly reasons for war.

It is not only our muddled understanding of foreign affairs that has been responsible for the American participation in the war in Vietnam. There are internal factors that have made this society increasingly militaristic. During this and the past decade, violence has again shown itself to be a dangerous constituent of the national character and threatens the health of the republic. The martial spirit has insinuated itself not only into American foreign policy but also into the fabric of our domestic life. I find that the militant behavior that is conspicuous in our international relations is but a projection of the violence that we perpetrate within our own borders. The degeneration of restraint eventually colors all aspects of national behavior. It is more than a coincidence that the war in Vietnam is accompanied by a degree of domestic lawlessness that is without parallel in the history of the United States.

Another factor of American life that has been responsible for violence has been the unfortunate assumption of many citizens that xenophobia is the highest form of patriotism. Fifty-one years ago, in his essay *Imperialism*, the brilliant economist Joseph Schumpeter wrote: "Driven out everywhere else, the irrational seeks refuge in nationalism—the irrational which consists of belligerence, the need to hate, a goodly quota of inchoate idealism, the most naïve (and hence also the most unrestrained) egotism. . . . It satisfies the need for surrender to a concrete and familiar superpersonal cause, the need for self-glorification and violent self-assertion." Schumpeter went on to warn that "Whenever a vacuum arises in the mind of a people—as happens especially after exhausting social agitation, or after a war—the nationalist element comes to the fore."

There is always a hysterical segment of the population that believes that nuclearizing one's adversaries is the best way to achieve peace, and there is reason to assume that such an action would end the bickering on this planet once and for all. But these forces of ignorance have been encouraged rather than countervailed by the example that has been set by our leaders. It was not long ago that Barry Goldwater suggested that the United States "ought to lob one into the men's room of the Kremlin"; and it was not long ago that President Johnson responded to a minor provocation in the Gulf of Tonkin with the bombardment of North Vietnam.

The existence of the military-industrial complex is one of the main reasons for the militance of American foreign policy; and Robert Sherrill clearly

(continued on page 230)

Bent On Stardom

susanne benton—
her dues-paying days
a thing of
the past—is busy
putting together an
enviable set
of screen credits

During the past year, Susanne got a steady diet of work, including "That Cold Day in the Park," "Catch-22," an independent flick called "The Survival Game" and the Noel Black–directed "Run Shadow Run," in which she plays the ex-girlfriend of a suicidal film director.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ









A Toronto native whose parents separated when she was three, Susanne grew up on the road with her father, a pianist; later, she worked as a skip tracer in L.A. (and found her mother by accident). All along, Susanne says, she was training herself to act in films—a profession that enables her to "get involved in people's lives" and to feel that her own life has been "redeemed."



THE NEW URBAN CAR

modern living
By KEN W. PURDY







Tomorrow's in-city car will have a minimal number of operating parts and body components. The canopy—hinged at front bumper, to allow easy entrance and egress—covers the driver-passenger compartment, provides superb visibility, can be darkened to diffuse sun's rays. The steering-speed mechanism is contained in a hand bar that swings left or right like a tiller and rotates for acceleration; buttons on dash control transmission, air conditioning, lights, canopy. Audio equipment is in console on driver's right.



an imaginatively utile alternative to today's space-gobbling, pollution-belching personal vehicles

DURING THE NEXT 12 MONTHS, Americans will drive automobiles 900 billion miles. They will suck up a sea of gasoline—well, 75 billion gallons (250,000 filling-station pumps squirting into Main Street!)—they will burn, use up for good, an unimaginable number of tons of oxygen and spread over the land, say, 200,000 tons of pollutants, gases, chemicals and solids (870 tons of solids alone in each 1000-foot-high square mile); and they will do all this, for the most part, in the accomplishment of trivialities, one person (statistically, 1.2) in a 350-horsepower, 4000-pound vehicle, blasting down to the supermart for a carton of cigarettes and a six-pack.

There's a case for outlawing the automobile. The thing is a mad monster that eats our air at one end and spews out unassimilable effluents at the other, whimsically kills or injures 2,105,200 of us a year and, since it lives and functions only on smooth flat surfaces, has taken us well on the way to paving the whole country (1,000,000 acres a year, and already in existence over one linear mile of road for every square mile—3,600,000—in the country), with consequent destruction of beauty, waterways and essential oxygen-producing flora. Long ago, wise men saw the danger. Winston Churchill, for one: "I have always considered that the substitution of the internal-combustion engine for the horse marked a very gloomy milestone in the progress of mankind." But the Americans love the automobile as they love life; he who helps them have it can grow great, or rich, at least; and he who tried to take it away from them would be ground fine and fed to the dogs.

Right. But how about a different *kind* of automobile? At least for the cities, reeling under smog, confrontation, riot, rape, rapine and an 8.5-mph average speed in traffic. The one we've got isn't really right for the job: It makes smog and it's too big. It's so much too big that giving it room to run and places to park uses up half the total downtown area in some jurisdictions, besides blanketing them with exhaust smoke.

For years, everyone who can read without moving his lips has known that smog induces lung cancer and





Side-view diagram of our proposed urban auto indicates how power source (in this case, a turbine), transmission and rear wheels are set up so they can be removed as a single unit to facilitate repair. Small area behind seats is for packages and luggage (not a major concern in a city vehicle). Diagram also reveals power-steering setup at front wheels and air-conditioning unit in console. Rear view shows full wrap-around bumper, directional signals and braking lights over back window. Roll bar is part of rear roof.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY MEAD

emphysema, bronchitis and asthma, and that automobile exhaust is responsible for 50 to 60 percent of smog; but until really notable inversions over Los Angeles, London, Tokyo and New York triggered deaths both numerous and plainly attributable, there was no action. Then, suddenly, as it is likely to do, the roof fell in. John W. Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the Johnson Administration, said that he could see "collision in the future of the internal-combustion engine and the interests of the American people." Frank M. Stead, head of Environmental Sanitation for California, proposed a total ban on the internal-combustion engine in that state by 1980. And, for the first time in perhaps 40 years, the notion that only gasoline could move people—a notion that had accumulated the majesty and weight of the law—was shaken out for a hard look.

From the beginning of automobilism until 1920 or so, there did exist what seemed to be viable alternatives to the i.c.e. (internal-combustion engine): the steam engine and the electric motor, both smog-free. So why not bring them, or one of them, back? On the other hand, if they were so great, what happened to them?

In the beginning, the steamers and the electrics looked like the only entrants in the race. They *were* the beginning: The first road vehicle to move under its own power was a steam-powered tricycle run in France by Nicolas Cugnot in 1769. Richard Trevithick ran a steam carriage in London in 1803 and, 30 years later, a fleet of steam buses ran to posted schedules between points as distant as London and Oxford. An electric car set up the first land-speed record—39 miles an hour—in 1898; and another was the first vehicle to do a mile in a minute: 65 mph in 1899.

When the making and running of automobiles grew away from its often dilettante beginnings and got down to business on a standard cutthroat level, the smart money went to the steamers and the electrics. Steam drove the railroads, the ocean liners and the factories and was moving in on the farmer's horse. It seemed logical that it would run the automobiles, if they were to amount to anything. Steam-automobile companies popped up all over the East and the Midwest. Half of them lasted only two years or less. The Twombly, the Binney & Burnham and the Grout were ephemera; but Stanley, Locomobile, White and Doble were cliché words in the public prints.

An antique-car mechanic once said to me, "If you read somewhere that the steam automobile ran on steam, that's true. Anything else you read about it is even money to be a lie." It's an exaggeration, but not by much.

The Stanley Steamer—life span in its various reincarnations 1897–1927 (the early Locomobile was a Stanley design)—was an outwardly conventional-looking automobile. A tubed boiler under the hood made steam that ran a two-cylinder engine geared directly to the back axle. To that extent, it was basically simple, and Stanley advertising (of which there was little, since the twin Stanley brothers, F. E. and F. O., did not believe in it) stated, "We use no clutches, nor gearshifts, nor flywheels, nor carburetors, nor magnetos, nor sparkplugs, nor timers, nor distributors, nor self-starters, nor any of the marvelously ingenious complications that inventors have added in order to overcome the difficulties inherent in the internal-explosive engine and adapt it to a use for which it is not normally fitted." All true enough, but the Stanley had complications of its own. To start from dead cold could take up to 30 minutes and involve the use of a blowtorch. Fuel for the fire was kerosene or gasoline or a combination of the two, but the burners of the day were crude and dirt in the jets often shut down the fire, which would stay down until they had been poked out with a bit of wire. The boiler tubes were subject to leakage. The necessity of mixing oil and steam in order to lubricate the cylinders spawned troublesome boiler deposits.

A big teakettle with a roaring fire under it is the image that leaps to mind, but a vehicle steam system isn't that simple. It must make and send to the engine steam as it is needed, a lot of it for going fast, less for going slowly, a lot for uphill, none for going down, and so on. If you drove an early Stanley faster than 40 miles an hour, the boiler pressure dropped quickly, because as boiling water was converted rapidly into steam, cold feed water poured in. Early Stanleys didn't carry a condenser in the system; steam was exhausted to the open air, which meant stopping to refill the water tank every 20 miles or so. Later models did have condensers, which meant they could reuse some of the water.

The great virtue of the steamer, the characteristic that made it worth the trouble, was that it could start itself. The internal-combustion engine couldn't and still can't. Hand-cranking a big engine gummed up with the oils of the day, which went semisolid in cold weather, was beyond the capacity of any but a strong man and was tricky even for him. Doctors, fire chiefs and others subject to emergency liked the steamer.

The steamer's silence and vibration-free running racked up other plus points. Around 1900, all but the very best i.c.-engined automobiles shook, buzzed and rattled and could be heard a block away. The steamer's exhaust made a whuff-whuff sound, passengers were aware of minor roarings and whistlings as the fire came up and down and the pumps worked, but that was all.

The steamer's endearing ability to start against a load, to exert maximum power at its lowest speed, made the gasoline car's clutch-gearbox assembly irrelevant. Aside from the standard steer-stop devices, the Stanley used only a hand throttle and a foot pedal working the cutoff, the device that regulated the amount of steam sent into the cylinders on each stroke, and it didn't require the skill and synchronization needed to handle the gas car's clutch and gear lever expertly. Driving the Stanley was simple, but maintaining it was not, because it was really a miniaturized steam locomotive, a fairly primitive machine. Payment for its silence, smoothness and power ran high. Lighting the fire in a Stanley unnerved some owners: Excess fuel would ignite, producing the dreaded "flashback," a puff of flame that would remove eyebrows and shorten mustaches.

The blow that staggered the Stanley, and probably killed it, fell when Charles Kettering of General Motors popularized the electric self-starter, beginning in 1912. Kettering is usually nominated as inventor of the starter, but, like most basic automotive inventions, it had appeared in Europe some years before it came to America—in this case, in 1896. Kettering's contribution, a massive one, was to make it widely available. In one stroke, the electric starter cut from under the Stanley its main reason for being. It wasn't clinically dead until 1927, but irreversible decline began in 1912. A far better steamer, the best, the Doble, lasted until 1932. Abner Doble, a Californian, laid down his first car in 1914 and was concerned with the steam automobile into the Fifties. He made far fewer cars than the Stanley twins. His final productions were superb carriages, good-looking, luxurious, mechanically sophisticated. Steam production was completely automatic; and at −32 degrees Fahrenheit, a Doble would move from dead cold in 40 seconds. It would do 95 mph, would maintain 750 pounds per square inch of pressure in the boiler under any demand and, like all steamers, would climb anything on which the back wheels could find traction. A tankful of water (30 gallons) lasted 750 miles. Fuel consumption was 8–11 miles to the gallon. An English tester wrote, in 1920, "Care is necessary, because of the exceptional acceleration." But the Doble came too late and it ran into simple bad luck: financial two-timing, war and depression. By mid-Twenties, the gas car was reasonably quiet, less complicated than the steamer, easier and cheaper to make.

A folk legend no less viable than the George Washington–cherry-tree story

(continued on page 172)

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNARD SOLOMON



fiction

THE BLASPHEMER

By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

profaning all that was holy had long been a way of life for him, so what did he have to lose in taking up with a warsaw whore?

FAITHLESSNESS can also lead to insanity. In Malopol, our village, this is what happened to Chazkele. I knew him well; I even went to heder with him one winter. His father, Bendit, was a coachman. He lived on the hill among the poor. He had a dilapidated hut, a broken-down stable and a nag called Shyva, who was as emaciated as a skeleton and terribly old. This horse lived more than 40 years. Some believed that it was over 50. Why this animal existed so long, no one could understand, because Bendit drove it six days a week, made it carry heavy loads and fed it a mixture of straw and a little oats. It was said that Shyva was the reincarnation of a man who went bankrupt and came back as a horse to pay his debt with hard work.

Bendit was small, broad-shouldered, with yellow hair, a yellow beard and a face full of freckles. He addressed the horse as if it were human. He had six children and a wife, Tsloveh, who was famed for her curses. She cursed not only people but her cat, her chickens, even her washtub. Besides her living children, Tsloveh had a whole brood in the cemetery. She began to curse her infants when they still lay in her belly. When the baby kicked her, Tsloveh

would scream, "May you not live to see the light."

Her children, five girls and only one boy—Chazkele, who was the third-born—always squabbled among themselves. When my father had to go to Lublin, I was sent to fetch Bendit and so I was familiar with their house. The woman walked around half naked and barefoot. Since Chazkele was good in heder, he was provided with a gabardine and boots. I was told that he had learned the alphabet and to read, and had even read the book of *Genesis*, all in one year. Chazkele had hair that was so yellow that it almost blinded you. His face was like his father's—white and densely freckled. I think his eyes were green. Even though Tsloveh was a faithful wife and never even looked at another man,, Bendit called his son Chazkele Bastard. The girls also had nicknames: Tsipa the Snake, Zelda the Sloven, Alteh Dripnose, Keila Garbage, Rickel the Scratcher. Tsloveh herself was called Tsloveh Bigmouth in town. Once, when Bendit fell ill and Tsloveh went to the synagogue to pray at the holy ark, she addressed the Almighty, "Couldn't You find anyone to strike but Bendit? He must feed a wife and six worms. Father in heaven, it's better You plague the rich."

She began to name all the community leaders of Malopol. She advised God whom to give a boil on his side, a swelling on his rear, a burning of his insides. Fulcha the beadle had to drag her away from the scrolls.

His father and mother both loved Chazkele. No small thing, an only son and a scholar in addition. But the name Bastard remained. At the slightest provocation, Bendit removed the belt from his pants and whipped him. Tsloveh used to pinch him. There was a type of pinching in Malopol that was called "the little fiddle." It was a drawn-out thin pinch that made you see stars. Chazkele's sisters were proud of him and boasted about him to others, but at home they needled him and called him bench warmer, bookworm and other such nicknames. When his oldest sister, Tsipa the Snake, gave him his meal, she would say, "Eat until you choke" or "Drink until you burst." Two or three girls slept together on a pallet, but Chazkele had a bench bed for himself. Whoever made his bed would say to him, "Go to sleep and don't wake up."

Even in heder, Chazkele began to ask questions about God. If God is merciful, why do small children die? If He loves the Jews, why do the gentiles beat them? If He is the Father of all creatures, why does He allow the cat to kill the mouse? Our teacher, Fishele, was the first one to predict that Chazkele would grow up a nonbeliever. Later, when Chazkele began to study in the study house, he plagued the principal of our Yeshivah, Reb Ephraim Gabriel, with his queries. He found all kinds of contradictions in the Bible and in the Talmud. For example, in one place, it's written that God cannot be seen and, in another, that the elders saw Him and ate and drank with Him. Here it said that the Lord doesn't punish the children for the sins of their fathers and elsewhere that He takes revenge on the third and fourth generations. Reb Ephraim Gabriel tried to explain these things as well as he could, but Chazkele would not be put off so easily. The enlightened ones in Malopol were pleased with Chazkele's heresies, but even they advised him not to overdo it if he didn't want to be persecuted by the fanatics. But Chazkele would answer, "I don't give a damn. I want the truth."

He was slapped and thrown out of the study house. When Bendit heard of these goings on, he gave Chazkele a sound lashing. Tsloveh wailed that instead of having joy from her son, he only brought shame upon her. She went to cry on her mother's grave and to pray that Chazkele might see the right way. But Chazkele remained obstinate. He made friends with the town musicians, with Lippa the leech, with Lemmel the watchmaker, all people with little faith. On the Sabbath, he no longer prayed in the synagogue with the community but stood in the antechamber with the rough youths. For a short time, he even tried to learn Russian from the druggist's daughter, Stefania. When he reached the age of his *bar mitzvah*, his father brought him a pair of phylacteries from Lublin, but Chazkele refused to put them on. He said to his father, "What are they, nothing but the hide of a cow."

He got a heavy beating, but blows no longer bothered him. His build was small, like his father's, but he was strong and agile as an ape. On the 33rd day of Omer, when it is the custom for boys to go to the forests, he climbed up the highest tree. When he was in the mood, he helped his father carry heavy sacks of grain or barrels of kerosene. He got into brawls with gentile boys. Once he fought a whole gang of them alone and got a good thrashing. When any of the townspeople scolded him, he answered with insolence. He would say to an elder, "You are God's Cossack, aren't you? Why don't you stop giving false weights and false measures in your store?"

When Bendit convinced himself that this boy would not grow up to be a rabbi, he apprenticed him to Zalman the blacksmith; but Chazkele had no patience to fan the bellows all day. I don't know why he did it, but he stole books from the study house and went to read them in the women's section of the synagogue, which was empty all week long. When something in a book didn't please him, he erased the words with a pencil or he tore out the page. Once he was caught tearing out pages from a book and from then on, he wasn't permitted to enter the study house. My father didn't allow me to talk to him. Neither did the fathers of other young men. Chazkele was as good as excommunicated. He threw off the yoke of Jewishness completely. It was rumored that he smoked on the Sabbath. He went with Sander the barber to the tavern and drank vodka with him and ate pork. He took off his gabardine and managed to get a short jacket and a gentile cap somewhere. Even before he had grown a beard, he asked Sander to shave him. He searched only for sins. Bendit grew tired of beating him and no longer treated him as a son, but his mother and sisters still sided with him. Once on the Feast of Booths, Chazkele peeked into the booth of Reb Shimon the warden and made some nasty remark. Reb Shimon and his sons came out and beat him up, even though it was a holiday. He went home dripping blood. Late at night, three of Chazkele's sisters, Keila, Rickel and Alteh, stealthily entered Reb Shimon's booth and defecated there. In the morning, when Reb Shimon's wife, Baila Itta, went into the booth and saw the mess, she fainted. The rabbi sent for Bendit and warned him that if his son did not stop this scandalous behavior, he would forbid the townspeople to travel in his wagon and to send merchandise with him.

That feast day, even though it was forbidden, Bendit beat Chazkele with a heavy stick for such a long time that Chazkele lost consciousness. For months after, Chazkele became almost timid. I was told that he even began to study again, although I never met him in the study house. Then, a few days after Passover, Bendit's nag died. It lay with its protruding ribs in front of the stable, wet with sweat, salivating, urinating, heaving its sides. Crows hovered on the straw roof, ready to pick at the eyes of the carcass. Tsloveh and her daughters stood over the dying horse, wringing their hands and lamenting. Bendit cried as if it were Yom Kippur. I was there myself. Everybody went to look. The next day, early in the morning, when one of those who prayed in the study house opened the ark to take out the holy scroll, he found horse dung and a dead mouse there. A pauper who slept in the study house bore witness that Chazkele had gone there late at night and poked around in the ark. There was an uproar in Malopol. Butchers and barrelmakers went to Bendit's hut, intent on seizing Chazkele and punishing him for the sacrilege. Tsloveh met them at the door with a pail of slops. His sisters tried to scratch their eyes out. Chazkele hid under the bed. The crowd pulled him out and gave him what he deserved. He tried to defend himself, but they dragged him to the rabbi and there he confessed to everything. The rabbi asked, "What was the sense of it?" *(continued overleaf)*



"And I suppose this is where he rests between inspirations."

And Chazkele said, "A God who can so torture an innocent nag is a murderer, not a God." He spat and cried. He spoke such words that the rabbi's wife had to stop her ears.

Bendit came running and the rabbi said to him, "Your Chazkele is what the Bible calls 'stubborn and rebellious.' In ancient times, such a one was taken to the gate of the town and stoned. Today, the four death punishments of the court—stoning, strangling, burning and beheading—have been abolished. But Malopol will not stand for this rascal anymore." On the spot, the elders decided to buy Bendit another horse, on the condition that Chazkele leave town. And so it happened. The next morning, Chazkele was seen walking on the road to Lublin, carrying a wooden box like a recruit. Tsloveh ran after him, bemoaning him like a corpse.

There was a community he-goat in Malopol, a first-born, which, according to the law, was not to be slaughtered. He chewed the straw from the thatch huts, peeled the bark from logs and, when there was nothing better to eat, he nibbled at an old prayer book in the synagogue yard. He had two crooked horns and a white beard. After Chazkele had gone, the people discovered that the he-goat was wearing phylacteries. Before he had left, Chazkele had fastened the head phylactery between the goat's horns, and the arm phylactery he bound to one of its legs. He even formed the letter sheen —the initial of the holy name Shodai— with the phylactery straps.

You can just imagine the outcry in Malopol. At that time, I myself had already begun to veer, so to speak, from the straight path. Against my father's wishes, I started to learn bookbinding. Several of my friends and I planned to go to America or to Palestine. Firstly, I didn't want to serve the czar nor to maim myself in order to avoid the service. Secondly, we had become enlightened and we no longer believed in boarding at the house of the fathers-in-law and letting our wives provide for us. I never went to America nor to Palestine, but at least I moved to Warsaw. After Chazkele left Malopol, he became our idol for a while.

• • •

The salesmen who went to Lublin for merchandise brought back news of Chazkele. The thieves of Piask tried to make him a partner to their foul business, but Chazkele declined. He would not steal other people's property, he said. One should live honestly. In Lublin, there were strikers who wanted to depose the czar. One of them even threw a bomb into a barracks. The bomb didn't explode, but the one who threw it was torn to shreds by the Cossacks' sabers. When these rebels heard about Chazkele, they wanted to make him one of them. But Chazkele said, "Is it the czar's fault that he was born a czar? Are the rich to blame for being lucky? Would you throw money away if you had it?" This was Chazkele. He had an answer for everything. One might think that he was ready to go to work and earn his bread, but he had no desire to work, either. He apprenticed himself to a carpenter; but when his master's wife asked him to rock the baby, Chazkele answered, "I'm not your nanny." He was thrown out immediately. There were missionaries in Lublin who attempted to convert him, and Chazkele asked them: "If Jesus is the Messiah, then why is the world full of evil? And if God can have a son, why can't He have a daughter?" The soul catchers realized that he was a hard nut to crack and let him go. He refused to accept alms. He slept on the street and almost died from hunger. After a while, he left for Warsaw.

I had already moved to Warsaw. I got married and became a bookbinder on my own. I met Chazkele and proposed to teach him the trade, but he said, "I'm not going to bind Bibles and sacred books."

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Because they are full of lies," he said. He wandered around on the Jewish streets—Krochmalna, Gnoyna, Smocha—dressed in tatters. He would stop in the square on Krochmalna Street and engage in discussions with anyone. He blasphemed God and the Anointed. I never knew that he was so well versed in the Scriptures and in the Talmud. He poured out quotations. He would stop a few bums who didn't know the alphabet and inform them that the earth is round and that the sun is a star or some such thing. They thought he was crazy. They punched him in the nose and he fought back. No matter how strong he was, they were stronger. A few times, he was arrested. So he sat in jail and enlightened the prisoners. He had nine measures of talk and was always ready to argue. According to him, nobody knew the truth—everybody deceived himself. I once asked him what, then, should be done, and he replied, "There's nothing to do. Wise are those who make an end to everything."

"If that's so," I asked, "why do you wander around in this chaotic world?"

And he said, "What's the hurry? The grave won't run away."

It seemed that there was no place in the world for Chazkele, but he finally did find something. Across the square, there was a brothel. The whores used to stand at the gate of the building each evening and sometimes even in daylight. The other tenants did everything they could to get rid of them, but the pimps bribed the authorities. It was just across from the window of my apartment and I saw it all. The moment evening fell, men began to appear there in shabby clothes; also soldiers and even schoolboys. The fee was, if I'm not mistaken, ten kopeks. Once I saw an old man wearing a long gabardine capote and with a white beard enter there. I knew him quite well, a widower. He most probably thought that no one saw him. What can an old man do if he has no wife?

I met Chazkele on the street. For the first time, he was decently dressed and he carried a bundle. I asked what he carried there and he said stockings. "Have you become a peddler?" I asked, and he said, "Women do need stockings." After a while, I saw him enter the brothel. He even stopped to talk to one of the prostitutes. To make it short, Chazkele sold stockings—but only in the brothels. This had become his livelihood. I was told that the loose females loved his talk and this is why they bought from him. He went to them during the day, when they had no guests. I often saw him walk by and each time, the bundle grew larger. Who could be better company for Chazkele? The streetwalkers were delighted with his banter. They fed him and accepted him as their own. How strange; the thieves in Warsaw had their leader, Berelle Spiegelglas, and now these dames had their Chazkele. Berelle Spiegelglas behaved sedately. Thieves have wives and children. They don't spit on everything. Loose women besmirch everybody. Chazkele stood with these creatures and told them about the sins of King David, King Solomon, Bathsheba, Abigail. They became high and mighty. If such saints could sin, why can't they? Everyone needs some justification.

Once a tart appeared who was different from the rest. Most of these girls came from poor little villages, many of them were sick. All they wanted was to make a few kopeks. This one was brazen, healthy, with red cheeks and the eyes of a vulture. I still remember her name, Basha. In the middle of the summer, she wore boots. As a rule, the pimp stood a few steps away or across the street and kept an eye on his property, so they wouldn't hide some money in their stockings or waste time with the urchins who came just to babble. Once in a while, these flesh dealers used to beat up one of their ladies and one could hear their screaming along the whole street. The policeman had been bought off and he played dead. But this Basha did what she wanted. She uttered such filth and carried on so that the neighbors had to close their windows in order not to hear her obscenities. She mimicked everyone, she teased the

(continued on page 201)



BEDSPRINGS ETERNAL

pictorial essay

By WILLIAM IVERSEN

an open-eyed chronicle of shut-eye sites built for morpheus and other nocturnal visitors—plus a pictorial survey of contemporary sleeperies

CONSIDERING THAT one third of a man's life is spent enjoying the horizontal pleasures of the sack, the importance of beds can hardly be overestimated. One school of scientific thought has even gone so far as to contend that the idea of using fire as a tool dawned on early man not by observing volcanoes or spontaneous brush fires or lightning, as has been assumed, but in bed. Known as the hot-bed theory, this intriguing notion was first put forth in 1961 by the British anthropologist A. C. Arnold and holds that "the first really congenial fires





Contrasting approaches to the same subject are exemplified by the free-swinging hammock bed at left, fashioned from weatherized pine and natural linen by Finland's Aino Aalto, from Design Research, $150; and Raymond Loewy's luxuriantly king-sized creation for the Doubinski Frères 2000 series—five feet wide, with facings of molded plastic and a headboard that contains storage space, it's available for $640.



probably resulted from the heat created by bacterial decomposition of man's first bedding, which was just matted vegetation."

Support for this theory may be found in the myth that Prometheus filched man's first fire from the gods and concealed it in a stalk of fennel, and in the historical fact that man's oldest surviving beds—those of the ancient Egyptians—are constructed of palm fibers, sticks and wickerwork, so dried and woven as to prevent spontaneous combustion.

Like most ancient beds, those of the Egyptians were about as roomy as a modern camp cot but extremely light and portable. More portable yet were the simple bedrolls of the common folk of the Middle East. Unencumbered by bedsteads, the shepherds, slaves and artisans could curl up under the stars, and a man miraculously cured of palsy could —without too much effort—obey the Biblical command to take up his bed and walk.

But it is mainly in reference to the erotic that the Bible waxes most lyrical on the use of beds. Equally numerous, though less descriptive, are the many allusions to beds involving homicide, incest and sinful slothfulness. But, judging from the sort of togetherness described in the Gospel according to Saint Luke, the big problem for many householders was more likely to be finding enough room in the family bed to catch 40 winks. In reply to a plea for bread, the man of the house is quoted as calling out, "Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee."

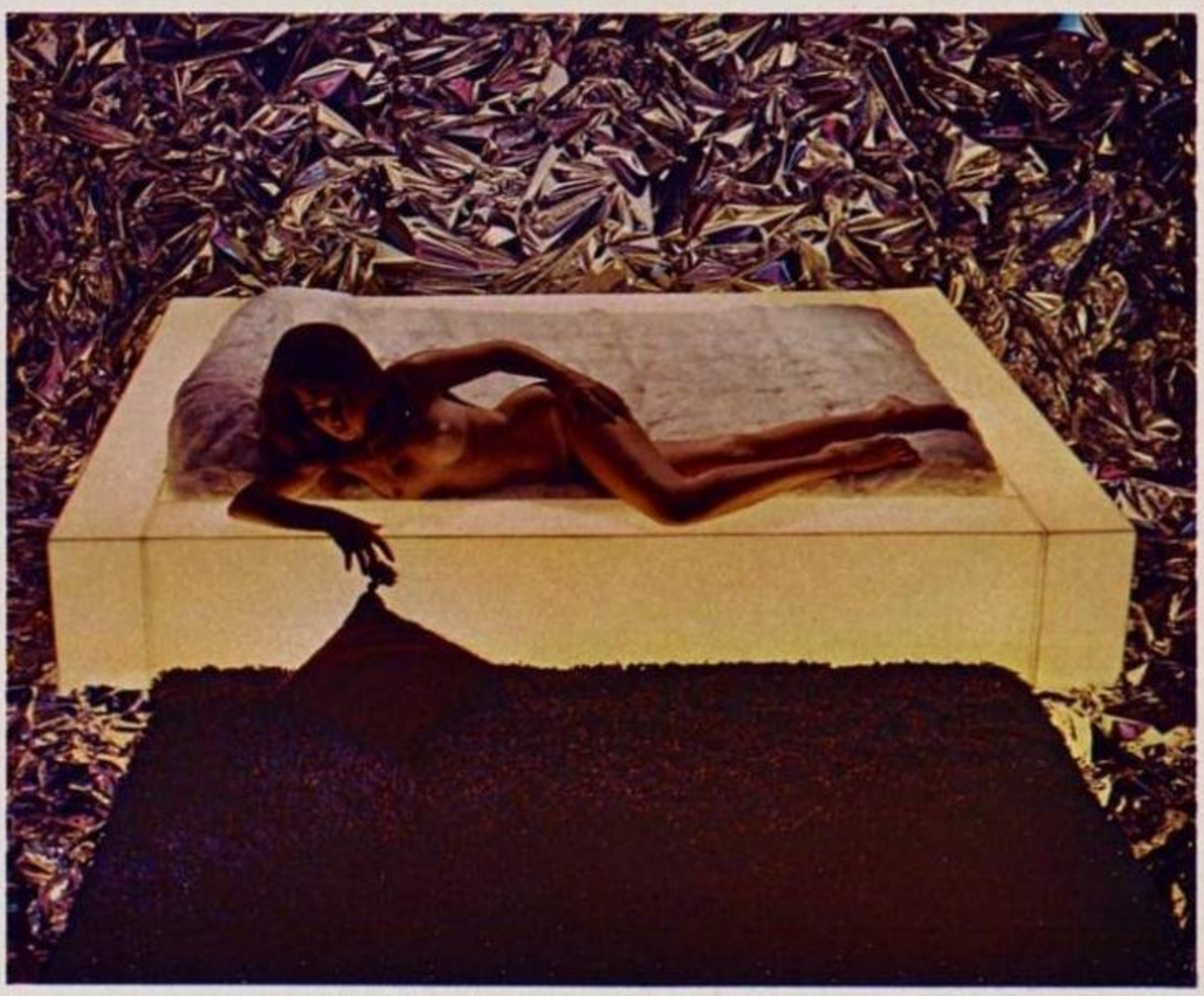
The Greeks favored beds that were as light and portable as those of the Egyptians—so light and portable, in fact, that Aristophanes has one of his women characters carry a bed on stage. The play is the anti-war satire *Lysistrata*, in which the women of Athens swear to withhold all amorous favors from their militant menfolk until the long war with Sparta is ended. To preserve their chastity during those religious festivals when they were required to live apart from male companionship, the women of Greece and Rome *(text continued on page 154)*







One needn't be an astronaut, in this post-Apollo age, to enjoy a feeling of weightlessness; an inner liner of heavy plastic, filled with water and heated, gives occupants of the aptly named Pleasure Bed (left) a unique floating sensation—and also provides direct support for more of the body than the average bed offers. It's from Innerspace Environments, $550. Above: Wall-mounted shelves and headboard add a dramatic touch to this polished-metal and polyfoam construction by architects Gordon Bird and William Rietkerk, from Carson-Johnson, about $1000. Below: No night light is required in the *chambre à coucher* that contains Bloomingdale's $1600 inner-illuminated Lucite bed, which floods the room with a warm effulgence.

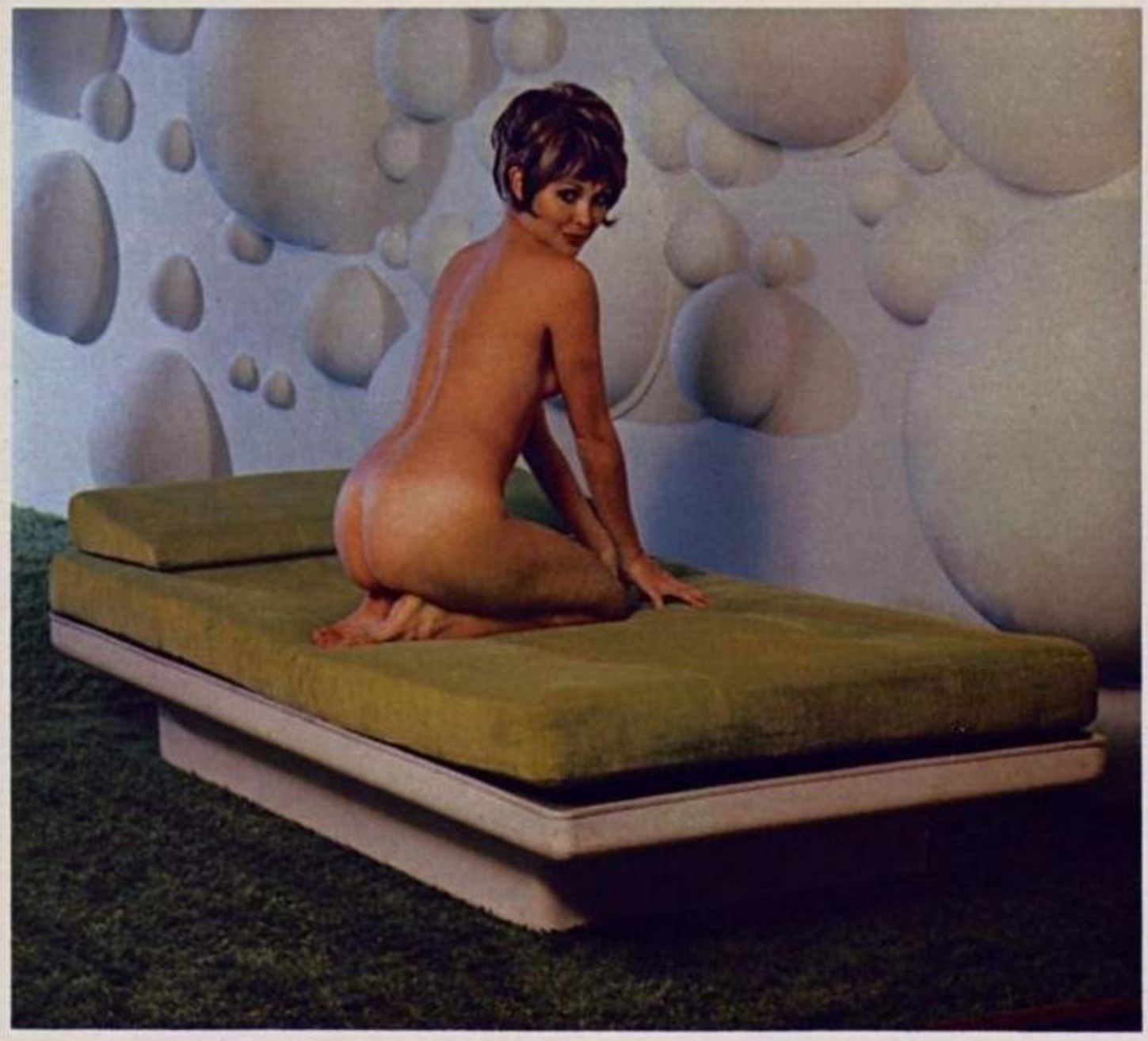


"laid a certain herb, named *hanea*, in their beds," which assuaged "the ardent flames of love." From Juvenal's satire on Roman women, however, one gathers that no mere herb could have done much to cool their passions. "Chastity lingered on earth, I believe, in the reign of King Saturn," he wryly observed.

Roman fondness for beds was, indeed, universal. With the advent of Christianity, however, the Roman bed, the *lectus*, came to be identified solely with lechery. The early church fathers impartially considered all beds to be breeding places of unholy lust. In their anxiety to avoid sexual pleasure, devout married couples resorted to the *chemise cagoule*, a sort of heavy nightshirt with a suitably placed hole through which a husband could impregnate his wife while avoiding any other contact. Aspiring ascetics, on the other hand, would take attractive young female consorts into their beds, the better to mortify their flesh through the nightly agony of temptation and denial.

Among both lords and commoners in northern Europe, the concept of privacy had yet to dawn. Intimacy prevailed over modesty. The bulky and often crude garments of day were shed before the blazing fire, and sleepers huddled together for warmth. Nightshirts were virtually unknown, and the oldest pictorial records show kings and queens lying in bed wearing nought but their crowns. Looking beyond the efforts of Victorian writers to re-create the earthy age of chivalry in terms of unrequited love between chaste ladies and virginal knights, we find that beds of adultery and fornication were as much a part of ye olde romantic past as were tilting grounds and squeaky drawbridges. Brave Sir Launcelot privily secured a ladder, climbed up to Queen Guinevere's bedroom window and "wished that he might come in to her. Wit ye well, said the queen, I would as fain as ye, that ye might come in to me. . . . So, to pass upon this tale, Sir Launcelot went to bed with the queen" and "took his pleasaunce and his liking until it was the dawning of the day."

On those occasions when a liaison between knight and lady led to marriage, both bride and groom were undressed by their friends and clad in new dressing gowns for the bedtime ritual of





Above: Andre Vandenbueck's spare but elegant pallet, designed for Turner-T, employs a white fiberglass shell with a loose head cushion and a mattress covered with wide-wale corduroy; it sells for $690. Right: With the oaken pillars of yore replaced by stainless steel, the classic form of the four-poster has been artfully updated in the Pace Collection's gleaming edition for 1970, priced at $1260.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER FURS BY REIMEX

"throwing the stocking." According to one description, "Two of the groom's friends sit on one edge of the bed, two of the bride's maids on the other; each man then throws one of the groom's stockings over his shoulder, hoping to hit the bride; then each girl throws one of the bride's stockings in an attempt to hit the bridegroom. If the stocking hits, the thrower is likely to marry before the year is out." When all stockings had been thrown, the priest appeared with a posset of wedding ale. "When this had been drunk by the amorous couple, the priest blessed the bed, sprinkled holy water on bride and bridegroom, then censed the room to drive off the wicked demons who would be attracted by the performance of the sexual act."

Considerably less ceremony surrounded the nightly bedgoing of men, maids and monarchs at the time of the Norman invasion—a circumstance that inspired E. C. Bentley to allege:

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser.
When that began to pall
He slept in the hall.

The rhyme contains more truth than poetry, for 11th Century sleeping arrangements were still both casual and simple, and even a royal bedchamber was seldom more than a whitewashed room furnished with a roughhewn bedstead, a clothes "perche," a chair, a chamber pot and a chest.

But a new degree of elegance and luxury was attained in France, where Philip the Tall succeeded Louis the Headstrong in 1316. The queen slept and received visitors on a bed of scarlet silk, while the king slept in and ruled his realm from a handsome bed of blue silk bedizened with fleurs-de-lis and other heraldic symbols. This was the royal *lit de parade*, the bed of state upon which French kings from time immemorial had reclined while receiving ambassadors and dispensing justice.

Because of the inordinate amount of fluffing and smoothing required to keep a *lit de parade* looking fresh and regal, the bed of state was in time reserved for ceremonial use, while kings and queens slept in less ornamental beds in rooms off the main chamber. Since attendant lords and ladies maintained an all-night vigil over the sleeping monarchs, the desire for occasional privacy was answered by a tester, or canopy, with curtains that could be drawn to create a kind of room within a room. In imitation of the royal style, the bedchambers of all important persons were used as reception rooms, and the area between the wall and one side of the bed was often furnished with chairs for guests. Known as the ruelle ("little street" or "alleyway"), this intimate cul-de-sack soon earned the reputation of being a crossroad to romance, where the traffic to and from a popular beauty's bed would lead betimes to awkward queues and murderous confrontations between husband and lovers.

In merry England, where a bed's lack of elegance had never been known to hinder either sleep or sex, the 16th Century brought new comforts and refinements with the vast Tudor beds of Henry VIII. Approximately 11 feet square, Tudor bedsteads were distinguished by their carved ornamentation and four tall bedposts supporting a wooden ceiling, from which the bed curtains were hung. These were the original four-posters, the best-known surviving example of which is the Great Bed of Ware, now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. The Great Bed first came to public attention at the Crown Inn at Ware, where it once accommodated a party of six couples who had come up from London for a "frolick." When it was later enshrined at the Saracen's Head in Ware, an aura of king-size cuckoldry seems to have surrounded its use, for guests were required to be "sworn in" on a large pair of horns. How suitable the Great Bed was for purposes of grand passion must remain a matter of doubt, however, since the story persists that occupants frequently complained of being pinched, beaten and scratched by reason of its being haunted by the spirit of its maker, Jonas Fosbrooke.

Throughout the Tudor period, beds were designed as much for sociability as they were for sleeping. Bed sharing with friends was common among all classes, and Reginald Reynolds tellingly cites Buckle's *Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works* concerning the social bedsmanship of Henry VIII's widow, Catherine Parr, and her seagoing hubby, Admiral Seymour: "When my Lord Admiral was roving the seas or otherwise engaged, Catherine tucked up with a lady called Odell. The admiral himself, with less discretion, would visit the Princess Elizabeth —another bed sharer—and assist her sleeping companion, Mrs. Katherine Ashley, in tickling the future queen." Speculations as to whether Elizabeth's queenly fancy had ever been tickled to the point of sharing her bed with a man rest purely on circumstantial evidence, but eyebrows were raised when the Virgin Queen chose to retain gentlemen rather than lady attendants for the royal bedchamber.

Such descriptions of Elizabeth's "nightgownes" as have come down to us are in reality descriptions of dressing gowns—though it is more than likely that the queen slept in some sort of nightdress or smock. According to biographer John Aubrey, bed smocks were worn even by the daughters of Henry VIII's erstwhile favorite Sir Thomas More, whose plan for Utopia included a law that young persons should be required to see each other nude before marriage. Sir Thomas, Aubrey tells us, was visited one morning by Sir William Roper "with a proposall to marry one of his daughters," who "were then both together abed in a truckle bed in their father's chamber asleep." True to his avowed beliefs, More led Roper to his daughters' bedside and whipped off the sheet in order that the marriage-minded knight might take his pick of girls. "They lay on their Backs, and their smocks up as high as their arme-pitts. This awakened them, and immediately they turned on their bellies. Quoth Roper, I have seen both sides, and so gave a patt on the buttock, he made choice of, sayeing, Thou art mine. Here was all the trouble of the wooeing."

Even less trouble was taken in Scotland, where couples bedded as man and wife according to the ancient custom of handfasting—a kind of trial marriage that the Presbyterians of Aberdeen condemned as "fornicatioun and huirdom." To the Puritans of England, even Anglican church weddings were contrary to "The Christian State of Matrimonye" because of the merrymaking that followed. Worse yet, when the bride and groom were finally bedded, "unmanerly and restlesse people" would "go to theyr chambre dore, and there syng vycious and naughtie balates that the Devell may have his tryumphe."

In the Puritan view, the sluggardly habit of oversleeping was a vice that ranked close to sex and mirth. The thrifty man and devout woman went to bed with the birds and were up and about by two A.M. Idlers and sots might lie abed till five, when "the alehouse door is unlocked for good fellows." But courtiers, rakes, bawds and vain ladies were so far under the spell of Satan as to "lye in bed till nine or tenne of the clocke."

"Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed," Shakespeare declared in one of his sonnets. But in his plays, the allusions to bed are less frequently connected with sleep "that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care" than with murder, incest, adultery and the joys of Hymen. One of the most memorable lines the Bard ever wrote, however, was not contained in a play or poem but in his will: "I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture." At a time when beds were handmade and costly, such bequests were not uncommon. The best bed, which was reserved for guests, was usually passed on to a younger heir who would be most

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a trim-lined, lightweight trio of presummer cover-ups to keep you smartly at ease

THE NO-SWELTER SWEATER



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

WARM-WEATHER WEAR has taken a turn for the sweater, with lightweight knits—long, lean and often belted—providing the perfect casual cover-up. Pictured at the top is a cotton knit pullover with round neck and four-button-placket front, by Himalaya, $15. Left: a tapered sleeveless belted cardigan with ribbed waistband and wooden buttons, by Himalaya, $16. The belted Orlon tunic to the right sports front flap pockets, ribbed bottom and sleeve cuffs, by Kandahar, $15.

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY LEWIS

"Well, I'm not in favor of immediate withdrawal in every case."



LORD CHESTERFIELD and the *Comte* de Gramont were taking a turn in Hyde Park. To the surprise of the Frenchman, the usually serene Lord Chesterfield seemed somewhat agitated.

"The guitar," said Lord Chesterfield.

"Ah, the guitar," said the chevalier De Gramont, knowing of which Chesterfield spoke.

There was an Italian at the court of Charles II famous for his performance on the guitar, and the king's taste for his compositions had made the guitar so fashionable that all London performed on it, especially the ladies. On a lady's dressing table, in fact, one was as sure of seeing a guitar as rouge or patches.

"The king's brother has taken up the guitar," said Chesterfield.

"Ah, the Duke of York," said the chevalier, mentioning the most reckless ogler of the day, who, as court gossip held, had a grand passion for Lady Chesterfield.

"Recently, the duke has been most friendly toward me," said the other sourly.

"When one is in love with the wife," observed the Frenchman, "one first pays one's court to the husband."

"Precisely, my dear count. But let me tell you of yesterday. I returned home early from the bear- and bullbaiting. What do you suppose I found?"

"I cannot imagine, my lord."

"Lady Chesterfield and the Duke of York practicing the guitar together."

"I understand that the duke plays poorly."

"Lady Chesterfield does not think so. When the duke had repeated a saraband a score of times, he declared that he could have played it better. Lady Chesterfield thought that he could not have played it better."

"What did you think of the playing, my lord?"

"Since it was on me they were playing, I thought it detestable."

"The Duke of York," said the chevalier De Gramont, "is surely a menace to us all, what with his guitar and other fripperies."

"Naturally, I did not wish to leave the conspirators alone, but I am chamberlain to the queen and I was summoned to court, where the queen was granting audience to six or seven Muscovite ambassadors and their wives."

"I hear they are in town," said the other.

"And after the audience with these damned Muscovites, Lord Arlington and the Duke of Buckingham and I went to the apartment of Miss Stuart, the king's favorite. The king was with her. Soon there arrived the Duke of York, hot and flushed from his guitar practice. The conversation turned to the ambassadors' wives and what marvelous legs they had."

"I hear they are all exceptionally fine legs," said the Frenchman with enthusiasm.

"The king agreed, though he maintained that the finest legs were to be met with in England and that, in the whole kingdom, there was no finer leg than Miss Stuart's."

"None finer," said the chevalier. "Once I knew each leg well." And he hastened to add, "That was before she was the king's favorite, naturally."

"Whereupon Miss Stuart, in order to prove the truth of his Majesty's assertion, lifted her skirts right above the knees."

"Difficult to imagine less brain combined with more beauty."

"Only the Duke of York presumed to criticize what she showed," said Lord Chesterfield.

"The duke must be blind."

"So he is, my dear count, but it is Lady Chesterfield who blinds him. Now, she is handsome enough, but far from the miracle of beauty she likes to imagine. For instance, her legs are deplorable."

"I had no idea that they were inferior," said the *Comte* de Gramont, who knew full well that they were, for previously, Lady Chesterfield had passed through the hands of several gentlemen, and the Frenchman was not always to be found strolling in Hyde Park.

"They are short and thick," continued her husband, "and, to make the best of these defects, she always wears green stockings. And so, yesterday, the Duke of York declared that Miss Stuart's leg was much too thin and pronounced that there was nothing to match a leg somewhat plumper and shorter, contending that there was no hope for any leg unless it was clothed in a green stocking——"

"That devil," said the *Comte* de Gramont.

"All of which, as far as I can see, was but to eulogize a leg that he had lately admired and that his memory still kept fresh."

"Husbands are invariably the last to be acquainted with what is particularly their own business," said the chevalier.

"You have not heard all, my friend," continued Lord Chesterfield. "Today, when I arrived home, I found that Lady Chesterfield had the beauties of the court in to practice guitar. Watching were lords Denham and Rochester and Shrewsbury, and that royal rascal, the Duke of York.

"I was standing behind the guitar players, in a position that Lord Denham had just vacated. York was standing behind my wife. I do not know what had become of his hand, but I do know that his arm had disappeared right up to his elbow. Then he turned around and saw me and was so disconcerted by my presence that, in drawing away his hand, he came near to completely undressing Lady Chesterfield."

"A melancholy day," said the *Comte* de Gramont, "when the king's own brother——"

"I did what I had to do," interrupted Chesterfield.

"You did what, my lord?"

"My honor was in the balance."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the Frenchman, convinced that the other had murdered the Duke of York, before whom all knees were bent.

"I did it," repeated Chesterfield.

"How could you?" asked the chevalier, thinking of the monstrous scandal.

"I broke it," said Lord Chesterfield. "I took Lady Chesterfield's damned guitar and smashed it into a thousand pieces." *—Retold by Robert McNear*



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



ghosts!

ARE THEY BORN OF
HALLUCINATION OR HOAX—OR IS
LIFE AFTER LIFE AN AUTHENTIC MANIFESTATION BEYOND
OUR KEN?

article By C. ROBERT JENNINGS

SURELY NOTHING in the history of the human race predates man's fear of—and fascination with—the supernatural, the most frightful element of which is no doubt the ghosts of the departed. According to Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, perhaps the most perceptive study ever made of primitive myths and magic, the fear of dead foe and friend is, "on the whole, I believe . . . the most powerful force in the making of primitive religion." And old fears die hard.

Today, ghosts and hauntings are not as fearsome and forcible as they were in ancient times, but they have become chic; they're what's happening. Once-suspect societies for psychical research are spreading like forest fires; progressive universities are downright sympathetic to long-scorned paranormal laboratories; and ghost hunters are multiplying like hamsters. Cambridge offers a studentship in psychical studies and the current president of the American Society for Psychical Research is a highly regarded psychologist at the Menninger Clinic. For the first time in its history, the University of California this spring is offering an extension course in parapsychology: Old Myths and New Science, an Overview of Psychic Phenomena. Also, thanks in large part to the persuasion of Dr. Margaret Mead, the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science recently recognized parapsychology as an accredited science and acceptable for affiliation.

Ghosts are status symbols for the "now" generation. Poltergeists—or boisterous ghosts—are plentiful; and exorcisms—or ghost banishings—are as common as weeds. Word has leaked out of Parker Brothers' headquarters in—no kidding—Salem, Massachusetts, that ouija boards are outselling Monopoly sets for the first time since the latter hit the market in 1935. Haunted houses hardly constitute the latest wrinkle, but they are as much in vogue as nudity and Norfolk jackets. Tourist agencies in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland—countries that once claimed a corner on the ghost market—report that visitors, "particularly Americans, want most to go to castles with ghosts in them." Nowadays, ghosts give a castle a cachet of style, where formerly they lent merely terror or enchantment. And the late Bishop James Pike's belief that he had penetrated the veil that obscures the divine mystery to communicate with his dead son

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO CASILLI

sent students of psychic phenomena into paroxysms of hope and righteousness. As Northwestern University's Bergen Evans dryly remarks: "Ghosts are good for half a newspaper column any day the rapists are resting."

Behind this burgeoning interest in the complex business of spirit life is not derangement or schizophrenia but man's bent to explore the unknown, to probe Pascal's "eternal silence of these infinite spaces" that terrifies as it titillates. Beyond that—and setting itself apart from all other great quests—is the perennial yearning for some palpable proof of a life beyond death, or, more appropriately, a life beyond life.

To the horror of natural science and many high churchmen, and to the awe of those pining to recapture contact with their lost loved ones, Bishop Pike felt that a "modest leap of faith" is sufficient for "an affirmation that there is continuity with people who have passed on." This was heady stuff, if not downright revolutionary, considering the stature of the source; thus, what psychic researcher William James called "the will to believe" and Coleridge named "that willing suspension of disbelief" appears for many to have mutated into belief itself. And even doubters no longer inevitably break into that involuntary chortle or twitch foolishly when the word ghost is uttered. All who would invalidate the bishop's séance still have to stomach the subjective truth of an abiding fear: that they are, in the last analysis, desolatingly alone and, thus, as Max Lerner puts it, "desperately need this assurance that somehow they can bridge the gulf that separates them from their [living] sons and communicate with them across a gulf. What counts is not so much that it is a way of communicating with the silent dead but that it is a way of healing the living." Ghosts, then, have become as modern as a moon landing—and perhaps even more relevant to real life.

But what on earth *is* a ghost, if, indeed, it is on earth at all? And why does it haunt? Your ordinary garden variety of ghost is the apparition of any person who has, in psychic parlance, passed over. To believers, ghosts are variously seen or felt or heard. In the old days, you could spot them because they smelled "sulphurious," Sir Thomas Browne said. Nowadays, ghosts are identified, contacted and explained by more scientific means, though science still gives them short shrift.

Generally, a ghost haunts a habitat in which, as a living being, it was unhappy or in which it died in some traumatic way. It works at night and never casts a shadow. It haunts, dreamlike and harmlessly, because it seeks a redress of earthly grievances, or out of a queer urge to re-enact some mortal crisis or sorrow, or because of some unfinished business, usually bitter. Unlike the ghosts of folklore (demons, evil spirits, harbingers of doom) and of fiction (Oscar Wilde's cheerful *The Canterville Ghost*, Henry James's malevolent *The Turn of the Screw*), your garden-variety ghost is a sad, sad shade. "Ghosts are people, or parts of people, and thus governed by emotional stimuli," says the most intrepid of modern ghost chasers, Vienna-born Hans Holzer. "They do not perform, like trained circus animals, just to please a group of skeptics or sensation seekers. One should remember that an apparition is really a re-enactment of an earlier emotional experience and rather a personal matter. A sympathetic visitor would encourage it, a hostile onlooker inhibit it."

As maladjusted people who have died, ghosts are regularly "psychoanalyzed" by the sympathetic *Herr* Holzer until they come to terms with themselves and go away. "Haunted by unhappy memories," says Holzer, "they are incapable of escaping by themselves from the vicious net of emotional entanglements. They don't even realize they are dead. They rattle door handles and brush curtains to make the living take notice of them because they are very insecure." Thus, a typical Holzer exorcism, according to one firsthand observer of the ritual, "explains the fear of the living, sympathizes with the dead and persuades them to go wherever the dead go."

The late Shirley Jackson, whose book *The Haunting of Hill House* stands as one of the best ghost stories of modern times, felt that no physical danger per se is created by the presence of ghosts: "No ghost in all the long histories of ghosts has ever hurt anyone physically. The only damage done is by the victim to himself. One cannot even say that the ghost attacks the mind, because the mind, the conscious, thinking mind, is invulnerable; in all our conscious minds there is not one iota of belief in ghosts. . . . No, the menace of the supernatural is that it attacks where modern minds are weakest, where we have abandoned our protective armor of superstition and have no substitute defense." Miss Jackson felt we either yield to supernatural forces or fight them—never meeting them halfway—with what she called "the *willing* relinquishing of reasonable patterns," i.e., logic abandoned.

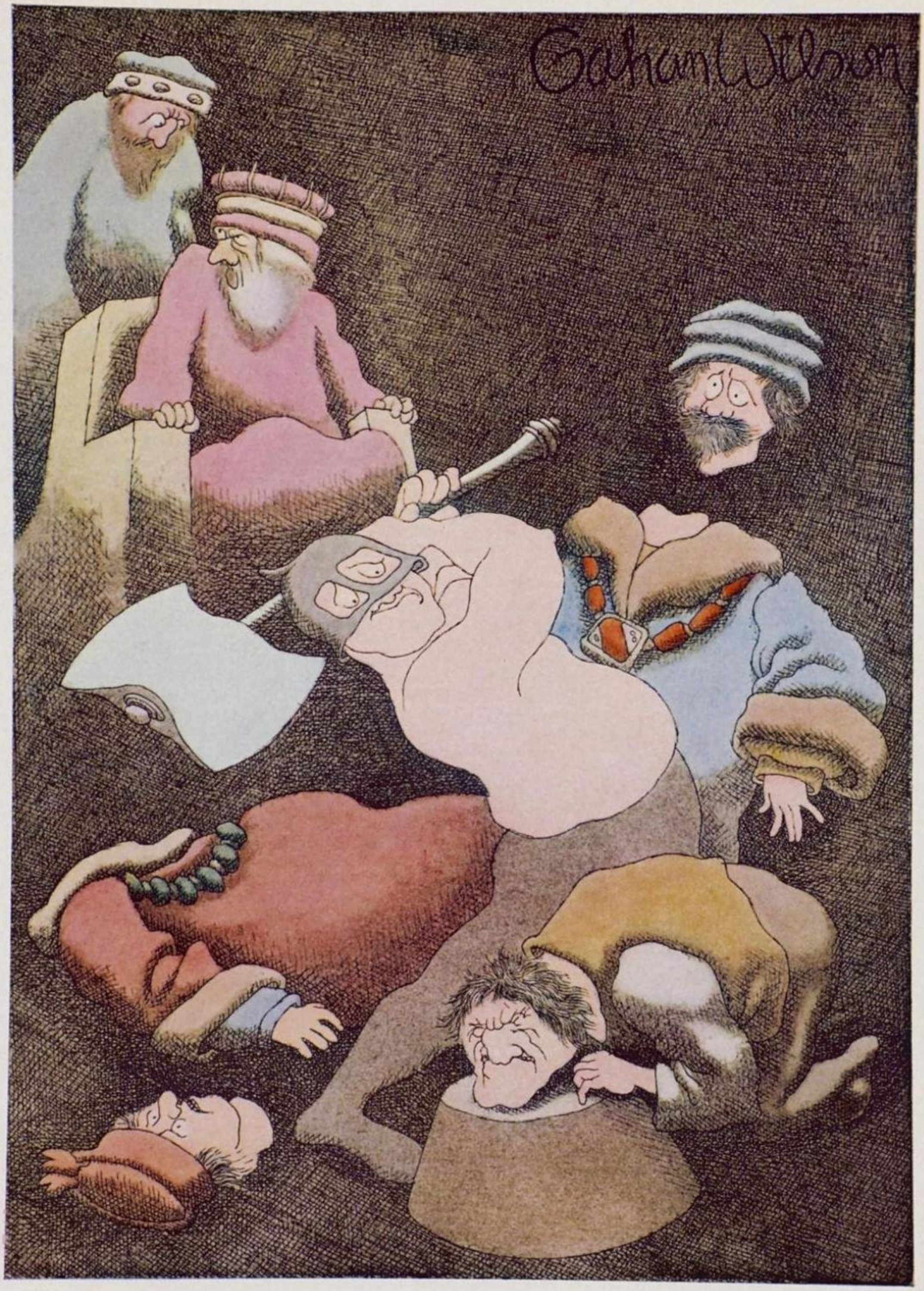
Britain's eminent psychic researcher G. N. M. Tyrrell believes that a ghost is created by telepathic cooperation between the mind of the living "percipient" and the surviving mind of the dead "agent." The perfect apparition, he says, perfectly *imitates* a human being. "Each of its features rests on solid evidence; but they are not all to be found in any actual single case, although there are cases with a good many of them." In a few cases, he points out, people have been able to touch and feel a postmortem apparition, but usually it avoids physical contact, just as it does light, vanishing without a trace.

Frederic Myers and Edmund Gurney, who collaborated to form Britain's Society for Psychical Research in 1882, took a middle position: claiming that apparitions of the dead are mind particles or telepathic messages, all right, but that they are transmitted by the agent at the *point* of death and have somehow been delayed. Thus, their ghosts cannot prove life after death. William James explained ghosts as "objective hallucinations caused by the invisible [unconscious] segments of our minds being acted upon by the invisible segments of other conscious lives." He believed this contact could be effected by the mental-telepathy powers of a good medium.

At the debunking end of the scale, psychologist Joseph Jastrow includes ghosts in "a grotesquerie of deluded prepossession, a weakly rationalized, mainly self-hallucinated projection of fancy presented as facts." And to Bergen Evans, ghost talk is just pernicious twaddle and ghost hunters "an august group of Magi" who live by Saint Augustine's dictim, "*Credo quia absurdum*" ("I believe because it is absurd").

In 1919, Sigmund Freud psychoanalyzed the West's preoccupation with the occult and concluded: "It would seem as though each one of us has been through a phase of individual development corresponding to that animistic stage in primitive men, that none of us has traversed it without preserving certain traces of it which can be reactivated, and that everything which now strikes us as 'uncanny' fulfills the condition of stirring those vestiges of animistic mental activity within us and bringing them to expression." Thus, ghosts are primordial "memory images," as vestigial as the grin on Alice's Cheshire cat. Carl Jung went him one better, or at least farther, by saying that these uncanny elements are not vestigial at all but throbbingly alive and kicking in the mind's very real if shady underside, the unconscious. Jung's classic doctoral thesis of 1899, *The Psychology and Pathology of So-called Occult Phenomena*, came out of his work with his cousin, a young spiritualist girl medium in whose séances Jung's grandfather appeared to be one of the spirit guides. After several telepathic messages and clairvoyant experiences, Jung became something of his own medium, adopting Philemon, servant of the gods in Greek mythology, as his spirit guide, with whom he carried on conversation, just as Socrates did with his daimon and Cromwell with his personal devil.

The most exhaustive modern survey of the psychology of ghosts was made by the Park Avenue psychoanalyst and psychic detective, Nandor Fodor, who concluded boldly, if still inconclusively: "The ghost is a vision or illusion; whether in dream, hypnotic sleep, trance, drug-induced state



"Who hired this clown?"

or religious ecstasy, it is actually perceived. It may be an image of the imagination, a hallucination, projection of repressed mental contents, wish or fear fulfillment, evidence of bad conscience or disorder of the mind; but it may well be something beyond all this: an apparition of the living asleep or of the dead, a telepathic perception, a vision of something in the past or in the future, and it may be a happening beyond present understanding."

The uninitiated tend to think of ghosts not only as so much balderdash but as boring—like ice shows and Doris Day movies; if you've seen them all, you've seen one. Not so. There are as many kinds of ghosts as there are animals and people and things; and for the very reason that they often seem so *human*, so much of this earth, they are fun, fascinating and troublesome. There are ghosts of the living as well as ghosts of the dead, angel ghosts, demon ghosts, ghost ships, stay-at-home ghosts and what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle called "journeying ghosts." There are family ghosts and witch ghosts, nun ghosts, monk ghosts, ghost horses (usually headless and English), animistic ghosts, mongoose ghosts and oversexed ghosts (the incubus and succubus), such as the one that inspired the verse:

A man from Exham made love to
a ghost.
In the midst of a spasm
The pure ectoplasm
Said I could feel it almost.

Ectoplasm is the emanation from a medium that may assume the outer forms of the spirit contacted or produce motion in objects without physical contact. Slightly luminous, it is extruded, usually in the dark, from any orifice of the body, mostly the genitalia, of a materialization medium. Bergen Evans dismisses it as "a sort of etherealized bubble gum"; and Bea Lillie recalls that her sister was once ejected from London's Albert Hall for seizing a medium's ectoplasm and pronouncing it "regurgitated cheesecloth."

Because ghosts and hauntings resist scientific documentation, it is supremely difficult to separate the spirits of myth, folklore and fantasy from the "real" things; i.e., all those ghostly phenomena that have been observed and more or less documented, if not explained, by solid sources. "The concept of certain houses as unclean or forbidden—perhaps sacred," said Shirley Jackson, "is as old as the mind of man. . . . It might not be too fanciful to say that some houses are born bad." *Leviticus* describes certain houses as leprous, and Homer called the underworld *"aidao domos,"* the "House of Hades." Mesopotamian clay tablets are glutted with ghost lists, detailing their physical descriptions, the localities of their hauntings and reasons for return. In *The Odyssey*, shades were doomed to a shadowy existence in the underworld unless fortified with a cup of blood. Improper burial was, and still is in some societies, a good reason for haunting the living. In *The Iliad*, Patroclus' ghost visits Achilles to complain of being unburied. Spirits of the underworld were actually worshiped in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, but more salient was the ghostly invasion of the mists and moors of the north. "The deep mysticism of the Celtic and Teutonic peoples," write Herbert Wise and Phyllis Fraser, "prepared a fertile ground for the seeds planted centuries later by the overwrought imaginations of the Middle Ages. It was then, in truth, that all the elements—fire, water, earth and air—were populated with as grisly a crew as the mind of man ever conceived."

Yet so potent were the supernatural powers that they were not even lost to the light of the Renaissance, when audiences thrilled to the noble ghost of Hamlet's daddy and screamed at the blood-soaked shades of *Macbeth*, all fraught with psychological baggage. In 1764, Horace Walpole wrote his Gothic-romance masterpiece, *The Castle of Otranto*, which marks the real birth of the horror story and loosed an avalanche of spooky copycats. While the old fears lived on and ghostly visitations continued as forcibly as ever in life, literary tales of terror and the supernatural did not —with the notable exceptions of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* in 1818 and Charles Nodier's *Le Vampire* in 1820. Late 18th and early 19th Century audiences were surfeited, and it took the dark genius of Edgar Allan Poe to bring ghoulies and ghosties to modern literature in the 1840s.

In stories such as Poe's and Hawthorne's, America proved that she could scare and enchant with the best of them. Douglas Hill and Pat Williams, who have clinically compiled an immense mass of evidence that unseen energies operate beyond the reach of nature as we understand it, recount the quaint and curious tale of one Dr. Harris, a member of Hawthorne's Boston club. In life, as tradition dictated, neither spoke to the other in the reading room, which they shared in close proximity. After a trip, Hawthorne sat down beside Harris, as usual, only to learn later in the day that the good doctor had died and been buried in his absence. But Hawthorne continued to see Harris in his accustomed place and noticed nothing unusual about his appearance. Finally, the ghost departed, "and Hawthorne always regretted that he had not spoken to it, or even touched it. But, he felt, how could he? They had never been properly introduced."

The most famous ghosts, however, are peculiarly drawn to the British Isles, generally spurning Spain and France, where with the appearance of a ghost one merely calls the police. Most are family or "destiny" ghosts, who glom onto a single household or locale. So far as anyone knows, no family ghost has ever been laid to rest, which is unfortunate, for their presence usually presages death or misfortune. Some are extremely loyal, like the *Gwrach-y-Rhibyn* or Hag of the Dribble, found in Wales; and the banshee, or Woman of the Fairies, found in Ireland. Unlike the Hag, which never leaves home, banshees faithfully accompany the families to which they are attached, wherever they may go. A banshee, according to one source, is really "a disembodied soul, that of one who in life was strongly attached to the family or who had good reason to hate all its members." Family ghosts manifest their presence by a peculiar ticking sound—which skeptics attribute to the timberboring beetle—or by ghostly illuminations, as well as by the guttering of a candle, suggestive of a shroud. The Welsh call it corpse candle. "Skeptics will say this phenomenon is due to a draft," says Irish ghost historian Elliott O'Donnell, "but I have seen it occur where there was no draft, and known it to be the precursor of a death in the family of certain of those who witnessed it."

Some ghosts announce themselves with animal noises and presences—the hooting of the tawny owl, the shrill of the death's-head moth or the fluttering of a bird against a window, like the corpse bird in Wales or the robin in the north of England. In Durham earlier this century, one was even known to have served a noble purpose: An elderly miner named Bill Brown had a pretty young wife who, unknown to him, was having an affair with the baker. One morning, as the miner lay ill in bed and the wife sat by his side, trying to unfasten knots in a piece of cord, a robin tapped on the window. "I am going to die," said Bill Brown. "That robin is a ghost bird. It always taps at a window before the death of any of my family. My brother and I heard it before my father died and we heard it again just before the death of one of my sisters." Mrs. Brown fainted, but she recovered in time to run off with her lover the next day. But Bill Brown was wrong. The warning was not for him at all but for his only surviving sister, who died suddenly that same day. Some years later, the miner's wife, on her deathbed, confessed that she had meant to strangle her husband with the piece of cord that she was preparing when the ghost bird felled her.

In Scotland, the best-known ghost is the Drummer of the Airlies, the Earl of Airlie's handsome young hired musician, who made love to his wife and was, alas, caught. The earl had him packed into his drum and hurled from the highest turret of Cortachy Castle, traditional seat

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of the Airlie earls. According to the family, the drummer's ghost still haunts the place and drums away horrendously just before the death of any of the Airlies.

But no ghosts are quite as famous as the ghosts of London, which frequently has epidemics of hauntings, especially in its misty parks. "I know from experience," says Elliott O'Donnell, "that they are all at times badly haunted." One of the more recent ghosts in St. James's and Green parks, not counting the famous headless woman, who still manifests herself from time to time, is a man in evening clothes, said to be the earthbound spirit of someone who shot or poisoned himself on a park bench around 1900. Anne Boleyn still haunts the Tower of London, where her illumination—a bluish-white light—is seen in the chapel where she prayed for her head and lost. Her topless apparition is also seen near the chopping block, possibly because she seeks a reversal of what appear to have been trumped-up charges against her. And the house in Berkeley Square that inspired Bulwer-Lytton's famous ghost story, *The Haunters and the Haunted*, actually contained, according to *Mayfair* magazine, "at least one room of which the atmosphere is supernaturally fatal to body and mind alike. A girl saw, heard and felt such horror in it that she went mad and never recovered sanity enough to tell how and why. A gentleman disbeliever in ghosts dared to sleep in it and was found a corpse in the middle of the floor, after frantically ringing for help in vain. Other cases all ended in death, madness or both. The very walls of the house, when touched, are found saturated with electric horror."

The most recent full-scale exploration of England's haunts was NBC's documentary *The Stately Ghosts of England*, for which a 15-man crew tried to photograph ghosts in "living" color under the guidance of Tom Corbett, Britain's "society clairvoyant," whose crystal ball is insured with Lloyd's of London, and Miss Margaret Rutherford, who made it clear that she had no intention of mocking ghosts. "She told us she didn't want to do anything to offend them," said producer-director Frank DeFelitta, who did not believe in ghosts at the outset. "She herself is a medium and very much believes in them."

According to DeFelitta, the camera crew was dogged by the inexplicable from the beginning: "We wanted to film the clock in the great hall at Longleat striking midnight—the witching hour. We had our cameras ready and waiting—and every clock in the house struck 12 except the one we were trying to film." Shortly after the sound man uttered an anti-clock oath, he was injured in an automobile accident. A cameraman entered the haunted third story, only to lose his hearing entirely—until he departed in horror. Whole reels of exposed film revealed only "greenish-black fog"; film disappeared for no rational reason and phones went dead. A 500-pound flood lamp moved out of a bedroom ostensibly under its own steam, down a hall and crashed down a deep stair well, barely missing a technician. The camera itself was a focal point for trouble that could not be explained, says psychic sleuth Pauline Saltzman: "It seemed that someone, or something, was deliberately plugging the lens. It should be emphasized that the camera was hidden." Corbett is convinced the "ghosts were watching. In fact, they were so curious they were probably peering into the lens." But after DeFelitta openly and humbly begged the ghosts for permission to get on with the show, everything went swimmingly.

The major news event of the show was the filmed "piece of light" that showed first from a crack in a door, then moved deliberately down the haunted corridor and disappeared into another room. Corbett calls it "the beginning of a manifestation." Miss Rutherford feels the light was definitely of "an ectoplasmic nature." The lighting technician insists there was no possibility of any outside light beams, since there were no windows in the hall and all doors had been closed all night.

In 1928, the *Daily Express* reported the sighting of a Cistercian monk at Beaulieu, near Southampton, where no monks had been seen since 1536, when they lived, worked, chanted celestially and buried their own dead there. The monk ghost ordered an unidentified woman to dig in a certain spot to unearth a coffer containing "two round stones and some bones." She dug and found them; even Conan Doyle went out to take a look. Today, when death is imminent on the estate, the monk phantoms still chant; and the Right Honorable Mrs. Lady Varley, sister to Lord Montague, Baron of Beaulieu, not only claims to have seen and heard them but she plays their melody on the piano. The only ghostly phenomenon that manifested itself for Miss Rutherford there was the strong smell of "lovely old incense," but tourists, unaware of the Beaulieu hauntings, have written to Lord Montague, telling him how much they enjoyed their tour of the place, "especially the singing."

The pragmatic Continent is not entirely without its own ghosts. The metaphysical-minded Dante noticed that he, unlike the spirits of the dead, cast a shadow, but that Virgil, his guide through hell and purgatory, did not. The Borgias complained that they were more haunted than haunting. The famous "luminous woman of Pirano" in northern Italy glowed at night while doctors came from all over to study the bluish-white light that emanated from her chest and threw no shadow. Many feel the mysterious voices of Joan of Arc were the voices of post-mortem persons. Napoleon, incarcerated at St. Helena, spoke of seeing the ghost of Josephine, who warned him of impending doom. The Bourbons, too, were a much-haunted family: Henry IV kept in fairly regular touch with ghosts, but his favorite phenomenon was the incessant appearance of human blood on his crap table, just days prior to the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew Day. For seven days after the massacre, Charles IX and several courtiers reported hearing unearthly groans from a flock of ravens on the roof of the Louvre, always at the same hour. Between 1911 and 1920, researchers descended on the Abbé Vacheré to see a picture that was constantly found covered with human blood. And the "Angel of Mons" appeared to many Allied soldiers in Belgian trenches in World War One.

Normandy, easily the most ghost-ridden of the French provinces, is reputedly haunted by phantom lights, like the corpse candles in Wales, foretelling disaster. In the mining districts, white hares like those in Cornwall are the harbingers of death; and in Brittany, the ghost voices of the sea, like the legend of the Lorelei, foretell future drownings.

It is from Germany that we get the word poltergeist, literally "racketing ghost," who is clearly at the bottom of the social scale of the supernatural. But for all his caste lowliness, the poltergeist gets into the very best homes, is the most active, the most mischievous, most cunning, most human, best researched, most credible and, therefore, the most interesting of all ghostly manifestations. He is an unseen imp of a ghost that causes crockery to fly across kitchens, stones to fall from ceilings, bedclothes—and beds, too—to take off into the night, doors and windows to open, to unlock and to break, objects to disappear, temperatures to plummet (even as objects heat up), fires to break out mysteriously, footsteps to fall in the dark, blood to appear on carpets, water to boil without fire, writing to appear on walls, bells to ring, articles to rattle and things to go bump in the night as well as during the day.

So earthbound are poltergeists that they prompted Sir Sacheverell Sitwell to suggest that they are somehow connected with the unconscious self; most parapsychologists tend to agree. The majority of nonfraudulent poltergeist cases have been connected with a house containing at least one child, often a pubescent girl, who is believed to extrude repressed sexual energy that is mysteriously externalized beyond the limits of the body, producing telekinesis. In 1955, on the





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other hand, psychical researcher G. W. Lambert theorized rather ruefully that poltergeist disturbances were only the effects of tidal patterns, subterranean rivers, slight earth tremors and physical phenomena as pedestrian as squirrels and termites. In any event, poltergeist cases are rarely dismissed as trickery.

Folklore and myth are loaded with poltergeists—such as the shirt of Nessus that killed Hercules. The earliest recorded true-life poltergeist phenomenon occurred in 355 A.D. at Bingen-am-Rhein, when stones were thrown, people were dumped out of bed and "terrific blows" hit a private home without any known natural cause. Surely the most famous of the premodern poltergeist cases is the 18th Century haunting of Epworth Rectory, which John Wesley, founder of Methodism, believed had something to do with a quarrel between his parents long before the mysterious "gobblings like a turkey cock" and violent knockings during prayers. But since Wesley's poltergeist predates psychical research, the evidence has been skimpy and hauntings like his remain largely in doubt today.

In America, poltergeist activity flourished in the 17th Century and peaked in the 19th. In 1679, Increase Mather, the pious father of pious Cotton, wrote of the psychic disturbances in William Morse's Newbury home, which culminated in the Salem pandemonium of 1692: "The boy seems to have developed symptoms of acute hysteria. He was pinched and beaten; his tongue hung out of his mouth; he was thrown into the fire; he made, for a long time together, a noise like a dog and like a hen with her chickens. He began eating ashes." These phenomena, too, remain largely unexplained.

History's most celebrated ghost hunter, the late Harry Price, called Borley Rectory in Suffolk "the most haunted house in England," due to an orgy of poltergeist activity stretching back to 1863, though Price did not get to the scene of the action until 1929, when a newspaper reported "queer happenings" there. That year, the rector, Eric Smith, was driven away; and a few months later, the new incumbents, a family named Foyster, reported ghostly writings on the walls, bells ringing, stones flying, apparitions of a headless man, a coach and headless horses, a black hand and a girl in white. But what really got long-suffering Mrs. Foyster's dander up was the flinging of her best teapot through a window. In 1935, they left.

Two years later, Harry Price rented the place for one year, to study and write about the phenomena—which went unabated until the rectory burned, mysteriously, in 1939, as predicted by a planchette or "automatic writing" board. Harry reported 2000 paranormal phenomena at Borley, from wine turning into ink to an unseen nun asking for Mass through written messages. Under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research, three other investigators attempted to expose the Borley mystery and accused the then-dead Price of having been the ghost at large.

According to Douglas Hill and Pat Williams, "the mystery has never finally been cleared up," though acoustic tests on the rectory indicated that most of the auditory phenomena could be attributed to natural causes, that Price did suppress some facts and distorted others and that the poltergeist manifestations centered around young Mrs. Foyster. Thus, when she left, Harry was without a ghost. "No greater scandal has ever erupted in psychical research than over this preposterous exposure," says Nandor Fodor, who wrote a fiercely indignant rebuttal of it and defended Price's early reputation as "an honest investigator and ruthless exposer of frauds." Fodor concludes that Price's unpardonable mistake was declaring himself for spiritualism; "for this he had to be destroyed" by those who felt he was bringing "scientific" psychical research into disrepute.

Poltergeist stories constitute an endless flow in too strict a pattern from too many corners of the world to be mere coincidence, much less out-and-out fakery. As poet Robert Graves says: "Poltergeists everywhere show an appalling sameness of behavior; humorless, pointless, uncoordinated." Yet so strange and human are they in the form of their manifestations that, for all their sameness, they go right on bemusing us the most. It's simply not enough to say that these phenomena always have their center of energy in the person of a child responsible for them, both consciously and unconsciously, with what Sitwell calls "a criminal cunning"; nor that the poltergeist is a bundle of projected repressions. There are too many exceptions to these generalizations that the parapsychologists like to pin to the poor poltergeist.

In recent years, the most gaudy exception sent sleuths from the American Society for Psychical Research on a wild and frothy bender from which they are just recovering. If the villa formerly occupied by writer Joe Hyams and his actress wife, Elke Sommer, is not the most haunted house in Hollywood, it's easily the most sensational; it's also the only house whose phenomena are granted "full scientific credence" by the Southern California Society for Psychical Research, which investigated the place for three years. Seventeen mediums went through it, each reporting at least one ghost in the dining room, which later caught fire mysteriously. "I don't believe in ghosts," says Hyams. "That's a lot of shit. I'm a very good shot and if I'd seen anything, I'd have shot it. But I believe in coincidence, and there were too many. I was uneasy a goodly part of the time. The fire—which the mediums called a 'spirit fire'—added to all the other weird sounds, apparitions and unexplainable occurrences which defied logical explanation, like bolted doors and windows coming unlocked, convinced Elke and me to move." The phenomena were intriguing enough, however, to send Hyams on a mostly disappointing ghost hunt of his own.

"The problem with ghost hunting," says Joe, "is that you feel so goddamn foolish most of the time. I sat in a museum, waiting for a nonexistent telephone to ring; I waited in San Diego for one of four house ghosts to rattle chains, open windows or stomp across a bedroom floor; I sipped white wine with a lady in Hollywood who claims that her French doors rattle and shake while a voice whispers, 'Oh, woe, woe, woe. You've got to go, go, go.' I talked with a comely movie star [Susan Strasberg] who had a ghost exorcised because he kept pulling the blanket off her while she slept. I talked with a Manhattan Beach family in which, one evening, three times in succession, a cigarette leaped out of a pack three feet into the air and a woman was forced to iron her own hand twice one afternoon." (The A. S. P. R. investigated this one, concluded it was "a psychological condition not warranting further study.") Joe did not, however, get close to the Beverly Hills manse of Mrs. Eddie Mannix, which is reportedly haunted by the shade of Superman, or, rather, of actor George Reeves, who played him for nine years before killing himself. Mrs. Mannix has been trying unsuccessfully to sell the place since 1959, but even the rental tenants haven't lasted very long. Too many eerie effects.

A San Diego house that Hyams visited is regularly invaded by psychic researchers, mediums and commercial ghost hunters, who report the presence of its dead owners, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whaley, a young girl who died in an accident there and "Yankee Jim" Robinson, who was hanged from a spot over which the master bedroom was subsequently built. The beautifully restored 100-year-old house was the first brick structure in the city and was variously used as a courtroom, mortuary, theater and jail. "That little girl's rocking chair in the bedroom," says volunteer guide Bernice Kennedy, "I've seen it move. I've talked to many people who have seen the chains in the courtroom moving. The meat cleaver in the kitchen on the shelf moves every now and then. Some people swear they've heard a baby crying—a Whaley daughter died here when she was 18 months old. The last of the Whaley children, who lived here



"Wait fifteen minutes, the meter will expire, then you can bust us for illegal parking, too!"

until 1953, when she died at the age of 89, felt the presence upstairs of something that did not want her, that pushed her against the walls, so she moved downstairs. There have been terrible poundings upstairs when no one was up there, people have heard organ music when no one was playing and many smell Mrs. Whaley's French perfume and Mr. Whaley's Havana cigars."

The master bedroom contains a burglar-alarm system that is linked to the locked windows and doors. Police have been summoned by the alarm several times in recent months, only to find the windows and doors unlocked. "Yankee Jim is still stampin' around in a peeve," says staff member Richard Evans. "It's because he wasn't properly hung. Took him 45 minutes to an hour to die. I've heard him up there—it isn't a creaking-board-type footstep but like a big man in heavy boots, stamping, diagonally, across the room." Yankee Jim was six feet, four.

When one psychic investigator joined a TV personality and his wife for a spend-the-night party in the house, "the wife was sent home early in a taxi, she got so hysterical. The others were scared out of the house before morning by the apparition of Mrs. Whaley, who walked right into the music room all luminously lighted." "Dame" Sybil Leek, who calls herself a white witch and serves as "sensitive" (medium) for Hans Holzer, walked into the house in a celestial gold shroud and declaimed cheerfully: "Oh, this beautiful house and four lovely ghosts." To the astonishment of the San Diego Historical Shrine Association, she held a séance in which she relayed hitherto undisclosed information about the family that was subsequently verified by long-locked-up documents. A local physicist inspected the house and pronounced all the disturbances "sonic reactions of the sort that cause crystal to shatter." Nevertheless, not a single member of a highly intelligent staff dismisses the phenomena as poppycock, and one of them states solemnly: "I was skeptical at first. Now I do believe we have some nice interesting ghosts, yes, I do."

Not surprisingly, Hollywood even has a homosexual ghost. Tart-tongued columnist Joyce ("Hedda") Haber, who moved into "a foundering decrepit house that formerly belonged to a suave screen actor not especially noted for his devotion to women," says only women see the ghost, however. Joyce and her mother-in-law, syndicated columnist Polly Cramer, were standing on the lawn after dinner, when "We saw, through the window of the guest room, which had been the star's bedroom, a swaying, diaphanous figure outlined against the cornflower-blue wall." (Joyce's husband did not see it, though he gave it a name: Irving.) That same night, the cleansing tissue, which the maid insisted she had left beside the bathroom sink, vanished; and several days later, "Our dog, Dorothy, began barking and we heard an insistent, hysterical pleading at the back gate. It was my mother-in-law, standing there in the flimsiest of negligees. Her hair was uncombed and her face was ashen. She said she had awakened to a noise and discovered that her toothbrush, which she had meticulously set down on the shelf the night before, had been moved halfway across the room. When she tried to get out, she found her bedroom door had mysteriously been locked; so she had clawed her way through a window facing the street and run around the house to gain admission."

Later, samples of drapery material that Polly had picked up for the place disappeared. ("Irving might feel that women have no business being decorators.") Mrs. Cramer cut short her visit and flew back East. Dorothy still barks at odd hours in the night, hackles high; and Daphne, the female cat, balks at being carried past a very cold spot near the pool. The male cat does not. "No man has ever seen our ghost," says Joyce, "and no woman has ever failed to see him."

"I don't *believe* in haunted houses," said the late columnist Danton Walker. "All I know is that I *own* one." After years of poltergeist activity, his Rockland County, New York, home was visited by Hans Holzer and honored with a séance by Mrs. Eileen Garrett, one of the most respected mediums in the world today and head of the Parapsychology Foundation of New York. It was 1952; Walker had abandoned the main Colonial structure for a simple studio nearby and he longed to lay the ghost to rest and get back into his own bedroom.

In one of the most curious séances of modern times, Mrs. Garrett went first into full trance by means of autohypnosis and was possessed by one of her two spirit guides, an East Indian named Uvani, who spoke in a deep masculine voice bearing no resemblance to Mrs. Garrett's own. Mr. Holzer reports that even "facial expression, eyes, color of skin and movements that accompanied many of 'his' words were all those of a native of India." Then Uvani left Mrs. Garrett's body and suddenly she was possessed by the spirit of the ghost itself, who turned out to be a Polish mercenary named Andreas, who had been chased and beaten by British forces in 1779. Walker was stunned to see Mrs. Garrett suddenly "prone at my feet, sobbing convulsively and babbling in broken English." She was reliving the pain of the immigrant Pole. The "rescue circle" tried to persuade the spirit to depart the scene of its sorrow. Though the exorcism was considered only "a partial success," *The New Yorker* was moved to declare Mrs. Garrett "herself one of the more fascinating psychical phenomena of our times."

Most investigators agree that ghosts cannot be photographed; but spirit photography, which dates back to 1862, remains a subject of wild controversy. *Psychic News* has displayed infrared photographs taken during a séance at a spiritualist summer camp at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, in 1953, showing five stages in the gradual manifestation of the spirit Silver Belle, the guide of the medium Ethel Post-Parrish. No fewer than 81 people claim to have witnessed the materialization, some of whom "walked arm in arm with the spirit."

In the Forties, New York City was stunned to see advertisements requesting the addresses of haunted houses, which a reputable German scientist of 57 wanted to photograph. Sponsored by Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein and other Germans of equal standing, he came right to the point: "Haunted houses can be *un*-haunted, through mediums' releasing the earthbound spirits—but Dr. Oskar Goldberg (a Yale University research man) wants to photograph the apparitions first, by means of ultraviolet rays, to *prove their existence*, thoroughly, scientifically."

As a faculty member of the University of Munich, specializing in Oriental psychology, Dr. Goldberg took trips to the East and fell in with a famous yogi, Shri Agamya Guru Paramahamsa of Kashmir, who could stop his heart and hold his breath for ten minutes, as well as see ghosts. Dr. Goldberg himself saw 11 of them in Indian Tibet alone and claimed to have "released" them via incantations taught him by the yogi. "That's the only reason for psychic research," he said, "releasing earthbound ghosts, who are all unhappy." All in all, Dr. Goldberg claimed to have seen 24 ghosts and the handiwork of 40 poltergeists. He went to great trouble trying to photograph a ghost in midtown Manhattan and at Columbia, surrounded by experts to bear witness to his honesty. "I do not wish to go to this great trouble and be termed a swindler," he said, but his results were inconclusive.

Hans Holzer says not only that ghosts can be photographed but that he has film to prove it. Medium John Myers, whose gifts for psychic photography are well known, produced "exact likenesses" of Holzer's dead aunt and mother—without having access to his family album or any other source of supply. Myers also has recent photographs, or "extras," of his own late mother, the dead Sir Conan Doyle and the late Lord and Lady Caillard, the last taken at the funeral of her ladyship. More recently, Holzer himself photographed one of the "empty" rooms of a haunted house in the heart of Hollywood, which showed a young lady in a diaphanous gown said to bear a

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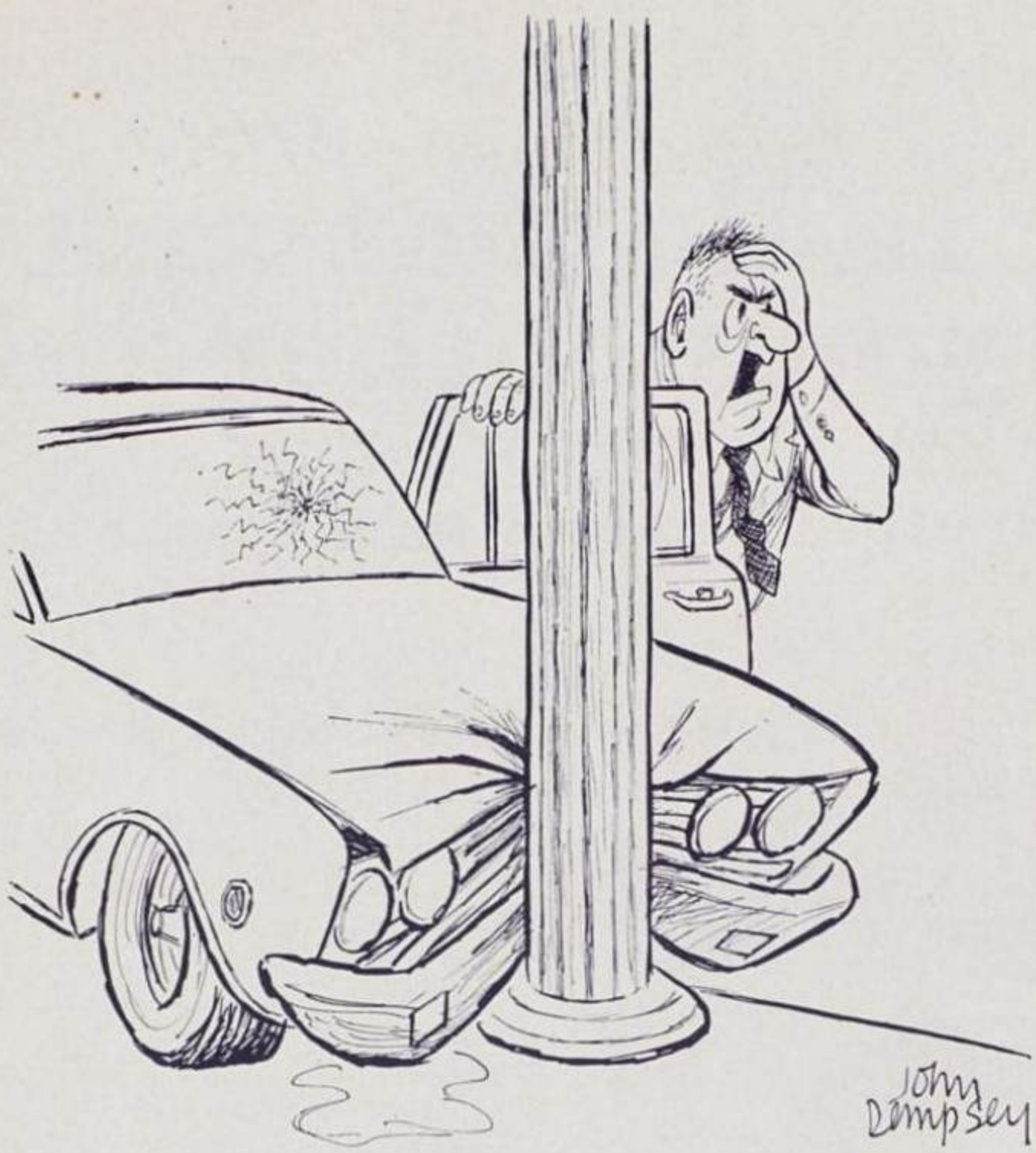
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"There ought to be a law to make you young girls wear brassieres."

strong resemblance to a former occupant who was murdered there.

Free-lance photographer Allan Grant, who shot pictures of the haunted Hyams house, does not believe in ghosts at all. Nevertheless, he admits he was "a bit shaken and baffled" to find that in the middle of the roll of one proof sheet, there was a kind of fog or solarization that was highly unlikely to happen in any darkroom. On another sheet, two of the first three frames were completely washed out by overexposure, yet Grant had not changed the aperture; and film exposed on jobs immediately before and after that one showed no variation at all. Hyams, too, tried to photograph the haunted dining room, but "Every time I got near that room," he says, "the camera would short." The experience is similar to that of *The Stately Ghosts of England* cameraman, who reported that cameras jammed after experts had pronounced them in perfect working order and that whole reels fogged up for no good reason.

Thus, in spite of science's efforts to kill off most spook philosophy and tuck ghosts away underground as so much popular delusion, it's difficult, as William James put it, not to suspect that "here may be something different from a mere chapter in human gullibility. It may be a genuine realm of natural phenomena." In his introduction to a collection of ghost stories, M. R. James asks rhetorically: "Do I believe in ghosts? I answer that I am prepared to consider evidence and accept it if it satisfies me." Each day, there is more evidence that seems to satisfy more and more rational folk. Yet even if we are disinclined to strip off our psychological armor and admit to ghosts, spirit contacts or simply to the presence of some sort of invisible beings, there do, *enfin*, seem to be operating on earth certain energies, forces or intelligences other than our own. As Britain's E. S. Hartland put it, ghosts furnish the original "theo-plasm, god-stuff" that creates the highly complex mood known as awe, in which various primary feelings, such as fear, wonder and submissiveness, commingle in no very fixed proportions. So it has always been; so, perhaps, it will ever be—a vaunted mystery.

URBAN CAR

(continued from page 144)

holds that "the interests" (Detroit and the oil people) did the steamcar to death. Not true. Detroit didn't have to and the oil interests didn't want to: The steamers used petroleum. It wasn't true that hideous danger of boiler explosion was a steamcar characteristic. A boiler of the teakettle type can be destructive in explosion, but the steam automobiles used fire-tube or flash steam generators (because they made steam quickly) and these are relatively safe, since only a small amount of water is being heated at any one time. The Stanley brothers believed that their boilers would hold 1600 pounds per square inch, much more than was normally used. A Stanley could be made to go very fast; a racing model took the land-speed record at 127 miles an hour in 1906, on Ormond Beach, Florida, Fred Marriott up. The next year, trying to break his own record, Marriott was doing 150 when the car hit a rough spot in the sand, went airborne (it had a flat bottom and a curved top, like an airplane wing) and smashed itself into junk. Marriott lived, but the Stanleys never allowed him, nor anyone else, to run a factory car in competition again, a decision that cheered the gas-car people, who couldn't come remotely near 150 miles an hour at the time.

So much for the golden years of steam. What now? About two years ago, the prospects for a revival of the steam automobile were bright. They are less so now.

William Lear's announcement, in 1968, that he would build a steam race car and steam passenger vehicles to follow excited the country, because Lear is a multimillionaire industrialist with a background of accomplishment—the Lear Jet airplane, for one example out of many. His plans were ambitious: a team of cars for Indianapolis, a 130-mph police cruiser, a bus, a passenger automobile of standard configuration and a $35,000 limousine in limited edition. As of this writing, nothing has come out of his Reno plant.

Lear turned his attention from the steam reciprocating engine to the steam turbine this past summer and, in mid-November 1969, told a University of Michigan audience that he was abandoning the steam turbine as too complex, too expensive, too difficult to maintain for passenger-automobile use. He had spent, he said, $6,600,000 on the steam project and now would concentrate on the gas turbine. Longtime steam specialists, most of whom had been skeptical of Lear from the beginning, were angered at the news and not much mollified by his stated intention to press on with steam applications for trucks and buses.

Lear is not the only runner in the field. Even before the U.S. Senate hearings

on steam propulsion in May 1968, steamcars were being built and planned in this country, England, Germany, Italy and Japan. The hearings didn't result in any earth-shaking dicta being issued by Washington, nor had the earlier ones on the electric car; they did startle some segments of the general public by showing them that steamcars were in being, some of very interesting performance, and that intelligent and selfless people had long been earnestly working to bring them forward. There were the Williams brothers, for example, C. J. and C. E., of Ambler, Pennsylvania. With their father, Calvin, the Williams brothers have 30 years in steam-automobile experimentation behind them, and they have a running steam automobile that is almost completely automatic and will do a nearly silent 100 miles an hour. The Williams steam generator and engine system can be dropped into various chassis, and they offered a 250-hp steam Chevrolet Chevelle at $10,500. It would move in 20 seconds from dead cold and show full steam pressure in one minute. It did 50 miles to the gallon of water, 25 to the gallon of kerosene. But the Williams brothers ran out of money last year and, rather than accept outside financing, they closed their doors.

Karl Petersen and Richard Smith of California are successful steam developers of years' standing. They have used Volkswagen chassis and their engines are considerably lighter than the originals: One, built on a four-cylinder Mercury outboard block, weighs 32 pounds, with a 200-hp capability. Steamcar builders have successfully used both methods: cast their own or used proprietary blocks, in some cases V8s or V8s cut in two.

The Williams and Smith-Petersen systems show negligible emissions—unburned hydrocarbons at 20 parts per million, for instance, as against the Federal level of 275. In practical analysis, a modern steamcar would wipe out automotive smog: Because its fuel can be burned externally under controlled conditions, it's nearly pollutant-free.

Why not, then? All the major companies have investigated steam and their public reactions have been pessimistic. Technological problems of awesome complexity loom, they have said. Industry-oriented apologists have hinted that difficulties of water-fuel feed alone might require five years of intensive research and development, with no guarantee of success; designing a condenser capable of handling exhaust steam from a high-powered engine would be a major undertaking. I find myself skeptical. The Stanley brothers worked out a fair feed system, using the Stone Age tools and techniques of 70 years ago, and the Stanleys, compared with even the second-team talent available in battalion strength in Detroit today, were little more than whittlers and blacksmiths. A technology that

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"And when you move up to the executive suites, will you put in a good word for me?"

can throw an unmanned rocket to the moon, make it take photographs and transmit them to earth, on a time schedule of plus or minus nothing, could, I feel, work out a way of squirting water into the boiler of a steam automobile at a rate compatible with a given speed. In comparison with the billions lavished on i.c.e. research, mills, not pennies, have been spent on steam down the years. Karl Ludvigsen, who has a significant reputation in automotive reportage, wrote, "The achievements of today's steam researchers on practically zero financial backing merely hint at what steam might be able to do with a full-scale industrial push behind it."

A switch to steam automotive power would, of course, cause a horrendous economic dislocation. It would wipe out uncounted numbers of component suppliers and it would turn into scrap metal millions of dollars' worth of i.c.e. tooling. It would affect the sensitive oil industry, to a degree, by destroying the gasoline market in favor of other crude-oil derivatives. This effect might not be wholly adverse, since a barrel of crude oil will give more kerosene than it will gasoline. Detroit argues that the only reason for considering the steam engine is its favorable emission characteristics and that comparable levels can be achieved by i.c. engines within a short time. Some authorities dispute this vigorously, on the grounds that currently favored emission-control systems are expensive, inefficient and short-lived. Spot checks in California have shown them breaking down at surprisingly low mileages, as little as 2000; and, like so many other environmental problems, smog will not wait: We are running 100,000,000 i.c.e. vehicles now, we will have 180,000,000 by 1980 and 360,000,000 by 2000. The heart of the matter, Senator Warren Magnuson has said, lies in the fact that "The increasing number of combustion vehicles will outdistance the effectiveness of pollution controls and air pollution will take a dramatic *rise*." Because of the number of old cars in use, ten years will pass before all automobiles have emission-control devices. One New York City research group predicts that automobiles as presently used will make Manhattan uninhabitable by 1977. If pollution continues at the present rate, by 1980 we may have *irreversibly* contaminated the atmosphere.

Nothing less than a Federal mandate could effect a crash steamcar production program. Only a pollutant crisis very close to the point of producing death on an epidemic or plague level could call out such a mandate. To the extent that the Federal Government has taken a position, it has been one of hands off. Alan S. Boyd, Secretary of Transportation in the Johnson Administration, said that the Government should not actively help in developing new automotive-propulsion systems; and, in general, Washington's attitude has been that the problem is Detroit's. Nevertheless, Federal financing has supported a number of projects, but many have seemed nominal, and Ralph Nader called the Federal moves "trivial and misdirected." The token-fund device is often used: $5,000,000 would have allowed the promising Republic Aviation–New York State safe-car project to build 15 prototype automobiles, but only $70,000 was granted. The idea that the automotive industry itself should produce new systems is probably wrong at the root: Radical breakthroughs are more likely outside the industries affected. Nylon, for example, originated in the chemical, not the textile, industry. On balance, it seems likely that air pollution by automobile will be a serious problem for years to come, but palliatives will prevent its reaching emergency level. Steam automobiles will be built during this decade but not in significant numbers.

And the electric?

The electric is no new thing; the first ran in Scotland in 1837, the creation of one Robert Davidson. In 1902, Charles Baker, who manufactured pleasant little two-seater electrics, built a racer with a design speed of 100 mph. It carried a two-man crew riding in hammocklike tandem seats reminiscent of those in today's Grand Prix cars: the driver in front, a mechanic behind him to work the switches. Baker was getting about 85 mph on a Staten Island circuit when spectators ran across the course. A rear wheel rim (made of steamed hickory, for lightness) broke under braking and wrecked him. Two years passed before a gasoline car, a Gobron-Brillié, did 100.

Many ordinarily farsighted people, in automobilism's beginning, found the electric a better prospect than the steamer and much better than the gasoline car. The electric was taken for granted, it was an important part of the scene: The first speeding ticket in New York City went to Jacob German (he was doing 12 mph on Lexington Avenue) and the city's first traffic fatality was a real-estate operator named Henry H. Bliss, done to death by an electric taxicab in 1899. Before the electrics gave up, in the Thirties, 70-odd firms had built them, and the square, glassy-looking town runabout was a fixture in American cities. Endearing was the word for those Detroit or Baker or Waverley coupes, nearly always black, slipping almost silently along the boulevards (they made a well-bred kind of hum). They were usually upholstered in rich gray cloth, the driver, most often a lady of means, holding across her lap the tiller, which in its main movement steered the vehicle, and regulated its speed with a twist-grip throttle thing at the end of it. There would be a brake pedal on the floor, a voltmeter and a speedometer, a bell to warn away the peasants and, nearly always, a cut-glass vase for flowers.

The standard electric was usually run at around 15–20 mph and had a full-power range of about 25 miles. It used lead-acid batteries and, as a rule, spent the night plugged into the house current. Battery cost dictated a price for an electric automobile almost twice that of a comparable gasoline car; this and its rigidly limited utility made it as much a class symbol as a contemporary country-club membership. It was marvelously suited to the pedestalized fragile-flower image of the well-to-do woman of the day; it needed no cranking, no firing, no tiresome warming up and, in relation to the two other types, it was about as complicated as a bent pin, reliable to the point of boredom. Its lady pilot needed to know nothing of its workings, because, except for running out of juice or blowing a tire, little could happen to it. There was no excuse for flatting the batteries, since the gauge on the dashboard registered the life they had left; and even if they did run down, a 15-minute standstill for recuperation would usually raise enough current to get home. And the electrics ran so slowly that tires lasted a long time.

Limited range and speed forbade them the highways and then, as now, some formidably qualified minds were intrigued by these problems: Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, for two. Spurred by the success of the great Model T, they projected a $600 electric, chassis and body by Ford, power by Edison's radical nickel-iron batteries. A couple of prototypes were built in 1914, but that was the end of it; the announcement that the work was in hand was the only tangible that came to the public, a story that was to tell itself again after the Congressional hearings of 1966 set off an electric-car boomlet.

"An electric car, priced at $840, is scheduled to be introduced this spring by Carter Engineering, Tamford, England. Top speed is said to be 40 mph, with a 50-mile driving range between rechargings."

Bulletins like that flooded automobile publications in 1967 and 1968. There were stirrings all around, in the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy and Japan, but busiest in the U.S., where at one time, 15 different Federal agencies were funding 86 research projects by universities and corporations. Most of the research was directed toward new batteries, because everything else the electric needed could be taken off 1920 shelves, dusted and put on the road. But the batteries were a real drag.

The emission crisis resurrected the electric, as it had the steamer. Air pollution hits hard, because we *must* breathe. Lake Erie may be covered with iron-hard scum from shore to shore, but we

needn't walk on it, as we needn't swim in the Cuyahoga River where it's so oily it's a fire hazard; but air is something else.

An electric delivery truck trundling along the street—there are still a few in the U. S. and 100,000 in the United Kingdom—looks like the instant solution to auto pollution. It's 100 percent emission-free, isn't it? No. It does produce a small amount of ozone, a form of oxygen and a strong oxidizing agent. Ozone appears whenever a spark jumps in air, and it's a primary smog ingredient. Further, 85 percent of U. S. line electricity, needed for charging batteries, is generated by burning fossil fuels, smoke-making coal and oils. Some authorities think that substituting electrics for our present 100,000,000 i.c.e. vehicles wouldn't alter the level of pollution at all, the cars would be pushing out so much ozone and the power plants so much fossil-fuel smoke. On the other side of the fence, ozone production may be curbed, a properly managed fossil-fuel furnace burns its smoke, and that's academic, anyway, because all new electricity plants will be nuclear-fueled. The argument probably favors the electric car on balance; at least the vehicle itself doesn't turn out the horrifying brew of carcinogens and lethal gases (200 chemicals have been identified) that the i.c. engine emits.

Dr. George A. Hoffman of the UCLA Institute of Government and Public Affairs thinks an urban electric should weigh 3000 pounds (49 percent batteries, 4 percent motor) and be capable of a sprint speed of 100 mph, with a range of 150 miles at 30 mph. A car meeting those standards would have a lot going for it. Its expensive batteries would probably be leased, as fork-lift batteries are now. Its 30-mph base speed would be more than adequate: The rate on feeder roads into New York City during rush hours is 13 mph and in the city proper, 8.5. As for range, the national average per car per day is circa 50 miles. The car's silence would have a profound effect on urban noise, 85 percent of which originates in i.c.e. vehicles. It might also alter certain of our psychological patterns. It would be difficult for an electric car to meet the status-symbol and virility-indicator requirements of the most sought-after i.c.e. automobiles.

Yes, but those batteries.

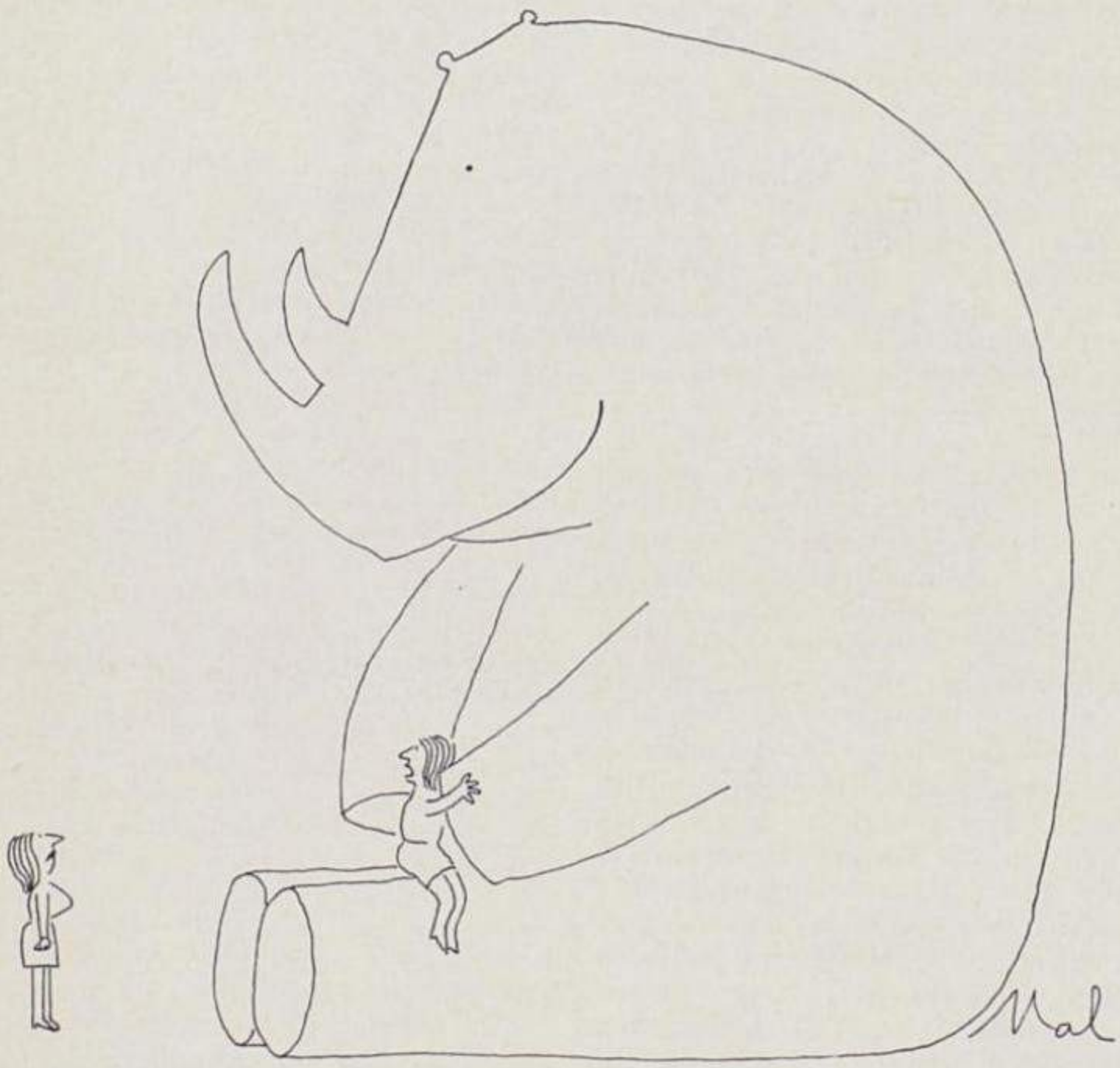
A battery is not hard to make, because whenever two materials of different electrical potentials are connected, a flow of electrons will occur. It's just that some materials are better than others. Lead plates and diluted sulphuric acid enclosed in a suitable box make a splendid battery from most points of view, but it doesn't register very high on the power-capacity standard, measured in watt-hours: 8–20 per pound. You can drain the lead-acid battery's energy slowly—take it out through a small hole, so to speak, as the old electric coupes used to do in a day's puttering around town at 10–15 miles an hour—or all at once, as the Autolite company has done with the fastest electric automobile of all time, the Lead Wedge, a single-seater that has done 138.863 mph at Bonneville. The Lead Wedge, so called because its configuration is like that of the wedge-shaped STP turbine cars, carried 20 standard lead-acid 12-volt automobile batteries wired in series to a rear-mounted General Electric torpedo motor designed to put out 40 horsepower at 10,000 revolutions per minute. It will accept a momentary overload to 150 horsepower.

The lead-acid battery is a fairly primitive rig; researchers have long looked for something better. There are new wonder batteries on the market and more in the laboratory pipelines: nickel-cadmium, silver-zinc, sodium-sulphur, zinc-air, lithium-chlorine, lithium-nickel-halide, lithium-tellurium. They tend to be powerful but expensive or tricky to use or short-lived or all three.

Ford researchers surfaced with a sodium-sulphur battery rated at 150 watt-hours, with a much greater potential, but it has drawbacks for automotive use: The sodium and sulphur, separated by permeable ceramic walls, must be maintained in a molten state, at 572 degrees Fahrenheit. This might make for awkwardness in an accident, and there's a second factor: The two chemicals react violently when mixed together or with water. General Motors has a lithium-chlorine battery that is stronger—250 watt-hours, with a final-development potential four times that—but it has to be maintained at around 1200 degrees Fahrenheit, with chlorine gas being continuously pumped into the cells. Lithium-tellurium batteries may have the highest potential of all, but tellurium, an element that usually occurs in nature in combination with gold or silver, is rare, costly and poisonous.

The silver-zinc battery is expensive at first pricing—about $2000, of which $1200 is the cost of the silver—but it works and it's four to five times as powerful as a comparable lead-acid battery. The silver in a silver-zinc battery is not consumed, it's fully recoverable, reusable over and over.

Silver-zinc batteries were used in what was probably the most advanced electric automobile so far produced, General Motors' Electrovair II. Erected on a 1966 Corvair chassis, this vehicle used 286 silver-zinc cells connected in series to



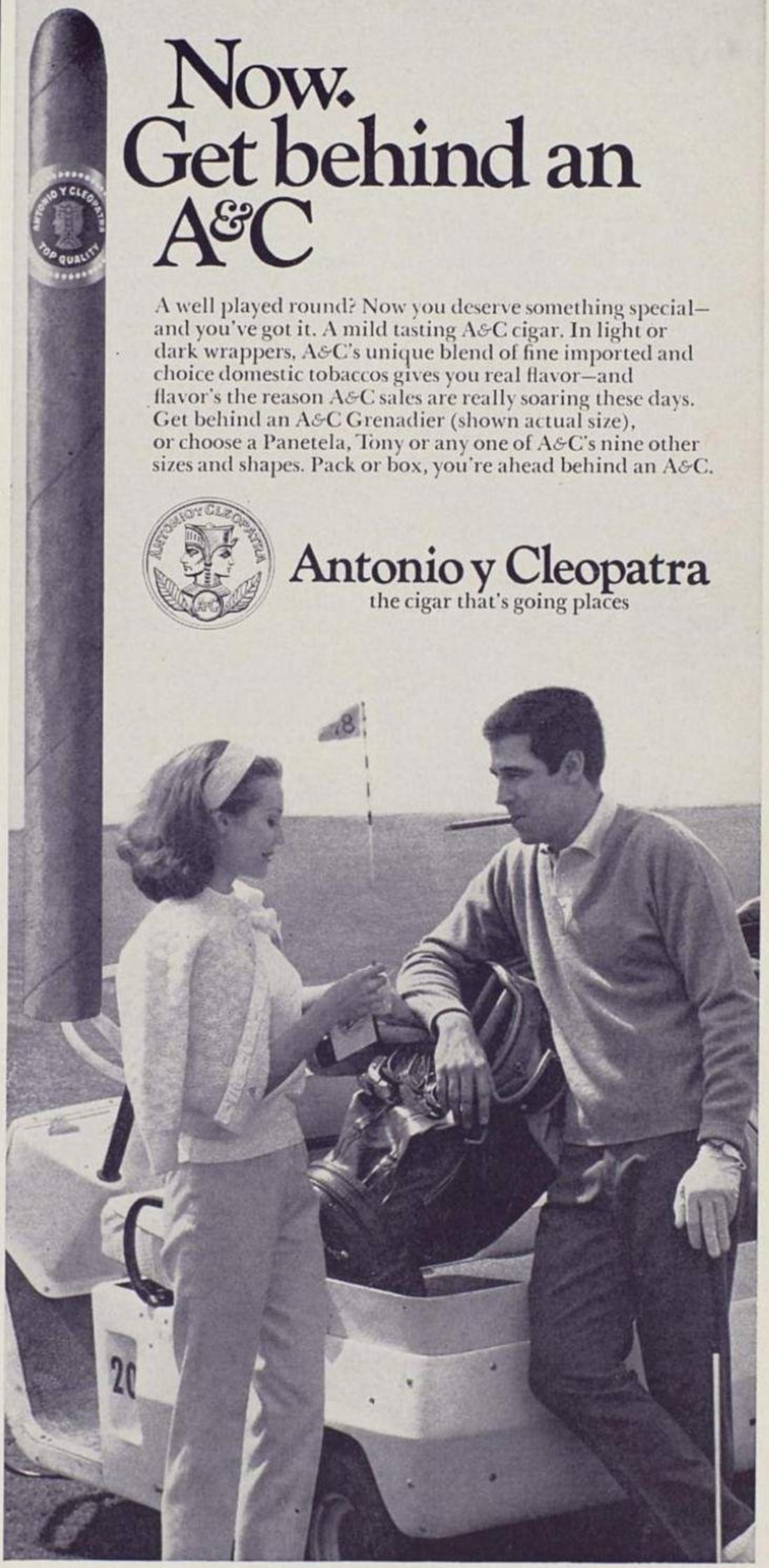
"My parents would die if they knew I was involved with a rhinoceros."

an oil-cooled Delco motor, weight 130 pounds, horsepower 150, speed 13,000 rpm. Engine compartment and trunk space in the Chevrolet chassis were fully taken up by the batteries, motor, gearbox, oil pump, radiator, fan and the various controls. The Electrovair was meant to put out performance comparable with the production Corvairs and did so: 80 mph top speed, as against 86; and 0-to-60-mph acceleration in 16.7 seconds, as against 15.8. But maximum range on a charge was only 40–80 miles, as against 250–300 miles on a tank of gas. The Electrovair did not have a regenerative braking system, in which the motor is used as a generator to recharge the batteries when the car is coasting with power off. The designers felt that ordinary city driving didn't provide enough power-off coasting to be worth while.

General Motors' reaction to the Electrovair was negative. The car's short range, slow recharge and short battery life (100 charging cycles) were cited as basic flaws. Then there was cost, cooling requirements (batteries get very hot under stress) and such difficulties as control-system noises, lack of power for heating and options and possible high-voltage dangers.

G. M.'s experimental technicians produced another electric vehicle, the Electrovan, using not batteries but fuel cells, which produce electricity in a different fashion. The battery can produce electricity only to the limit of the capacity of the materials sealed into it. The fuel cell is continuously fed and will make electricity indefinitely. Various combinations can be used; G. M. settled on liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen. An electrolyte fluid is also needed; potassium hydroxide was chosen. Although simply stated in outline, delivery of electric power to the wheels was complex and components needed for fuel and electrolyte storage and transfer (550 feet of plastic plumbing, for example) for cooling and control, together with 32 fuel-cell units, brought the weight of the van to 7100 pounds, as against the standard 3250. It was seven seconds slower to 60 mph, one mile an hour slower in top speed, at 70, and its range was 100–150 miles, as against 200–250. There was, of course, no room in the van for useful pay load; the works were everywhere. The General Motors technical paper on the Electrovan, delivered to the Society of Automotive Engineers in January 1967, emphatically stated the vehicle's impractical aspects: weight, cost, complication, safety problems including collision hazards.

The paper's conclusion noted, significantly, that its authors had been working with the fuel-cell system as they had found it: "The build-up of an operating fuel-cell power plant gave us a realistic state-of-the-art evaluation. The many



problems indicate that much research-and-development work remains ahead." It would, indeed, seem reasonable to suppose that the fuel-cell system, good enough at the moment to be used in space vehicles, in which reliability and weight are absolutely critical, could, within an acceptable expenditure of time and money, be brought to a state of utility in automobiles. Ralph Nader, in his *Playboy Interview* (October 1968), stated a conviction, not a supposition, that General Electric could, in two to three years, produce a fully efficient fuel-cell automobile with an 80-mph top speed and a 200-mile range.

Ford's prototype electric, the Comuta, was turned out by the British Ford research-and-engineering people and was a down-to-earth machine, carefully thought out, practical in limited application and pretty well ready for the market, should there be a market. The Comuta is small and boxy, only 80 inches over-all length, but will stow two adults and two children in modest comfort and move them for 40 miles at 25 mph with two five-horsepower motors and four 12-volt 85-amp/hour lead-acid batteries. It includes a good heater, fan driven and using waste heat from the motors and controls. A Ford of Germany version, the Berlina, is designed to accept alternative i.c.e. power.

The Comuta is probably the best of the urban electrics and would be useful today in any major city, San Francisco possibly excepted because of its hills; but it represents no great technical advance over the Henney Kilowatt of 1961. This was a Renault Dauphine conversion using a 36-volt battery system to drive a seven-horsepower motor. It had a 35-mph top speed and 40 miles of range. I had one for a time. It was quiet, pleasant, surprisingly quick on acceleration, short-winded on hills and expensive: $3600. True, the Comuta was not an adaptation but a new design from the wheels up. There have been many such in the past two or three years, most of them one-offs. The British, characteristically, ran out a whole covey, an amperage of electrics, some of them conversions of things such as the Mini-Minor, and some, such as Scottish Aviation's Scamp, wholly fresh designs, but all running on lead-acid. Enfield Automotive of England some time ago announced firm production plans for a four-seater electric pointed toward the U.S. market and selling at around $1000; so far this vehicle has not appeared on the market. The Enfield has a top speed of 40 mph, a 35-mile range, an eight-hour recharge period and is meant for city use, local suburban tasks (station car, child ferry) and as a personnel carrier for airports, multi-acre industrial complexes and the like.

Westinghouse announced, in 1966, a small two-passenger lead-acid to be called the Markette. It would be rated, the company said, at 25 mph and 50 miles and would sell for $2000. Production of 50 a week was planned; but after market testing in Phoenix, Westinghouse abandoned ship in 1968, saying that the vehicle didn't meet safety standards, an exit line most people thought uninspired. One thousand of the Mars II, a lead-acid Renault conversion, were contemplated for 1968, at $4800. General Electric had a four-seater prototype built by its Santa Barbara Division with the collaboration of the Illinois Institute of Technology, but it remained under cover. The numbers were impressive: 81-mph top, 300-mile range, eight-minute recharge! The Amitron, an American Motors–Gulton project, ran on lithium batteries.

The Rowan electric was a big thing at the 1967 London automobile show. British Motor Holdings, the U.K. giant, is said to be working on a zinc-air car. The zinc-air battery has unique advantages: Zinc is cheap—15 cents a pound—and a mechanical recharge is possible by dropping in new zinc plates. Tokyo Shibaura of Japan announced a 62-mph, 50-mile lead-acid car, which perhaps should be taken more seriously than others, since only the Japanese have put an electric into series production since World War Two. Toyota made 3300 electrics immediately after the armistice, when gasoline was almost unobtainable in Japan.

As with the steam auto, a practical electric urban car won't soon be turned out without Federal insistence backed by, say, the cost of two weeks' fighting in Vietnam. Utility companies would push hard for it, seeing a potential electricity-sales increase of fully 50 percent, and at the right times, too: late night and early morning. But it's hard to imagine how the Government could force an electric car into being at catastrophic cost to Detroit and Dallas, although, as auto writer Brock Yates has pointed out, the oil industry has so vast a future in petrochemicals and synthetic food that it might drop the gasoline business and never miss it.

There's been talk of the Wankel engine as a good power source for the urban car, but although it's now proved and practical, running on the road, and has the advantages of light weight and small size, it's still an internal-combustion engine, rotary instead of reciprocating, and it throws an exhaust that is notably dirty, although Mercedes-Benz and Mazda have developed separately successful correctives. The gas turbine is practical—Chrysler consumer-tested 50 turbines some years ago and is now running sixth-generation models—and offensive turbine emission is less than the i.c. engine's. George Huebner of Chrysler believes it wouldn't economically depress the industry, even though it has only 20 percent as many moving parts as present i.c. engines. The turbine uses cheap fuel,



"Just a reminder to tune in next week, when another prominent Washington wheeler-dealer makes an ass of himself."

is quiet, light, smooth-running but expensive, because it's made of costly materials to critically tight tolerances.

Combinations of i.c. and electric power have interesting aspects, and the Department of Housing and Urban Development financed a $300,000 research project by the University of Pennsylvania and General Motors pointing toward a $1600 car with VW acceleration and a 100-mile range on the batteries alone. This is an old idea. Ferdinand Porsche built combination passenger cars before World War One, and during the War, the Austrian army used his giant gasoline-electric artillery prime movers. The urban combination, or hybrid, would ideally run on electricity on city streets and use its small, emission-controlled i.c. engine on open roads. It would combine clean exhaust in town with acceptable range and speed on the highway. The University of Pennsylvania–General Motors project, now called Minicars Incorporated and based in Goleta, California, envisions an ultrasmall automobile, probably running on both electricity and gasoline and used in a Minicar Transit System on a rental basis. Customers would pick up a car at a terminal, register use of it through an on-board credit-card reader, drop it at another terminal, at one of many designated parking lots or perhaps on the street, to be picked up by a roving retrieval crew.

General Motors has carried the hybrid idea to a higher point than anyone else by using the Stirling engine for primary power. The Stirling is a creaking ancient in engine chronology: Its patents went to a Scots minister, Robert Stirling, in 1816. The Stirling engine is something like the steam engine, in that it's an external-combustion machine; but instead of burning fuel under a boiler and sending the resulting steam to do work in a piston cylinder, the Stirling burns fuel (kerosene) and passes the heat to a jacket around a sealed cylinder and piston containing hydrogen gas. The hydrogen expands, driving the piston down for a power stroke; expanded, the gas is cooled and fed back to the cylinder, ready to be heated again. Since there is no near-explosive fuel burning, as in an internal-combustion engine, the Stirling is silent, it's vibration-free and, since the fuel can be burned under precise control, the pollution level is radically reduced.

The Stirling-electric installation was made in a 1968 Opel Kadett and the engine used was rated at eight horsepower. Alone, it could propel the car at about 30 mph at a fuel consumption of 30–40 miles per gallon. With power from the 500 pounds of lead-acid batteries cut in, speed would rise to 55 mph, maintained for a maximum of 40 miles, when current consumption would overcome charging rate. With the vehicle stationary, the engine could be fully directed to battery charging.



"When you asked for a three-day pass, Dombrowsky, I assumed that you wanted to go somewhere!"

Engine-compartment and trunk space in the Opel are stuffed with machinery, a situation to be expected, since practically all the components are off-the-shelf items designed for other use. Research and development presumably would speedily change the picture: Miniaturization is not an occult art. There are problems in the Stirling electric—batteries, heat rejection, the cost of a double drive system—but they are not so grave as to dull its intellectual appeal. It has the extra value of being presumably inoffensive to the oil and automotive industries and perhaps attractive to a third power, the utilities.

Until the great city-suburb complexes sag and crack under the maddening load of 4000-pound-car/160-pound-passenger traffic, and sag and crack they surely will, the urban automobile will be what it is today. After that, something small and squarish will appear, three of it parkable in an Eldorado's shadow and running a steam engine, maybe, an electric motor, perhaps, an emission-free i.c. engine, probably not, or a hybrid. Whatever the power source, it's most likely to be in the rear or under the floor, not in front. It will be small, since a 50-mph top speed will be adequate. The "three-box" basis on which automobiles have been designed from the beginning—one box each for engine, people and luggage—will have no relevance to tomorrow's urban design: It will be strictly "one-box." Indeed, a British designer has on the road at the moment a wheeled platform carrying a glass cube as its body. The general effort will be far less radical, the end result a cube rounded off on the edges and narrowing in all dimensions toward the top. Capacity will be two people, with less comfortable accommodation behind them for two children or one adult. There will be no luggage area except for minimal parcel stowage.

Seating will be straight up and down, since lateral space will be at a premium. There will be no doors as such: Part of the body, probably in front, will be hinged. One projected design allows the whole right front three quarters of the body to open, the windshield being in two parts, sealed on the center vertical line. The steering wheel (or yoke, or tiller) will fold out of the way.

To minimize maintenance, body metal will probably be anodized or otherwise colored at the source. All-round bumpers, perhaps hydraulic, will be standard ware, and minor traffic collisions will have no significance. Radio and tape rigs about the size of a present package of cigarettes will take care of the sound, and a cheap but adequate two-way radiotelephone will be standard. Like everything else on the road, the urban car will be air conditioned.

This transition vehicle will be succeeded by slot-track cars such as the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory's Urbomobile, capable of hands-off automated travel on city-access trunk lines and driver-control street use. Beyond the Urbomobile, the crystal ball clouds into striated visions of 25-mph moving sidewalks, 250-mph gravity-vacuum subways, individual electron-rocket pods and the ultimate solution: material transference, or, I think—ZAP!—I'll go to Paris now.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 88)*

about the fact that there is a lead time in journalism, so that you sometimes find yourself reading something that is inappropriate the day you read it, which, however, was altogether appropriate the day you wrote it. *Look* magazine's cover, after J. F. K.'s assassination, had on it, "Kennedy Could Lose." As regards what I wrote, I think it was correct. I wrote it a couple of days after Dr. King threatened massive civil disobedience if the forthcoming demands of his poverty marchers were not met. I don't want to answer your question about whether he will be seen as a good or a bad force in history, because I don't know. He was clearly a bad force on the matter of obeying the law. His attempt to sanctify civil disobedience is at least one of his legacies; if it emerges as his principal legacy, then he should certainly be remembered as a bad force. If, on the other hand, his principal legacy emerges—the wrinkles having been ironed out by the passage of time—as a spiritual leader of an oppressed people whom he urged on to great endeavors, then he will be a great historical force.

PLAYBOY: Could you yourself ever justify breaking a law?

BUCKLEY: Yes. I would justify the breaking of a law that, by more or less settled agreement on the separation of powers since the time of Christ, is ontologically outside the state's jurisdiction. For instance, when the government of Mexico, beginning a government or two after the overthrow of Díaz, forbade Mexicans to attend church, hundreds of thousands of them did so anyway, in underground churches. It seems to me that this is an excellent example of justified breaking of the law, against which there could be no reasonable recrimination.

PLAYBOY: Then it depends on the individual's idea of the character of the government as well as of the laws.

BUCKLEY: No, it doesn't. I didn't say the individual's idea and I didn't say the character of the government. I said the settled idea of the separation of powers and I said the character of the law, not of the government. Scholars, secular and religious, have agreed for 2000 years that the state has no business interfering in the traffic between man and his God; any attempt to do so breaks the legal bond that the government has over the individual. I assume, of course, that we are talking about free or relatively free societies. If we're talking about totalitarian societies, the essential relationship of the subject to the slavemaster ought to be mutinous.

PLAYBOY: Since you have referred to the religious justification for lawbreaking: Do you think a young man has the right to use the Fifth Commandment—thou shalt not kill—as justification for refusing induction into the Armed Forces?

BUCKLEY: The Fifth Commandment obviously is not a proscription against taking another man's life under any circumstances. Moses led a pretty robust army even after he came down from Mt. Sinai. The rendering should have been, "Thou shalt not murder." I am not correcting God—He had it right. The imprecision was King James'.

PLAYBOY: You said that the essential relationship of subject to slavemaster ought to be mutinous in totalitarian societies. Aren't there degrees of unfreedom—and isn't there a point at which the erosion of freedom must be resisted, perhaps by civil disobedience?

BUCKLEY: There is a point at which an individual citizen rejects his society. He has at that point several options. One is to leave. The society ought not to hinder his doing so. A second is to agitate for reform. The society ought to protect his right to do so. A third is to drop out. The society ought to let him alone, to the extent it is possible to disengage reciprocating gears. A fourth is to disobey the laws or to revolutionize. In that event, the society ought to imprison, exile or execute him.

PLAYBOY: You've identified what you consider the utopianism of Martin Luther King's call for "Freedom now" as a negative aspect of the civil rights revolution. Do you see any positive aspects to that revolution?

BUCKLEY: Yes, several. I supported Dr. King in Montgomery. I very much believe in voluntary boycotts. If Woolworth isn't going to let you sit down and buy a Coca-Cola, then, goddamn it, don't patronize Woolworth. I certainly believe in equal access to public accommodations and I have always opposed the denial to anyone of any constitutionally specified right, by reason of race, color or creed.

PLAYBOY: Including the right to vote?

BUCKLEY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: But you have argued, haven't you, for limiting the franchise?

BUCKLEY: Yes. I think too many people are voting.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you exclude?

BUCKLEY: A while ago, George Gallup discovered that 25 percent or so of the American people had never heard of the United Nations. I think if we could find that 25 percent, they'd be reasonable candidates for temporary disfranchisement.

PLAYBOY: How would you find them?

BUCKLEY: Ask the Ford Foundation where they are. Incidentally, there's an interesting paradox here. I think that as power is centralized, one can make less of a case for extending the vote. In the ideal world, where power is decentralized—in my kind of a world—one wouldn't have to know what the United Nations was in order to assess intelligently the local situation and express yourself on it.

PLAYBOY: You didn't include the school-desegregation decision of the Supreme Court in your list of the beneficent results of the civil rights movement. Why?

BUCKLEY: When *Brown vs. Board of Education* was passed, we at *National Review* called it "bad law and bad sociology." I continue to think it was lousy law, historically and analytically. There are, unfortunately, increased grounds for believing that it was also bad sociology. Coerced massive integration is simply not working at primary and secondary school levels, and I notice that, for instance in Harlem, the voters don't list integrated schooling as among their principal demands. What they want, and should have, is better education. The superstition that this automatically happens by checkerboarding the classroom is increasingly apparent to blacks as well as to whites. Meanwhile, in the total situation, you are taking very grave risks in jeopardizing the good nature of the white majority.

PLAYBOY: Could your concern for the good nature of the white majority be interpreted as acquiescence to their prejudice?

BUCKLEY: The word prejudice becomes a little strained, used in that way. Look, 95 percent of the white people who live in Washington are Democrats, political liberals who give speeches in favor of integration and vote for politicians who favor integration—and then take their children out of the public schools when Negroes enter those schools. If you call them prejudiced, they reply that that isn't it, but that they want for their children a better education than they will get at the public schools in Washington.

PLAYBOY: If every school in the country were integrated by law in the next two years, wouldn't you have a generation 20 years from now that was relatively free of race prejudice?

BUCKLEY: I fear not. There is still anti-Italian prejudice in Jewish sections of New York and anti-Jewish prejudice in Italian sections of New York, and they've been going to school together for more than 20 years. It may be, ages hence, when the final sociological report is stapled and submitted, that we will discover that it all had something to do with numbers. It may be that a school that has ten percent Negroes will be successful and a school that has 30 or 40 percent Negroes won't make it; either the whites will pull out or racial antagonisms will disrupt the school. Meanwhile, the things to stress and restress are better education and better job opportunities for Negroes.

PLAYBOY: How should black demands for better education be met—or do you think they shouldn't be met?

BUCKLEY: The discussion so far has been within the context of the existing system. I have always been attracted to the twin notions that what we need are many

more private schools and that public schools ought to approximate private schools as closely as possible, which means that public schools ought to have the same rights as private schools. These are among the reasons why I am so strongly attracted to the so-called voucher plan, which would work this way: A parent would be given a voucher for $500—or whatever it costs to educate a child—which the parent would then take to any school, public or private, close to home or distant, where he wanted to matriculate that child. The school would get its money by cashing in these vouchers. The virtues of the plan are the virtues of the free-enterprise system—concerning which, incidentally, you are strangely uncurious. Specifically, it gives freedom of choice to the parent, whether he's rich or poor. Under the voucher plan, schools would become more competitive; they would strive to serve their customers—namely, the students.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think remains to be done to improve black job opportunities?

BUCKLEY: Plenty. I am convinced that the truly important way for the Negro to advance is economically. We should, first, deprive labor unions of their monopolistic privileges. In fact, I'd do that anyway, even if no Negroes existed. But when we know that those privileges are being exercised in part to prevent Negroes from getting jobs in certain industries, the very least the Government ought to do is act in *those* cases. Second, we should encourage preferential hiring in situations where there isn't unemployment. It's unrealistic to think that you can refuse to hire a white in order to make room for a Negro if there is wide unemployment. Point three: A revival of the whole apprenticeship idea would be extremely useful at this point. It would involve, among other things, modifying —and preferably repealing—many of the minimum-wage laws. I digress to say that the minimum-wage laws are, of course, the great enemy, especially of teenage Negroes. Professor Milton Friedman has shown that there was approximately a 100 percent relative rise in Negro teenage unemployment after the last increase in the minimum wage. Further, I would like to see somebody draw up a sophisticated table of tax deductions given to individuals who hire Negroes as apprentices, the idea being to teach them a profitable trade—in construction, in electricity, in plumbing, in newspaper offices, wherever.

PLAYBOY: Beyond increasing job opportunities, what else can be done to eliminate poverty in America? Specifically, are you in favor of President Nixon's welfare-reform proposals?

BUCKLEY: We are eliminating poverty in this country faster than any society ever has. There is a downward-bound graph that begins with about 50 percent of the population poor at the turn of the century and dips to the present, where there are about nine percent poor, using the same indices. So my first comment is that I don't want anything to interfere with the direction of that graph, which the overhead costs and economic strategy of many social-welfare programs tend to do. Now, it may be that the curve is asymptotic, that it will never quite close. The residual poor will, of course, have to have some kind of a relief program, even as they do now. I myself would buy the Moynihan plan, or the Nixon plan, or the New Federalism—whatever you call it—as a substitute for all existing measures. It may well come down to a matter of American know-how moving in on a congeries of welfare systems to make welfarism both more manageable and an instrument that itself might break the so-called vicious cycle that everybody agrees has discredited the existing system.

PLAYBOY: What sort of program—if any —do you favor for eliminating hunger?

BUCKLEY: I'm attracted to the notion of giving out four basic food materials, free, to anybody who wants them. The cost, according to one economist, would come to about a billion dollars a year. The idea is that these ingredients would be available at food stores to anybody—you, me, Nelson Rockefeller—because it

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simply wouldn't be worth while trying to catch anyone who was taking the free food and didn't need it. With such a plan, you could officially and confidently say that the residual hunger in America was simply the result of people not knowing how to utilize these materials.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

BUCKLEY: Powdered skim milk, bulgur wheat, soybeans and a kind of lard. You can make very good bread out of them, for instance. This bulgur wheat, incidentally—which is a staple in the Mideast—is not much liked by Americans and yet Alice Roosevelt Longworth loves it, considers it a delicacy.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those analysts who feel that—in part because of the black revolution and because of Federal "handout" programs—the general electorate is moving to the right?

BUCKLEY: There are all sorts of conflicting indices. The Moynihan plan that we just talked about is left by orthodox conservative standards; if it had been proposed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1933, it might have gotten even *him* impeached—and yet the people seem willing to accept it. But looking at the broad indications, I do feel that there is a move to the right. I've always believed that conservatism is, as I said a while ago, the politics of reality and that reality ultimately asserts itself, in a reasonably free society, in behalf of the conservative position. An excellent example was the race riots of the mid-Sixties. Even the participants discovered that those Gadarene experiments were futile.

PLAYBOY: Mayor Daley's celebrated order to the Chicago police to maim looters in the rioting that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King confirmed the feeling of many young people—black and white—that American society places a higher value on property than on human life. Do you think looters should be shot?

BUCKLEY: I reject the notion that a property right is other than a human right—that is, it's not an animal right or a vegetable right. The commitment of the state to the individual is to protect the individual's freedom and property, property being one of the things that materialize from the exercise of freedom and, therefore, in many senses, are the fruits of freedom. So I elect a mayor to protect me and my property effectively, with graduated responses to various conditions. If theft is an aberration—as it is, for instance, in the Scandinavian countries—I would consider a mayor who orders his men to shoot thieves to be absolutely barbaric. But if theft reaches near-epidemic conditions, a different response is indicated. I wish there were something in between simply shouting, "Hey! Come back!" and shooting somebody in the leg. Unfortunately, I fear that when that in-between thing is discovered, liberals are going to come up with elaborate reasons for not using it—Mace being an excellent example.

PLAYBOY: Mayor Daley's shoot-to-maim order, and his handling of demonstrators at the Democratic Convention that same summer, struck many observers as proof of an authoritarian and ugly aspect of America's turn to the right. If you had been mayor of Chicago, would you have handled the protesters as he did?

BUCKLEY: No. I've been pretty well satisfied that it was a basic mistake not to open up Lincoln Park. You simply can't require people to evaporate—incorporealization not being a typical human skill. But with the exception of his ruling on the use of the park, and the workaday tactical errors, I think Daley's resoluteness was justified. Obviously, the excesses of his police were *not* justified, but a lot of Americans were glad the demonstrators got beaten up. They were glad for the commonplace reason—there's a little sadism in all of us—but they were also glad because they knew goddamn well that the chances of the demonstrators' breaking the law with impunity were overwhelming. It was sort of a return to posse justice. If you knew absolutely that Abbie Hoffman and the boys were never going to spend a night in jail—which was a good guess at the time—then people figured, "What the hell, beat 'em up. At least get *that* satisfaction out of it."

PLAYBOY: Is that the way you felt?

BUCKLEY: No. But I understand the feeling.

PLAYBOY: Liberals Carl Stokes and John Lindsay were both re-elected mayor last year. Do these elections contradict your general thesis of a move to the right?

BUCKLEY: No, they don't. Lindsay's reelection is certainly a special case. A perfectly reasonable assumption is that if there had been a runoff between him and Procaccino, even Procaccino might have beaten him. I don't think one can conclude very much of an ideological nature from the event in New York City. In the matter of Stokes, it seems to me that there are a great number of people who practice, for reasons that I applaud, an inverse racism; many Cleveland whites voted for Mr. Stokes precisely because he is a Negro. The idea is that, among other things, it is a good investment in conserving America to remind a population that is always being urged toward cynicism that it *is* possible to rise up the ladder. But I think that Stokes is one of the four or five truly brilliant politicians I've ever run up against, so I'm prejudiced in his favor.

PLAYBOY: Would you practice this kind of inverse racism?

BUCKLEY: Yes. I think there's a very good argument for voting for a Negro because he's a Negro—until such time as it becomes simply redundant to make such a demonstration. I wouldn't vote for a Jew because he was a Jew, because it seems to me that the time has long since passed when it was necessary to demonstrate that a Jew can rise as high as he wants to. This is not the case with the Negro.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you used this argument to suggest that America should have a black President?

BUCKLEY: Yes, I have. I would take great pleasure in the pride that would come to the black community if there were a Negro in the White House. I think it's worth working for.

PLAYBOY: The possibility of a black American President seems remote in a decade that is opening with a widespread crackdown on such militant black groups as the Black Panthers. Do you think there is a campaign to exterminate the Panthers?

BUCKLEY: No. But I think there should be. I mean, obviously, to exterminate the *movement*, even as I favor the extermination of Ku Klux Klanism, though not necessarily Ku Kluxers.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BUCKLEY: Because I am persuaded that the Panthers have solemnly registered their basic goals, which are to rob people, by category, of their rights to life, to liberty, to freedom; and because they are arming themselves for that purpose. Any organization caught—as the Panthers have been caught time and time again—with caches of machine guns and grenades and Molotov cocktails is presumptively guilty of non-Platonic ambitions. Every state in the Union forbids that sort of stockpiling of arms.

PLAYBOY: Where have the Panthers indicated that their basic goal is to rob people of their rights?

BUCKLEY: In their literature. Read it. I don't carry it around. It is as thoroughly impregnated with genocidal anti-white racism as ever the Nazis' was with anti-Semitism. And it makes no difference to the Panthers where on the left-right spectrum the white politician stands. On the death of Bobby Kennedy, the Black Panthers' national newspaper ran a photograph of him lying in a pool of his own blood in the Ambassador Hotel with the head of a pig replacing the head of Mr. Kennedy. The rhetorical totalism suggested here, combined with the doctrinal genocidal passions, suggest to me that whatever was the appropriate attitude toward Goebbels in, say 1930, is appropriate, in 1970, toward the Black Panthers.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the publication of such a picture, however repugnant, come under the protection of the First Amendment?

BUCKLEY: It does, formalistically; which is why I included actions—the Panthers' stockpiling of weapons—among the reasons why I think their extermination as a movement is desirable. But I would like to note that it is a naïve liberal assumption to think that the Bill of Rights protects every manner of written or spoken dissent. In the heyday of McCarthyism, Professor Samuel Stouffer

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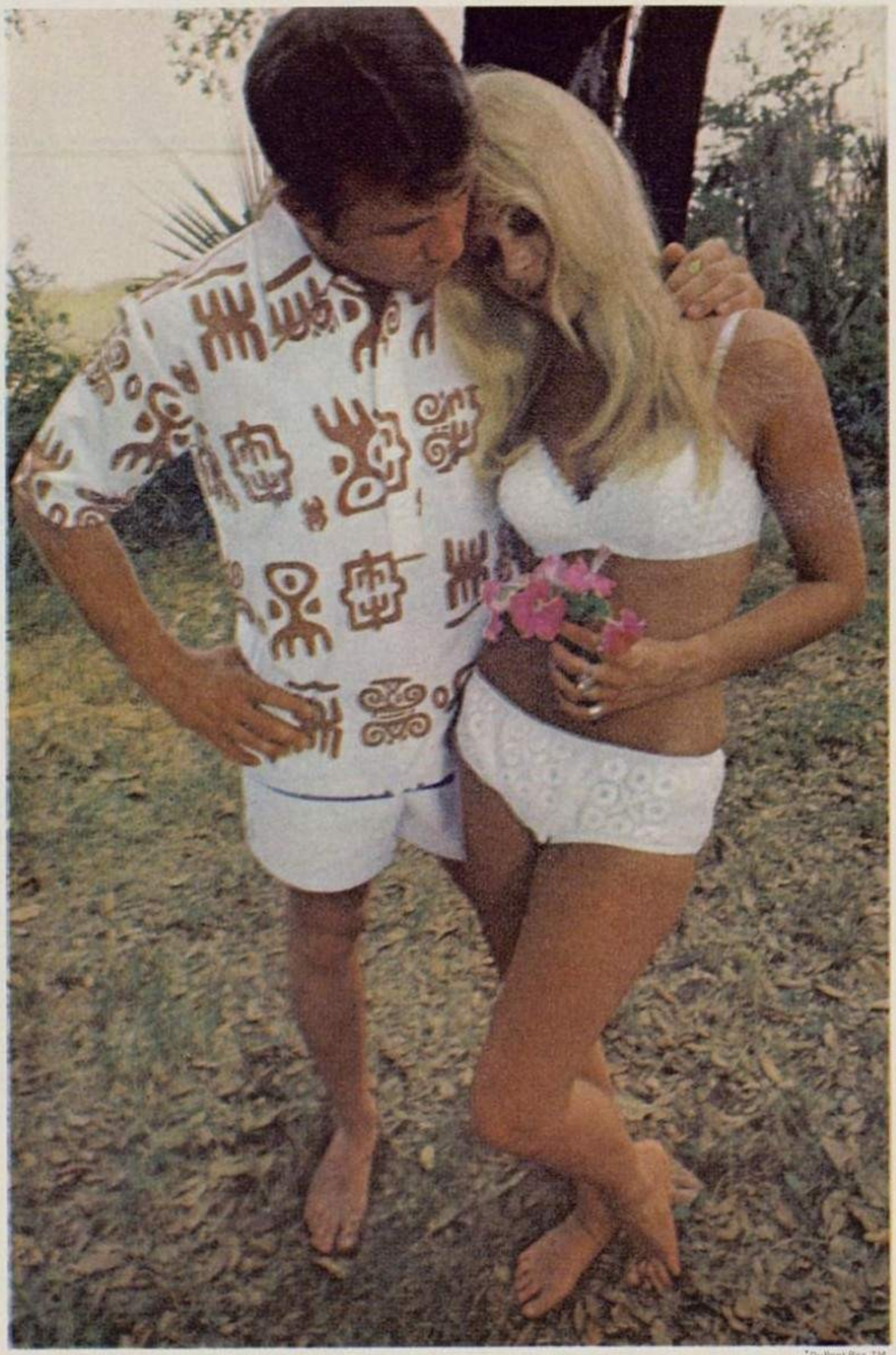


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from Harvard did one of those *Travels with Charley* bits around the country to discover the extent to which the Bill of Rights was an article of practical faith held by the American people. He found out that something like 75 percent of us didn't believe that members of the Communist Party should enjoy *any* rights. Needless to say, he wrote a horrified book about his findings. Now, it is extremely easy for people with an ideologized knowledge of American history to suppose that this is something new, let alone that it is impossible to compose a theoretical defense of it. But it is apparent to me that the profoundest studies of what, for instance, Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln meant by freedom was a freedom that was severely limited, even theoretically, in the right it absolutely granted to anyone to call for the persecution, let alone the liquidation, of others. When Jefferson said, "Those who wish to dissolve the Union or to change the republican form of government should stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it," I am convinced by such scholars as Harry Jaffa that he meant not that we should grant freedom to the enemies of freedom because they are entitled to it but that we should grant freedom to the enemies of freedom because we can afford to *indulge* them that freedom. Accordingly, it becomes a practical rather than a theoretical consideration whether, at any given moment in American history, a particular group of dissenters whose dissent is based on the desire to rob other people of their freedom ought to be tolerated.

PLAYBOY: Are we at such a moment in history—when we can't afford that freedom to a few hundred out of 200,000,000 Americans?

BUCKLEY: Quite possibly. I don't think the Panthers are in a position to take over the country, any more than the Klan was. But the Klan deprived particular people in particular places of their effective freedom. So have the Panthers, by the use of the same weapons: intimidation and, it is now alleged by one or two grand juries, both murder and conspiracy to murder. So I say: Let's do to them what I wish we had done to the Klan 50 years ago.

PLAYBOY: When you say that we should not tolerate a group of dissenters such as the Panthers, what do you propose we do about them?

BUCKLEY: Society has three sanctions available for dealing with dissenters of this kind. There is the whole family of social sanctions; if they don't work, we then have legal sanctions; if the legal sanctions don't work, we are forced to use military sanctions. As an example of the social sanctions, I give you what has happened to Gerald L. K. Smith, the fierce anti-Semite. Would Smith be invited to join the sponsoring group of the Lincoln Center? If he gave a $1000 contribution to the President's Club, would he be admitted as a member? No. Gerald L. K. Smith has been effectively isolated in America, and I'm glad that he has been. After such an experience as we have seen in the 20th Century of what happens—or what can happen—when people call for genocidal persecutions of other people, we have got to use whatever is the minimal resource available to society to keep that sort of thing from growing. If the social sanctions work, then you have the Jeffersonian situation, in which libertarian rodomontade is onanistically satisfying—a society in which the least possible force is the effective agent of that society's cohesiveness. I would like to see people like Bobby Seale and Eldridge Cleaver treated at least as badly as Gerald L. K. Smith has been. But no: They get applauded, they get invited to college campuses, they get listened to attentatively on radio and on television—they are invited to Leonard Bernstein's *salons*—all of which makes rather glamorous a position that, in my judgment, ought to be execrated.

PLAYBOY: They also get jailed, exiled and even shot.

BUCKLEY: Cleaver was jailed for committing rape, which Gerald L. K. Smith hasn't done, so far as I know. And he was wounded after a shoot-out with Oakland police. Huey Newton was convicted of voluntary manslaughter. A gang of them are up now for murder and conspiracy to terrorize. Now, I'll grant you this: I have not been satisfied that the killing of Cleaver's buddy in that particular battle in Oakland—the young man who walked out of the house in his shorts and T-shirt—was justified. The policeman who killed him may have panicked, as others of us have done, with less tragic consequences, to be sure. But he wasn't acting on orders from J. Edgar Hoover, whose sins, if there are any, are explicit rather than implicit. But to return to my point, if I may, about the attention lavished on such people: The same, to a certain extent, was true of George Lincoln Rockwell, who got an extensive ventilation of his views in this magazine. For as long as that kind of thing happens, you encourage people to consider as tenable a position that in my judgment ought to be universally rejected as untenable. The whole idea of civilization is little by little to discard certain points of view as uncivilized; it is impossible to discover truths without discovering that their opposites are error. In a John Stuart Mill–type society—in which *any* view, for so long as it is held by so much as a single person, is considered as not yet confuted—you have total intellectual and social anarchy.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, by publishing an interview with a George Lincoln Rockwell, one might encourage him to expose the untenability of his views and thus help discredit both himself and his philosophy, even among those who might previously have been sympathizers.

BUCKLEY: I acknowledge the abstract appeal of the argument, but I remind you that it can be used as an argument for evangelizing people in Nazism, racism or cannibalism, in order to fortify one's opposition to such doctrines. The trouble is that false doctrines *do* appeal to people. In my judgment, it would be a better world where nobody advocated tyranny; better than a world in which tyranny is advocated as an academic exercise intended to fortify the heroic little antibodies to tyranny.

PLAYBOY: If the evils of a particular doctrine are so apparent, what harm is there in allowing someone to preach that doctrine?

BUCKLEY: What is apparent to one man is not necessarily apparent to the majority. Hitler came to power democratically. It's a 19th Century myth to confide totally in the notion that the people won't be attracted to the wrong guy. George Wallace, not Nixon or Humphrey, got the highest TV ratings. Take, once more, the Panthers. There are, I am sure, hundreds of thousands of Americans who would like to hear a speech by Eldridge Cleaver. One reason they would like to do so is because they like the excitement. Another is that they like to show off. People like to show their audacity, their cavalier toleration of iconoclasm—it's the same kind of thing, in a way, as shouting, "F--- Mayor Daley" in a loud voice in the middle of a park in Chicago. Moreover, the views expressed by Eldridge Cleaver, et al., have not been proscribed by settled intellectual opinion, because, thank God, we have not experienced in America the kind of holocaust that Caucasians visited against the Jews in Germany. I contend that it is a responsibility of the intellectual community to anticipate Dachau rather than to deplore it. The primary respensibility of people who fancy themselves morally sophisticated is to do what they can to exhibit their impatience with those who are prepared to welcome the assassination of Bobby Kennedy because that meant one less pig. Their failure to do that is, in my judgment, a sign of moral disintegration. If you have moral disintegration, you don't have left a case against Dachau. If you don't have that, what *do* you have? Make love not war? Why?

PLAYBOY: Do you think that a more concerted police attack should be launched against the Panthers?

BUCKLEY: I would support a full legal attack, with the passage of new laws, if necessary, as we have done in other areas. For instance, I don't think we have enough legal weapons against people who push heroin. People who are practiced in the profession of trying to halt the flow of heroin see themselves as

engaged in a losing fight—primarily because by the time the agent can gain entry to the home or apartment where he suspects there is a stash of heroin, it has been flushed down the toilet. The so-called no-knock provision of the President's new crime bill was written precisely to overcome that problem. Now, I know—everybody knows—that that provision is capable of abuse. But I think a libertarian ought always to ask himself: What is the way to maximize liberty?

PLAYBOY: In what way does the no-knock law maximize liberty?

BUCKLEY: Directly. In *Manchild in the Promised Land*, Claude Brown identifies heroin as the principal problem in Harlem—*not* housing, *not* education, *not* discrimination, *not* the absence of economic opportunity. Heroin. If the heroin traffic in Harlem were brought under control, we would see—in his judgment—a dramatic drop in crime and a lessening of those restrictions on freedom that accompany a high crime rate.

PLAYBOY: Would you disagree with former Attorney General Ramsey Clark's contention that eliminating poverty is the key to reducing crime?

BUCKLEY: I would. Drug abuse and crime both have to do with the state of the ethos; and the ethos is not a function of poverty. Consider Portugal or Ireland: Poor people don't necessarily commit crimes.

PLAYBOY: A few minutes ago, you referred to the moral disintegration of some Americans. Would you make that a general indictment—applicable not only to those who tolerate the Panthers but to most Americans?

BUCKLEY: Yes. The most conspicuous attribute of the 20th Century American is his self-indulgence. In a marvelous book called *The Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self*, Robert Fitch traces the principal concerns of civilization through the past 200 or 300 years; our concerns were, he says, first predominantly religious, then predominantly scientific, then humanistic—and today are essentially egocentric. I think that ours is an egocentric society. The popular notion is that there is no reciprocal obligation by the individual to the society, that one can accept whatever the patrimony gives us without any sense of obligation to replenish the common patrimony—that is, without doing what we can to advance the common good. This, I think, is what makes not only Americans but most Western peoples weak. It comforts me that that also was the finding of Ortega y Gasset.

PLAYBOY: How does the increasing social awareness and involvement of young people fit into your thesis?

BUCKLEY: I don't say that somebody who spends the summer in Mississippi trying to bring rights to black people is primarily self-centered, although such a case could be made concerning some young people and by using less intricate psychological arguments than, for instance, the liberals fling around to prove that we are all racist. I'm talking about the general disease of *anomie*, which is the result of people's, by and large, having become deracinated, suspended from any relationship to the supernatural and prescinded from the historical situation. A lot of them retreat and think about themselves, even *exclusively* about themselves—the drug people—the dropouts, formal and informal. Certain others venture into utopianism, which, as I've said, necessarily and obviously breeds frustration and despair, conditions that some of them prefer even to drugs. But the lot of them, I think, fail to come to terms with the world, fail to come to terms with the end of life. They have absolutely no eschatological vision, except a rhetorical sort of secular utopianism. A related phenomenon: When I was last on the Johnny Carson show, he announced to his mass audience, "Well, after all, the reason the Soviet Union arms is because *we* arm," the implicit axiom being that there is obviously no difference between them and us. What makes it possible for the man who has the largest regular audience of anybody in the United States—not excluding the President—to say blandly something like that is wave after wave in the intellectual offensive against epistemological optimism, against the notion that some things are better than others and that we can know what those things are.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this moral relativism is at least partially a consequence of the decline in religious belief?

BUCKLEY: Yes. In orthodox religious belief. It's a commonplace that there is no such thing as an irreligious society. The need for religion being a part of the nature of man, people will continue to seek religion. You see the Beatles rushing off to listen to the platitudinous homilies of that Indian quack, Maharishi-what's-his-name, but they'd rather be caught dead than reading Saint Paul. Young people who have active minds tend to be dissatisfied with the ersatz religions they pick

COMPLAINTS



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up, and yet so formal is the contemporary commitment to agnosticism—or even to atheism—that they absolutely refuse to plumb Christianity's extraordinary reservoirs of rationality. I doubt if you could get one of these kids, however desperately in search of religion—who will go to any guru, who will even talk to Joan *Baez* and attempt to get religion from *her*—to read *Orthodoxy* by Chesterton or any book by C. S. Lewis.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps orthodoxy—lower case—is at fault. Many young people would say they think Christ was a great man; they might even know a good deal about Him. But they are appalled by Saint Paul's horror of the body and of sex.

BUCKLEY: I'm sure that among the vast majority of students, the knowledge of Christ is superficial and that the *only* thing they know about Saint Paul is that he was "anti-sex." In fact, Saint Paul's anti-sexuality was, I think, a mode by which he expressed the joys of asceticism, the transcendent pleasure of the mortification of the flesh. By no means is this distinctive to Christianity. In fact, Christianity in its formal renunciation of Manichaeism took a position concerning the flesh that is far more joyful than, for instance, that of the Buddhists or of a number of other religions.

PLAYBOY: One of the reasons many people have difficulty accepting your religion, Roman Catholicism, is that they have been convinced by experts that there are soon going to be more people on the globe than the earth can support, yet the Church does its not-inconsiderable best to prevent the spread of birth-control information. Do you also take a serious view of the population problem?

BUCKLEY: Yes, I do. I think it is the second most important problem in the world, after ideological communism.

PLAYBOY: Then the Church's position on birth control distresses you?

BUCKLEY: No. It is not established by any means that the influence of the Church is very direct on the matter of the increase in population. It happens that the birth rate is the greatest where the Church has no influence: India, for instance, or Nigeria. It is impossible to establish a correlation between the birth rate in Latin America and the prevailing religion on that continent. The Catholic position on birth control is, therefore, something against which we agonize rather more theoretically than practically.

PLAYBOY: What do you think we can do, then, to keep the population down?

BUCKLEY: Get people to stop reading PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: What's the real answer?

BUCKLEY: Well, the real answer is to make sure that people who don't want more children and who have no religious scruples against the use of abortifacients or prophylactics are aware of how they can get and use them. My own assumption is that we are moving toward the discovery of a chemical that will prevent conception, that will be generally dispensed—perhaps in the water supply—and can be readily neutralized by any woman who desires to do so.

PLAYBOY: Should the U. S. volunteer birth-control information and devices to such overpopulated nations as India?

BUCKLEY: They don't need any more information. They can get it from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. As to giving them the pill—sure, if they ask for it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other sexual opinions that might shock your bishop?

BUCKLEY: I didn't give you a "sexual" opinion. I don't know that giving free pills to India is heretical. Would American rabbis object to free pork for India? Heresy? I don't think so. I happen, for example, to favor the legalization of private homosexual acts committed between consenting adults and of prostitution. The second is the more important. Legalizing prostitution would provide a ready outlet for pubescent lust and greatly facilitate the hygienic problem, pending the domination of the appetite and the restoration of morality. Also, it would cut down the profits and power of the Mafia, the existence of which enrages me.

PLAYBOY: How else would you combat the Mafia?

BUCKLEY: By making gambling—but not gambling debts—legal.

PLAYBOY: Advocating the legalization of gambling, prostitution and homosexual acts between adults puts you in agreement with most liberals. Do you also agree with them in the area of censorship? Would you defend the right of the state to, say, stop performances by Lenny Bruce?

BUCKLEY: I'm troubled by that problem. By the way, do, please, try to remember that the conservative opposes unnecessary legislation. I've written about the censorship dilemma. Obviously, a perfectly consistent, schematic libertarianism would give you an easy answer—let anybody do anything. Including cocaine vending machines. But a libertarianism written without reference to social universals isn't terribly useful. Here, I think, is where the science of sociology becomes useful. If sociology suggests that societies don't survive without the observance of certain common bonds, certain taboos, then we can maintain that in the long run, we diminish rather than increase freedom by protecting people who violate those taboos. Having said that, let me add that I'm perfectly well aware that this particular argument can be abused by people who want a narrow conformity. But once again, let's reach for an example: When *Salvation*, the rock musical, was produced in New York City, the reviewer for *Time* magazine listed the things that it takes to make a successful rock musical nowadays. It has to be dirty, anti-American and anti-religious. Under the last category, he said: It will no longer do to attack Protestantism, because Protestantism has become so etiolated as to have no potential for shock. You can't shock anybody by making fun of the dogma of the Bishop of Woolwich. Second, it can't be anti-Jewish, because the playgoing community on Broadway tends to be heavily Jewish and the Jewish people hold that certain things should be held in reverence. For instance, no jokes about Dachau or Buchenwald can be made in New York City. Therefore—attack the Catholics!

There's still a certain amount of awe in the Catholic religion, but the Catholics are a politically unorganized group in New York City and you can get away with ridiculing them. So, the writer gives the audience the iconoclast's thrill, but safely: They're not going to lose at the box office. Now—should society in general defer to the specially pious concerns of significant groups within that society? We extend certain protections against public affronts. For instance, the courts recognize a limit to what a storekeeper displays in his window. But what about his shelf? Or the stage? Is it right to have laws forbidding, let us say, a comedy based on what happened at Dachau? I know all the theoretical arguments against it, but there's a tug inside me that says that a society perhaps has to maintain the right to declare certain kinds of aggressions against the venerated beliefs of the people as taboo. This is a codification of grace, of mutual respect.

PLAYBOY: Would you admit that the tug inside you to ban certain kinds of irreverence may be irrational?

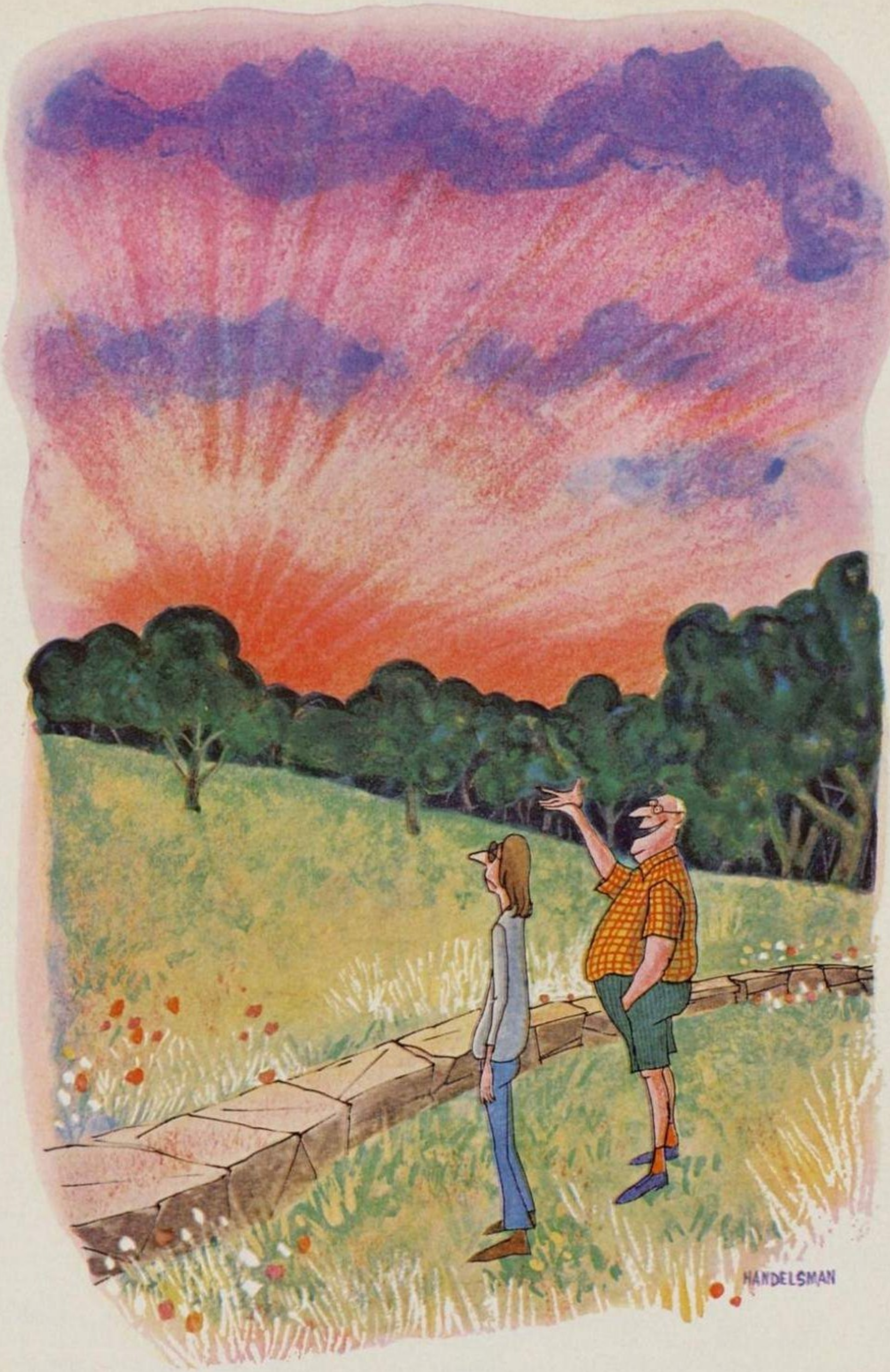
BUCKLEY: Yes—absolutely. But there is a place for irrationality. Many of the conventions of any society are irrational. The obsequies shown to the queen of England, for example, are utterly irrational. Oakeshott [Michael J., a British economist and political theorist] has made the demonstration once and for all that rationalism in politics—which may be defined as trying to make politics as the crow flies—is the kind of thing that leads almost always and almost necessarily to tyranny.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us a specific way in which society might suffer from a comedy—however tasteless and debased—about what happened at Dachau?

BUCKLEY: Yes. You can hurt a people's feelings. A people whose feelings are hurt withdraw from a sense of kinship, which is what makes societies cohere. Moreover, a society so calloused as not to care about the feelings of its members becomes practiced in the kind of indifference that makes people, and the society they live in, unlovely.

PLAYBOY: But if a taboo has to be maintained by force of law, is it still a taboo?

BUCKLEY: It depends. Some taboos are codified, some aren't. Some laws protect what isn't any longer taboo. I don't



"What a glorious sunset, eh? And you cómplain about the kind of world I've given you."

think Lenny Bruce would be arrested today in New York, the movement having been in the direction of permissiveness in the past four or five years. The question really is: Do we—or do I, I guess—approve of the trend, and I'm not so sure that I do. A society that abandons all of its taboos abandons reverence.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't society abandon something even more precious by attempting to preserve that reverence by force?

BUCKLEY: Again, it depends on the situation. If you have a society that is corporately bent on a prolonged debauch—determined to wage iconoclasm *à outrance*—then you've got a society that you can't effectively repress. I mean, you have a prohibitive situation. But if you have a society—as I think we still do—in which the overwhelming majority of the people respect their own and others' taboos, the kind of society that, say, forbids a lawyer from referring to Judge Marshall as a nigger, or Judge Hoffman as a kike, then it isn't much of an exertion on the commonweal to implement such laws as have been on the books in New York for generations. My final answer to your entire line of questioning is ambiguous: If you ask simply: Does the individual have the absolute right to do anything he wants in private contract with another party? then my answer is: No, only the presumptive right. A sadist cannot contract to kill a masochist. John Stuart Mill reduces the matter of sovereignty to the individual's right over himself. The state hasn't the right to protect you against yourself—which is a good argument against my being required to wear a helmet when I ride my Honda.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't Mill's dictum against the state's right to protect you from yourself also argue for the abolition of most drug laws?

BUCKLEY: Does it? Take heroin. Except under totally contrived circumstances, there is no such thing in America as a person inflicting purely on himself the consequences of taking heroin. If a man goes that route, he deserts his family—if he has any; he becomes an energumen who will ravish society to sustain the habit, and so on. Most important—as far as I'm concerned—he becomes a Typhoid Mary of sorts. I know that I'm using a metaphor, but I can defend the use of this particular metaphor. We know from serious studies that heroin users desire to communicate the habit to other people and often succeed in doing so.

PLAYBOY: Do the same arguments apply to marijuana?

BUCKLEY: Not really, or not so severely. The first and most obvious thing to say about marijuana is that the penalties for using it are preposterous. But I don't believe that it ought to be legalized yet; the consequences of its use have not been sufficiently studied. It seems crazy to me that in an age when the Federal Government has outlawed Tab, we are wondering whether we ought to legalize marijuana. Now, it may be that marijuana is harmless, although at this moment, I am persuaded by those scientists who emphatically believe the contrary. It may be that we would be much better off persuading everybody who now drinks whiskey to turn on instead. But we don't *know*. Some scientists say that middle-aged people who take marijuana risk special dangers because they have gradually concatenated their own quirks, latent and active, into a moderately well-adjusted human being. Psychotropic drugs can shatter that delicate equilibrium. Conversely, it is speculated that marijuana can keep some young people from making the individual adjustments they need to make. Some scientists claim that prolonged use of marijuana wages a kind of war against your psyche, the final results of which are not easy to trace.

PLAYBOY: Your attitude toward grass typifies your agreement with middle-class Americans on some issues. Are there any contemporary American middle-class values that you *dislike*?

BUCKLEY: You'd have to make me a list of them. If ostentatious forms of material achievement are a middle-class value, I don't much like them, though I wouldn't go out of my way to evangelize against them; we all have our little vanities. I am told that in certain big corporations, it is unseemly for the junior V. P. to own a more expensive car than the senior V. P., and absolutely *verboten* for his wife to have a mink coat if the wife of the senior V. P. doesn't have one. But who *does* approve of Babbittry? Not even Babbitt. He merely practiced Babbittry. The middle-class values I admire are husbandry, industry, loyalty, a sense of obligation to the community and a sense of obligation to one's patrimony. When Winston Churchill died, Rebecca West said that he was a great affront to the spirit of the modern age because he was manifestly superior. I said in introducing Clare Boothe Luce, when we did a TV program in Hawaii a few months ago, that her documented achievements are evidence of the lengths to which nature is prepared to go to demonstrate its addiction to inequality. It is a middle-class value to defer, without animosity, to people of superior learning, achievement, character, generosity.

PLAYBOY: To whom do you personally feel inferior?

BUCKLEY: Millions of people, living and dead.

PLAYBOY: Who among the living?

BUCKLEY: To begin with, anyone who knows more than I do, which would be millions of people—or hundreds of thousands of people—right there. I also feel inferior to people who regulate their lives more successfully than I do, to people who are less annoyed by some of the petty distractions that sometimes annoy me, to people who are more philosophical in their acceptance of things than I am.

PLAYBOY: Does that include Mrs. Luce?

BUCKLEY: She's much more talented than I am.

PLAYBOY: Norman Mailer?

BUCKLEY: Much more talented than I am. Now, there are certain things in which I am Mailer's manifest superior. Politically, he's an idiot. And he's botched his life and the lives of a lot more people than I've botched, I hope. On the other hand, he's a genius and I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Among other contemporaries, how about T. S. Eliot?

BUCKLEY: You're talking about birds of paradise now. Like Whittaker Chambers. I make it a point to seek the company—intellectually, above all—of people who are superior to me in any number of ways, and I very often succeed.

PLAYBOY: To whom do you feel superior—and why?

BUCKLEY: To those who believe that they are the very best judges of what is wrong and what is right.

PLAYBOY: Would you please name names?

BUCKLEY: Would you please expand your printing facilities?

PLAYBOY: As long as the discussion has become personal: To what extent has your feud with Gore Vidal developed into a publicity stunt from which you both have benefited?

BUCKLEY: In my case, at least, to no extent at all. I don't see how one profits *a*) from being publicly libeled or *b*) from walking into a situation in which one pays legal expenses several times the value of anything one earned after industrious work preparing for television programs or doing an article.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to add anything to what you said about him on the air during the 1968 Democratic Convention and in response to his subsequent comments about you?

BUCKLEY: No.

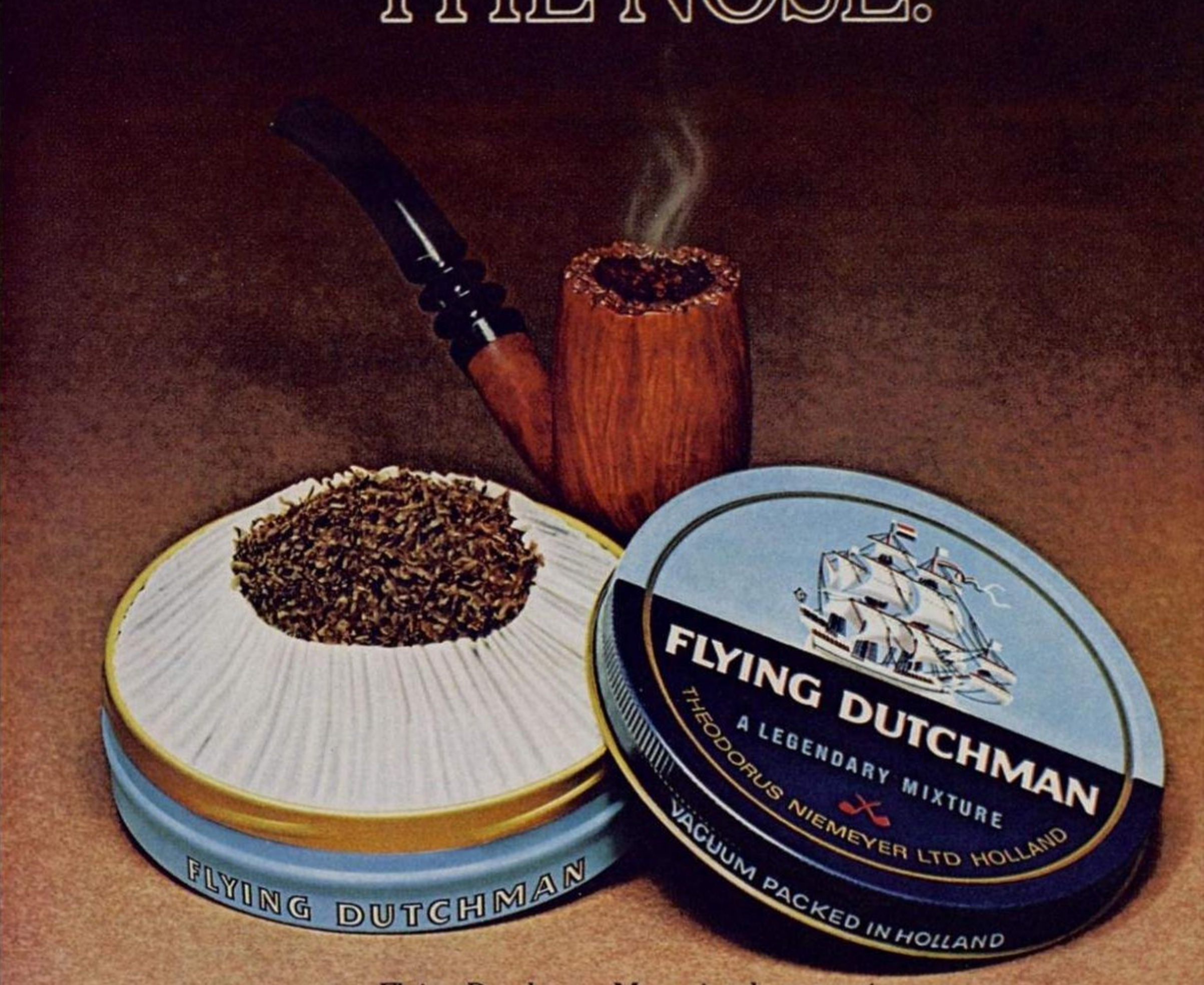
PLAYBOY: Why did you agree to appear with him in the first place?

BUCKLEY: I agreed to appear in November of 1967 because I thought I could use the forum effectively to advance the conservative viewpoint. I was informed in April that Vidal had been selected to appear opposite me. My alternatives then were to break my contract or to proceed. I decided not to break the contract, even though Vidal was the single person I had named as someone I would not gladly appear against.

PLAYBOY: You have been publicly active for 19 years. How successful do you think you have been in advancing the conservative viewpoint?

BUCKLEY: Very successful. That success has come primarily through the instrumentality of *National Review*, which has the second highest circulation of any journal of opinion in America. It repeatedly furnishes the reading public with the very best conservative thought, whether

LEAD WOMEN AROUND BY THE NOSE.

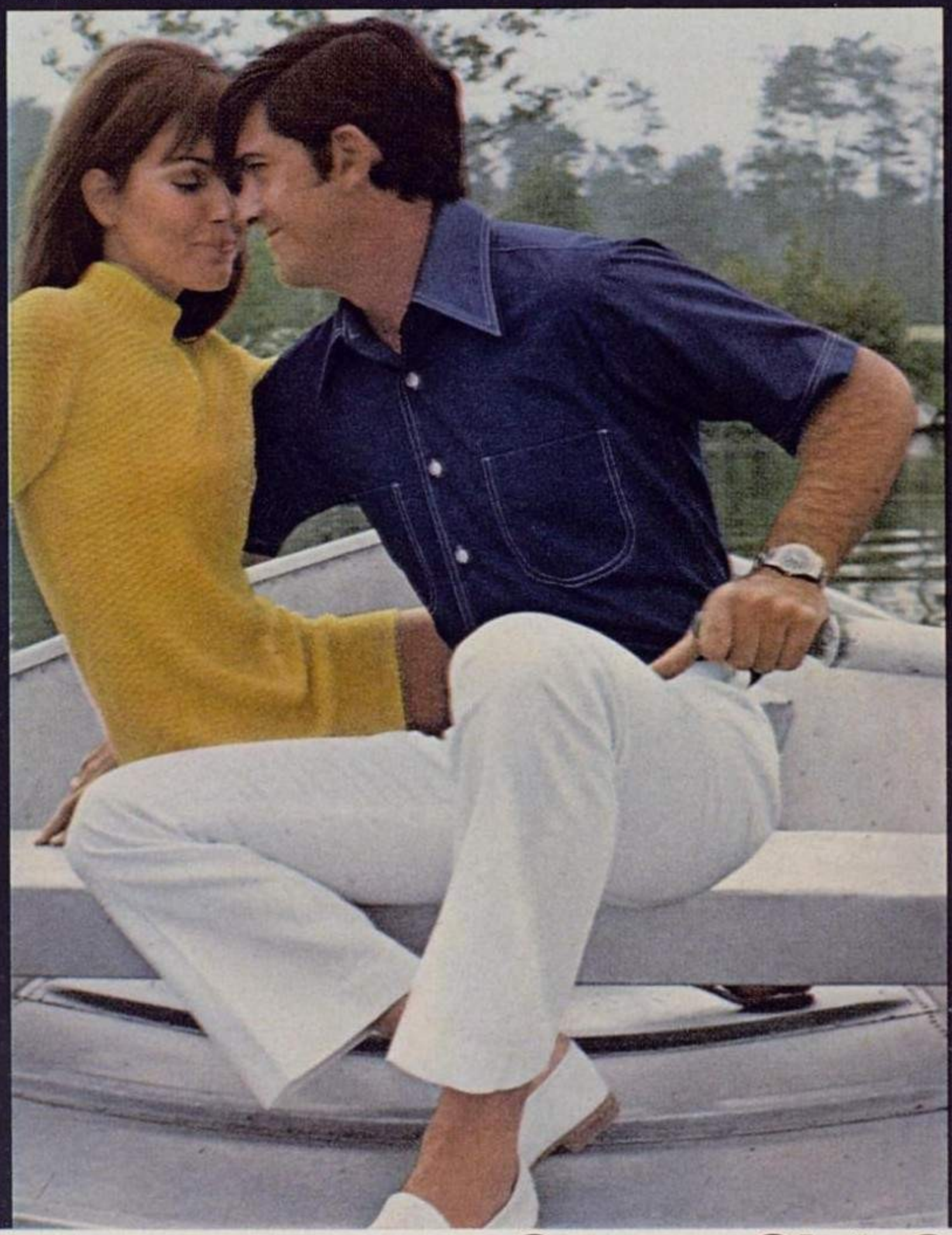


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philosophical, critical, strategic or social. It has had the effect of consolidating the conservative position, causing many people to abandon—however unhappily—their resolution to dismiss the conservative alternative as anachronistic, superficial and inhuman. I don't say that *National Review*, or something like it, would not have been created had I not been around; it most certainly would have—in fact, I only midwifed it—but I'd say that the mere fact of having done so renders me, as midwife, very successful.

PLAYBOY: Which failures of the conservative movement in the past 10 to 20 years most distress you? The fact that Goldwater didn't get more votes than he did?

BUCKLEY: No, not at all. It was a forgone conclusion that he wouldn't get many votes from the moment Kennedy was assassinated. It's very hard to explain to militant pro-Goldwaterites like myself that in a strange sort of way, an inscrutable sort of way, voting against Goldwater was explainable as a conservative thing to do. The reason I say that is because a nation convulsed in November of 1963 as ours was reached for balm, for conciliation, for peace, for tranquillity, for order. To have had three Presidents over a period of 14 months would have been dislocative beyond the appetite of many conservatives. Now, this doesn't mean that I side with those conservatives who voted against him—I happen to be more adventurous than some conservatives—but I can respect their point of view. In any case, that was not by any means my idea of the great disappointment of the Sixties. That was the failure, on the whole, to verbalize more broadly, more convincingly, the conservative view of things. The conservative critique has been very well made, but it hasn't got through with sufficient force to the opinion makers. It is still hard as hell to find a young conservative with writing talent. That distresses me deeply. Most of the people who write the really finished essays in the college newspapers are liberals, New Leftists. I don't know exactly why and I'm vexed by it, but there were only a dozen—or fewer—conservatives in the Sixties who have become writers of some achievement.

PLAYBOY: Personally, what do you expect to do during the next five years? Do you plan any more political candidacies?

BUCKLEY: There was a lot of pressure on me to run against Goodell. By the way—I haven't told this before to anybody, but what the hell—I had decided back in 1967 to run against Bobby Kennedy in 1970. I reasoned that Johnson would be re-elected and that Bobby would go for President in 1972. He was, in 1967—as, indeed, later—the symbol of left opposition to Johnson. I resolved to challenge his politics in the Senatorial race. When he died, I abandoned any idea of running for Senator in 1970. Along came Goodell—and the pressures on me to challenge him. The principal moral allure was that it was something I deeply wanted *not* to do. Quite apart from the sort of inertial disadvantages of running against Goodell, and the gruesome prospect of campaigning, I had to face the fact that I would automatically be stripped of those forums to which I had gained access. No more thoughtful television programs, no more columns—because it has now been more or less agreed among American editors that they won't carry a column written by a practicing politician. I think of Galbraith's adage: The Senate is a good place to be if you have no other forum. If I were Senator from New York, it isn't at all clear to me that I'd have more influence than I have today, with my various outlets.

PLAYBOY: Did running in the 1965 mayoral race in New York strip you of those forums?

BUCKLEY: Yes and no. In the first place, it was a local contest and I never wrote about it in my columns. The television series was postponed precisely on account of my running. Another thing: It was sometime after 1965 that many newspaper editors reached their decision to embargo writer-politicians. They faced the problem directly when Senator Goldwater, a columnist, ran for President, lost, resumed his column and ran for Senator in 1968.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel about running for a seat in the House?

BUCKLEY: God, no. Not unless I can have all the seats simultaneously.

PLAYBOY: If there were a conservative Administration in this country—say, if Ronald Reagan became President—would you be tempted to accept a high post in the Administration?

BUCKLEY: No. In the first place, I don't like it much. In the second place——

PLAYBOY: Don't like what much—Washington?

BUCKLEY: That's right.

PLAYBOY: Cabinet meetings?

BUCKLEY: I don't much like any kind of meetings. Besides, I have no reason for supposing that I'm a skillful administrator; I may be or I may very well not be. But the kind of thing that I am practiced in requires considerable freedom of expression, and freedom of expression is obviously something you need to be very continent about when the point of the thing is to advance the collective endeavor.

PLAYBOY: With or without your own involvement in an official capacity, are you optimistic about the conservative movement in America?

BUCKLEY: I am, mildly. There has been some encouraging de-ideologization of politics in the past 20 years. When I went to college, Henry Wallace was still able to grip a lot of people with hopped-up visions like the nationalization of the steel industry. We've watched the experience of England since then and studied nationalized industries elsewhere, and *no* one will go to that parade anymore, no one except the types who squat in the fever swamps of ideology. The collapse of the poverty program as a Federal enterprise strikes me as significant. It strikes me as significant, too, that Patrick Moynihan got up at an A.D.A. meeting a year or so ago and said, Let's face it, gang, conservatives know something intuitively that it takes us liberals years of intellectualizing to come up with—namely, that the Federal Government can't do everything it wants to do. Peter Drucker, who is certainly not considered a conservative fanatic, says now that the only things the Government has proved it can really do competently are wage war and inflate the currency.

We've seen what's-his-name, that nice guy Kennedy sent down to South America to screw things up—Richard Goodwin—predict in *Commentary* that the great struggle of the Seventies will be over the limits of state power. Which is exactly what conservatives wanted to fight about in the Thirties. We've seen Arthur Schlesinger call a couple of dozen Kennedy types into his apartment for a daylong "secret" seminar—nobody was supposed to know about it, but *I* knew about it—in which they reconsidered their enthusiasm for executive power, because executive power, it turns out, can be administered by the likes of Lyndon Johnson! These are pretty encouraging indices. They suggest to me that there is a wide concern over the survival of the individual in the machine age and over the limits of Federal and executive power. They may, in turn, stimulate a curiosity about the ontological role of the state. That is conservative territory, but admittance is free.

PLAYBOY: Even if you don't intend to run for office again, do you plan to keep writing?

BUCKLEY: Yes. We've kept an alternative landing field in operation, you see. When the liberals fly in, thirsty, out of gas, they'll find it in full working order—radar OK, bar open, Coca-Cola and coffee on the house. We know it's necessary to assimilate the experience of the modern age. Cardinal Newman said in a related contest—between the logical positivists and the conservatives—that one of our great challenges is constantly to incorporate new experience, so as not to leave ourselves with a piece of brittle lace, the touching of which would cause it to crumble.

PLAYBOY: Don't most dogmas, theological as well as ideological, crumble sooner or later?

BUCKLEY: Most, but not all.

PLAYBOY: How can you be so sure?

BUCKLEY: I know that my Redeemer liveth.

ZOYA

(continued from page 114)

Bar, Foreign Currency Only" on the second floor. They had decided against the elevator without discussing it. Although it was a few minutes before all curtains went up, they found a cab to the theater at once. It was a short bumpy ride. Her heels on the cobblestones were rapid, conjugal. Her hand fluttered against his a moment, leaving a blur of invisible signals.

Inside, the overflow crowd in its satins, medals and ribbons was smiling and intertalking—that was how Jim felt it—intertalking, intermixing with itself. He paid attention to the graspings, floatings, flutterings of the crowd, because he didn't understand the language. A line of desperate applicants at the ticket office was winding past a lady who was saying, judging by her face, no, no tickets for tonight. *"Nyet!"*—and she slammed down the window to her little proletarian cage. And then she peered out at Zoya and Jim as if she knew them or someone standing just behind them.

There were thousands of new plush seats in the theater. Each seat had a little desklike slab that could be pushed up. "For critics?" Jim asked his companion.

"For delegates," she said. "Also meetings here."

Replete, triumphant, exhausted, insatiable, he had this conversation with the lady by his side. Then her husband appeared in a spotlight. A sea swell of applause swept toward the man with upraised hands, then with bowed head. The lady was applauding. Jim Mackton paused a moment, then began beating his hands together while his knee lay against hers. She did not seem to notice. He stared. She felt his eye on her, made a quick smiling glance, pulled her knee away, went on clapping.

The hand was up at the harpsichord, commanding, like a five-fingered phallus risen from the delicate curve of the instrument. The hand struck the air down. Music commenced.

At last the intermission came; applause, bows, applause. Now they would go eat caviar on little pieces of bread, crowding among the other eaters, eating delicious little things and taking vodka and coffee. "You like?" Zoya asked.

"I like. But now excuse me."

Ahh, he thought, in the confraternity of a tiled men's room. This was like home again. The room was large, pink and white, and all in tile, and when you pulled the flush on the toilet of the new Kremlin Theater for Realistic Idealism, the pipes stuttered with a ghostly noise in the effortless liquid language of good American plumbing. None of that mute and gurgle and trickle of the French or the silent airless swallowing of Germany. No, no, a hearty mass hiccup of water, copper, pumps and steel.

More Baroque music ahead. Mackton dried his hands on the community towel. A small fat man with a portfolio stood watching distastefully, as if Jim's color might come off on the towel. None did.

Zoya smiling at him in the crowd with a red Komsomol ribbon pinned to her blouse. White blouse with ruffles at the buttons and that mysterious person inside.

She was smiling, smiling, smiling as he approached her, but he had an odd sense that she was smiling over his shoulder. She was not meeting his eyes. She was smiling like an unskilled dancer, looking elsewhere. He paused a moment. She did not move toward him. She was talking to someone, a man cut square, with a large mop of blond hair and a red neck, and she was looking past the man and smiling at a point just to the right of Jim's ear. And on that point, written in very small letters, visible only to him, were words he could suddenly read quite clearly: WATCH OUT. VERY BAD TROUBLE.

• • •

They sat together through the concert. Afterward, amid the din of applause, he said to her, frozen-faced, "I'm rather tired. Should I go backstage with you?"

"If you are rather tired," she said, equally stiff, "then perhaps you should return to your hotel and have a rest." Who was watching them? "I think that is always a considerate plan."

"Yes, I'll do that."

"Yes, I think you should."

He burrowed through the dense evening crowd on the sidewalk near the theater, then across a cobblestoned stretch of Red Square toward the entrance of the National Hotel.

Trouble? He would meet the trouble when it met him. But he could not sleep.

He turned away from the hotel to take a walk in the dim, nearly arctic gray midnight of summer in Moscow. Across the square stood the onion domes of St. Basil's and, nearby, the long low stone tomb of Lenin and Stalin from which Stalin had been quietly removed. During the day, lines of tourists—two lines, one for ordinary tourists and one for preferred guests of the state—waited to file past the purplish preserved body. Lenin's raiment sloped down to the feet without a rise—no toes, it seemed—horrid, horrible—Jim shivered. The guards, as featureless as toy soldiers at this distance, watching over a few silent watchers just standing in front of the building. Jim Mackton headed across the wide empty square.

Suddenly, a man was tugging at his elbow. "Psst! I am African!"

It was a young black man, hurrying along, pulling at his sleeve. "Student at Patrice Lumumba People's Friendship University! Please do not walk so fast, sir."

Mackton paused. He didn't recognize this one. "What do you want?"

"I am your brother. Your soul brother, I believe. I can get you two, three rubles to the dollar——"

"No, I'm not in business."

"Four."

"No."

Mackton was moving along rapidly, not running but concentrating on stride.

"Sir! Sir!" the boy hissed in a despairing whisper. "A *brother!* I want to get out of here. Perhaps you have a transistor you can sell me?"

"No, please, leave me alone."

"A ballpoint?"

Mackton paused, ready to give him a pen. But that, too, would be evidence. "No," he said and hurried on.

From out of the darkness came a last whispered plea: "Chewing gum?"

And then, at the receding sound of heels, a despairing laugh and cackle, "*Soul* brother?"

Mackton hurried toward the tomb of Lenin, as if to ask it: *Why?* Why was he afraid to make love with the woman he loved? Why was he afraid of a gesture of solidarity toward a poor student, a boy of a persecuted and unhappy race, which happened also to be his own race? Why was he afflicted with the horror of the vacuum at this hour and unable to accept anything that might relieve it, the solidarity of friendship and love, of ease and strolling, of just drifting on the moment? Why, Mr. Toeless?

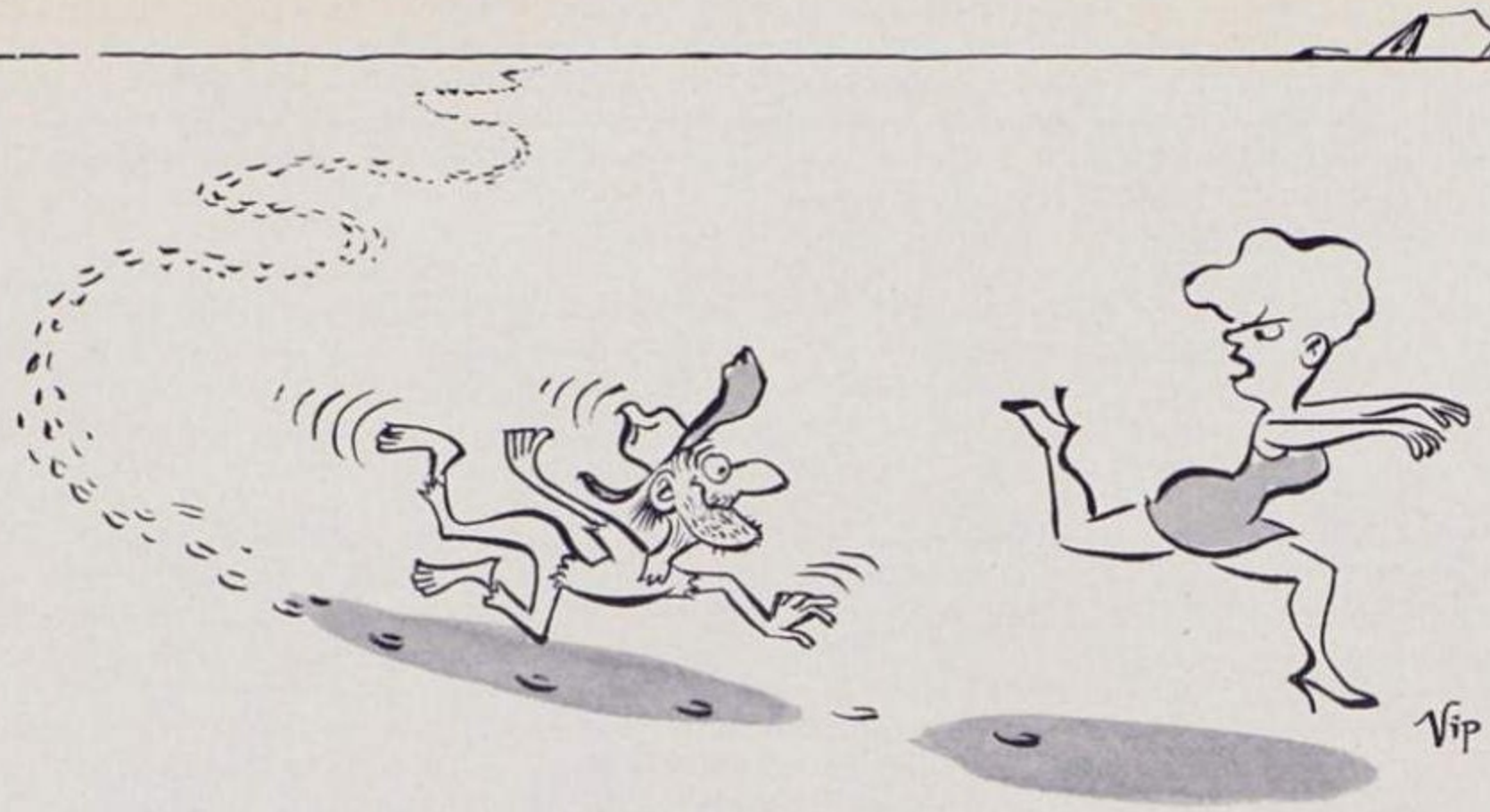
At the tomb, there were a few shabby teenagers with silenced accordion peacefully folded and a guitar, also silent, and their voices—stilled. Nice kids, ripe and sullen. Jim's shoelace was untied and he started to put his foot on the railing to tie it. One of the two guards at the tomb pointed his rifle at him. Mackton laughed. The guard made a step toward him. Mackton shrugged and moved off clumsily, his shoe ill fitted to his foot. Then he bent, grunted and tied his shoe without desecrating the railing.

Well, it would be the same in Washington, he thought. You wouldn't want to put your foot on the Lincoln Memorial. He turned and looked back at the tomb. The door was ajar and two soldiers stood guard over the crack of blackness. To make sure Lenin didn't come strolling out? To make sure Jim Mackton didn't walk in to untie his shoelace?

He wondered now, at last sleepy, having had his walk, not having found who was following him and watching him: He wondered if there was the silence of a home and family between Zoya and her husband when they took a meal together. That domestic quiet and peace. Or what there was between them.

Up the four flights of stairs to bed. Key, please. The concierge handed it to him without looking at him. But she saw everything she needed to see: two feet, the black American.

When he reached his room, the telephone, which ordinarily did not work,



"I don't think you're dying of thirst at all, you dirty old man!"

was ringing. When he picked it up, there was no one. It was out of order again. He began to shiver and he knew that he could not sleep now.

• • •

In the dining room of the National Hotel sat clusters of the woebegone hungry, awaiting the pleasure of waitresses and cooks. It was between official breakfasttime and official lunchtime. A few among the widely spaced, heavily linened tables had obtained tea, cucumbers and bread; but the others, prisoners of starvation, sat mournfully with elbows on tables. At a serving ledge, a cluster of waitresses leaned against each other, apparently deaf to the cries of "*Devushka! Pazhalusta!*" Among the noneaters sat Jim Mackton.

Then two of the waitresses seemed to come unthawed. One came by with eggs on a tray. For someone else. Steaming cabbage soup with sleek eyes of fat floating on the surface. For someone else.

And then, for Jim Mackton, a woman hurrying past the clusters of waitresses, officials, malnourished tourists, toward the offices at the far end of the hall. This was not the straight way to those offices. As Zoya slipped by, her lips almost moved and she almost said, "In the subway entrance. One hour from now."

And she was gone.

Mackton looked at his watch and calmly noted the time. In one hour, he would be in the subway entrance downstairs at the corner of Gorki Street and Red Square. In 20 minutes, he expected a messenger from his office. He had done a story on the reaction to the recent traveling exhibition of American architecture. This was the sort of thing that gave Soviet citizens a real idea of how Americans lived; Jim had noticed that they picked up their little Stars-and-Stripes lapel flags and wore them as they left the exhibition hall.

The messenger came to his table. Mackton gave instructions about airmailing it. He liked writing these unspectacular service articles. They were more important than another gas bubble from a foreign minister. He was keeping track of things. He was also watching the flow of toys to GUM, the state department store, and the flavor of the beer sold in the *Stolovaya*, the neighborhood cafeterias, and glacial changes of mood among the visiting East Germans, Hungarians, Albanians and the few remaining Chinese. Like a Mississippi Negro learning to deal with the friendly Kluxer at the gas station, he read the subtle shifts from affability to murder on the faces of men who had endeavored to kill all local expressions. His ancestry prepared him for the job.

The messenger took the envelope and touched his little cap, which for some reason said MERCURY on it. A joke of Jim's predecessor. The messenger left, no wings on his feet.

He strolled down the wide stairway into the lobby and past the Intourist office, where groups of visitors awaited their guides, translators, chits, tickets, cars, instructions. He had an odd sense of being blacker than usual—stares and elbows nudging at the progress of the tall, glum, limber young man in a blue Dacron-and-cotton summer suit of the Ivy cut of five years ago, heading out toward Gorki Street. He felt like more of a spade this morning.

He blinked and gazed out over the hurrying Moscow crowd—hurrying to work, to shops, to appointments, and a few students hurrying around the corner to the branch of the university founded by Lomonosov, the peasant scientist who came to Moscow by foot in 1730 and. . . . But Jim ducked into the underpass that led to the subway.

Zoya was there.

She saw him and started walking. He followed.

When she got on a train, he squeezed into the same car. She seemed not to see him. When she got off, he got off. It was in a neighborhood he did not know. She walked rapidly. He kept his distance. Suddenly, she turned onto an unpaved street with rutted dried mud like a map of the moon. Just a few steps from the corner stood an izba, that medieval Russian house, a log hut built a little like a squat tepee, with a peaked roof out of which a smoky fire curled.

Zoya had disappeared. Mackton looked into the izba and, suddenly, something seized him about the neck, pulled him in, and a furious laughing creature was squeezing and pummeling him, shrieking with laughter. She was weeping and laughing. She was hysterical. He stroked and calmed the hot child's body. She felt feverish. "No, no, I'm not ill, I'm, I'm, I'm——"

"What?"

"I'm glad you are here. I was frightened. I was frightened to lose you! I'm glad."

He kissed her in a long unbroken line from the corner of her eye across her body, down, down and down her leg until his lips clasped her ankle.

"Let me wet your lips," she said. She kissed and kissed him and followed his path, but adventurously, finding her own route. They followed their own roads. They shared the separate journeys.

Afterward, he lay looking up at the log ceiling with his eyes open, as if

trying to remember something. He was memorizing the striations of pine logs. He was imprinting this moment forever. He was trying to recall something else, the world, the present and the future which must be put in the old order once more, even after love, after the unalterable change.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you *love* me?"

She smiled with heartbreaking tenderness. She was shaking her head no. She said: "Maybe. I wish I could. *Yes.*"

They slept enlaced together. When he awoke, she was staring at him. She touched his mouth and then pressed the finger to her lips. Then she rested her hand on his shoulder as if she loved him.

Her gold-flecked green eyes, the lashes blinking. Smiling. Pity.

At that moment, as he awakened in response to her shifting weight, he heard first a sound and then it happened. Or perhaps first it happened and then there was the sound. At the window, in the dim half-light of the perpetual dusk of this place, a flashbulb exploded. Surely they could have taken the photograph with sensitive film and without the flashbulb. But perhaps it was just their way to let him know and then to let him think about it.

• • •

Waiting, he lay in bed in his fourth-floor room at the National Hotel, listening to the trucks hosing down the stones of Manezhnaya square outside his window. On the transistor he heard the chimes of the sweet little tune, *Moscow Nights*, he thought it was, with which Moscow Radio marked the time changes. There were trucks loaded with water on the square, and then they were followed by the heavy-ankled, waterlogged old women hunched over their birch brooms, sweeping and sweeping in circles. Without getting up to go to his balcony, very tired but wide awake, he could see those women—the kerchiefed *babas*, stupefied by deprivation, of the generation which had lost its fathers, brothers and lovers in the War. Twenty million of them.

But it was the middle of the night and he could not sleep and his blood pressure was down and his temperature depressed and his pulse fluttering and he knew they would come for him before dawn. Twenty million. But what had he done? He had fallen in love with the most beautiful woman in Moscow. Married, yes. Twenty million, yes. He was not only frightened; he felt guilty. This selfish conscience would not have risen up in the night if he had not been frightened.

Once he heard a siren and stiffened. But they would come to him silently, smoothly, sleekly. It was only a motorcycle accident, a heart attack, a doctor speeding someplace.

He was almost asleep, or at least dulled, unconscious, his muscles sore with the waiting, when he heard a discreet knock. At last. He put on his robe and went to open his door. There was a little Chinese in nylon shorts, pointing, pointing, pointing around the corner into his room.

"What do you want!" Jim tried this in every language he could think of.

The Chinese kept on pointing. He was naked except for the transparent nylon shorts. Suddenly, Jim began to laugh. He wanted to use the toilet, he didn't have one in his own room, and he couldn't find the one down the hall. Mackton welcomed him with a low, bowing gesture. The Chinese smiled. He hurried in and courteously left the bathroom door ajar, so that Jim could see what he was doing—not gobbling his vitamin pills, using his soap or poking through his laundry. He was having a few difficulties, he grunted, but occasionally he would lean his head through and make a modest little grin of gratitude and apology. Here we are, Jim thought, the triangular suspicious powers: the Soviet Union foreboding, America bewildered and China constipated.

We don't trade with China, he thought, but we let her relieve herself under our auspices.

I still have the best facilities at the best hotel in Moscow. Not the suite used by General De Gaulle, but the second or third best, maybe. The fourth best.

The poor Chinese engineer—mechanic? textile salesman? bookkeeper?—was still imprisoned in his digestive tract when three plainclothesmen came through the open door, surprised to find it open and a lamp lit.

"Come with us," one of them said. They paused, as if considering whether to drag him, until Mackton began to dress. But they waited. They allowed him to dress.

They showed no particular astonishment at the Chinese using the toilet, and they ordered him along. Meekly, though he had not finished, he obeyed their order. He did not seem to be surprised by this. Barefooted, in his nylon shorts, he padded down the deserted hallway a half step behind Mackton and two cops. The dozing concierge with her open drawer of keys barely blinked as they passed. The third cop trailed behind. Nothing surprised the old lady. But she should still react somehow.

What kind of unholy alliance was this between black American (brown) and Red Chinese (yellow)? she ought to be wondering.

They were put in separate cars. The naked Chinese, shivering in the predawn chill, showed no more emotion than if he were being sent off to be shot. Mackton never saw him again.

They drove, but not very far. The police said nothing. They sat comfortably slumped in their seats, at ease with themselves. They had the bad gray color of men who slept through the day.

They drove through a guarded porte-cochere. It must have been a pre-Revolutionary house. There was a rambling garden of stunted, branchless trees and a dry fountain with a disconsolate, beached Poseidon with a broken fork. Jim felt a little easier: not a prison. The door came open for him. He was escorted up a handsome wooden stairway. Paneling, mahogany, railings. They put him in an anteroom with hangings on the wall and a table with an unused samovar and a tea service covered with a linen cloth.

And then they let him sit. An hour. More than an hour. He was tired and cold. Dawn had come. When he tried to open a door, he found a man with a pistol guarding it. Who just said, "*Nyet, nyet,*" and shut the door gently in his face. "*Postoyte,*" or something like that. It must have meant: "Wait."

Then why did they come to get him so early, if they were waiting till regular working hours anyway?

The man at the door opened it and stared at Jim. He wore black shoes with lascivious, bellylike humps at the toes. He was sipping a glass of steaming tea. When Jim caught his eye, he slowly closed the door.

A ray of sunlight came through a high curtained window. Sunrise. He stretched; he tried to ease his back. He was thirsty. He went to see if there was any cold tea in a cup near the samovar. There were tea stains, the cup had not been washed, but it was dry, evaporated.

It seemed that he was figuring how long before inquiries might be made by the American embassy—too long. He waited. And then, despite the thickening rays of sunlight, he was asleep, swaying slightly, as if in an all-night coach car heading through Washington, Virginia and down along Route 1 toward Augusta, Georgia, where he had been born. The porter was shaking him gently and saying, "Boy. Hey, boy. . . ."

"What? what? Oh."

A sallow young man in high boots but civilian clothes led him into the next room. Jim tried to force himself awake and frightened. He was dimmed out and sleepy, and when he felt the young man's guiding hand on his arm, he knew that the tea had been drugged. And then a convulsive urge to smile: He had taken no tea. It was a dream of tea. He was worn out by Zoya and fear and waiting and a night without sleep.

A short thick man rose politely to greet him. His crop of streaked blond hair was combed high and fluffy to give him an extra half inch of height. He had a fine healthy smile.

"So sorry to keep you waiting it was a mistake our appointment for nine o'clock sit down," he said. Evidently, he

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"I meant it was stuck and I wanted it up, not stuck and I wanted it down."

had learned excellent English but had forgotten about the punctuation. "OK?" he asked.

"All right," Mackton said. Keep light on the feet, he thought. Don't get caught.

"You are a Black Muslim like so many American Negroes reactionary religious orientation?"

"No," said Jim.

"Then why Muslim literature in your baggage?"

"I'm interested. I read many things. I read Stalin, Marx and Lenin, too. Do you worry about what all foreigners read?"

"This is the tourist office we are only asking."

"This is," Jim said very deliberately, trying to slow him down, "the police office. You are a cop."

The man looked puzzled.

"Policeman. You work for the KGB."

A look of hilarity took the man's face. "Please we no longer use those initials we have changed the words."

"All right," said Jim. "You can put me straight. What's bothering you and what do you want?"

The man sighed. "All right I will be short with you." He stood up and, sure enough, he was short with Jim. He was barely five feet, six, hair and all.

"We believe you are exchanging money illegally. We believe you are importing nationalistic literature and infecting our African students where in the Soviet Union we are all brothers. You have no right to cause dissension only dissenters are not brothers in the Soviet Union. You dissent our happy African students from formerly colonial independent nations. Drip your bourgeois poison in the U. S. of A. what about your suffering comrade darkies in the South?"

"Hold your horses," said Mackton. "No money exchange. We call ourselves black, comrade. Haven't you heard of that? And any *literature* I brought in was for my own use and education. I am a journalist. I read professionally. I meet people professionally. All this is nonsense, colonel."

"Nonsense that you are a profiteer a bourgeois dissenter a smuggler?"

"Yes, *polkovnik*," said Mackton.

"You know *polkovnik* means colonel? You speak more Russian than you say. But I am not *polkovnik* I am civilian officer in tourist bureau."

"Get to the point, officer."

"You also debauch our Soviet womanhood." And now the man suddenly found periods and full stops. He was catching up with the ones he had omitted earlier. "She. Works. For. Us. We. Have. Pictures." He shrugged a moment, as if sharing with Jim his troubles with women. Women were like that—between men, yes? "It would have been more intelligent to find one of your own, if you wished to make——" He paused for the word and looked at the girl secretary seated at the baize table, writing in shorthand in a tablet.

"Sex, dirt, jigajig, fornication, copulation, abomination," she supplied tonelessly.

"*All those!*" the man shouted.

Jim, studying Russian, had learned the word *toska*, which means nostalgia, loneliness, longing for you know not what, homesickness, perhaps, the horror of the vacuum. But this was a man who could not understand the word in any language, nor what Jim sought in Zoya, nor what he had found despite everything. Was she employed to entrap him for some idea they had? No. No. He would not believe it. He had thought about it already—that she was deceiving her husband, her husband looked into her eyes and saw the meaning of his life and it was a lie, just as Jim had looked into her eyes so recently and saw—what? The meaning of his life. A remedy to the horror of the vacuum, to *toska*.

"I had no other ideas," Jim said.

He was squinting. The man's pink face lay in shadow. The sun now full through the window was falling exactly on Jim's eyes. Ah, the room had been laid out that way. A disadvantage in bending and squinting against the white sunlight. Was that all the advantage he needed? It was the middle of a workday morning and the light was shining hard in Jim Mackton's eyes.

"I am only a private individual, a journalist," said Jim. "What are you plaguing me for?"

"Plague?" asked the man of his secretary.

"Pestilence, epidemic disease, highly contagious illnesses carried by rodents, small insects, microbes," she said.

"Ah insults," he replied. "And could not you wait several months until your leave to use a hired woman in Paris or elsewhere?"

The girl's pencil was mounted in air like a bug killer, waiting to spear flea or bubonic-carrying word. "I was. . . . It was . . . happened," he said.

The man looked pleased. Now things were going the right way. He enjoyed the subject's confusion. "'I was it was happened,'" he repeated to the secretary. "We know how to understand that, sir." He looked at him with great joy. "'I was it was happened' signifies you debauching Soviet womanhood and we prove it disgusting revolting filthy pictures of African and Russian marching together jigajig brotherhood humanity——" He paused for breath and for syntax. He was breathing hard. "All. Right. Now. I. Tell. You."

He rattled off the Mackton dossier, reading from a folder open on the green-baize cloth of the table. Jim Mackton sat blinking and amazed. His eyes hurt. He thought of the American tourists and scholars mysteriously detained, of the student who committed suicide on his way to Siberia, of the international protests followed by international silence.

Motes of dust floated in the sunlight. The secretary's shorthand pencil flew on her tablet. Jim thought of a child arguing his innocence in a dream. They were all toy figures in a child's dream, proving the virtue of some invisible dreamer.

But then his interrogator stepped out of the dream, with his swollen blond face, his wide pants, his thick, wavy blond hair, the unreliable reds of his eyes. "And," he said. "Without. Doubt." He was ready to speak of Zoya. They had pictures. If you make trouble about Lumumba students, he was saying, we will show how you debauch our women —in what perverse, unhistorical, bourgeois fashion—you, an African corrupted in bourgeois America.

Time stopped, soundless and motionless. The blond face was a portrait, caught in an ugly mood. The pencil was silent. Even the dust motes hung arrested in the air. Jim felt the chill of remote prison camps and iron circling his wrists. After a long, long time, the voice started up again, "And now we show Soviet mercy and contempt for one who. . . ."

• • •

They took Jim under guard to Cheremetyevo airport. Hopelessly, he scanned the faces of the women in the waiting room. He was still staring back when they put him aboard the Aeroflot Ilyushin. From Paris, then, by train to Le Havre, and then the liner that would take him on leave to the States. The tourist season was over. A few passengers walked round and round the decks, seeking an exit from melancholia. Others quickly found the exit, drunk and singing at the bar, or squirming against each other in their cabins, or telling the stories of their lives to new victims in wind-shielded, salt-rinsed places. Jim was up at the brief, reddened dawns, before the North Atlantic took control of the day.

A few months later, a traveler in Paris mailed a letter to Mackton at his new post in the Ottawa bureau. All it contained was a print of Medlinkov's snapshot at the door of the *dacha* in Peredelkino. It was a photograph, of sun, dappled air, lovers with a summer space between them that shivered with yearning. She had folded and folded and torn away the side of the picture which included her husband.

A faceless traveler had searched through his magazine's masthead in Paris and found his name; this cry had come in the mail. He would never know if Zoya had been compelled to be the snare with which they caught him. He hoped that nothing would give him the answer all the rest of his life.

Henceforward, Jim would learn to live with a roll of dead film around his heart.

LOVE LETTERS *(continued from page 130)*

moving. He was lucky Betty was such a great girl, a loyal girl. How disastrous, if he, in his vulgar voyeur disguise, could manage to steal his own wife. Horrible! But hardly impossible. How touchingly lonely and vulnerable were these women of suburbia. How they bloomed beneath even the saddest, cheapest ray of admiration.

That was what hurt him, the way Betty had changed when she knew someone cared and was watching. But he liked the change, had responded to it—they had been brought closer together. If he could just get rid of this goddamn spurious rival, he'd give her plenty of attention himself. Of course, he could have Dick Dropout run away and join the Army out of frustrated love. A tempting note to write. But that left everything unfinished, even gave the unseen admirer a sort of mysterious glamor beside the workaday husband. He imagined Betty starting to flirt with Servicemen and an absurd jealousy tore him.

Walking the morning away through the green pathways of the park, thinking in endless circles, Mort was hardly aware of the sunny day and warm breezes around him. He was startled to be accosted by a bleary-eyed young hulk, a flower child badly gone to seed, who made no bones about wanting a quarter toward a bottle of wine. Looking at the lumpy features, the sparse stubble and matted hair, Mort had the complete idea in a single flash.

"I'll give you five dollars," he said, "just to come with me and deliver a note."

The young wino stared, suspicious and disbelieving.

"You won't say a word to her," said Mort, "just hand her the note and let her look at you a minute. Then get out of there. OK?"

The hulk made a face. "You oldies are all sex freaks. Deliver your own note, pops, I ain't gettin' busted as no *pervert*." He turned and shambled off into the foliage.

Mort laughed aloud when he realized what the stupid kid must have thought. But it didn't matter, he could find somebody else like that, the city was full of failed hippies. He could destroy his wife's suitor by giving her a single look.

But wait.

Oh, God, what a terrible idea. And yet he was going to have to do it, he knew that instantly. It was a challenge he couldn't decline. For it proved nothing if Betty reacted with revulsion to find her admirer an ugly young lout. He could win her back that way, but it was no real victory, it did nothing to restore his confidence in his ability to hold her. His jealousy would still torment him.

On the beach that afternoon, he found the perfect candidate, a sun-bronzed young athlete with good features and a go-to-hell grin. It took a certain amount of explaining, most of it lies, but Mort got the kid to agree by paying him ten dollars in advance and letting the kid use his own car, so he could be sure of leaving the scene as soon as the note was delivered. Inside the sealed envelope, it said:

DEAR BETTY,

NOW THAT YOU SEEN WHAT I LOOK LIKE MAYBE YOULL LET ME VISIT YOU WILE YOURE HUSBEND IS AT WORK. LEAVE A NOTE IN YOURE MAILBOX TONITE SAYING WHAT DAY AND TIME.

JIM LOVELL

From two blocks up on Seaview Terrace, Mort watched his own front door through binoculars, holding his breath while the youth fidgeted on the front step, sunlight gleaming from his sun-bleached hair. Then the door opened and Betty appeared. The boy gave her a big smile, handed her the envelope, turned and trotted to his open-top sports car at the curb. Betty was still staring at him from the porch as he roared off.

She was unnaturally silent through dinner that night, seeming not to notice that Mort was hardly able to eat any of the salmon steak, one of his favorite dishes. She sat through the evening gazing at the prattling TV set, not laughing at any of the comedy lines.

At ten o'clock, Mort complained of a headache—very real—and went off to bed, where he lay in a rigid sweat until Betty came in quietly half an hour later. He waited what seemed a very long time, until her regular breathing guaranteed sleep, then he crept out of bed and through the dark house to the front door. Standing barefoot on the cold front step, heart pounding, he reached into the mailbox. He thought he would faint when his hand closed over the folded sheet of paper. Trembling, he opened it and held it up, squinting to see in the faint glow of the street light:

STOP BOTHERING ME. IF YOU WRITE AGAIN, I WILL CALL THE POLICE.

Mort exhaled with a quivering sigh, weak with relief. He went to the kitchen, drank a glass of milk that tasted wonderful, then returned to bed. It was all over. His wife was his alone. Before he could gloat over the fact, he fell into a deep angelic sleep.

On Saturday morning, after Mort had driven off to do some shopping, Betty checked the mailbox. Her note was gone. Pensively, she went to the bedroom, opened her lingerie drawer and took out the envelope she had received the day before. In it were two notes, the block-printed one and another.

> Your hubby paid me to deliver this weirdo message, so I decided to read it. I don't know what freaky game he's playing, but if you need some good straight sex, just call me at 836-2332.
>
> Jerry

She thought it all through carefully, then she went to the phone and began to dial the number.



"Boy, I sure don't look forward to rejecting <u>their</u> values."

THE BLASPHEMER

(continued from page 148)

passers-by. There was always a circle of ruffians around her and she held forth for them. You know their way of thinking: All women are rotten; everyone can be bought; the whole world is one big whorehouse. My Miriam came home one day and said, "Chaim, it's an ordeal to go out in the street. It's a danger to bring up children here." The moment I saved up a few rubles, I moved out to Panska Street.

Still, I visited Krochmalna Street from time to time. I got work there from the heders and study houses. Everybody knew that Chazkele was from my town and they told me about him. He became the teacher of the wanton females. He wrote letters for them. He dealt not only in stockings but also in kerchiefs and underwear. He had met Basha, and they had fallen in love. Somebody told me that she came from a decent home and that she took to this profession not because of poverty but because she liked to wallow in dirt. When the pimps learned that she loved Chazkele, they became jealous and wanted to break his neck. The girls took his part. To make it short, Basha left the brothel and went to live with Chazkele. One might think that one like Basha wouldn't care about being respectable, but she wanted to take Chazkele to the rabbi and get married according to the Law of Moses and of Israel. These females all dream about marriage. However, Chazkele refused. "What is a rabbi? An idler in a fur hat. And what is a canopy? A few yards of velvet. And what is a ketubah? A piece of paper." Basha insisted. For their kind to get married is a real achievement. Chazkele remained stubborn. The hoodlums sided with Basha now and wanted to knife him. The couple had to move to Praga, on the other side of the Vistula. There, no one knew them. But Chazkele could no longer sell stockings in the brothels, because the underworld accused him of shaming one of their own. He came out with a pushcart at the Praga bazaar, but he was not the only one. Besides, he spoiled his own business. A matron would come over to him to buy a pair of garters or a spool of thread and he would say to her, "Why do you wear a wig? It's not written anywhere in the Torah that one has to cut off one's own hair and wear someone else's. It was all invented by the rabbis." On the Sabbath, the market was deserted —but Chazkele brought out his wares. The strong men of the Sabbath Observers Society learned about him and they went out and threw all his merchandise into the gutters. Chazkele got a beating. Even as they were pounding him mercilessly, he argued: "To sell a handkerchief is a sin and to break a man's nose is a holy deed?" He quoted the Bible to these ignoramuses. He was suspected of being a missionary and he was banished from the market.

In due time, Basha gave birth to a boy. When a male child is born, one has to circumcise him, but Chazkele said, "I won't take part in this ancient ritual. The Jews learned it from the Bedouins. If God hates the foreskin, why are boys born with it?" Basha begged him to give in. Praga is not Moscow. It's full of pious Jews. Who has ever heard of a father who refuses to let his son be circumcised? His windowpanes were smashed. On the eighth day, a quorum of porters and butchers stormed in, together with a mohel, and they circumcised the baby. Two men seized and held Chazkele. A father has to recite the benedictions. Nothing could force Chazkele to say the holy words. Basha lay in bed behind the screen and poured out deadly curses on him. In the beginning, she had liked his foul language; but when a woman goes to live with a man and she becomes a mother, she wants to be like anyone else. From then on, their life became one bitter quarrel. She used to beat him up and drive him out of the house. Her cronies had to make a collection for her. After a while, she took the

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infant and went back to the brothel. Did she have a choice? The madam took care of the child. I knew that madam and her husband, Joel Bontz, as well. He used to pray in the little synagogue at number 12. In 1905, when the revolutionaries fought with the pimps, a bunch of the Red ones forced their way into the brothel and beat up the girls. It was in the morning. The madam ran into the little synagogue and screamed, "You stay here and pray, and there our merchandise is being ruined."

After Basha left him, Chazkele fell to pieces. He again walked around in rags. He couldn't peddle anything anymore and became a beggar. But even as a panhandler, he was a failure. He would stand in front of the synagogue, stretch out his hand and try to dissuade the worshipers from entering. "To whom are you praying?" he would say. "God is deaf. Besides, He hates the Jews. Did He rescue His people when Chmielnicki buried children alive and did He save them in Kishinev?" Nobody wanted to give a kopek to a heretic like this. Not a day passed without his being slapped. He would pick up a cigarette stub on the Sabbath and go to smoke it on Hasidic Twarda Street. He got a kopek or two somewhere and ate pork sausages on Yom Kippur in front of Aaron Sardiner's synagogue. There was a group of freethinkers in Warsaw and they offered to help him. He antagonized them also. I was told that he used to go to the madam's home to try to see his son and she wouldn't let him in. He went to Basha's brothel and she, too, chased him away. In the summer, he slept in a courtyard. In the winter, he went to the "circus." This is what they called the poorhouse. I met him several times on the street. He looked old and unkempt. He wore one boot and one slipper. He couldn't even afford to shave his beard. I said to him, "Chazkele, what will be the end of you?"

"It's all God's fault," he said.

"If you don't believe in God," I asked, "with whom do you wage war?"

"With those who speak in His name," he answered.

"And who created the world?" I asked.

"And who created God?" Chazkele asked in return.

He became sick and they took him to the hospital on Chysta Avenue. There he indulged in such antics and created such bedlam that they wanted to throw him out. A sick man was chanting the Psalms and Chazkele told him that King David, the author of the Psalms, was a murderer and a lecher. He told such wild jokes that the other patients held their stomachs from laughter. One man had a boil that had to be opened. He laughed so much at Chazkele's jokes that the boil burst open. To this day, I don't know what was wrong with Chazkele. Before his death, he asked that he be cut to pieces and thrown to the dogs.

Who listens to a madman? He was taken to the cleansing room and candles were placed at his head. He was dressed in shrouds and a prayer shawl, and the community gave him a plot in the suburban cemetery. Basha, his former mistress, and her companions rode after the hearse in droshkies. His son was five or six years old by this time and he recited Kaddish at the grave. If there is a God and Chazkele must account to Him for his deeds, it will be quite gay in heaven.



"Ammo."

MALE CHAUVINIST PIG!

(continued from page 104)

Most important is the fact that for nearly every role, there were some cultures in which it was masculine, others in which it was feminine and some in which it was assigned to both sexes.

Apart from the qualities expressed in work, many of the personal traits we think of as female—especially those the feminists say have been thrust upon the exploited female by the oppressing male—have been male traits in at least some groups, and vice versa. In certain Philippine tribes, men have been the gossips, women the solid, sensible citizens; in various South Sea Island cultures, men have spent nearly all their time in artistic work or in debate, leaving women to do all the life-supporting work and to make all the daily decisions.

Nor is this diversity of role allotment peculiar to primitive societies. Even within our own Western civilization, there has been a broad spectrum of conceptions of the masculine and feminine natures and of their proper functions. It is quite true that much of the time these have been divided along the lines of which feminists complain—but not all of the time. In the Third and Second centuries B.C., for instance, Roman women were sturdy, tough, puritanical and businesslike —and had to be, for their farmer-warrior husbands were off conquering Europe, leaving things in their wives' hands. In the Renaissance, there appears the virago (at that time, a term of approbation)—a woman equal to man in her intelligence, abilities and interests: 17th Century biographer John Aubrey, describing a 16th Century virago, wrote of her, "Prodigious parts for a woman. I have heard my father's mother say that she had Chaucer at her fingers' ends. A great politician; great wit and spirit, but revengeful. Knew how to manage her estate as well as any man; understood jewels as well as any jeweler." Men, meanwhile, had new options: They could be indifferent with the sword but skillful with the pen, the crucible and retort, the brush and canvas, and still be considered manly men and lovers of women.

In the 18th Century, a male courtier could wear lace, perfume and long curls, walk with an affected sway, lisp charmingly—and be a hellion with his sword and a stud with his penis. A court lady could be a simpering confection of taffeta, high-piled hair and coy mannerisms —while secretly intriguing with her lover, openly debating intellectual issues in some fashionable salon and swaying her husband's political opinions through subtle domestic tyrannies. But in the 19th Century, the ideal middle-class woman was gentle, pure, maternal and stupid, her ideal male being strong, pure, manly

and wise. In Tennyson's immortal picture of the happy couple:

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
"I cannot understand; I love."

Even in the relatively short history of our own country, we have had not one but several notions of the masculine roles and of the feminine ones: Our pioneer women and their sodbusting husbands dealt with each other and with the world around them in quite different fashion from the Brahmin gentlemen and ladies of Boston, and they, in turn, from men and women in the socialist movement, in the Bible belt and in the free-love movement. As models of manliness, we have had everything from Daniel Boone to Cary Grant; as models of womanliness, everything from Dolly Madison to Raquel Welch.

Human beings have tried out a very wide range of definitions of the masculine and feminine roles. The experiments have not worked out equally well, but they have shown that all sorts of variations are possible and that the feminist doctrine—that man has always made woman his slave, sexual toy and brood mare, and granted himself the position of overlord, philosopher and stallion—is a gross distortion of human history.

Yet one must grant that in Western civilization, the balance has been tipped to one side. Despite the many variations, men have always been the warriors (Joan of Arc was a notable exception) and women the homemakers; men have generally been the rulers of society, women the rulers of the home; men have, for the most part, been the educated, the inventive, the active, the logical ones, and women the ignorant, the tradition-bound, the passive, the emotional ones. What we need to know, then, is this: Is there any biological justification for this tendency? Have the societies that deviated from it—and those eras in our own civilization in which the roles were reshuffled—been mistakes in social evolution that violated innate characteristics of male and female?

First of all, it's obvious that in all societies and eras in which greater skeletal strength, muscle power, lung capacity and stature have had survival value in fighting, food getting and other strenuous tasks, man has been by nature better equipped than woman to perform such tasks. A few of today's radical neofeminists assert that the physical differences between men and women (aside from the shape of sexual parts and hair distribution) are the product of dissimilar rearing: If girls were allowed to develop themselves in the ways boys do, they would be just as strong. This is



"Just a minute, how come we're always looking for a white whale!?"

utter nonsense. At no time and place—not even when children have done exactly the same things—have males and females been equal in size and strength. Men always average out taller, about 50 to 60 percent stronger in muscle power, heavier boned and with heavier knobs on the ends of their long bones (to bear the greater strain of their more powerful musculature), bigger of rib cage and lung. In every society but ours—the only one in which mechanical energy vastly outstrips human muscle power—the physical differences between the sexes are important determinants of certain role allocations. And these physical differences are dictated by the chromosomes, the master chemical templates in every cell of the human being.

Even in our own society, these differences are important—not in terms of survival but in determining our psychological make-up. Little girls and little boys cannot help perceiving that boys can outrun and overpower girls, throw stones farther and hit harder—and these inevitable experiences mold their thinking about themselves. Some part of that thinking is realistic and sensible: Even in a mechanically powered society, it's true that a man can generally lift heavy burdens, carry a sleeping child and defend himself and his family against attackers better than his mate can. If this does not make man innately better than woman at operating powerful machinery, directing a steel company or running the Department of Defense, at least it so conditions men's and women's feelings about themselves that they think and act as if size and muscular strength were crucial. They may not be, but they are significant: Even if a man never raises his hand to his wife, he and she are both forever aware that he is the more powerful of the two and, in almost all cases, could win a pitched battle between them. Beneath the civilized veneer, there resides still the animal reality of our bodies and emotions.

Which is no great matter, as long as it does not impair other functions. Unfortunately, it often does—most notably, the working of intelligence. The intellectual powers of men and women, though not identical, are very similar—or would be if each were not misled by traditional prejudices. For thousands of years, most men have believed women to be mentally inferior; as Lord Chesterfield succinctly put it, "Women, then, are only children of a larger growth. . . . For solid, reasoning, good sense, I never knew in my life one that had it." But during most of these thousands of years, very few women were educated at all; and even when they were, they were taught that it was not in their natures to understand weighty matters and that they were inherently illogical and impractical.

In modern times, boys and girls are educated together and similarly; we can, therefore, put the traditional belief to the test. And we have: I. Q. testing has

consistently shown girls and boys to have virtually the same average intelligence. There are minor differences, to be sure: Boys average slightly higher in such areas as mathematical reasoning, spatial perception and mechanical aptitude, while girls average slightly higher in such areas as vocabulary, verbal fluency and memory. But the differences are so small that many females have higher mechanical-aptitude scores than the average male, while many males have higher verbal-fluency scores than the average female. In any case, the average composite scores are almost identical.

Yet in ordinary life we continually experience seeming differences; try explaining to your favorite female how much you actually save when you deduct a business expense. But most of the difference in everyday intelligence is the result of our growing up in a society in which, as boys and girls, we are continually told that men are logical and women illogical and that certain kinds of problems are a man's business, others, a woman's. Girls do poorly at logical thinking when the content of the problem is culturally masculine and better when the content is culturally feminine. Based on many pieces of evidence, research psychologists have concluded that the sexual difference in reasoning ability is very small but that culture makes boys and girls suppose the difference to be large and act accordingly. Men think better because they think they can; women don't think as well because they think they can't.

In one interesting test of women's low opinion of their own intellectual powers, a team of psychologists at Connecticut College asked two groups of college girls to evaluate a series of articles on various subjects. One group of girls received the articles in booklet form, bearing male by-lines, such as John T. McKay; the other group got the same articles with female by-lines, such as Joan T. McKay. In every case, the girls reading male authors rated the articles higher than did the girls reading the same articles by female authors. Conclusion: Women are prejudiced against women.

In much the same way, it is clearly demonstrable that many of the differences between male and female personalities are learned rather than inherent and are cultural clichés rather than innate characteristics. The classic test of masculinity and femininity, created by two psychologists and called the M-F test, asks many questions about preferences in food, jobs, amusements, and so on, and assigns each answer a certain number of points on an M-F scale, based on traditional male and female tastes. But such tastes are highly modifiable by experience: The more educated a man is, for instance, the less "masculine" is his total score, and the more educated a woman, the less "feminine" is hers.

Moreover, it has become increasingly clear in the past generation that Freud's theory of feminine psychology—on which he based his highly conservative ideas as to the proper roles for men and women in marriage and in society—was shaped by the manners and morals of the 19th Century middle-class world in which he grew up, and has little validity today. Freud sought to explain the origins of the demureness, emotionality and passivity he saw in middle-class European woman as she was at the turn of the century. He decided that the determining factor had to be her realization that nature had failed to provide her with the admirable external parts boys possess. As a result, she felt inferior, ashamed, imperfect—and adjusted to her condition by assuming a passive and submissive role in life and by emphasizing her beauty rather than her abilities. All this, Freud felt, was inevitable and therefore natural. The normal woman turned to dependency and domesticity, while the woman who sought a career was suffering from a masculinity complex and the hostile or vengeful wife was exhibiting penis envy.

A good deal of writing about female psychology has been based on this formulation and, even today, it plays a major part in the thinking of many analysts. But three or more decades ago, Karen Horney and other psychoanalysts with a more sociological outlook than Freud's began to challenge his ideas about women; and when some of them looked at woman's personality in other societies, it became clear that she was not always as Freud had seen her. In many times and places, woman has not been in the least ashamed of her lack of a penis nor forced to compensate by being pretty but dumb, sexy but helpless. Indeed, in some times and places, it's been man who was indolent and vain—even though perfectly well equipped with a male member.

Nevertheless, even if woman's personality is in large part formed by the culture in which she grows up and if Freud's penis-envy theory applies only to women in certain times and places, it is undeniable that women have some universal tendencies differentiating them from men and that these must be due to innate biological factors.

Some differences in behavior appear in infants long before they can perceive what is expected of each sex in their society. Dr. Howard Moss, a National Institute of Mental Health psychologist, has observed three-week-old and three-month-old infants for as much as eight hours at a time and has noted that they display striking differences: Boys sleep less, cry more, demand more attention, and so on; in short, says Dr. Moss, "Much more is happening with the male infants." Dr. Benjamin Spock points out in his new book, *Decent and Indecent*, that by the end of the first year, boys are more restless, inquisitive and striving, more interested in handling things, more fractious than girls. Girls are more compliant, quieter, can be toilet trained earlier. And these characteristics appear even in an only child, who has no models to ape. By the school years, says Dr. Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, boys are more likely to stutter, to have reading problems and to lag behind girls in their physical maturation; when they enter school, for instance, their hand muscles are markedly less mature than those of girls. Those unlearned differences can only be innate—the result of dissimilar chromosomal complements that make for different internal chemistry and, hence, for different development of the body and of the nervous system.

Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins University has studied chromosomal abnormalities in children and found that where there is an extra female chromosome, there is a strong tendency in the young child toward maternalism and doll play; while in men with an extra male chromosome, there is a strong tendency toward aggressiveness.

There is, accordingly, at least a basic substratum of inherent masculinity and inherent femininity. Moreover, the very fact that we grow up in different bodies gives us different experiences, and these inevitably shape part of our personalities and behavior. Even if women do not necessarily feel penis envy, the existence of breasts makes a difference, even before they are suckled; the experience of ejaculation makes a difference, even when no child is conceived; the monthly experience of the menses, with its mood swings, the loss of blood and the reassuring return to normality, makes a difference; the omnipresent knowledge that, for all his power, man dies younger than woman makes a difference; in the sex act, the woman's need to allow entry of her body and the man's need to be firm, intrusive and bold make a difference; the contrast between the man's brief, careless throwing out of semen and the woman's long, careful harboring of the infant within herself makes a difference.

Thus our biological differences, and the experiences they commit us to, make for an inevitable core of masculinity and femininity that is present in all cultures. Indeed, we can make a distinction between two categories of male and female roles: the *socially prescribed* (the fashions, prejudices and customs concerning masculinity and femininity) and the *psychobiologically determined* (the inherent and the developmental).

When we say that man is logical and woman illogical, man creative and woman fit only for routine chores, man decisive and woman vacillating, we are speaking of traits that are socially prescribed and no more central to masculinity and femininity than styles of

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hairdress or clothing. Most forms of work, many forms of leisure activity, most styles of dress and ornament are considered masculine by some societies but feminine by others. To the people in any one society, however, their own mores and tastes seem to be timeless, natural and right—so much so that they attribute them to their own gods and make them divine edicts: "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. And unto Adam He said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree . . . cursed is the ground for thy sake. . . . In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

The psychobiologically determined roles, on the other hand, stem from innate differences in genetic make-up and their hormonal, neurological and structural consequences. Even in a civilized, power-energy society, men will do the heavy work, protect the women they love and sometimes beat them when angry. The sexual relationship will inevitably call for a degree of aggressiveness on the part of the male and a degree of acquiescence on the part of the female. The female's body, within which the child grows and from which, after birth, he is nourished, is better equipped, in many ways, to be tender, sensitive and responsive to the child's needs. (In an experiment performed at the animal-behavior laboratories at Rutgers University, psychologists put newborn rat pups in with virgin females and with males; after enough time with them, the virgin females and even the males began to show mothering behavior—licking, retrieving, covering—but the virgin females did so much sooner than the males. Since experience of motherhood played no part, one can only conclude that the females were neurologically more sensitive than the males to the stimuli provided by the pups.)

"Male and female created He them" —and no matter what variations human beings play on the theme of masculinity and femininity, no matter how men and women share or trade their roles, there remains an underlying maleness and femaleness in us, as in all other animals. And those fundamental and irreducible differences between male and female are the core of a reproductive system so advantageous to the species and so gratifying to most individuals within it that we can only suppose it to be the happiest accident of the evolutionary process.

• • •

This, however, is just what the extremist wing of neofeminism denies.

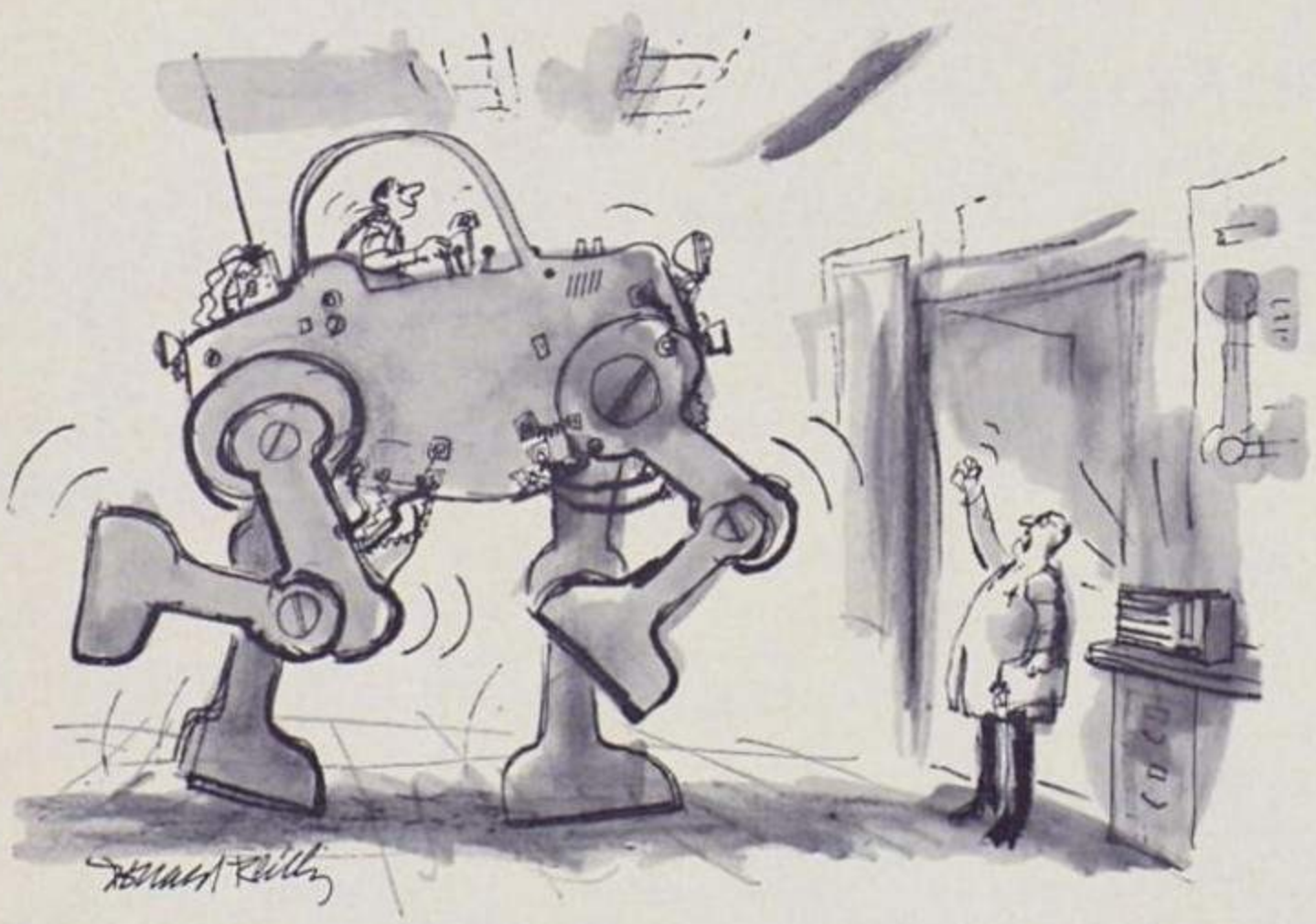
The less strident, relatively reasonable neofeminists concentrate their fire on the socially determined roles: They want to erase differences between men and women in employment, politics and the law. Other than that, they want to de-emphasize or modify—but not wipe out—the differences between men and women in dress and personal adornment, manners, sexual initiative and the allocation of homemaking and parental duties.

But the fiery evangelists and raging nihilists of neofeminism want to wipe out *all* role differences—not just the socially prescribed but the psychobiologically determined as well. (They would not, however, recognize this distinction; to them, all role differences have been the arbitrary choices of the enslaving male oppressors.) As a result, they offer women (and men) some of the worst advice since the celibate Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I." Their fight includes an all-out assault upon purely visual differences—the clothing, hair styles and make-up that distinguish the sexes, serve as cues to sexual interaction and, according to the radicals, maintain the enslavement of women. In part, their adoption of male dress permits self-defense and attack: "Narrow skirts and high heels were *designed* to prevent you from kicking [men]," says Abby Rockefeller. "Our recommendation is obvious." Abby herself wears denim work shirts and pants; so, presumably, will every sensible, equality-minded woman.

This rejection of distinctly feminine clothing and of the pursuit of beauty is supposed to free women from squandering their time and energy pleasing (and, thus, being subservient to) men. But as one listens to the extremists, it becomes clear that they are after bigger game —the withering away of heterosexual desire and heterosexual intercourse. Without the many subtle cues and incitements men and women offer each other through clothing and behavior, sexuality could dwindle to a relatively minor part of life; history offers a few examples of ascetic and antisexual movements (such as the Albigenses from 11th to 13th Century France) that achieved just that. Roxanne Dunbar—termed by Marlene Dixon "one of the most impressive women in the movement"—envisions a future in which heterosexual intercourse would be unnecessary and undesirable: "Perhaps sex, as we conceive of it as 'fucking,' is doomed to die as property and power relations are changed. As for affection, we have quite enjoyable universal habits which include verbal and physical contact, which do not lead to genital intercourse, e.g., female relationships, adult and child, childhood relationships."

Nor is this antisexual future seen as any great deprivation, for it turns out that male-female sex is not only often degrading but physically unsatisfactory, as compared with other possibilities. Writes Anne Koedt, of the October 17th Movement, in *The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm*:

> The position of the penis inside the vagina . . . does not usually stimulate an orgasm in women because the clitoris is not usually located there but, rather, externally and higher up. . . . Lesbian sexuality, in rubbing one clitoris against the other, could make an excellent case, based on anatomical data, for the extinction of the male organ. . . . It forces us to discard many "physical" arguments explaining why women go to bed with men. What is left, it



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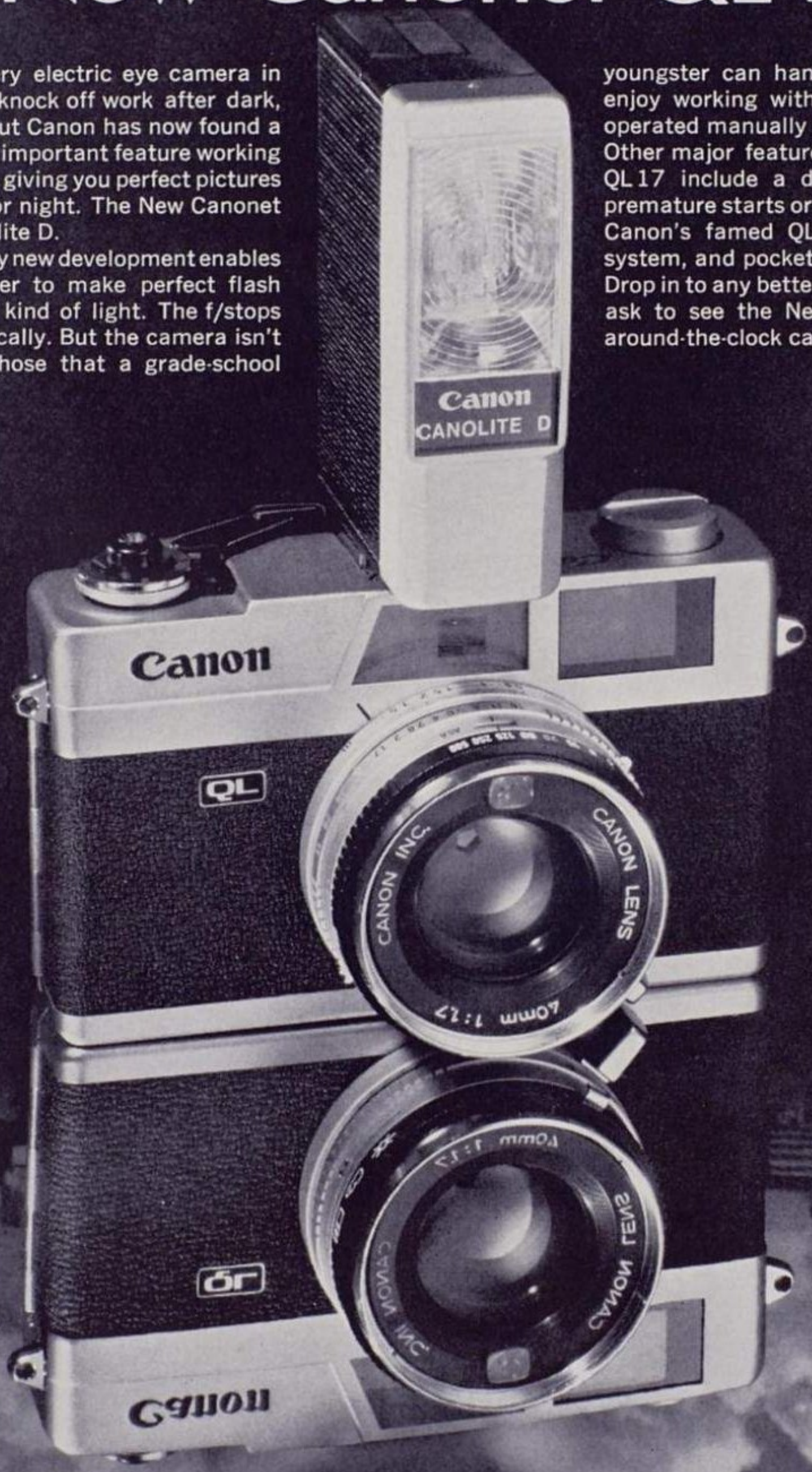
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seems to me, are psychological reasons why women select men [to] the exclusion of other women.

Weak-willed revolutionaries may find it difficult to live up to these austere principles if they mingle with men; it may be necessary, therefore, for them to isolate themselves from men as much as possible, even as black militants today have rejected social integration with whites. Betsy Warrior, as one Boston militant renamed herself, explains it all in *No More Fun and Games*:

> Sooner or later, if we are effective, men will become hostile. We have to be prepared to accept this fact. Not only accept it but segregate ourselves from men in many situations, to allow ourselves freedom from their criticism, opinions and dominance. . . . As long as we are entangled in personal relationships and group situations with men, we won't be able to clearly analyze our positions and will have a vested interest in not making males too hostile.

This is to be not just a temporary expedient but a new way of life. According to Ti-Grace Atkinson, a leader of the Feminists (a "Political Organization to Annihilate Sex Roles"), marriage, at long last, is to be destroyed, in order to set woman free:

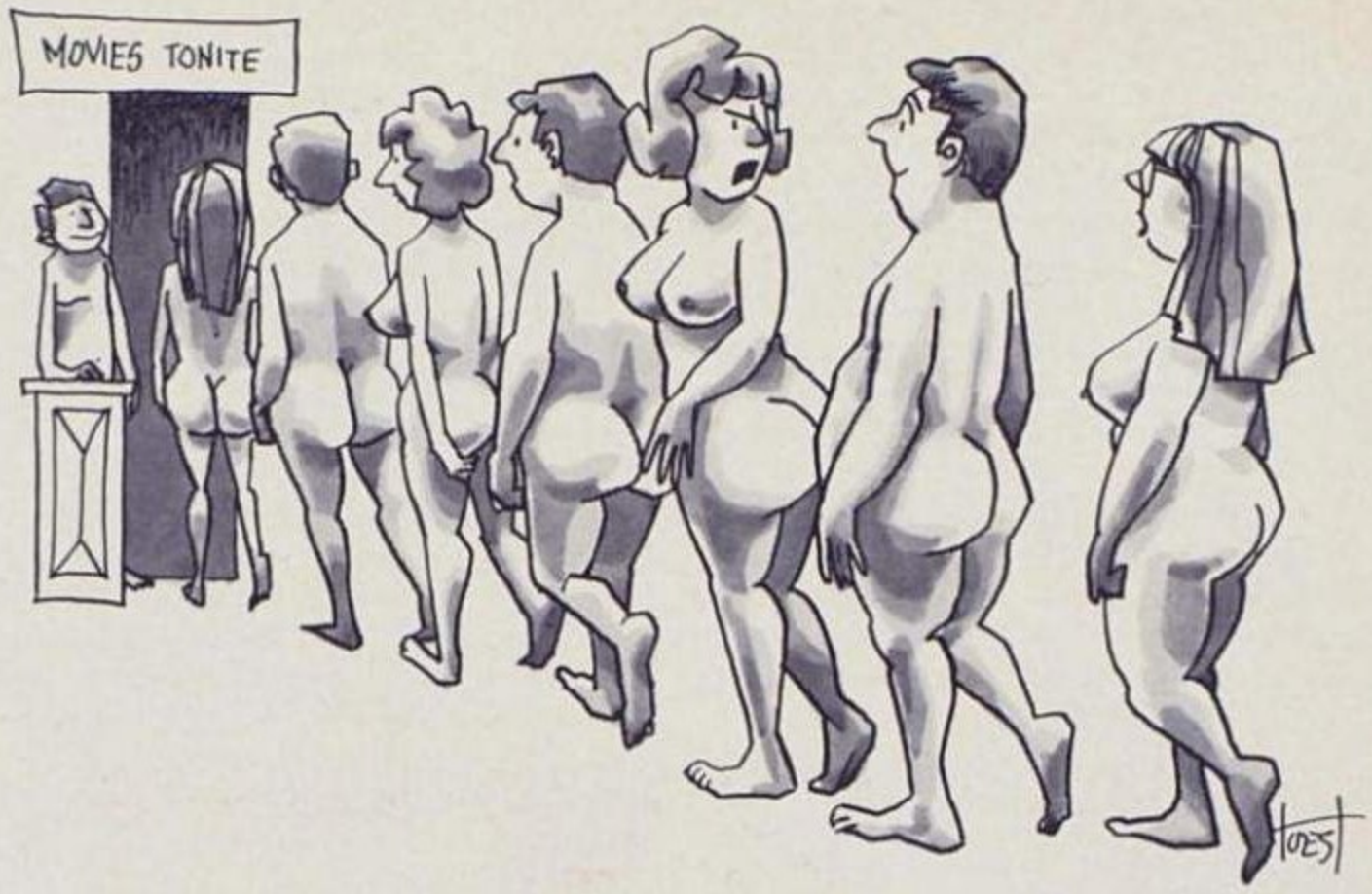
> The institution of marriage has the same effect the institution of slavery had. It separates people in the same category, disperses them, keeps them from identifying as a class. . . . To say that a woman is really "happy" with her home and kids is as irrelevant as saying that the blacks were "happy" being taken care of by Ol' Massa.

Judith Brown, in *Toward a Female Liberation Movement*, agrees totally:

> The marriage institution, like so many others, is an anachronism. . . . The married woman knows that love is, at its best, an inadequate reward for her unnecessary and bizarre heritage of oppression. . . . She is locked into a relationship which is oppressive politically, exhausting physically, stereotyped emotionally and sexually and atrophying intellectually.

There may be some women, of course, who want to have children (the species, after all, ought not to be allowed to die out), but offspring must not be reared at home, according to the extremists, or woman remains trapped. Says Miss Atkinson: "Children would be raised communally; it's just not honest to talk about freedom for women unless you get the child rearing off their backs."

But what are those who see the light only after they have acquired husbands and children to do? One answer is to change the husband's outlook and, meanwhile, find a way to get the rearing of the children done by others. A simpler answer is to ditch them—to pack one's bag and leave husband and children, as that impressive figure Roxanne Dunbar herself did.



"Will you stop tail-gating!"

It is not easy to envision society as it would be if reshaped by the extreme neofeminists; perhaps ant or bee colonies, which consist chiefly of sexually neutral workers, come closest to it. Given what we know about artificial insemination and what we are rapidly learning about parthenogenesis (fertilization of the egg without the use of sperm), and given the possibility of state-operated child-rearing facilities on a national scale in order to make family life unnecessary, such a society might be possible. And life in it might be fulfilling and happy for the likes of Betsy Warrior, Roxanne Dunbar and Ti-Grace Atkinson. But they are unusual women; for most others, and for nearly all men, such a way of life might seem the worst deprivation ever visited upon mankind.

• • •

Neofeminists are forever likening the oppression of woman to the oppression of the Negro and asserting that just as equality is both possible and desirable for the races, so it is now for the sexes. But the analogy is misleading. As far as we know, whites and blacks do not have innate biological differences of such an order as to commit them to specific and dissimilar roles in education, employment, politics or leisure activities. Men and women, on the other hand, can eliminate all role differences only by ignoring and suppressing a vital part of their inherent natures and by accepting the frustration that results from unmet needs and unfulfilled desires.

Sex differences, as manifested in our looks, our personalities, our behavior toward each other and our division of roles within the home and without, are deeply gratifying to male and female alike. It is complementarity—the fitting together of two beings who serve and complete each other—that makes heterosexual love, both physical and emotional, so necessary and so fulfilling. And it's the central mechanism at work in heterosexual love, in which it's made doubly powerful by the complementarity of our sexual parts and biological traits and the psychological differences they produce.

The sexual and stylistic differences that attract men and women to each other ought not, therefore, be minimized; indeed, they should be emphasized, within reasonable limits. They delight us and are actually good for us. As Dr. Spock points out, psychosexual differences do not impoverish either sex but enrich both; male and female are more valuable and more pleasing to each other if they have somewhat specialized traits and somewhat specialized roles to play for each other's benefit—gifts of function, so to speak, that they can give each other.

It feels good, and is productive of well-being, for man and woman to look different, smell different, act somewhat different. Though fashions change, the changes are unimportant as long as sexual distinctions remain, offering clues, reassurances and incitements about each sex to the other. The unisex fad is dangerous and hurtful, or would be if it were to last; Rudi Gernreich, ardently promoting identical clothing and identically shaved heads for both sexes, ought to be declared a public enemy. It feels good, and is productive of well-being, for man and woman to play special roles for each other. It comforts and pleases

a woman—not just the clinging-vine type but almost any woman—to have a man be strong, gallant and protective, at times; it pleases and gratifies a man—not just the old-style patriarch but almost any man—to have a woman sometimes fuss over him, take special pains to make him comfortable and make herself beautiful for his sake. It pleases most women to have a man be romantic before going to bed but a stallion in it; it pleases most men to have a woman be a wildcat in bed but demurely seductive beforehand.

It feels good, and is productive of well-being, for husbands and wives to specialize in some of the functions they perform within marriage, to take care of each other in particular ways, to handle certain duties for the two of them, so that they are not just two of a kind but a team, equal not in the sense of identical but equal in the sense of equivalent. The *Kreutzer Sonata* requires a pianist and a violinist, playing together—not two interchangeable performers but two different ones, both of them essential.

On the other hand, it's perfectly clear that most of the sex-based allocations of work by our 18th and 19th Century forebears are not only unnecessary today but highly undesirable. Woman is not needed as a producer of goods in the home, but she's needed elsewhere—and is quite capable of performing nearly all the kinds of work men do in contemporary society. As long as she's childless, there's no reason she should not do so and on equal terms with men.

To be sure, biology will still set a few limits upon her; heavy labor remains more suitable for men; they may more often prove qualified for mechanical occupations; and it might not be the best thing to have a Boeing 747, circling in the overcast, piloted by a woman during her premenstrual period. By and large, however, most of the world's work can be performed by either sex, and the principal differentiations should be only questions of specialization within a field. In medicine, for instance, men may make better surgeons because of their mechanical and spatial aptitudes, while women may make better psychiatrists because of their verbal ability and empathic capacity; in business, men may make tougher bargainers, women better administrators and handlers of personnel.

And women do want to work—not to the exclusion of love, sex, marriage and motherhood but as part of a total way of life involving all those things. In fact, a reaction to the excessive post-War domesticity had begun even before the women's liberation movement got started. Sociologist Jessie Bernard points out that five years before Betty Friedan published her call to arms, women were beginning to delay marriage, return to college, take graduate work, cut down on their pregnancies and hold jobs in ever-larger numbers (a third more women were in the work force in 1969 than in 1959).

It remains true, unhappily, that they get the lesser jobs and the lower pay and that this is, in part, due to male prejudice and exploitation. But only in part. Most of the women who use their talents and training in a career do not give this top priority in their scheme of things or do so only for a short time; they assign a higher priority to marriage (or, more accurately, love and marriage) and to motherhood. They do not view marriage and career as alternatives nor as mutually exclusive; on the contrary, every recent study of the plans of high school and college girls indicates that they expect to be able to work out a combination of the two—a combination in which marriage and motherhood will take precedence over career, the latter being started, stopped, restarted or modified as need be.

While they are still in school, it may not be clear to them that this will often seem unfair, be somewhat frustrating and make them resentful of men. Soon enough, however, they discover that in order to obey the desires of their bodies and emotions, they have to settle for second-rate careers—interrupting them, sometimes for many years, in order to bear their children and raise them at least as far as the grade school level and, in any case, dividing their energy and attention between work and home in a way men almost never have to. The result is considerable satisfaction—plus the exasperation of seeing themselves fail to achieve the level of recognition and income they certainly could have attained had they been men. Yet even if unfair and far from ideal, this scheme is more satisfying and more workable than the existing alternatives. Consider them:

One consists of having a full-time career, plus home and family—the home and family being attended to by paid help. But it is an extremely expensive answer, possible only for the women making a good deal of money. And it may be deeply disappointing, for there is little emotional reward in merely *having* children; the rewards come from living with them, nourishing and shaping them.

Another alternative consists of the state's operating vast child-care centers, in the Russian fashion or even in the manner of the Israeli pioneer communities (*kibbutzim*), where parents visit their children only a couple of hours a day. Either method solves the problems of cost and scarcity of suitable help; neither, however, yields the rewards that come from raising one's own children—indeed, these collective systems are much more detached and nonfamilial than the use of full-time help at home. They have succeeded thus far in social systems in which the need for woman's labor power is so great that personal fulfillments, such as those of family life, are considered secondary in importance. But within the American economy and culture, it seems most unlikely that the majority of women would prefer to have their children raised by others.

A third possibility consists of having husband and wife share equally in all things—each one forgoing career advancement in order to spend part of the day at home, doing household chores and tending the children. This is advocated by some neofeminists, but it is a botched answer. It greatly multiplies all sorts of practical problems (there aren't that many opportunities in the labor market for jobs that fit homemaking



"It's not very romantic yelling out 'Position number two! Position number four!'"

hours); more important, it omits two essential aspects of all successful human groups—specialization of function and a system of leadership. When there is no specialization of function, there is inefficient performance and endless decision making every day, about who is going to do what. When there is no leadership, every minor matter has to be taken up as if in committee, debated and voted upon.

It fits naturally into the biology of woman's life that she play a set of roles within the family different from those played by her husband. When husband and wife decide to have a child, biology determines which of them will have it and will be the more deeply changed by the experience. Because it is the woman whose work life is interrupted by pregnancy and childbirth, and whose nervous system and chemistry react more immediately and nurturantly to the infant, it's only reasonable that she become, at least for a while, the principal homemaker and child rearer; it's only reasonable that her husband provide, at least for a while, the principal support of the family.

And from this division of labor comes the second feature of successful group life—the system of leadership: In most marriages, it's logical that the husband become the head of the family, at least in economic and related areas, while the wife would make decisions in areas directly within her daily purview. This is not enslavement but democracy: They do discuss issues, they do have separate areas of control, but they have machinery for making everyday decisions easily and for getting work done efficiently. Psychiatrist Nathaniel Lehrman likens such a family to a tiny democracy; the husband is not a dictator but a president; the wife is not a slave but the speaker of the legislature. And although the man is the head, he owes much to his wife's managerial support. A woman said it best: Senator Maurine Neuberger, addressing a conference on working women, commented wryly, "My greatest single need, as a Senator, is for a good 'wife.'"

Thus, for American woman today and in the foreseeable future, the most workable answer—the scheme of life that most nearly fits her own needs and those of the American man—is a combination of marriage and career in which she accepts a secondary part in the world of work and achievement in order to have a primary part in the world of love and the home. This basic choice establishes the fundamental relationship of husband and wife in the economic sphere and, thereby, in many other areas of their marriage; and all this harmonizes with the inherent biological differences between male and female. As an answer, it's unfair to women in the sense that it grants them less than they might desire in one area of life; the alternatives grant them more in that area but at a cost most women—and their men—refuse to pay.

The eradication of all sex-role differences would be disastrous for mankind, but we need hardly fear that it will come to be; nothing as joyless and contrary to our instincts is likely to become the pattern of the majority. There have always been women who found sex, marriage or both intolerable and who sought to make others find them so, too. Today, they are more vocal than ever and, in part, because they are advancing the cause of normal women as well as their own, they have captured the attention of a vast audience. In the end, however, it isn't their way that will triumph.

"We mean treason!" trumpeted one incendiary feminist. "We mean secession, and on a thousand times greater scale than was that of the South. We are plotting revolution!" Her name was Victoria Claflin Woodhull and she has been almost wholly forgotten; she uttered these words a century ago, but, instead of revolution, there came evolution. Masculinity, femininity, heterosexual love, marriage and motherhood are still very much alive and are likely to be so many years hence, when Ti-Grace Atkinson, Roxanne Dunbar and Betsy Warrior have joined Victoria Claflin Woodhull in the discard pile of history.

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satyricon

(continued from page 111)

approximate judgment about them, because one is afraid of mistaking everything, of being too conditioned by a certain code of ethical, conceptual and emotional values to be able to look at such a new and strange phenomenon with sufficient clarity and openness.

These young people, who live in large communities, who move about continuously and always together like schools of fish, seem already to belong to another race, to another species, giving the impression that there already exist in them modifications on a chemical-cellular level. They dress differently than we, they eat differently—they are all vegetarians—they have negated the values that are the motor of our society: money, the spirit of competition, egotism, the sense of ownership and, the most clamorous one, that of sexual possession. They seem to cultivate a relationship with life that is wholly private, introverted, religious and fantastic. Their presence, exploding in the carnivallike and excessive manner of every liberation, is nothing but the other face of man that our culture has up to now repressed: spontaneity, instinct, fantasy.

After filming *Satyricon*, I visited an underground club in New York—the Electric Circus: immense and dimly lit, the usual band blasting, the dance floor populated with multicolored algae shaking with tremors or lost in a composed and interminable trance, the floor carpeted with seminude bodies, and enormous holes in the walls from which hung four, five, six pairs of legs, masculine and feminine, black, white, yellow.

In that damp darkness of cockroaches, in that dense, placental promiscuity, all those boys and girls suddenly appeared to me like a single giant individual huddling itself for warmth, to nurture that part of itself, that deepest and darkest part, without which the individual himself is nothing, that is to say, not man. It was agonizing to watch, because this process of being transformed into an immense breathing amoeba, this being lost in an enormous crucible where everything burns and is dissolved—the old myths, the worn-out ideologies, the obsolete utopias, the unreal idealisms—has something sacrificial about it. It is a total and very gentle suicide, a spreading and magnificently anonymous interregnum in which salvation, a new way of being human, is perhaps still possible.



"I hope you're charging more than one dollar for that, Miss Collins!"

GOOD DREAMS, BAD DREAMS

(continued from page 133)

bass. He made, for the first time since adolescence, the lunge to kiss his sex. It needed the notice. But he fell on his tail and lay in the laughter like warming water.

A mirror. A long pier glass hung beside him. Flat on his back, he could not see himself—only windows opposite, still covered against light. So he stood, square before it, no longer smiling, chin firm and lifting, clenched hands at his sides —an archaic Apollo: *You must change your life*—even strode one solemn step forward toward his image. Unmoving, he studied his image by gaslight. The chest broad but flat (a pale hard tray); arms, legs thin and long, joint flowing easily into bone without display. "I am lovable," he said and kissed on the mirror all the mirror would permit—his lips. They could use the greeting, at least. Then he went to the window to open the curtains.

Light. His day. He could open them safely, naked as he was, since the room faced backward, the high thick garden, no other house there. Only at the sight did he think of the storm. In the night, he had waked to hear wind and rain; she had spoken—what?—a word about the roof; would it hold through this? He had said "Live in hope" and fallen off again.

The roof had clearly held. The yard showed torn limbs and leaves but no shingles. He could work on that a while, clearing trash—the day was not bright, but neither was it freezing. No, he would read, draw, listen to music. First, to bathe and dress. The garden could wait. Let the trash be compost.

But, turning from the window, his eye snagged at one dark spot on the ground —a cap? A glove? Something soaked and wadded on bare dirt by the door. Tan or gray? He strained to see which and consciously wondered *why*—why linger on this? He was 20 yards away and above it; and he stared till he knew it was tan—or a richer brown, russet. Fur. A drowned mole? It was larger than a mouse. He could not find limbs or eyes in its mass. Whatever, it was still. Dead. More rubbish.

Yet when he had turned and moved toward the bath, he felt the day begin to leak from his grip, like all the others. He knew what sapped them, every day for years—his promise to her—but this threat was new, with a taste of its own, a dry density. Oh, a nag, not a threat. He stopped by the bed, still yards from the bath, and smelled himself. He was clean enough.

He was back at the window. The small corpse was there, still resisting knowledge,

crouched on its precious death. Or was it only a scrap of a corpse—rabbit, squirrel fur? No sign of blood, not from here, at least.

He dressed in two minutes, was down and standing directly above it and still did not know. He knelt and bent till his face was no more than a foot away. Lice in the fur. They had ridden out the storm and were still hustling blood that was jelly by now. Then he noticed wings —the hooked tips of leather wings intricately folded. A bat.

Of course he stood. He had never seen a bat. Maybe in a zoo or occasionally swooping round a distant street lamp. But never this close. *Unprotected.* He felt instantly stripped again and vulnerable, precisely in his eyes and throat. He blinked and stepped back but knew it was dead and forced his fear down. He must move it, though. How? Nudge it along with his foot toward the trash pile. Rabies—no. There had been rabid bats —two, three summers ago. Children had been bit. These lice were alive and stuffed with its blood. He must bury it deeper than dogs could smell.

When he found the shovel, he returned and stood above it again. Its back seemed shrunk, as though its essence were leeching into dirt already. It was toy-sized, a winged mouse whacked down by wind. He would bury it in soft ground beyond the garage. He slid the spade toward it gently—a funeral!—neatly, respectfully under it.

It convulsed, flung itself to its back on the spade, stretched its wings full out, bared baby-pink gums, white needle teeth and—surely—screamed.

He knew it would rush at his face—his eyes—and he dropped the shovel to run; ran three steps. Then he stopped to see, remembering her—as though she were there in the window above him, his panic slamming at her.

Already it was calming—had flopped again to its belly on the ground and was folding its joints slowly inward again.

He knew it was dying, maybe of rabies; and though he had read of explorers infected with rabies by drizzling bat piss in the air of caves, he knew he was safe so far—his skin unbroken, dry. Let it die there in its own good time, where it chose to fall, arranged as it wished. Only the shovel, abandoned beside it, disordered the scene. That could also wait. He turned to the house again, his day recovered. It was only 8:30; only this square yard of ground was off limits. The other world was his.

Yet an hour later—fed, bathed, shaved, dressed again—he could do nothing more than stand at the window and watch the bat. It was still condensed too tautly for death. However it perceived its

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struggle, it struggled. "So would any virus"—he mocked his own thoughts as the bat threw them up. Why is a bat, the size of your hand, a source of terror, when a horse, say, is not, or even a frog? Childhood icons—Halloween, vampires? Or older even, archetypal—built into our genes since cave men fought them back with brands? A brush of wet fur across the lips in sleep, leather-coated struts of bone clasped to baby's throat?

When he'd dealt with all the clichés, he was left with its win. It had hogged his day—or two hours of his morning. If for no older reasons, then, an enemy. Kill and bury it. Broadside with the shovel. It must, anyhow, be gone when she returned.

Why? Why could she not be trusted, at her age, with the entire equipment of the created world? Why fence off this or that? Let her grow her own rind or shrink from sight. God knew he'd grown *his*.

So he went for himself. Slowly, sanely down again. "My race has agreed to hold bats repulsive. I'm man enough, then, to object to a sick bat dying in the yard." That served as reason through the quick kill and burying. It had been nearly gone—no more Dracula feints, just a quick relaxing as the spade slapped once. It had even had the grace not to bleed a drop. A tidy bat.

He buried it whole, on its belly, as it chose—like everything dead, two sizes smaller; ludicrously defused—and not till he'd climbed to the room again, lighter, having won, and had bent to make their bed (the sheets as unused as invalids') did he know why the thing had destroyed his day and demanded brutality and—four ounces of leather, lice, fur—would change his life (something he and Apollo had never managed). It was messenger, sign.

No. Absurd. From whom? And how cheap—the celestial joker's usual taste.

She will kill herself.

• • •

But who believes signs? Who can know what he knows till his knowledge is useless, beached by event? In a day, he'd forgotten his sense of omen; and the afternoon of the second day (a Sunday, both at home), he was on her again, employing her facilities—or the single one he needed—in the late clear light.

She permitted him. He also knew that, but would not think of it—that she endured his poking in silent still puzzlement, as though he belonged to another species with analogous parts but incomprehensible needs or as though she was a faith (and the faith's central shrine) and he was the priest of a heresy who entered to perform his rite on her altar—in her presence and hearing but in language and gesture and, finally, reward that were sealed from her.

He'd have thought it out in some such language—and been eased by the image—if she'd given him time. But once he'd finished and paused for breath, he started again, entirely for her, slow deep strokes to offer her the coup.

She did not say yes or no, her hands still lay—neither urgent nor repelled—in the small of his back. She only breathed deeply at the pit of each stroke—her breaths rock steady, no quickening.

He slowed and raised to see her face.

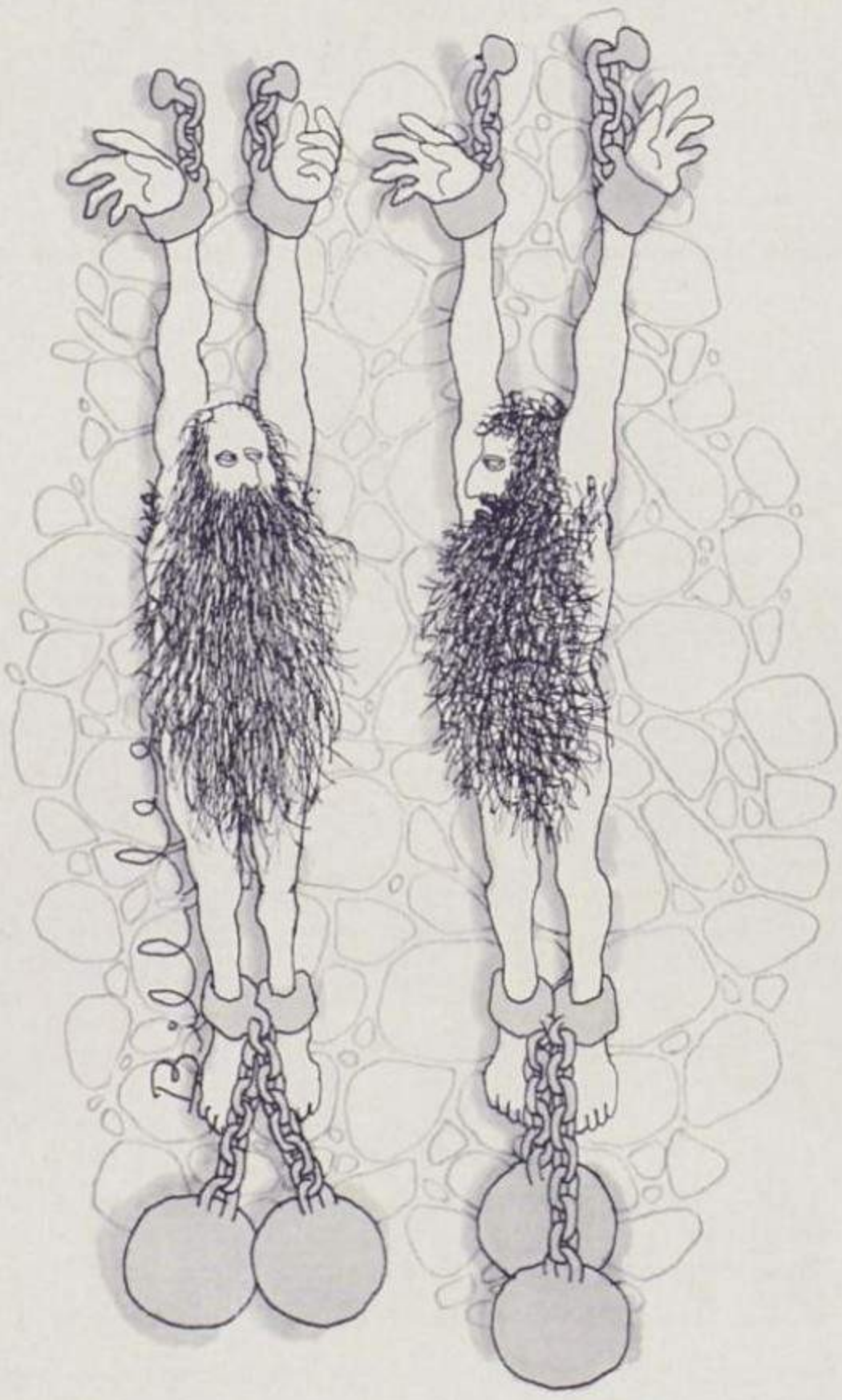
Her eyes were shut; the muscles of her mouth and throat were still. She was nearly asleep.

"Later?" he asked. He thought she nodded; her chin dipped once. He rolled gently off her. Her body adhered for a half turn toward him, so he lay and watched her slide into sleep, intending to think his way out now, her sighing head an aid to contemplation.

She gave him ten seconds to think of her warmth—in the room where he was rapidly cooling, she sent a firm heat across the gap between them (they were not touching, ten inches apart)—then her eyes began to move. Behind the thin lids, a quick frail jittering at first.

Rapid eye movements. The sign of a dream. He moved his own face closer to hers, slowly, not to wake her, and strained to see the story she saw. Soon the random movements slowed a little and settled into steadier horizontal sweeps—the balls of both eyes rolling left and then right, as though following a lazy tennis game. Then the slow sweeps would be broken by lurches—upward or sideways. Then tennis again.

Or her battling parents. Yes. She had told him an hour before—the first time—of a night in her childhood out of Dickens or Zola, her father drunk and beating her mother; her mother would



"My balls are killing me."

run to a corner, crouch for more; her father would follow; and she, aged five, had waked and come and flown between them, a shuttlecock, screaming for quiet. Surely that was what her shut eyes saw now. And would see till he stopped her. The circular past, she its willing victim. He called her name twice.

She shook; her eyes opened. She did not smile. "I was dreaming," she said.

"I know," he said and laid a hand on her, below her right breast.

What he does not know, what she will not tell him, is that her dream was not of her parents but plainly of themselves, not past but future—her need to stop their life. Need and plan. To wake her is not to end it.

• • •

She is still left-handed. She holds the razor blade—new, firm, single-edged—with that calm hand and extends the right arm.

The white, blue-strung antecubital space; the bend of that arm. She cuts with the chicken-flesh grain at the bend, three quarters of an inch deep, two inches long. Her hand has not paused, the line is straight. The brachial artery and vein lurch, astonished, then pump on, but now in the air of the room. The arm clasps to her side. She has planned in advance to rush her death by assisting the artery—clenching and opening her right hand in rhythm. What she has not known is that, choosing this spot, she has cut (no choice) the median nerve. Her right hand and wrist are paralyzed. Useless, though wet. Her right thigh and calf, right foot are wet; the white tiles of the floor are wet over 80 square inches.

Yet she still feels *herself*. She is still herself—what she's been all her life, less this much blood. Continuity.

She cuts again, as slowly and deeply, an inch above the previous cut, in clear flesh. The line is straight again. She severs the same vein, artery, nerve and tendons a second time. There is still pain enough to shake a house. "Supererogation"—she thinks that and smiles.

• • •

He has slept this soundly since four in the morning, because when he came back, his mind was clear. It knew only one thing—the doctor's words on leaving her ward, "She can live if she wants; we've done that much." (They had; the doctor and his nameless team had worked four hours repairing her try, patiently ligating all she'd severed—the brachial artery and vein—anastomosing tendons, pumping in the mandatory blood that would be at least no stranger to her than the pints she'd carefully drained tonight; then had wheeled her still unconscious to a lighted ward and watched her like a bomb.) The words had instantly swelled in his head, a polished plug molded to crowd his skull and exclude all else, every atom of air. And had perfectly succeeded. He had come here—a half-hour walk, a taxi—had lit the gas fire (no other light), then stripped and slept. No question of why or who was at fault—"The woman with whom I have lived six years has tried to kill herself. A serious try—no skittish theatrics. I found her; they saved her; she can live if she wants." No question of how.

Two hours of dreamless sleep. It is six but still winter dark; only the low red burn of the gas—he is sleeping his own way, in warmth.

This happens. A man is in the room, standing darkly in a corner. In his sleep, he sees the man and does not feel fear or curiosity; only watches till he knows what's required of him—that he thrust with his bare feet till they've cleared sheets and blankets and lie exposed. That is the necessary sign. The man moves forward to the end of the bed; stands, waiting, still dark. No question of seeing his face or dress. He is dark. No need to know—only lie here flat on your back and wait. Now the man is looking round the room—he needs something. Lie still, he will find it. And the man goes on looking, even moves a few steps in various directions. Is his face distraught? Lie still, don't wonder, he can fill his own needs. In calm desperation, the man returns to his place at the end of the bed, kneels suddenly. He silently spits in the palms of both hands and washes the bare feet propped before him. The gestures are gentle, but the palms are rough.

He is scrubbed awake. He lies on his back; his feet are uncovered; they sweat though the room is hardly warm. He raises his head to see the room. Empty of all but red gaslight and the customary stuffing, their stifling freight. He knows he was dreaming. No man is here. No one but himself.

Yet he also knows (he falls back for this) another new thing, more filling than the last—that from now (this night, this momentary dream), he must walk in his life as though a man had been here, one who had come precisely here by choice and, desperate to forgive, had searched for water, then knelt and washed his feet (till then unjudged) with the agent available—His spit, that wishes to clean but scalds.



"Sanford has gradually become good-humored about the pussies."

THE WAR MACHINE *(continued from page 134)*

pacifism can be perilous. As for General Johnson's comparison with the Thirties, anyone who lived through that period will, indeed, remember how the Army and Navy were looked upon as hideaways for people of limited ability (in Service towns such as San Antonio and San Diego, the fine old families even looked upon the military as bums), which is hardly the kind of reputation that we will permit today in a nation of 27,500,000 veterans and 3,500,000 active Servicemen, and where more than ten percent of the work force can thank the military for their jobs.

These two characteristics—fear of a return to pacifism and the increasing difficulty of distinguishing where the military side of our life leaves off and the civilian begins—are taken by observers such as John Kenneth Galbraith to prove that we are caught in the middle of that complexity first identified by name in President Eisenhower's farewell speech of 1961: "the military-industrial complex." They are quite right in their conclusion, of course; but if they think anything can be done about it, they are quite wrong. Eisenhower, who was a practical as well as a crafty man, understood that very well.

Everyone must know by now that Ike did nothing but read the speech. It was written by his young aide Malcolm Moos (now president of the University of Minnesota), in whose mind this farewell address had been building for two years. As ritual demands, let us now review the four vital paragraphs:

> This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience.
>
> The total influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every Statehouse, every office of the Federal Government.
>
> We recognize the imperative need for this development. Yet we must not fail to comprehend its grave implications. Our toil, resources and livelihood are all involved; so is the very structure of our society.
>
> In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex.

As warnings go, this wasn't much, and few people at the time paid attention. After all, when one declares that there is an "imperative need" for an activity, it is somewhat difficult to make people look upon it as a great threat. Nonetheless, to give Eisenhower credit, he probably believed some of what he said. A couple of years earlier, when it was discovered that the Capitol's corridors were crawling with former military officers working as lobbyists, the President had commented with wry matter-of-factness that the forces shaping the defense budget were "obviously political and financial considerations" rather than "strict military needs," and he warned that if that sort of thing kept up without restraint, "everybody with any sense knows that we are finally going to a garrison state."

The crush of military lobbying offended Eisenhower's Kansas sense of moderation. He was simply against *abusing* defense expenditures for political and economic considerations; he wasn't against it in principle, as he demonstrated in 1960, when, at Nixon's request, he authorized an extra $190,000,000 to be spent on the worthless B-70 project in California and thereby, in Joseph Alsop's opinion, "quite certainly helped carry California for Nixon by the narrow margin of about 30,000 votes." The late C. Wright Mills, author of *The Power Elite*, once observed that when Eisenhower saw unemployment rise to the disturbingly high level of 4,500,000 in January 1958, he pulled what has become the standard ploy: "The President proclaimed that war-contract awards will rise from the 35.6 billion dollars of 1957 to the 47.2 billion dollars of 1958." In 1950, the defense budget was 13 billion dollars; but from 1953 to the day Ike left office, annual spending by the Pentagon never fell below 40 billion dollars, and the two billion dollars for researching new weapons in 1952 had grown, by the end of Ike's tenure, to nine billion dollars annually. To see Eisenhower's position accurately, one should bear in mind that when he wrote a letter in 1966 to his former press aide, James Hagerty, listing what he looked upon as his greatest achievements, Eisenhower did *not* list the military-industrial-complex warning of his farewell speech but *did* list his having supervised the "preservation for the first time in American history of adequate military establishment after cessation of war."

In short, Eisenhower's attitude toward the military-industrial complex—to which he seemed oblivious until almost the day before he left office—was really no different from the attitude of John Kennedy, who increased the defense budget more swiftly than any President in history, or of Lyndon Johnson, whose home state of Texas ranked seventh in defense contracts when he became President and ranked second when he left office. Johnson on one occasion ordered the Lockheed-Georgia Company to establish subassembly plants for the world's largest military airplane in the home districts of three key House committee chairmen whose good will he needed; and (according to L. B. J.'s brother, Sam) looked upon this kind of horse trading as so practical a matter that he would sometimes burst out in conversation with some such observation as, "Well, goddamn, I fixed him up with two defense plants last year and now he's giving me trouble." To be sure, L. B. J. wasn't as candid as Senator William Fulbright about one of the reasons for the Vietnam build-up, which Fulbright said some businessmen and some Congressmen view as "a nice little war, not too much killing but still a big help to the economy." Johnson was constantly boasting of economic boom conditions. In the first two years of the Johnson escalation, the defense industries accounted for 23 percent of the increase in employment, adding 4,000,000 jobs to the rolls, and no less an economic authority than the financial editor of *The Washington Post*, Hobart Rowen, observed, "If there were not the war going on in full bloom, we might be in the throes of a full-fledged recession."

With this attitude prevailing in the White House for the past two decades, supported by a Congress that even now cannot muster more than two dozen votes out of 535 in opposition to any defense budget, a Congress that has never failed to fund a single major weapons system, a Congress in which 70-billion-dollar defense budgets have been passed with only ten minutes of debate—with these men in control of the Government, it is as futile in the year 1970 to talk of turning back the military-industrial complex as it would have been in the year 1910 to talk of reversing the industrial revolution. We have irreversibly become a militaristic nation. Even when Eisenhower first used the phrase, it was outdated. Military-industrial-union-political-university complex would have been more accurate; more accurate yet would be a recent observation of Dr. Arthur Burns, chairman of Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors from 1953 to 1956 and now chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, "The military-industrial complex has acquired a constituency including factory workers, clerks, secretaries, even grocers and barbers."

This broad constituency has created an atmosphere in which it is natural to find a *Wall Street Journal* columnist observing, "Certainly, military spending is far from a totally negative factor in the world's economies. The production of a $6,800,000 F-111 adds to the G.N.P. just as much as does the equivalent dollar volume of new commercial airliners; it also supports employment in Fort Worth, Texas." (He could even have gone as far as to say that a $6,800,000 mistake—as proved by the 15 F-111s that have crashed—is not to be disdained, either.) Ralph Lapp, in *The Weapons Culture*, quotes two Utah State University economists in this defense of defense: "The defense industry, as a whole, has proved itself to be one of the



"Now, child, didn't that cure those nasty old hiccups?"

state's most stable industries. At least defense employment has not been sensitive to the 'business cycle,' which was true of those major industries of past years."

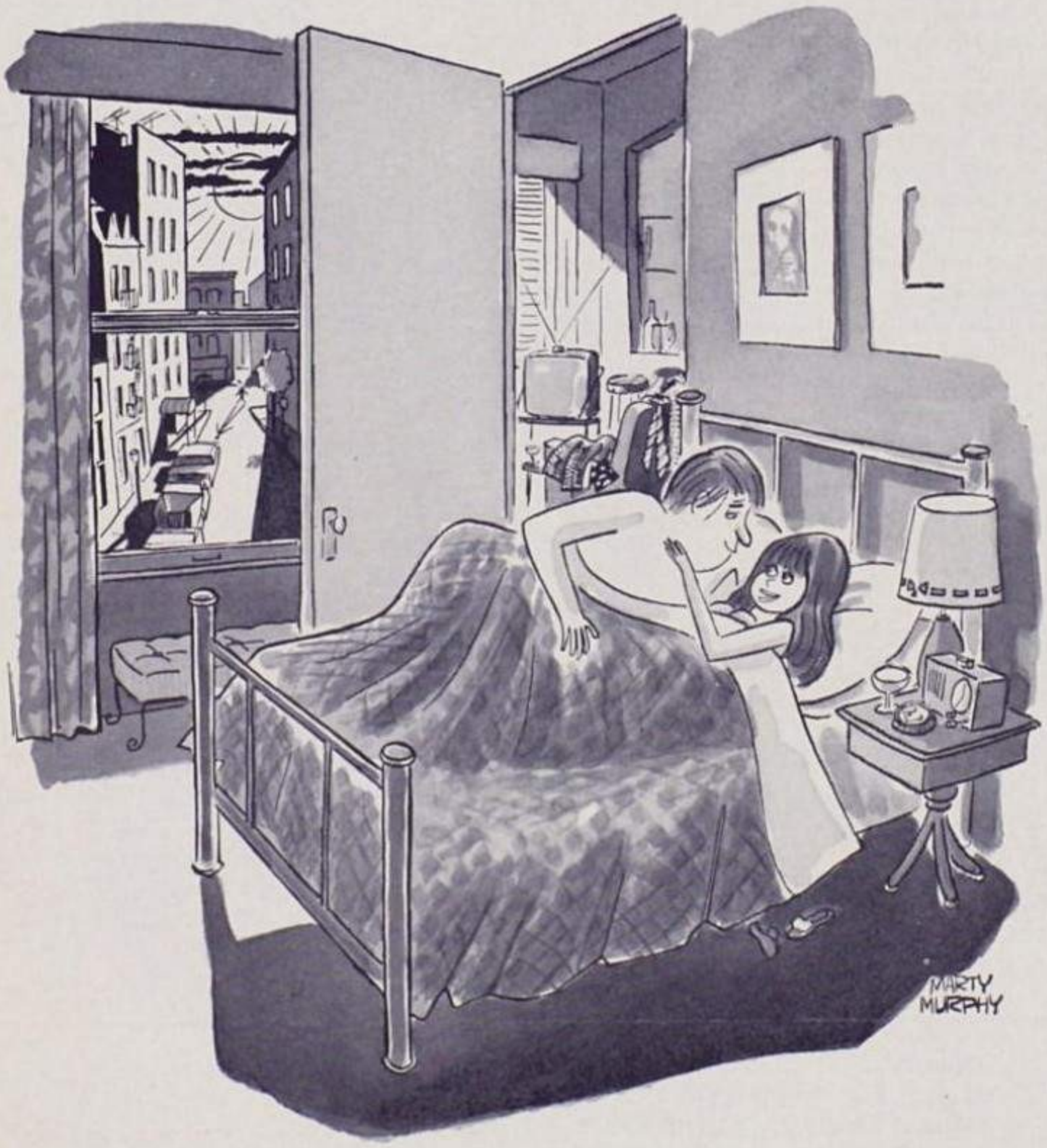
Partially in pursuit of economic stability, our Government since World War Two has spent one trillion dollars for defense. This is 1,000,000 times $1,000,000. Moreover, the total cost of the military side of our Government is never found solely in that portion of the budget marked national defense. Aside from the 16-billion-dollar interest stuck into the budget, which is mostly for money borrowed to support the military establishment in the past, there are 8.6 billion dollars for veterans' benefits, including 1.7 billion dollars for medical care of veterans, 1.08 billion dollars for veterans' education. The 2.4 billion dollars channeled to the Atomic Energy Commission must also be considered military outlay, as is much of the 1.2 billion dollars spent by the Army Corps of Engineers and as, also, is much of the 1.6 billion dollars for foreign aid. And while it may be stretching the notion of militarization a bit, it is just as well to point out that the interstate-highway system was started as a defense idea—sold to Congress with the argument that should another war come, we would need a better road system to move troops and supplies—and that is costing us four billion dollars this year. But leaving the highway system out of our calculations and leaving out the salaries of the 170,000 employees of the Veterans Administration and such items as the impacted school subsidies, and adding up only the *known* military dollars in the rest of the budget, the total comes to more than 100 billion dollars; Senator George McGovern places all military spending at 107 billion dollars, which isn't a wild estimate. So the militarization of the nation, as measured by the popular support of these commitments, is 25 percent higher than the Government's official estimate.

It would not be accurate to say that this is altogether calculated duplicity. Some of it is ignorance and some is stupidity. Spending that much money is such a difficult and complex problem that the highest officials in the Government can't keep track of it. If President Nixon wanted to find out right now how much money is being spent on what weapons, he'd be out of luck. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird couldn't tell him, because he doesn't know. Nobody knows. Any reader in his right mind will be skeptical of that statement. But we have it on no less an authority than Robert F. Keller, Assistant Comptroller General of the United States. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee not long ago, Keller said: "The Department of Defense's inventory includes some 130 [weapons] systems, having an estimated total cost through completion of about 140 billion dollars. . . . But as far as we know, information is not available centrally as to the total number of systems being acquired or their costs."

The Senators couldn't believe it. Did Keller actually mean, could he possibly mean, that the information "is not even available to the Secretary of Defense or the President of the United States?" Yes, said Keller, that was exactly what he meant: There is no one source of information on defense spending to which the President can go. However, he was optimistic; if the President wanted to scratch around long enough in a number of different places, he said, "I think he can find out." That's how generously we're spreading it around in this era when a Navy rescue submarine that was budgeted to cost $3,000,000 winds up costing $125,000,000 per craft, and the price of 38 major weapons systems—while apparently nobody is watching—jumps nearly 50 percent.

Today, we are spending on defense at a rate of $2834 per taxpayer each year. The money we are pouring into defense, which is two thirds of all Federal tax receipts, is greater than the net profits of all American private enterprise put together. The Pentagon is the nation's largest home builder, and even its PX service—with annual sales of 3.7 billion dollars—ranks right up there with J. C. Penney and F. W. Woolworth. In the employ of the Pentagon are 22,000 prime contractors and 100,000 subcontractors. Seventy-six industries are classed as defense-oriented. There are 5300 U.S. cities and towns that have at least one defense plant or company under contract to the military.

Ten years ago, Congressman Ken Hechler complained, "I am firmly against the kind of logrolling that would subject our defense program to narrowly sectional or selfish pulling and hauling. But I am getting pretty hot under the collar about the way my state of West Virginia is shortchanged in Army, Navy and Air Force installations." Until West Virginia got its fair cut, Hechler



"When you said you liked a little 'eye opener' in the morning, I assumed you meant you were a drinking man."

threatened to "stand up on my hind legs and roar." Within four years, West Virginia's military contracts had quadrupled. Hechler's reasoned complaint—no pork barrel or logrolling; just give us our fair share—is the normal political approach to the military budget today and tomorrow and probably forevermore.

One may wish and work for it to be otherwise, and the impact of this wishing and working will be a healthy one; commercial militarism should be balanced by idealism, just as city dwellers are better off if they can get into the country occasionally. But one should not hope to change basic things. Early in March of 1969, a bipartisan group of Senators and Representatives—a respectable number, 50 in the House, 27 in the Senate—introduced a bill to establish a National Economic Conversion Commission, an outfit to figure out ways to divert some of the defense budget to peaceful efforts once the Vietnam war is over. When Congress went home for the holidays ten months later, the bill hadn't budged out of committee. That was no surprise. It had been flopping around Congress for six years. Senator McGovern introduced it in 1963. Chairman of the committee is Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut, and it may or may not be to the point that Connecticut gets more defense dollars per capita than any other state. Even if such a commission were eventually established, it would get nowhere. Similar commissions have sprung up periodically ever since World War Two with the objective of "converting" the defense budget, and they have even made some proposals—none of which can be recalled by anyone in Washington today. A special Presidential study group was assigned to the same over-all problem in 1964; it brought in its report in 1965, which was not exactly a good year for optimism, because it saw the beginning of our build-up in Vietnam. The study was buried.

One might reasonably assume that the best way to divert the defense budget to peaceful pursuits would be to partially disarm, and one might suppose that the best chance for disarming would come from the work of the U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. If one supposes all that, then the ACDA can be seen as symptomatic of what the reversalists are up against; some of its better-known members are John J. McCloy, partner in the eminent Wall Street law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy; Roger Blough, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel; John Cowles, president of *The Minneapolis Star* and *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*; General Alfred Gruenther (retired); Dean Anderson McGee, president of Kerr-McGee Oil Industries; George Meany, president of the A. F. L.-C. I. O., et al. Perhaps their advice is quite appropriate, since disarmament, if it came, would come only with the consent of those who had also



contributed to armaments. They have made several vague and very orthodox passes at the problem: in fact, they have let 30 contracts to experts to study the best way to convert a war economy to a peace economy, and 25 of these studies are now in. The results, totally disregarded, add up to zero.

And that is just as well. Hope is the worst thing such studies could offer. Hope made sense perhaps as recently as, say, 1946 to 1949. But not since. Certainly not now. Even the most optimistic estimates of the speed with which a significant member of military-industrial industries could shift over to civilian production are made in terms of five or six years; and since not even the basic maneuvers for conversion have been agreed upon, a shift from military to civilian production could not be anticipated sooner than a decade from the end of the war, even with the best of will. And little good will is in evidence. Bernard Nossiter of *The Washington Post* roamed the country, interviewing major military industrialists, to see what plans for conversion were being made; he found virtually none. The Pentagon is quite candid about being prepared to use all "surplus" money, when the war is over, in the production of 13 new weapons systems that have already been proposed.

And in this, the planners of future arsenals are being led by Southerners, which is appropriate, inasmuch as the South benefits more by ratio than any other region from the military budget. The advisors to the President and to Congress on military matters are General William Westmoreland of South Carolina, Army Chief of Staff; Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chief of Naval Operations, from Alabama; General John McConnell of Arkansas, Air Force Chief of Staff; General Leonard F. Chapman, Jr., of Florida, Commandant of the Marine Corps; and General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who came up through the Washington National Guard back in the days when the national capital was, as in many ways it still is, a Southern town.

The South will team up with the West to push militarism even more deeply into the politics of the future if, as Kevin Phillips predicts in *The Emerging Republican Majority* (the Bible of the Nixon era): "In 1970, California, Arizona, Florida and Texas, almost alone among the 50 states, will gain ten new Congressmen and electoral votes, principally at the expense of the urban Northeast and Great Lakes. In another generation, the four Sun Belt states will outvote all 11 Northeastern states, if present trends continue. Few Northeasterners realize the new prominence of the South and West or appreciate that a new political era is in the making." One is not likely to overlook the fact that three of the Sun Belt states Phillips mentions are among the consistent front runners in military appropriations, and all four consistently send to Washington some of its most hawkish legislators.

Almost never is the power of the South referred to in debate over the military budget, perhaps because it is so embarrassingly evident, what with John Stennis of Mississippi sitting on military authorizations and Richard Russell of Georgia sitting on military appropriations in the Senate; and George Mahon of Texas running both the main appropriations committee and the defense subcommittee on appropriations (with Robert Sikes of Florida, a general in the reserves, number two on the subcommittee), the legendary Mendel Rivers of South Carolina chairing the House Armed Services Committee and Sikes chairing the military-construction appropriation subcommittee. The only time the Southerners ever quibble about defense expenditures is when one tries to interfere with another's booty. Thus, when Senator Stennis talked about investigating the obvious plundering

of the budget by the Georgia builders of the C-5A, Senator Russell retorted that funds might be withheld from the fleet of logistic deployment ships that would be built in Mississippi shipyards. When new members are added to the Armed Services committee, they are drawn heavily from the South: of the nine new men added to the House in 1968, one (a retired lieutenant colonel) was from New Jersey, one was a former Congressman from Texas now living in New Mexico and others were from Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, Alabama and Texas.

The Southern suzerainty over military affairs is so total that the principals feel free to joke about it. At a testimonial dinner for Senator Stennis in Jackson, Mississippi, attended by 1200 of the most powerful industrialists and Congressional war lords, Rivers made a speech in which he quipped, "I don't believe the Yankees will pick a fight with us again, because when we get through, there'll be precious few installations left north of the Mason-Dixon line."

In the fiscal year that runs from July 1, 1969, to June 30, 1970, New York will have received $3,500,000 for military construction. Rivers' home state, South Carolina, will have received nearly nine times that much—$30,800,000. Texas will have gotten $47,000,000, Virginia $31,400,000, Florida $21,700,000. In fact, every state in the old Confederacy got more construction money than New York, except for Dixie's two poorest and least populated waifs, Mississippi and Arkansas, which, even so, got only a little less than New York.

The South has everything tied up tight at committee level, and when the military bills hit the floor, teamwork with the conservative wing of the G. O. P., plus a few references to the threat of communism rolls the money through. But if, by chance, the conservatives need an extra push in the House, Speaker John McCormack will supply it. McCormack is convinced that the nation has been saved by Mendel Rivers more than once, and when it looks like Rivers needs some help, McCormack will come down out of his chair and tell the House, "I always defer to the experts, which is why I always defer to Congressman Rivers in military matters." By saying that, McCormack can add another 20 or 30 votes —which is about the size of the McCormack claque—to Rivers' legislative juggernaut.

Of course, one can always hope that mortality will ease this situation sooner or later, but mortality is too slight a shovel to pit against this mountain. Efforts to decrease the flow from the Pentagon cornucopia are no more successful from the inside than from the outside. Not all Congressmen are endlessly greedy; among the ones who aren't are Robert Leggett of California (in whose district military payrolls amount to $600,000,000 annually) and Otis Pike of New York, in whose district the military-aircraft industry is the largest employer. They can speak quite matter-of-factly of militarism as commerce and industry. "My state receives about nine billion dollars in military and space salaries," says Leggett. "That's why we have four Californians on the House Armed Services Committee. California has ten percent of the nation's population and, therefore, California should have ten percent of the committee, and we do have." This is typical pie-slicing talk from Congressmen involved in military spending. Nevertheless, in the past couple of years, Leggett and Pike and three other Congressmen on Rivers' committee have become disturbed by the unrestrained spending on militarism and have banded together to see if they can't modify the policy. Because this makes them seem rather foolhardy in the eyes of their colleagues, they have been named the Fearless Five. They are also the banished five; they have had absolutely no impact on the operation of Rivers' committee, and Rivers has retaliated by taking away their important subcommittee assignments, giving them less preference than the freshmen members of the committee. Other committee members, observing the punishment, have hurried to assure chairman Rivers of their own deep loyalty to him and to military spending.

But don't dismiss the Fearless Five as a cranky, quaint clique. They went about their efforts in a very sensible way. With Charles Whalen, Jr., of Dayton, a former economics professor, serving as the "administrator" of the movement, they met weekly between June and October, 1969, carefully put together the arguments they would use against various sections of the military budget, made working alliances with the large semi-liberal Democratic Study Group in the House and with the Members of Congress for Peace Through Law, which, despite its odd title, actually has some standing and, under the new leadership of Brad Morse of Massachusetts, even a little clout. Whalen served as liaison among the three groups. On the day of the showdown voting, the Fearless Five even put into operation a whip arrangement by which they tried to get sympathetic members to show up on the floor for a vote.

Bear that in mind: An intelligent, manly effort was brought to focus on the military budget when it appeared in the House. The Fearless Five and their allies hit the bill with 14 amendments. They passed part of one. And that amendment was so shredded and patched that they don't even consider it their biggest victory. The biggest victory of this group, the thing that Whalen describes as "our high-water mark," came when they were able to muster 141 votes against a recommittal motion that, if their side had had its way, would have permitted Whalen to offer a substitute motion. After months of work, the biggest victory of the Fearless Five was in making a decent showing—not winning, just making a decent showing—in an obscure parliamentary maneuver.

If the mood of the country ever was right for slashing the Pentagon budget, it was in 1969. In Congress, as *The Wall Street Journal* noted, "Never before had the nation seen the strategic arms race debated in such breadth and detail." Widespread demonstrations were held against the R. O. T. C., and some professors joined the students in protesting the use of campus laboratories for defense research. Even House appropriations czar Mahon was stirred to the amazing remark, "The military has made so many mistakes, it has generated a lack of confidence." So much criticism rolled through Washington that President Nixon appointed a committee to "study" Pentagon affairs. This demonstrated comparatively great turbulence in the normally placid Administration. And yet, when the storm of 1969 had passed, nothing really had changed. The military budget had been chipped away less than five percent (columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak claim that even this was a clever bit of sleight-of-hand on the part of Defense Secretary Laird, who left the Pentagon's requests unrealistically high, so that Congress could "feel good" by cutting the budget back to where Laird knew all along it would have to go). Only three percent of the college R. O. T. C. units were put under attack in 1969, and the Pentagon could boast that by 1972, it would have 250,000 cadets at the high school level—a new generation. And campus research for the Pentagon was still increasing. In the most promising anti-militarist year since World War Two, anti-militarism had accomplished almost nothing.

Some feel that the military's grasp on the economy is the result of a devious plot. Others, without finding virtue in the complex, will deny that it is evil. Adam Yarmolinsky, who was a special assistant to former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, says, "Surely, the military-industrial-Congressional complex is not a conspiracy." However, he acknowledges, "There are coincidences of interest among the military project officer who is looking for a star, the civilian contractor who is running out of work, the union business agents who can see layoffs coming and the Congressman who is concerned about campaign contributions from business and labor, as well as about the prosperity of his district." To call it a coincidence of interest rather than a conspiracy is probably a matter of personal preference. And, in any

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event, a case for the not-so-coincidental convergence of interest that would add up to true conspiracy can be made.

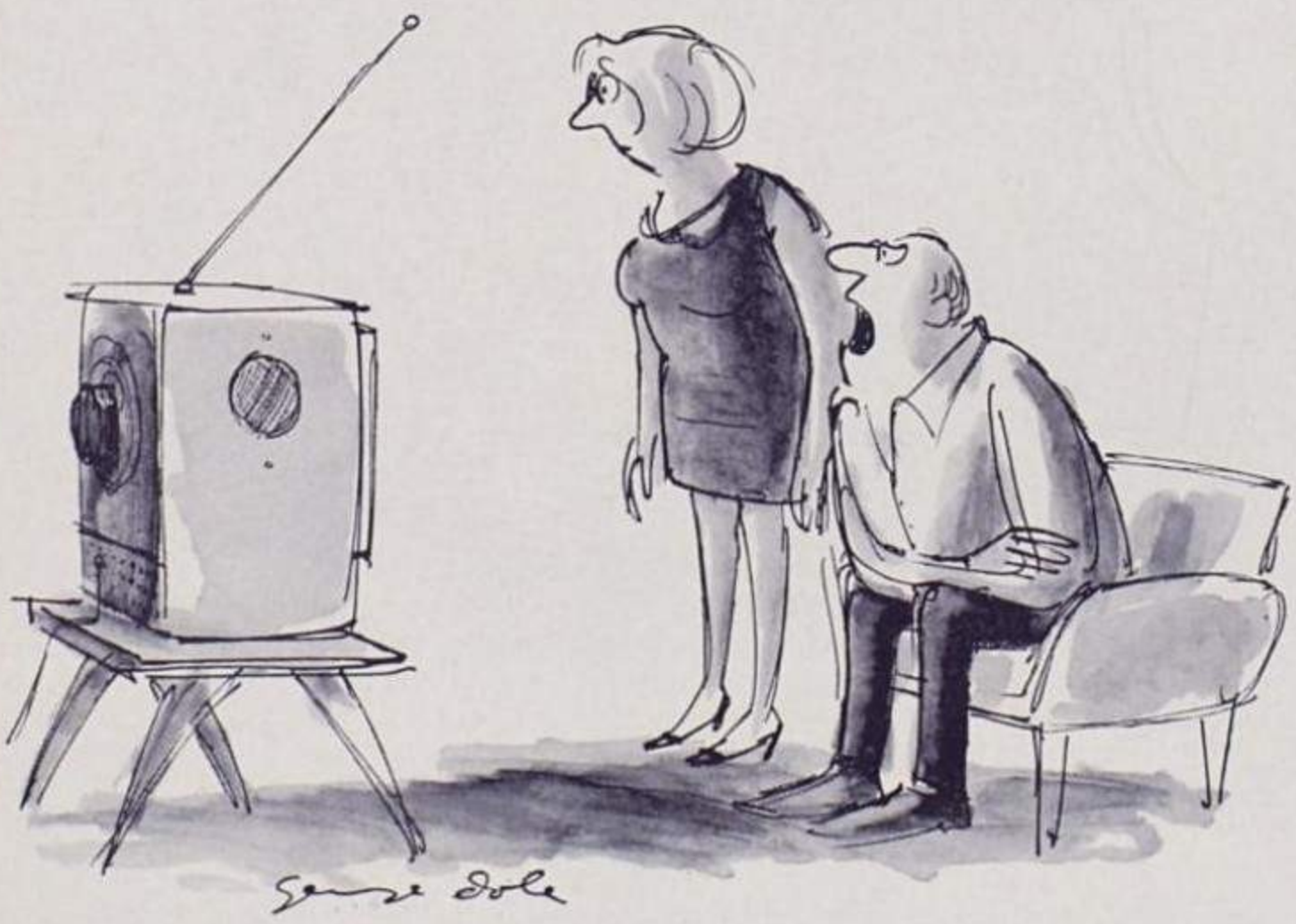
During World War Two, the Army was quite open in its efforts to take over the nation's production power, including the fiscal fuel that provides that power. Donald Nelson, who was head of the War Production Board during that War, wrote later, "From 1942 onward, the Army people, in order to get control of our national economy, did their best to make an errand boy of the WPB," and his appraisal of these efforts was substantiated by a Bureau of the Budget report issued in 1946, which acknowledged that during the War, the Army attempted to seize "total control of the nation, its manpower, its facilities, its economy."

With the end of World War Two, the defense industries were faced with a crisis of influence, since never in American history had a war been settled without an accompanying diminution of the arms industry and of the military establishment. To counteract this anticipated slump, a movement was launched to integrate the military with big business. When the end of the War was in sight in January of 1944, Charles E. Wilson, then president of General Electric, told the Army Ordnance Association, "The revulsion against war not too long hence will be an almost insuperable obstacle for us to overcome in establishing a preparedness program and, for that reason, I am convinced that we must begin now to set the machinery in motion." The goal, he said, must be "a permanent war economy," which could be best begun if every key defense industry named a special liaison official, with the commission of a reserve colonel, to serve with the Armed Forces. In the same year, Navy Secretary James Forrestal helped organize the National Security Industrial Association, to assure a clublike approach to industry's dealings with the military. Other associations included the Aerospace Industries Association. Every arm of the military had its own special tunnel into industry.

This meshing of contrivances would never have succeeded, however, without an accompanying program of fright. Despite the frequent alarms sounded by prominent military leaders immediately after the War that another conflict was imminent, the nation was tired of fighting and did not immediately respond. Colonel William H. Neblett, a former national president of the Reserve Officers' Association, who was in the Pentagon during this period, recalls: "Generals and admirals, colonels and captains spoke throughout the land at every meeting to which they could wangle an invitation. Reams of statements of generals and admirals for press and radio were ground out for them by the civilian publicity experts, employed at the Pentagon. . . . The Pentagon line was that we were living in a state of undeclared emergency, that war with Russia was just around the corner."

But it didn't work. The defense budget was cut and Congress refused to pass the universal-military-training bill, which would have ensured a permanent peacetime conscription to support the brass pyramid left over from the War. So a series of false alarms was prepared—and used with effective results. The *Chicago Tribune* of June 19, 1948, tells how: "In March, apparently in desperation, the Army handed President Truman a false intelligence report which 'pictured the Soviet Army as on the move,' when 'actually the Soviets were redistributing their troops to spring training stations.'" So, on March 17, Truman called a joint emergency session of Congress, out of which came peacetime conscription and the first building blocks for constructing the western European military alliance that helped perpetuate the Cold War. Happily for the military, other episodes followed that could also be used. On September 23, 1949, President Truman announced that "within recent weeks" the Russians had achieved an atomic explosion, and the reaction to that announcement was described in *Atomics* magazine's September issue as "a minor panic; many radio commentators have the country practically at war with Russia." Newspapers contributed their share to the hysterics and Charles E. Wilson, who had been recruited by Truman for Civil and Defense Mobilization Director, quite honestly praised the American Newspaper Publishers Association at its 1951 dinner in words that hardly attempted to disguise his project: "If the people were not convinced that the free world is in mortal danger, it would be impossible for Congress to vote the vast sums now being spent to avert that danger. . . . With the support of public opinion as marshaled by the press, we are off to a good start."

In the 20 years since then, the assets of the military have continued to multiply. There has been no moment of retrenchment, no momentary hesitation on the part of Congress to spend whatever the Pentagon requested, and more. Defense expenditures today are so dominant that the total economy can no longer function normally without taking its direction from the Pentagon. Insignificant adjustments in the defense budget have the power to create or wipe out small towns and to make even large towns respond in boom or bust ways. When the Army Ordnance Depot (530 workers) was shut down in Igloo, South Dakota (population 1700), a few years ago, the community simply went out of existence. Other small towns have disappeared like this as the result of a scratch through some line in a military-appropriations bill. When the Martin Company laid off 6800 workers in Denver in 1963, the expansion of the Denver economy came to an abrupt halt, Colorado's economic expansion slowed significantly and it was nearly two years before the economy began to move upward again. Throughout the nation, one out of ten employed persons is dependent on the



"Violence! Unrest! Predictions of more disturbances! And that was only the weather report!"

military-industrial complex for his pay check (3,500,000 in Service, 1,300,000 employees of the Defense Department, 4,000,000 industrial workers). If most of this employment were suddenly cut off, it would pitch the nation into a depression fully equal to the worst of the 1930s. In 14 states (Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Georgia, Hawaii, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Texas, Utah and Virginia), more than ten percent of the personal income comes from the Pentagon's coffers; and in three states (Alaska, Connecticut and Idaho), plus the District of Columbia, more than 20 percent of the personal income is from defense payrolls.

T. Coleman Andrews, former commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service, told a group of businessmen in 1960, "If the Soviets should present a sincere and reliable proposal for peace, it would throw us into an industrial tail spin the like of which we have never dreamed." Since then, the military budget has more than doubled. If the defense industry were to shut down tomorrow, 38 percent of all physicists, 18 percent of all engineers and 61 percent of all aeronautical engineers would be out of work. Obviously, broad elements of the labor force are at the mercy of the military budget. Even if a quick sufficiency of civilian employment could be drummed up for the conversion period, we have crippled with specialization so many of our supposedly skilled defense workers that it is doubtful that they could make the switch-over without retraining. William G. Torpey, a manpower specialist in the Office of Emergency Planning, made this embarrassing admission a few months ago, when he warned that the Government should look carefully at the problem of manpower displacement before canceling any defense contracts, *because the specialization of defense engineers is so limited that it would be hard to match them with job opportunities in civilian industry* (italics mine).

It is partly this forced dependency to which Dr. George Wald referred in his now-famous speech at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "I don't think we can live with the present military establishment and its 80-to-100-billion-dollar-a-year budget and keep America anything like we have known it in the past. It is corrupting the life of the whole country. It is buying up everything in sight: industries, banks, investors, universities, and lately it seems also to have bought up the labor unions."

The military establishment's purchase of the universities is best seen in the number of faculty engineers and scientists (25,000) who earn all or part of their income from the Pentagon. Seventy-five percent of all university research is supported by the Federal Government, and most of this support comes from the Department of Defense. Some of the younger scientists have attempted to break away, but the influence is so deep that the latest Pentagon figures show its contracts with universities still increasing, and MIT, where Dr. Wald voiced his criticism, is still leading the pack, with $119,000,000 of its $218,000,000 operating budget coming from the Pentagon.

The Pentagon also purchases state governments and communities, in a manner of speaking. When 6000 sheep were killed by Army nerve gas in Utah, state officials voiced no great protest, because the state earns $35 from defense activities for every dollar earned in sheep ranching. One of every three manufacturing employees in Utah looks to the Pentagon for his pay check. Seventeen members of the NAACP, including Louisiana Field Director Harvey Britton, were arrested and held 24 hours without bond by city officials in Leesville, Louisiana, which depends on Fort Polk trade, for no crime except that, in the words of Leesville mayor R. J. Fertitta, "Anyone who is not welcome at Fort Polk is not welcome at Leesville." The NAACP delegation had merely gone to the military base to investigate reports of racial discrimination.

Increasingly, the civilian authorities at all levels of government have come to tolerate and sometimes even welcome the military in setting the moral tone of the community and nation. Taking advantage of this, the Pentagon has assumed the right to enforce laws normally left to civilian courts (military tribunals have prosecuted Servicemen for income-tax evasion) and has also tried to pre-empt surveillance normally left to the FBI and state and local police. The U. S. Army Intelligence Command, headquartered at Fort Holabird, Maryland, keeps a close watch on nonconformists in civilian life. Christopher H. Pyle, who spent two years as a captain in Army Intelligence, disclosed recently that the Army has about 1000 plainclothes investigators deployed in 300 offices around the country, spying on civil rights leaders and political activists in and out of the anti-war movement. The system is tied together by teletype, ready for quick alert at all major bases.

Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford was right: "Not too many years ago, the War and Navy departments were concerned almost exclusively with men and simple machines. Defense industries were regarded as mere munitions makers. How remote that era seems!" Today, the arms manufacturers and the military constitute an elite, and they have taken advantage of their new status by intruding into every important element of civilian life. The success of their strategists can be measured by the fact that one is now forced to complain that if there is a great threat that confronts us from the military today, it is not in its cruel aspects (after all, it is safe to assume that cruelty will repel most Americans) but in its benevolent ones. The military is now in a position to argue very persuasively that it does not take half the national budget to do evil but to do good. It can show that



"Oh, don't be worried, Mr. Hadley . . . we all have our little sexual hang-ups. . . ."



"It was there, in the mud and rain at Woodstock, as we shared a joint and you offered me some of your cornflakes, that I knew I wanted you to be the mother of my children."

without the Pentagon's continuing ambitions, the nation would be thrown into a deep depression. It can cast itself in a father image, pointing out that the Veterans Administration is the legal guardian of 746,000 citizens, including 640,000 minors, and that it is the comforting mainstay to 4,800,000 veterans and survivors, who receive more than five and a half billion dollars a year in pensions and the compensations.

The military can give head counts to prove that a hitch in the Service has sent more people to college or given them on-the-job training than all the civilian school-aid programs ever invented (8,420,000 World War Two vets, 2,377,000 Korean vets and 1,633,000 post-Korean vets), and it can even argue that the reason it permits 100,000 illiterates in the Armed Forces today is not to use them for battle but simply to educate them. It can point to the fact that the military alumni system has built the largest hospital chain in the world, which treats 900,000 veterans each year in bed and receives 8,000,000 outpatient visits. It can also justify the military system by saying that if it had not been for a hitch in the Armed Services, the 7,000,000 veterans who have bought homes since World War Two on GI loans would have had to borrow money at higher interest rates elsewhere and might not have qualified. Indeed, so successful has the Pentagon been in altering its image that it is sometimes looked to as the model for running civilian social-reform programs. Thus, when Sargent Shriver was director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, he obtained many of his top people from the Pentagon and set out to copy what he considered the Pentagon's efficiency methods.

As extensive as the military's reach into foreign relations and domestic welfare is, perhaps the most damaging result of the ascendancy of the military-industrial complex is that we have, by not admitting the take-over, been forced into a series of national shams and into a distortion of our traditional concepts of honesty. At the least harmful level, the sham takes the form of describing our belligerent efforts as peaceful efforts. Defense Secretary Laird touted the ABM as "a building block to peace." In his first Armed Forces Day address, President Nixon defended the military-industrial machinery as "the apparatus for peace." But this is such an old gambit that it is almost forgivable; it follows a precedent set by such venerable patriots as Andrew Carnegie, who contributed some of his war profits to the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, which, in turn, was used to lobby for treaties that benefited his railroad. American politicians and capitalists have always had a hard time distinguishing between peacemaking and warmaking.

On a very dangerous level, however, are the false alarms that are supposed to excuse military-industrial activities. Those who desire to increase the budget apparently feel obliged to supply a new peril. Every Presidential campaign and every new Administration since Eisenhower's has been marked by its version of the same budget-induced bogey. The "bomber gap" of the Eisenhower years was followed by the "missile gap" of the Kennedy years, which was followed by the "megatonnage gap" of the Goldwater campaign, which was displaced by the "security gap" of Nixon's 1968 campaign. And Secretary Laird wasn't in office two months before he noticed what his predecessor had failed to notice—that we are confronted by a new missile gap.

In the Eisenhower years, 30 billion dollars was spent on bombers that gave only ragged protection. Since World War Two, as Ohio Senator Stephen Young has pointed out, "The United States has spent almost 19 billion dollars on missile systems that either were never finished or were out of service when completed, because of obsolescence." Little that we did, little that we got in return for all that money, would have been capable of offsetting the great perils spoken of at the time of the spending, if, in fact, they existed. From another perspective, Senator William Proxmire has observed: "Of 13 major aircraft and missile programs with sophisticated electronic systems built for the Air Force and the Navy since 1955 at a cost of 40 billion dollars, only four costing five billion dollars could be relied upon to reach a performance level of 75 percent or above of their specifications." And yet we survived, perhaps because there was no peril, after all.

Out of this froth emerges the first positive thought: While we can do nothing to restrict the military-industrial part of our Government, perhaps we can at least negotiate with the masters of that sector to accept a budget with no questions asked, to do with as they choose—short of waging war—to build missiles that can't be aimed and airplanes that won't fly, if that is their desire, as long as they do *not* accompany their budget requests with some at-least-partially bogus new specter. If we must submit to their budgetary demands, at least we may be able to negotiate them into accepting a saner and calmer blackmail.

"So help me, God," Congressman Rivers once swore to his colleagues in the House, "we are going to have a follow-on bomber. If I live, I am determined to get my nation a bomber. We have too many eggs in the missile basket. This could be our end." Under the rules of the proposed system of blackmail decorum, we would be spared these theatrics, which is a consideration that certainly must be



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worth several billion. Nor would we ever again have to hear Rivers demand the immediate deployment of some new weapons system with the gloomy fakery, "I just hope it isn't too late." Knowing his budget was in the bag by prior agreement, presumably he would keep quiet.

Everyone knows that to wipe us out, the Soviet Union would have to expend at least 20,000 megatons of nuclear power, which would release enough strontium 90 to kill off everybody in the world via atomic poisoning; and everyone knows that we already have more than ten times as many missiles as would be necessary to obliterate Russia if that nation should attack us—so it would have been much nicer if we had not been subjected first by Robert McNamara to the specter of a missile attack from China (which as yet has no operative intercontinental missiles) and then by Melvin Laird to the specter of a missile attack from Russia ("Make no mistake. They're going for the missiles. No doubt about it."). How much more civilized it would have been if each Secretary of Defense had stuck to the facts and told us that the billions to be spent on the anti-ballistic-missiles system would employ hundreds of thousands of people in 5000 firms subcontracting to the corporations standing to benefit the most—Bell Telephone Labs, McDonnell Douglas, Martin-Marietta, General Electric, Sperry Rand, Raytheon, AVCO, Hughes Aircraft, Radio Corporation of America, et al. We would let Laird know that we understand what he is up to and encourage him, with an uncontested appropriation, to put an honest face on it.

The second possible improvement on the present situation would come from a national acceptance of the military-industrial complex as a special form of socialism that is not bound by the normal code of business ethics. A major form of socialism it certainly is, being a controlled economy that is larger than the economies of entire nations, such as France and the United Kingdom. Probably the sharpest observer of the military-industrial complex is Murray L. Weidenbaum, former professor of economics at Washington University in St. Louis, who now serves as an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. On this point, he has observed: "The close, continuing relationship between the military establishment and the major companies serving the military market is having some long-term impacts on both the nature of the public sector of the American economy and a large branch of American industry. To a substantial degree, the Government is taking on the traditional role of the private entrepreneur, while the companies are becoming less like other American corporations and acquiring many of the characteristics of a Government agency or arsenal. In a sense, the close, continuing relationship between the Department of Defense and its major suppliers is resulting in a convergence of the two. This is blurring or reducing much of the distinction between public and private activities in an important branch of the American economy."

He was speaking of such companies as Lockheed Aircraft and Thiokol Chemical, which exist almost entirely on defense contracts, and of companies such as North American Rockwell, General Dynamics and McDonnell Douglas, more than three quarters of whose income is from defense. This socialism was inevitable. In the first place, the Government created from scratch much of the industry with which it now deals. For example, it made available more than a billion dollars' worth of capital facilities to the five leading World War Two aircraft manufacturers (the companies themselves invested only about $150,000,000 in capital equipment). The Government also contributed most of the working capital. Having brought these companies into existence—at least into existence as giants—the Air Force assured their staying alive after the War by issuing, in 1946, a secret order to the effect that "Whenever practicable, contracts are parceled out among the old established manufacturers on an equitable basis, so that they may be assured enough business to perpetuate their existence." (This letter from the Air Matériel Command to the Commanding General, Army Air Force, was declassified 14 years later, in 1960.) This kept out new competitors and pushed the industrial concentration. Favoritism shown in the distribution of research and development funds further increased this concentration. The results were inevitable. Today, except for Curtiss-Wright, which dropped out of contention, the seven top plane manufacturers of World War Two are still among the very top defense contractors. It would be strange, indeed, if these creations of the Pentagon's bounty were not indistinguishable from their creator.

A similar history can be found in most of the other Government-supported defense industries. The concentration is impressive. The ten top companies receive 30 percent of the Federal research money. The eight top defense companies virtually monopolize the manufacture of 22 out of the 27 most important military products. Their control of the Pentagon market is 98 percent or better for such items as helicopters and fighter aircraft, missile-guidance systems, fire-control systems and surveillance satellites; they control 91 percent of the combat-vehicles market, 81 percent of surface-radar sales, 93 percent of data-processing systems, etc. These are the big-money items. Only for such items as ammunition, services, textiles, clothing and subsistence do the smaller companies really have a whack at the money—and these are the markets that will slump first with a halt in hostilities.

The 24 top companies hold nearly 50 percent of the prime contracts; but they have bought this eminence at the cost of their independence. They have become what *The New York Times* recently called "the defense WPA." It matters not at all to them that much of the work they do is worthless. Gordon W. Rule, a Government procurement officer, told a House subcommittee, "Industry today is smug and perhaps rightly so. No matter how poor the quality, how late the product and how high the cost, they know nothing will happen to them." Cost escalations and stock manipulations and budget padding that, if done in ordinary business, would get immediate attention from a grand jury or the Securities and Exchange Commission, go on with scarcely a notice in the defense industry.

Journalist Julius Duscha has pointed out that between 1954 and 1964, "Five billion dollars was spent on the development of weapons [this was just the development of the weapons to prototype stage, not the manufacture of them en masse] that proved to be unworkable or unnecessary. This is more than the entire Federal budget before World War Two." Duscha's estimate was very low; and, anyway, since his accounting in 1964, the junk development has increased. More recently, we have seen the unveiling of the new Sheridan tank, which cost more than a billion dollars and is so poorly designed that it will never see battle. In his defense of it, General Austin Betts, head of Army Research and Development, said everything: "There is nothing about this tank that we dislike but the cost and demonstrated reliability." And we must not forget the B-70, for which we paid one and a half billion dollars, and saw only two planes actually constructed; one crashed after a mid-air collision and the other's only significant trip was to a museum, where it remains.

But such slip-ups scarcely dent the pride of companies that long ago decided pride can't be banked and that permit the Government to pay even for the retooling of their factories, which is exactly what was done not long ago (at a starting cost of $14,000,000) for Northrop, the chosen manufacturer of the F-5 "Freedom Fighter." When Congressman Durward G. Hall of Missouri asked Mendel Rivers why Northrop didn't pay for its own retooling, Rivers replied quite frankly: "It just doesn't



"Number six is strictly a mudder."

happen in the industry. Nobody [pays his own way]." Unions supported by defense contracts are just as willing as management to trade pride for income and to continue turning out worthless armaments. When former Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania proposed, early in 1968, that the Pentagon stop manufacturing a particularly unneeded helicopter, top A. F. L.-C. I. O. leaders said they would not support him for reelection (the helicopters were manufactured at a Pennsylvania plant). This was no doubt one reason he was not reelected to the Senate. A disregard for craftsmanship and engineering runs through the industry and occasionally shows up in slapstick ways, as when a new atomic submarine was launched from a California shipyard and immediately sank to the bottom, where it will remain until salvagers spend an estimated $35,000,000 to raise it. As for the aircraft section of the defense industry, it takes in the most dollars and produces the least per dollar. It keeps cranking out the same old planes. As Senator Stuart Symington pointed out, "Even though this nation is now spending over eight billion dollars a year on military research alone, it is a fact that since 1954, not a single new superior fighter plane—Army or Navy—has been produced in this country."

But the lesson to be learned from all these failures is that we must not judge the defense industry by them. The reason for the industry's existence is not to produce efficient weapons, thank goodness, but to produce jobs; and when the day arrives that this is the accepted criterion for its activities, then we can stop bruising our sanity and our ethics against an abnormal situation. On that happier day, we will understand that when John R. Blandford, chief counsel for the House Armed Services Committee, rallies members, as he did not long ago, with the reminder that "we are going to have to keep [Northrop] in business," he means only that and nothing more. We should give the industry its 70 billion dollars or 80 billion dollars, or whatever is agreed upon as necessary for employment at a given time, with the instructions: "Spend it however you want to. Let Lockheed pad its bills and let General Dynamics lose its blueprints and let every company's engineers come up with redesigned Spads and Fokkers —we don't care. *Just keep the folks working!*"

If we were now protected by that attitude, we would not be dismayed to learn that the proposed F-14 fighter plane for the Navy is nothing but a warmed-over version of the F-111B, which was finally junked by the Navy when it was discovered to be unflyable and riddled with 253 defects of design and construction. We would not give it a second thought that Pentagon officials covered up Lockheed's two-billion-dollar bungle on the C-5A in order to protect the company on the stock market. We would understand why the official who revealed the bungle to the public was fired by the Pentagon because he wasn't a team player. And we would pass no judgment on learning that although the Autonetics Division of North American Rockwell had produced faulty "brains" for the Minuteman II missile, it received contracts to make $400,000,000 worth more of the devices. In the context of make-work, we would think it quite sensible that the Pentagon has 5500 people involved in military procurement alone, that the Pentagon hires an average of one lobbyist for every two Congressmen and that the Pentagon pays $31,000,000 yearly in salaries to publicity and public-relations men whose job is to let the public know how important it is that we go on building obsolete missiles and earth-bound planes.

Richard Kaufman, economist counsel for the Senate Joint Economic Committee, has suggested that the military industrialists might more safely be paid for *not* building weapons; it would be a kind of "military land bank," by which industrialists would be paid so much for every weapons machine they took out of production. Or, as a modification of this plan, Kaufman proposes that if military-industrial workers prefer to stay active rather than stand by idle machines, they should be put to work making *models* of guns and airplanes as a way to retain their manual dexterity.

By placing the world of the Pentagon beyond all normal judgments except those based on employment, we would also be more tolerant of the "two-and-a-half-war" base on which the Pentagon has built its budget for at least the past decade. As it sounds, this means



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the Pentagon feels that it should be equipped at all times and ready to simultaneously fight a war in Europe, a war in Asia, plus a small war in, say, Latin America. Since we have not yet had that many wars to fight, and since unused weapons do not always wear out as fast as it would like, the Pentagon sometimes has a hard time spending its money, and it is sometimes embarrassed by the press's discovery that it has let contracts for strange studies—such as its recent grant of $600,000 to the University of Mississippi to see if doves, crows, ravens, pigeons, parrots, chickens, vultures and other birds can be taught to participate in war by steering missiles, detecting mines and in other ways filling in for human warriors [see the lead item in *Playboy After Hours*, March]. The Pentagon also has admitted spending many millions on such studies as "Cold Adaptation of Korean Women Divers," "Upper Limits of Safety for Primaquine in Sensitive Italians" and "An Experimental Study of the Development of Consensus." These things may give employment to more veterinarians and professors than we realize, and that should be our only criterion. Otherwise, we will go mad.

By giving the Pentagon carte blanche within its budget, we could also do without such antiquities as the Renegotiation Board. Renegotiating with profiteers had some effectiveness in World War Two and during the Korean War, but the board is now only a shadow agency that conducts ineffectual investigations. Lawrence E. Hartwig, chairman of the Renegotiation Board, told Congress that he had come upon one company that, on $3,500,000 in sales, had made a profit margin of 17.8 percent and a 517 percent return on its net worth, but, he added, "I am not saying that this particular company is making excessive profits." He cited similar cases, none of which he had looked upon as excessive profiteering, and Congress considered him such a good sport that it gave his board the budget money it asked for.

The Pentagon has so intimidated those who would, or should, probe its books that the General Accounting Office, popularly supposed to be "the watchdog of Congress," refused to act on Senator Proxmire's demands that it study defense profits. The job, said the GAO, was too difficult. It had timidly tried to be a policeman on another occasion, with embarrassing results. It had sought information from 111 selected defense contractors, only to be told by 46 of these firms that they didn't *know* what profits they were making—and the GAO let them get by with that explanation. The House Banking and Currency Committee learned in 1968 that it is quite customary for defense contractors to lie to the Government about their profits; a company that said it earned only 4.5 percent profits had actually earned 10 percent; another reported 12.5 percent profits but actually had earned 19.5 percent, and another reported a 2 percent *loss* when it had earned a 15 percent profit. No penalties are levied for this kind of misinformation.

Since 1965, when the big build-up began in Vietnam, the United States has spent 150 billion dollars on prime contracts, but Pentagon officials insist—when queried by investigating committees of Congress—that they have not kept a record of who made what profits. When asked for answers, they reply vaguely that somewhere within the bowels of the massive Pentagon building, scattered here and there, are the figures that could supply the answer, but nobody has compiled them. It is an answer quite effective in keeping away investigators.

Someday, the efficacy of hiding and disguising defense profits will be easily and simply conceded, for, as Bert Cochran has written in *The War System*:

> The war economy has a diabolical comfortableness about it that slowly submerges almost every part of the population in a euphoric stupor. Where the strong brews of patriotism and national honor keep the man in the street reconciled to high taxes and enormous financial outlays for military spending, he would resist, with all the righteous indignation bred of years of mass-media conditioning, comparable Government spending for "bleeding heart causes" and "egghead welfare boondoggling." Missiles, planes and bombs mean jobs; schoolhouses, scholarships and hospitals mean only more taxes and bureaucracy. . . . The beauty of the military system is that it is the kind of sheer waste which dovetails perfectly with the rest of the economy; the hardware and gadgets that come out of the laboratories and plants compete with no civilian products, do not interfere with the private corporation's patent rights and do not accumulate the kind of inventories that retard continued production. When the munitions do not get used in war, they quickly become obsolete and are junked or sold at knockdown prices or given away to our clients. There are no surpluses, and the demand is inexhaustible.

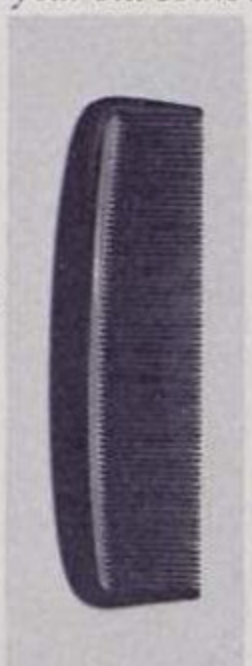
Probably for some time to come, the puritanical side of our national character will not permit us to concede that the idea of reforming the military-industrial complex is hopeless. But eventually we will admit it, and then we can move into the era of more equitable perversion for which America has probably always been destined.



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PEACE DEPARTMENT

(continued from page 136)

describes how this juggernaut maneuvers in the preceding article. Let me just say here that the M.I.C.'s influence is so pervasive that our society seems to be guided by the monster that it has created. An awesome amount of money and manpower is devoted to what social scientist Harold Lasswell of Yale once termed "the management of violence." The development of new weaponry appears to find justifications that are independent of strategic considerations. The forces that sponsor and encourage the creation of expensive and often unworkable war machines are so powerful that they can resist even the most reasoned opposition. Many members of the 91st Congress challenged the voracious appetite of the military for bigger and more sophisticated weapons. During the debate over the ABM and the Navy's proposed new fighter, the F-14—to cite only two examples—the senselessness of the new systems was exposed. Nevertheless, the tradition of Congressional acquiescence saved the day for the Pentagon and defense contractors. There seems to be no way to control defense contractors. There seems to be no way to control defense spending, which has grown from 11.8 billion dollars in 1948 to about 75 billion dollars during the past year. And those who believe that the end of the Vietnam war will release millions of dollars from the defense complex to the urban disaster areas of the United States will be gravely disappointed. As experts such as former Director of the Budget Charles Schultze point out, the savings gained by the end of the war would inevitably find their way into the defense pocketbook.

If we are to find a way to avoid the horrors of war, there must be a complete re-evaluation of the basic tenets of American foreign policy. More than a century ago, Lord Palmerston declared that "With every British minister, the interests of England ought to be the shibboleths of his policy." In contemporary America, we have seen the perversion of that idea, so that it is the shibboleths that determine the national interests and policies. The foreign policy of the United States is based upon the incantation of slogans that were robustly pertinent a generation ago but find scant application to the situations that prevail today. This country has dedicated itself to fighting an illusion called the international Communist monolith. And we are currently pursuing that phantom in the bloody rice paddies and highlands of Vietnam and Laos.

The dogma of anticommunism is a poor substitute for policy. We should consider the words of economist William Graham Sumner, who declared in 1934:





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"If you want a war, nourish a doctrine. Doctrines are the most frightful tyrants to which men are ever subject, because doctrines get inside of a man's reason and betray him against himself." Another great error of those who design our foreign policy has been their belief that history instructs us with parallels. The United States has tended to view all the crises that it has confronted since 1945 as exact replays of the Munich crisis of 1938. I think that it is about time that this country understand that the story of Munich does not discredit negotiation for all time. It teaches us little more than the simple lesson that if you should ever meet a man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache who calls himself Adolf Hitler and demands half of Czechoslovakia, you should not give in—if your name is Neville Chamberlain.

The vital signs for peace in our time are growing more feeble as the years pass. The tide of events indicates that we, too, shall be the victims of history. But I do not believe that the United States should submit docilely to a tragic destiny. We must take extraordinary steps to assert our control over the future.

And it is for this reason that I have proposed in the United States Senate the creation of a Department of Peace.

• • •

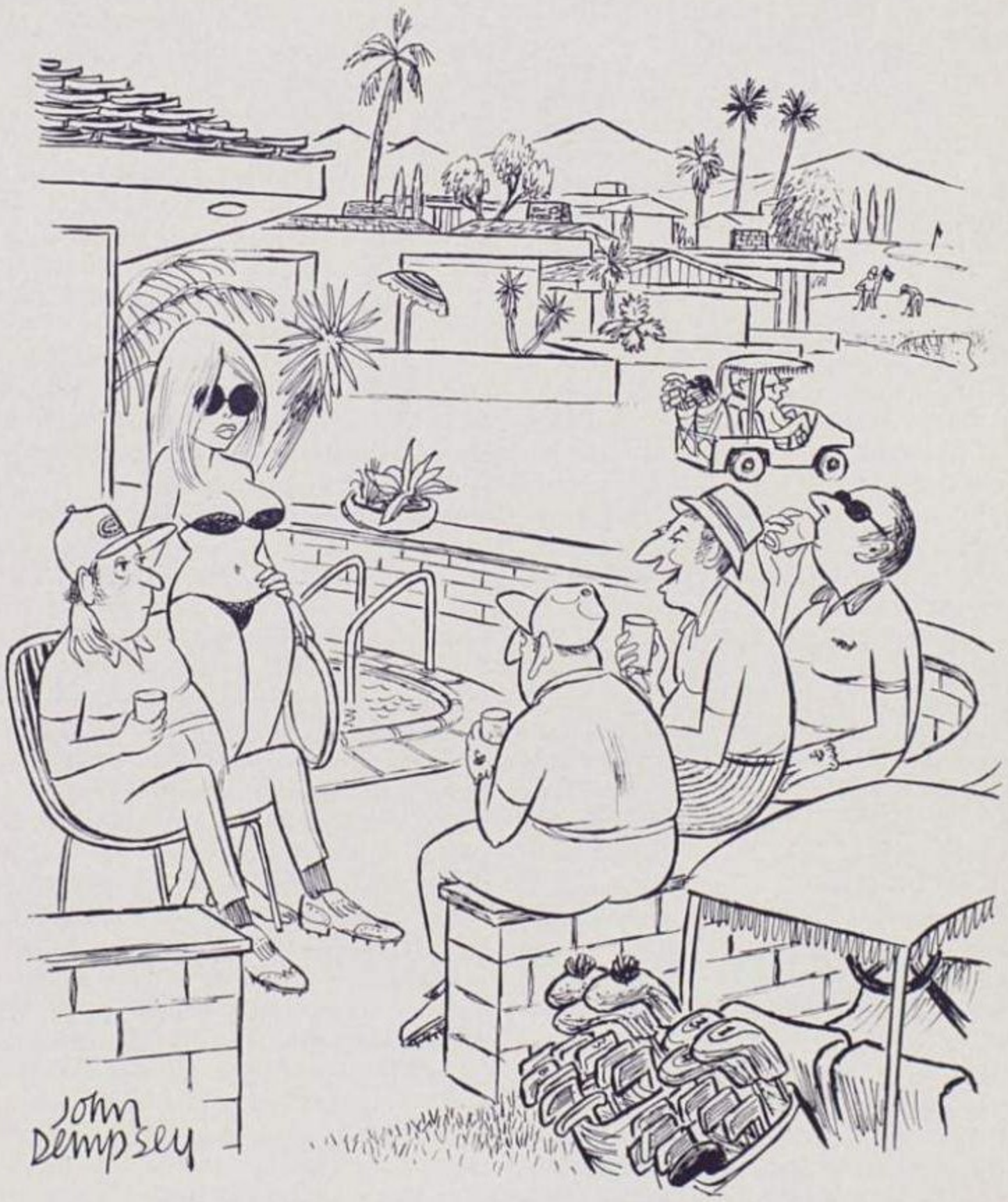
In this age of cynicism, there is a tendency to assume that idealism is an attitude that ignores the bitter realities of life. This is why many view the creation of a Department of Peace as a noble idea—perhaps vital for the health of the nation—but too visionary to escape the realm of imagination. I recently received a letter from a constituent who suggested facetiously that my Department of Peace be located next to a Ministry of Utopia.

As men have long dreamed of universal peace, it should not come as a surprise to learn that the idea of a Department of Peace is not original with its most recent advocate but is nearly as old as the republic itself. In the fall of 1792, the first edition of the almanac published by the well-known and versatile black American Benjamin Banneker featured an essay that began as follows:

> Among the many defects that have been pointed out in the Federal Constitution by its antifederal enemies, it is much to be lamented that no person had taken notice of its total silence upon the subject of an office of the utmost importance to the welfare of the United States, that is, an office for promoting and preserving perpetual peace in our country.
>
> It is hoped that no objection will be made to the establishment of such an office, while we are engaged in a war with the Indians, for as the War Office of the United States was established in the time of peace, it is equally reasonable that a Peace Office should be established in the time of war. . . .
>
> Let a Secretary of Peace be appointed to preside in this office, who shall be perfectly free from all the present absurd and vulgar European prejudices upon the subject of government; let him be a genuine republican and a sincere Christian, for the principles of republicanism and Christianity are no less friendly to universal and perpetual peace than they are to universal and equal liberty.

In 1799, this article was apparently plagiarized by Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence (the possibility exists that Rush did write the article in 1792 as a contribution to Banneker's almanac), and was titled *A Plan of a Peace Office for the United States*. During the course of American history, variations of this plan have been presented and endorsed by Congressmen and private citizens. In 1927, Kirby Page, the popular peace evangelist, presented a detailed argument for a Department of Peace that would operate with a budget of $100,000,000. Between 1935 and the time I introduced my Department of Peace Bill (in September of 1968), many similar proposals were made in the Congress. "Needed: A Department of Peace" was the title of an address delivered on the Senate floor by Karl Mundt in 1945. Representative Everett Dirksen of Illinois introduced a bill for "A Peace Division in the State Department" in 1947. Between 1955 and 1968, no fewer than 85 bills were introduced in the House or Senate in behalf of a Department of Peace. So my proposal is not something that has taken everybody by surprise. Rather, if I may paraphrase Victor Hugo, it is an idea whose time is long overdue.

Let me briefly describe the major functions of the Department of Peace as they are outlined in the bill I cosponsored



"Y' know, Dave, if you had a good golf swing, you'd have everything."

with Representative Seymour Halpern of New York in February 1969.

First: The department is to "develop and recommend to the President appropriate plans, policies and programs designed to foster peace." Up to now, there has been no such broad assignment to any Federal agency.

Second: The department will "exercise leadership in coordinating all activities of the U. S. Government affecting the preservation or promotion of peace." This would centralize and enhance the effectiveness of the various peace plans, peace policies and peace programs that we currently have.

Third: The department will "cooperate with the governments of other nations in research and planning for the peaceful resolution of international conflict and encourage similar action by private institutions."

Fourth: The department will be responsible for aiding "the interchange of ideas and persons between private institutions and groups in the United States and those in other countries."

The department, under the direction of the Secretary of Peace, who will be a member of the President's Cabinet, will be given jurisdiction over the Agency for International Development, the Peace Corps, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and the functions of the International Agricultural Development Service (now in the Department of Agriculture).

The bill also provides that there shall be established under the Secretary of Peace an International Peace Institute. Its purpose will be to "prepare citizens of the United States for service in positions or programs relating to the field of promoting international understanding and peace."

Within the text of the bill is the recommendation that there be established within Congress a Joint Committee on Peace. Seven members of the committee will be appointed from the Senate by its president and seven House members will be chosen by the speaker. The joint committee will be able to hold hearings, to hire experts and consultants and to draw on the resources of both private and Government establishments.

The arguments that are heard most often in opposition to the proposal for a Department of Peace are that there is no need for it, because its equivalent is found in the Department of State; and that it would infringe on the unquestioned prerogative of the President to speak for the nation in matters dealing with the international relations of the United States. In my opinion, the former argument cannot withstand a critical examination of the facts of foreign affairs and the latter argument represents a misunderstanding of the purpose of the Department of Peace.

The United States needs a Department of Peace for many of the same reasons that it needs a Department of Justice. Most Americans are decent citizens who would obey the laws of the land even if they were not rigorously enforced. But because there exist forces and conditions within our society that motivate criminal activities, the people realize that the cause of justice cannot be like an unarmed prophet. If there is to be justice, the energies of society must be mobilized in its behalf. The same is true for the cause of peace.

At this time in our history, the cause of peace is like an unarmed prophet, because the sincerity of its appeal does not mitigate the fact that the forces in our Government concerned with the "management of violence" have grown enormously during this century. Since the foundation of the great republic, the pacific elements in the Government have steadily lost influence. In the 1790s, it was the expressed aim of the Government to avoid entanglement in the political affairs of foreign nations. There existed hardly the fragments of a standing army; there was no draft; there was no Pentagon; there was no military-industrial complex.

The Department of State does not countervail the influence of the bellicose tendencies within the Government; rather, it often tends to stimulate it. One must understand that the Department of State is entrusted with the formulation of policies that will maintain the worldwide interests of the United States. This does not mean that it is devoted to keeping the country out of war. In the crucial days of March 1968, when President Johnson had to decide whether to send an additional 260,000 troops to Vietnam, the State Department assumed a "hawkish" stance in urging the President to accede to General Westmoreland's request, while the Defense Department, under the leadership of Secretary Clark Clifford, advised him not to.

Considering the many advocates of force in the Government, it would be in the nation's best interest to redress the balance by establishing a Department of Peace. The idea of a balance of power is certainly an essential part of the American political system, and it can find a useful application in an issue as great as war and peace. The founding fathers did not institute a system of checks and balances because they believed that the Executive would necessarily contemplate the institution of a dictatorship nor because the Legislative would always be in the hands of irresponsible men. Rather, they appreciated the fact that power is used more judiciously when it must consider the sanctions of an inhibiting influence.

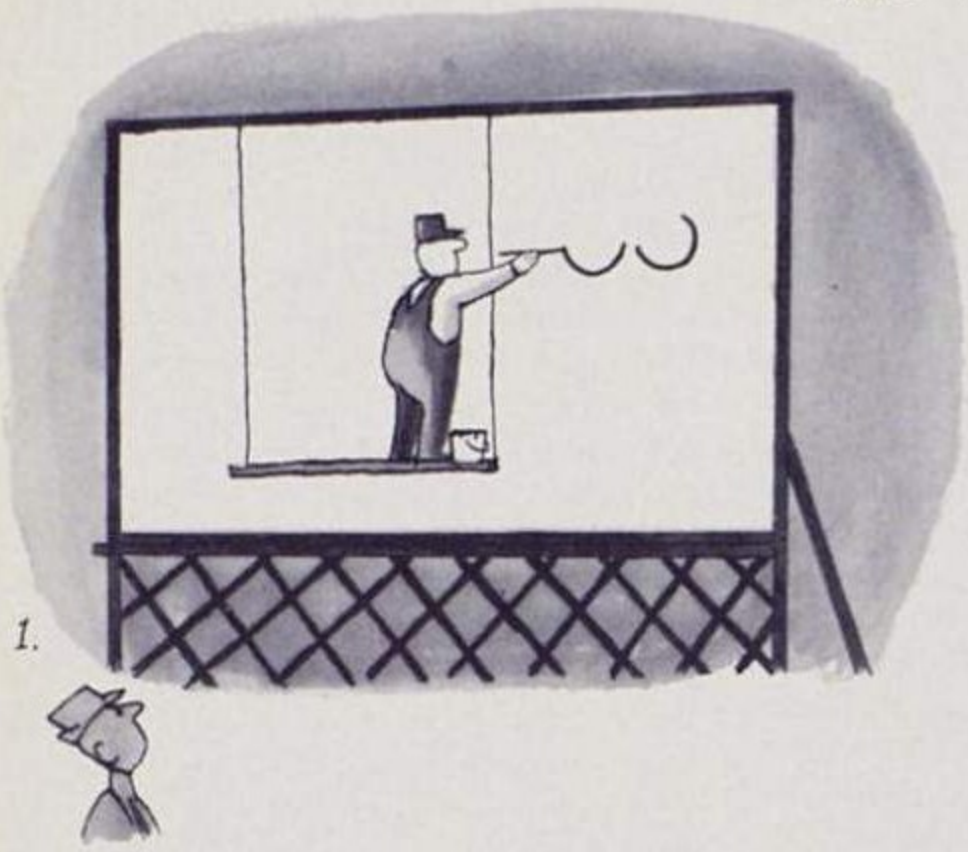
The Secretary of Peace would not compete with the President for primacy in the field of foreign relations. Actually, he could be of vital assistance as the devil's advocate of the Administration. As a truly independent voice within the Cabinet, he could offer the President the type of perspective that is not shackled by strategic considerations or short-term national interests. At the time when policy is formulated, the Secretary of Peace would address himself to the questions: Is the proposed action influenced unduly by military planning that should be subordinate to political considerations? and is the proposed action free of elements that might undermine the peaceful intentions of the United States and lead it —against its will—to war?

Earlier in this article, I suggested that war is the product of the violent and irrational component in the character of human beings. If we accept this thesis to be partially true (and many classic studies in the field of psychoanalysis have argued in its favor), then one of man's concerns should be not to provoke himself. What I mean by this is that a nation should not pursue policies that are likely to narrow the possibility of man's containing his anger. Our leaders have often expressed the fear that a thermonuclear holocaust is likely to be more the result of miscalculation than of design. During the Cuban missile crisis, President Kennedy agonized over the way he might offer Premier Khrushchev a dignified retreat from total war. It is with this problem that the Department of Peace will concern itself: the problem of helping man avoid the "inevitable."

When we speak of a Department of Peace, we are discussing the means by which the idealism of the United States can be reconciled—not compromised—with the exigencies of political life. We are asking how a nation can fulfill its obligation to civilization through the power of its example, rather than the force of its arms. A nation must defend those interests that are essential to its survival; but the creation of a Department of Peace will symbolize our realization that first among those interests is the preservation of the nation's sense of moral responsibility. For the American people know that through their actions, they must fulfill the vision of their purpose that inspired Edmund Burke to declare, nearly two centuries ago: "When the empire of America shall fall, the subject of contemplative sorrow will be infinitely greater than crumbling brass and marble can inspire. It will not then be said, here stood a temple of vast antiquity, here rose a Babel of invisible height, or there a palace of sumptuous extravagance, but there, a painful thought, the noblest work of human wisdom, the grand scene of human glory, the fair cause of freedom, rose and fell."

the sign painter

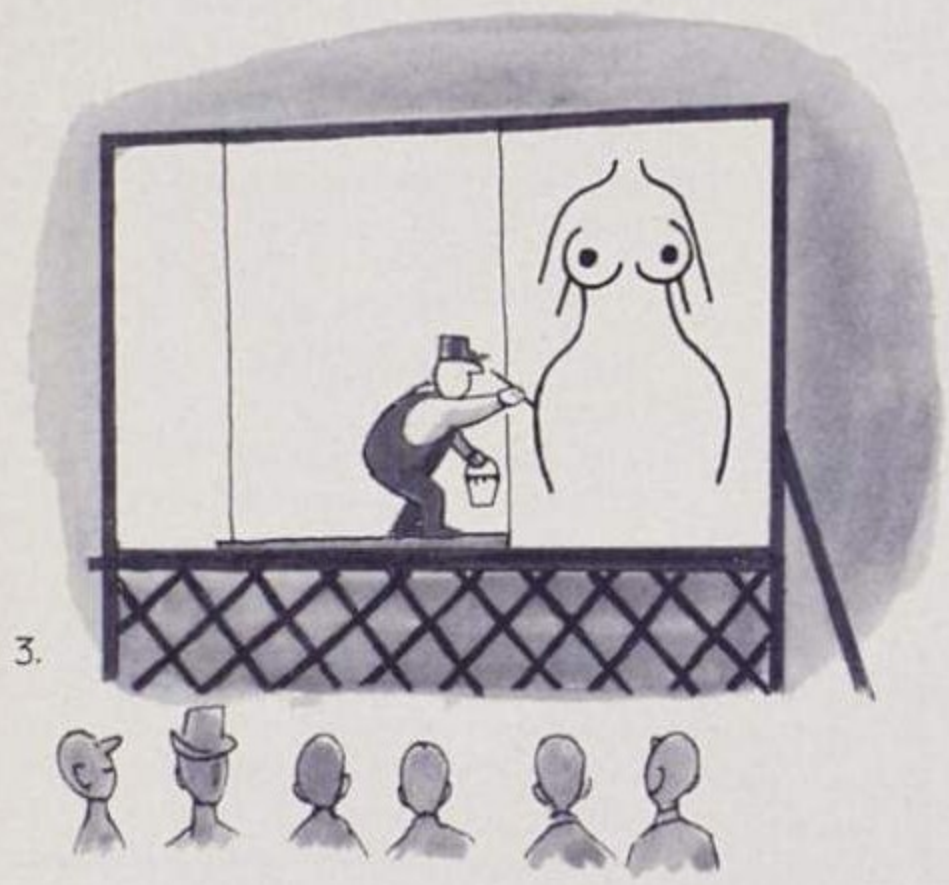
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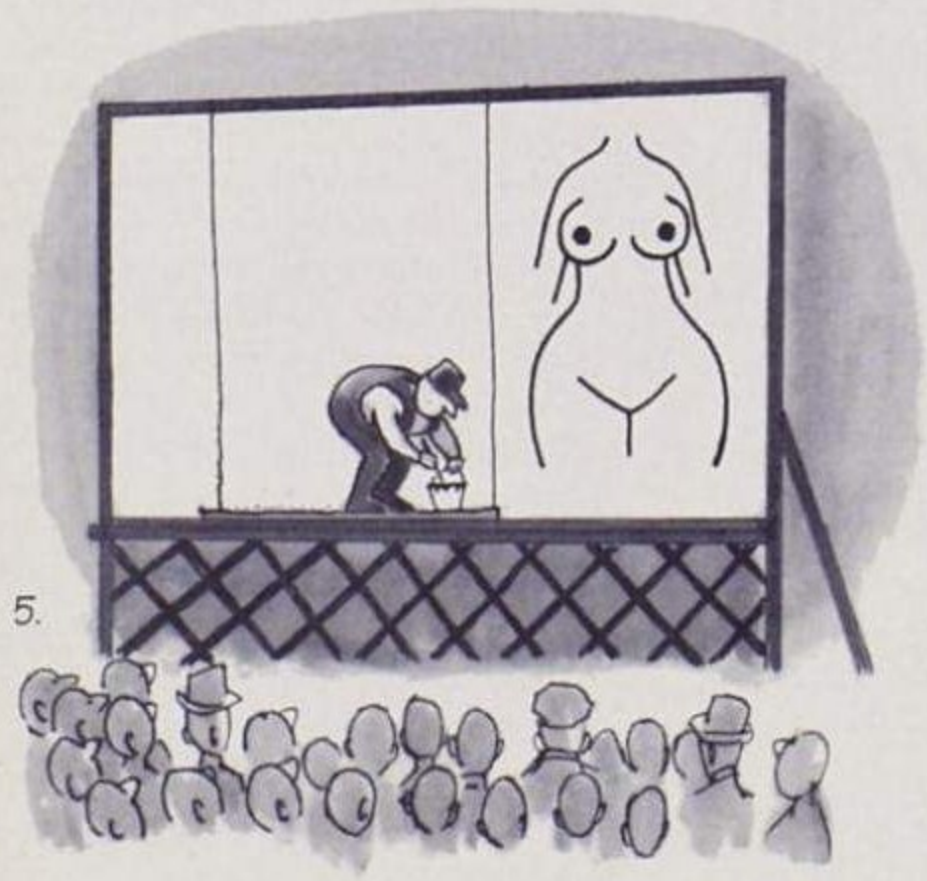
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buck brown

THE CLAY'S THE THING *(continued from page 132)*

water for ½ minute. Hold them under cold running water and remove skin and stem ends. Cut tomatoes into quarters and press to remove all seeds; chop them coarsely. Melt butter in saucepan. Add garlic and sauté 1 minute. Add tomatoes, vermouth and pimientos and simmer until tomatoes are very tender. Drain liquid from pot, skim fat and pour liquid and tomato mixture into blender. Blend until smooth and return to saucepan. Add olives and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer until hot. Carve veal; pass sauce separately at table.

BAKED CHICKEN, WILD-RICE STUFFING

(Serves four)

3¼-lb. roasting chicken
1 medium-size onion, finely minced
Butter
1 large Delicious apple
14-oz. can wild rice, drained
1 egg, beaten
⅛ teaspoon thyme
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
Salt, pepper
6 medium-size mushrooms, thinly sliced
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon cognac
½ teaspoon lemon juice

Preheat oven at 400°. Sauté onion in 2 tablespoons butter until yellow; set aside. Peel and core apple; shred through large holes of grater. In mixing bowl, combine onion, apple, rice, egg, thyme and parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff chicken with rice mixture; fasten vent with toothpicks or small skewers. Brush chicken with 2 tablespoons melted butter; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in ceramic pot, cover and bake 2 to 2¼ hours. Pour off liquid from pot into container and skim fat from liquid. Keep chicken warm. In small saucepan, melt 1 tablespoon butter and sauté mushrooms until tender. Stir in flour. Slowly stir in reserved liquid and cream. Bring to a boil, stirring frequently; then simmer 5 minutes. Add cognac, lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Carve chicken; pass sauce separately at table.

BAKED PORK LOIN, GINGER SAUCE

(Serves six)

3 lbs. (boned weight) boneless pork loin
¼ cup salad oil
Salt, pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon rosemary
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sliced onion
1 cup sliced celery
1 teaspoon very finely minced fresh ginger
½ cup light cream
2 tablespoons butter at room temperature
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons green ginger wine

Have butcher tie pork as for roasting. Place pork in bowl or shallow pan. Pour oil over meat; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Rub thyme and rosemary into meat; add lemon juice, onion and celery. Toss ingredients. Cover bowl with clear plastic wrap and marinate overnight. Preheat oven at 375°. Place pork, with marinating vegetables, in clay pot, discarding the liquid. Cover and bake 2½ to 3 hours or until pork is very tender. Pour off liquid from pot into container and skim fat from liquid. Keep pork warm. Pour liquid into saucepan; add minced ginger and cream. Bring to a boil. Mix butter and flour to a smooth paste, add to liquid and stir until sauce is thickened. Simmer 5 minutes. Stir in ginger wine. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Carve pork; pass sauce separately at table.

RAGOUT OF LAMB

(Serves four)

Half leg of lamb, about 3 lbs. with bone
Salt, pepper
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
½ teaspoon dried summer savory
1 quart sliced potatoes
1 cup sliced leeks
2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup finely minced onion
1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
2 small bay leaves

Have butcher bone lamb, removing outer skin and fat, and cut into chunks as for shish kabob or stew. Preheat oven at 375°. Sprinkle meat with salt, pepper, parsley and savory. Peel medium-size potatoes and cut lengthwise into quarters, then crosswise into ¼-in.-thick slices. Cut leeks (white part only) lengthwise into quarters, then crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Melt butter in saucepan over low flame. Sauté leeks, onion and garlic just until onion is limp. Combine onion mixture with potatoes. Spread half the potatoes in the bottom of a clay pot. Add half the lamb in another layer. Add 1 bay leaf. Add balance of potatoes, balance of lamb and remaining bay leaf. Cover pot and bake 2 hours or until meat is very tender.

Your clay-pot cookery should put you in the impresario class when it comes to dramatic dining presentations. Be prepared for bravos.



"I have this fantastic group tour for your wife-swapping club where you can change twenty-three partners in seventeen cities in fourteen days."

extramarital affair just to get even, and then find she enjoys having affairs of her own.

Naturally, many new problems may arise when a wife decides to turn the tables on her unfaithful husband; and it hardly seems to be the ideal answer. However, as some of the letters to PLAYBOY would indicate, it does appear to be a solution for some wives who have had to cope with straying husbands.

Mrs. Ingrid Cardozo
Sarasota, Florida

TO EACH HIS OWN

I'm getting very tired of condemnations of nonmarital sex by religious zealots who offer Biblical proofs to support their self-righteous attitudes. I'm fast becoming equally irritated by the sophisticates on the other side of the fence who assert with equal fervor that something is wrong with people who don't try to "get a little" at every conceivable opportunity. It seems to me that both types have become self-appointed arbiters of public morality and that neither has much respect for human individuality. Both express a doctrinaire moralism rooted in their own ignorance and fears.

I neither condone nor condemn sexual relationships between persons who are not married to each other. It would be good for society to recognize that expressive, satisfying sexual relationships do exist among normal, healthy persons who are unmarried. In my experience, those who enjoy a rich and fulfilling sex life seem to literally bubble and exhibit a thirst for living one rarely finds. But this does not give me, or anyone else, the right to pontificate on the matter; those who wish to restrict their sexual activities should be free to do so without pressures to change from outsiders.

Our society will be sexually mature when people of divergent views express them in the spirit of persuasion and general education rather than coercively and judgmentally; in short, when we all learn to mind our own business.

Del C. Haws
Sherman Oaks, California

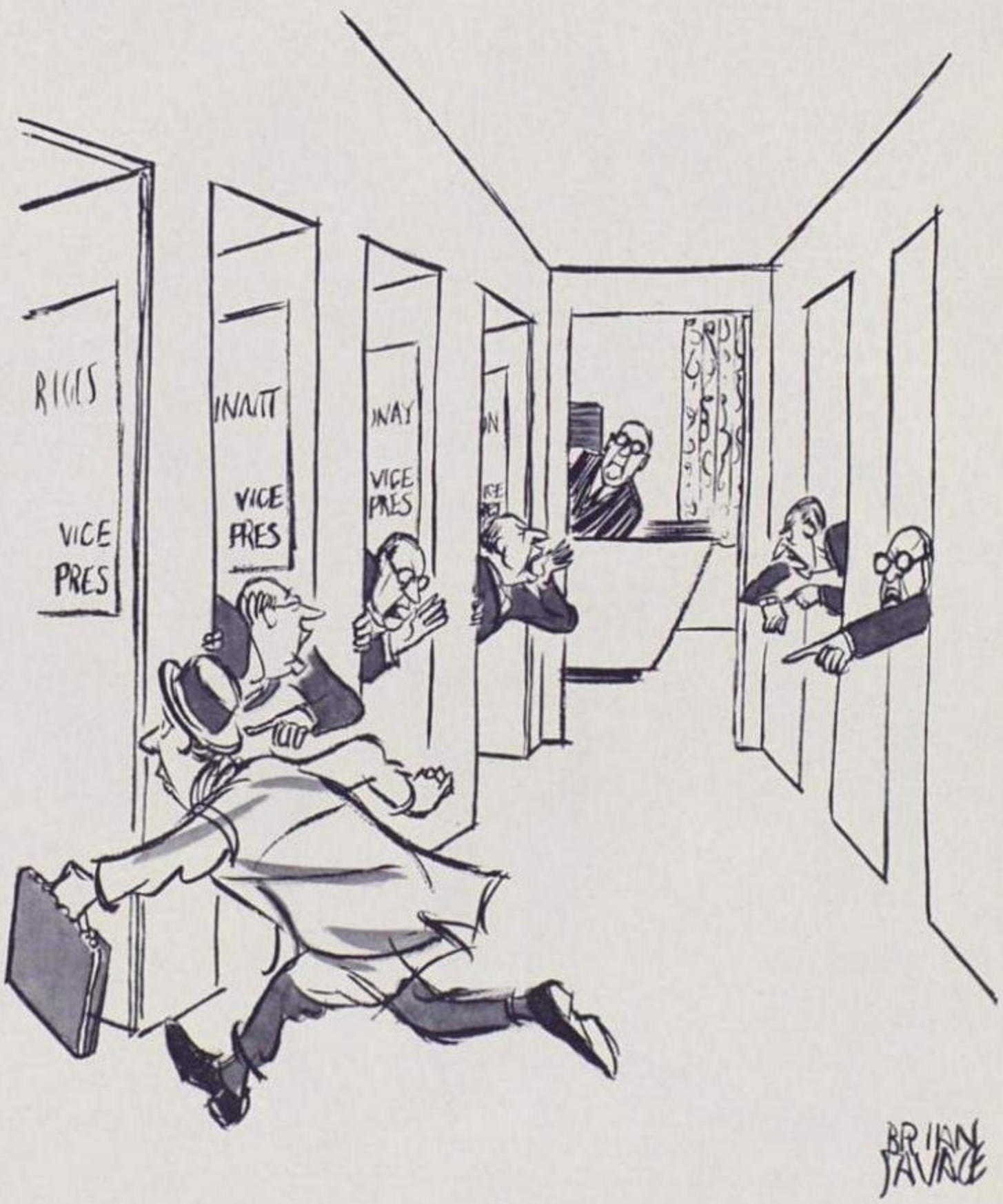
CULTURAL RELATIVISM

In the January *Playboy Forum*, Dr. Warren J. Gadpaille, in the midst of lugubrious reiteration of standard Freudian dogma about homosexuals, took a passing swipe at "the confusion of the cultural relativists." Since the majority of anthropologists are cultural relativists and the majority of psychoanalysts emphatically are not, there is more involved here than Dr. Gadpaille's offhanded phrase suggests.

Psychoanalysts have worked almost exclusively with a very select group of human beings, chiefly Europeans and Americans, from the middle or upper classes (who else can afford their fees?) and, always, the socially maladjusted (why else would they come for psychotherapy?). From this limited experience, the Freudians have generalized wildly and dogmatically about what constitutes human nature, what defines healthy and sick, and which perceptions are real and which fantasy.

Anthropologists have studied hundreds of cultures—literate and preliterate, complex and primitive, Christian and non-Christian—and, hence, have a far broader perspective. They have found that what is considered holy in one society is obscene and foul in another, what is called healthy in one place is sick somewhere else, what is hallucination in Tribe A is religious revelation in Tribe B. They have discovered that any type of behavior of which man is capable—from homosexuality to talking to ghosts, and from killing one's own children to abstaining from a certain food on a certain day—will be widely practiced, and without guilt, in a society that accepts it. They have also found that if society condemns such behavior, its occurrence will decrease and the people involved will tend to feel guilty and ashamed.

From this experience, anthropologists have generalized a law of cultural relativism parallel to Einstein's principle of physical relativism. Just as Einstein showed that an entity cannot be understood or even measured as a *Ding an sich* (thing-in-itself) but only as part of a total system, cultural relativism proclaims that behavior cannot be judged except as an integral part of the society in which it occurs. Thus, homosexuality may be sick in America, because American society defines it that way; but it is grotesque to say that homosexuality is also sick in a culture where it is accepted, as in most Arab nations. Similarly, a white American who talks to ghosts is "sick," but every normal Plains Indian boy talks to some tribal ghosts during his adolescent rites of passage. These examples could be multiplied endlessly.



"Good morning, Fred!!!"

Who are confused—the psychoanalytical absolutists or the anthropological relativists?

L. L. Dempsey
Brooklyn, New York

A PSYCHOSEXUAL DISTURBANCE

Homosexual spokesmen argue that homosexuality should not be described as a disturbance, because there is nothing in human nature that predisposes the normal male and female to develop heterosexually. An organ's biological function, they say, need not determine its use by the individual; and to say that man is required by nature to function reproductively is to introduce moral imperatives and teleology into biology, where there is no scientific reason to do so. They point to the widespread use of contraception as evidence that man need not use his reproductive equipment merely to reproduce, and argue from this that nothing in nature requires man to mate with the opposite sex, should he feel a preference for his own. I think this issue is wholly contrived; it is neither disputed by psychoanalysts nor germane to the issue of disturbed psychosexual development.

There should be no question of the individual's right to use any organ in any way he wishes, as long as he doesn't violate another's rights. There certainly would be no moral considerations introduced, if anyone preferred to develop sign language as a form of communication in place of vocal language. But psychiatric experience is unanimous in its recognition that something is seriously amiss in the autistic child who forgoes verbal communication.

Certain organs seem better adapted to some particular function than others. For all the subtlety of information conveyed by posture and gesture, as means of communication, they are limited by the distance at which they can be seen. By the same token, orgasm may be achieved through homosexual anal intercourse (there are sexual nerve endings around the anus); but the distribution is predictably many times more sparse than in the vaginal introitus and clitoris or in the penis. The anus, thus, is a substitute for more anatomically appropriate sites for sexual union.

The point about sexuality being enjoyable even in the absence of its physiological function is obviously true, but, again, beside the point of normal psychosexual development. In the history of the species, sexual pleasure ensured propagation. To exist as an independent end, it must be detached from its functional place in physiology, a luxury possible only to societies without need of increasing progeny or with working methods of protection against overpopulation.

So, the issue of a person's right to sexual behavior in violation of its physiological function is unrelated to the psychosexual normality of homosexuality (normality defined as functioning in harmonious accord with design). I would defend any homosexual's right to homosexuality, but not his defensive rationalization that there is no such thing as normal psychosexual development.

Warren J. Gadpaille, M. D.
Denver, Colorado



"Say, you must be the nymphomaniac George is always talking about!"

GAY POWER

The Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations has admitted New York's Gay Liberation Front and taken other steps to increase the voting strength of radical groups within the conference. As a result, E. R. C. H. O. became the first association of homophile organizations to take a stand as homosexuals on nonhomosexual issues, thus breaching a wall that homophile liberals had successfully maintained for years.

These resolutions included: (1) urging those homosexuals who planned to take part in the November 15, 1969, protest march on Washington to do so *as homosexuals*; (2) stating that dominion over one's own body—including sexual freedom, practice of birth control, abortion and use of drugs—is an inalienable human right not subject to limitation by legislation; (3) declaring that freedom from society's attempts to define and limit human sexuality is a similar right; and (4) demanding freedom from political and social persecution of all minority groups.

Another important step in this direction was taken by the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations, when it resolved that, "bearing in mind the universal presence of some homosexual tendencies, broadly defined, in all persons at some point in their lives, [we urge] all young persons faced with the Selective Service's question, 'Do you now have or have you ever had homosexual tendencies?' to strongly consider answering in the affirmative." If only a small proportion of persons who do not wish

to enter the Army were to answer the above-cited question yes, the entire Selective Service System could be seriously inconvenienced, if not disrupted. Our Student Homophile League at Columbia University is offering counseling to those students who are interested in taking advantage of the homosexual classification.

These developments show that homosexuals are becoming more aware that sexual freedom for them involves a general restructuring of society.

Bob Martin
National Chairman
Student Homophile League
Columbia University
New York, New York

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT

Many letters to *The Playboy Forum* deplore the various kinds of oppression prevalent in this country: marijuana laws, censorship, mistreatment of prisoners, forced conformity of the young, and the like. Many readers ask the same question in different ways: How do people in authority expect to have a harmonious society, free from crime and rebelliousness, when their tactics inevitably provoke an antisocial response?

The answer is simple and until you have understood it, you have not understood the nature of authority. The people in power do not want a harmonious society; they *want* crime and rebelliousness. An oppressor has to have somebody to oppress. It's that simple. Where would the police be without criminals? Where would the military-industrial establishment be without an enemy to the east? It's like asking, how far would Hitler have gotten without the Jews?

George Orwell cuts through to the core psychology of the power freak (which means *anyone* who makes a career of using force to control others) in *1984* when he has the party leader, O'Brien, say: "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever. . . . And remember that it is forever. The face will always be there to be stamped upon. The heretic, the enemy of society, will always be there, so that he can be defeated and humiliated over again."

Dion O'Glass
New York, New York



"You think I don't understand what real hunger is? I'm only allowed cottage cheese and fruit salad."

HUNT ON PSYCHOANALYSIS

Psychiatric News, the journal of the American Psychiatric Association, carried a review of Morton Hunt's *Crisis in Psychoanalysis* (PLAYBOY, October 1969), which read:

> The past several years have witnessed a spate of articles in the lay press, backed in some measure by rumblings in professional circles, contending that psychoanalysis, if not dead, is surely dying.
>
> Now comes an article by Morton Hunt in, of all places, PLAYBOY magazine, which puts the matter in sensible perspective. (If there are readers who think [PLAYBOY is composed exclusively of Bunnies and Playmates], they should be disabused; much of its content compares favorably with any of the "think" journals.)
>
> After offering this praise of PLAYBOY, the reviewer makes some other interesting points:
>
> As for the future of psychoanalysis as therapy, the author does not venture a prediction beyond affirming his conviction that it will continue to be sought by the special few who have the perception, the intelligence and the motivation to see it through. It was never really intended as an efficient means of symptom removal, but rather primarily as an educational experience that would hopefully reconcile the individual with the world about him and render him more confident and resourceful in coping with its challenges.
>
> We think Morton Hunt has performed a most useful public service in giving us a nicely balanced picture of the enduring place of psychoanalytic theory and practice in a rapidly changing society.

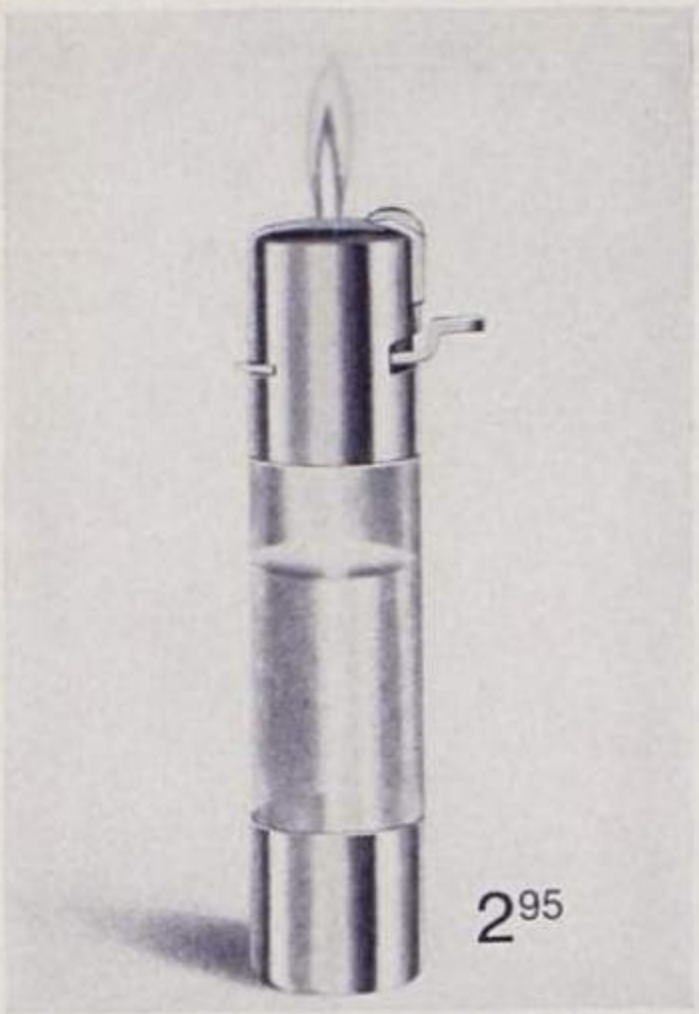
I think *Psychiatric News* has done a nice job of reviewing Hunt's article.

Charles Johnson
Boston, Massachusetts

SHOCK THERAPY

In the 15th and 16th Centuries, it was believed that the mentally ill were possessed by devils and that torturing the patient's body would force the demons to seek residence elsewhere. Today's electroshock therapy simply uses 20th Century gadgetry to effect this magical cure; practitioners of this barbaric procedure have yet to substantiate their rationales for its use.

Electroshock therapy results in seizures



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throughout the brain, momentary loss of consciousness and often overt motor seizures (though muscle relaxants and anesthetics are usually administered). Following treatment, patients generally show amnesia for events preceding the shock and often for the shock itself. Although they do not report pain or anxiety initially (probably due to amnesia), with additional treatments, they gradually develop an aversion to the room where the shock is administered and dread returning to it. This aversion often generalizes to situations similar to the treatment area and hospital. One patient I knew, after being released from the hospital, became anxious even when passing a school, because of the building's similarity to the hospital where he had received electroshock treatments. Though the data is still ambiguous, there is some evidence that multiple electroshock treatments may have serious side effects, such as alterations in the patient's electroencephalographic pattern and possible vascular changes.

The assumption that electroshock interrupts neural activity related to psychiatric disorders is nonsensically unscientific. Reports that the treatment simply works, for whatever reason, as with depressive cases, can probably be explained simply in terms of the treatment's punitive effect on behavior. Thus, there are serious questions about both the morality and the practicality of shock therapy. Its indiscriminate use should certainly be curtailed until its validity has been demonstrated.

William L. Mikulas, Ph.D.
University of West Florida
Pensacola, Florida

THE SNOOPERS

The letters about insurance snooping in *The Playboy Forum* have only scratched the surface of a vast, unpublicized and very nasty problem. Many firms try to look like credit bureaus in order to evade state and local controls on investigators; actually, they engage in all kinds of miscellaneous snooping.

Last July, for instance, the press reported how an aide to a U.S. Senator was investigated by a so-called credit company, allegedly as a "pre-employment" inspection for one of its clients. The client, it turned out, was not a prospective employer for the Senatorial aide at all but an outfit bitterly opposed to drug-pricing legislation, which he was helping to draft. The imputation that they were seeking information with which to blackmail this Government official brought the "credit company's" investigation to a screeching halt.

This same firm, incidentally, shafted the Virginia housewife whose auto insurance was canceled because of unconfirmed rumors that her "personal habits" were unsatisfactory (*Forum Newsfront*, July 1969).

And the same firm profits from, caters to and perhaps encourages racial prejudice. According to Congressional hearings, this company's investigators report on the "predominant races" of a neighborhood, on the "racial descent of each person" in a business seeking insurance and even on the "general racial make-up" of a church seeking fire coverage. Nationally syndicated columnist Carl Rowan has mentioned a case of a person whose insurance was canceled for *dating* a person of another race.

A subcommittee of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee also reported that one former investigator in this field admitted that his firm's production quotas made it "almost impossible" for inspectors to verify information placed in the files. Unconfirmed allegations, perhaps by jealous or hostile neighbors, concerning marital infidelity, homosexuality or other sexual "offenses" are routinely incorporated into these reports, which, in many cases, sell for five dollars each. Other hearings have disclosed that people have had insurance canceled because they didn't keep their lawns cropped, or because they had parties, or because of divorce. One woman was incorrectly listed as a cabaret employee when she was actually a legal secretary; and a man listed as Negro was actually white. These people don't have a chance to see such files or to know what information is being held against them when they are denied insurance, or credit, or a job.

U.S. Representative Cornelius Gallagher's privacy-invasion subcommittee within the Committee on Government Operations found that such files on individuals are routinely shared with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Internal Revenue Service. To each reader, I add: You have, under present laws, no way of knowing what information or misinformation, obtained in this dubious way, the FBI and IRS have about you in their files and God only knows in what manner it will be used. It has been suggested, however, that all this malice and rumor should be stored in one central computer. Columnist Rowan's apt comment on that idea was: "*Heil* Computer!"

David P. Weinberger
Washington, D.C.

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

BEDSPRINGS ETERNAL

(continued from page 156)

likely to keep such a treasure in the family, and Shakespeare's bequest is remarkable only because the second-best bed appears to have been his wife's sole inheritance.

With the accession of James I, the actors of Shakespeare's company were assured royal protection by virtue of their being appointed grooms of the king's bedchamber. The more intimate roles of gentlemen of the bedchamber were filled by a succession of male favorites of such dubious sexual character that the king was secretly known as Queen James. Though he constantly referred to the queen as his "dearest Bedfellow," it was evident that James's greatest affections were reserved for his gentlemen friends, and the king's "kissing of them after so lascivious a mode in public" led many to speculate upon the sort of "things done in the tyring house."

No speculations were necessary concerning a queen's lying-in prior to the birth of a child, however. In England, as in France, 20 lying-in balls might be held in the bedchamber of a pregnant queen or duchess, and the delivery itself would be attended by a glittering throng that might number as many as 200. For the entertainment of guests at the accouchement of his "dearest Bedfellow," James was required to spend £52,000. Like sums were lavished on royal weddings, which still included a formal "bedding" of the newlyweds. Though James reportedly "loved the crude horseplay that accompanied the bedding of brides and grooms," his son Charles I made bedroom history by refusing to admit anyone to his nuptial chamber. But when Charles's ten-year-old daughter, Mary, was married to the 14-year-old Prince of Orange, he personally escorted the young groom to the marriage bed.

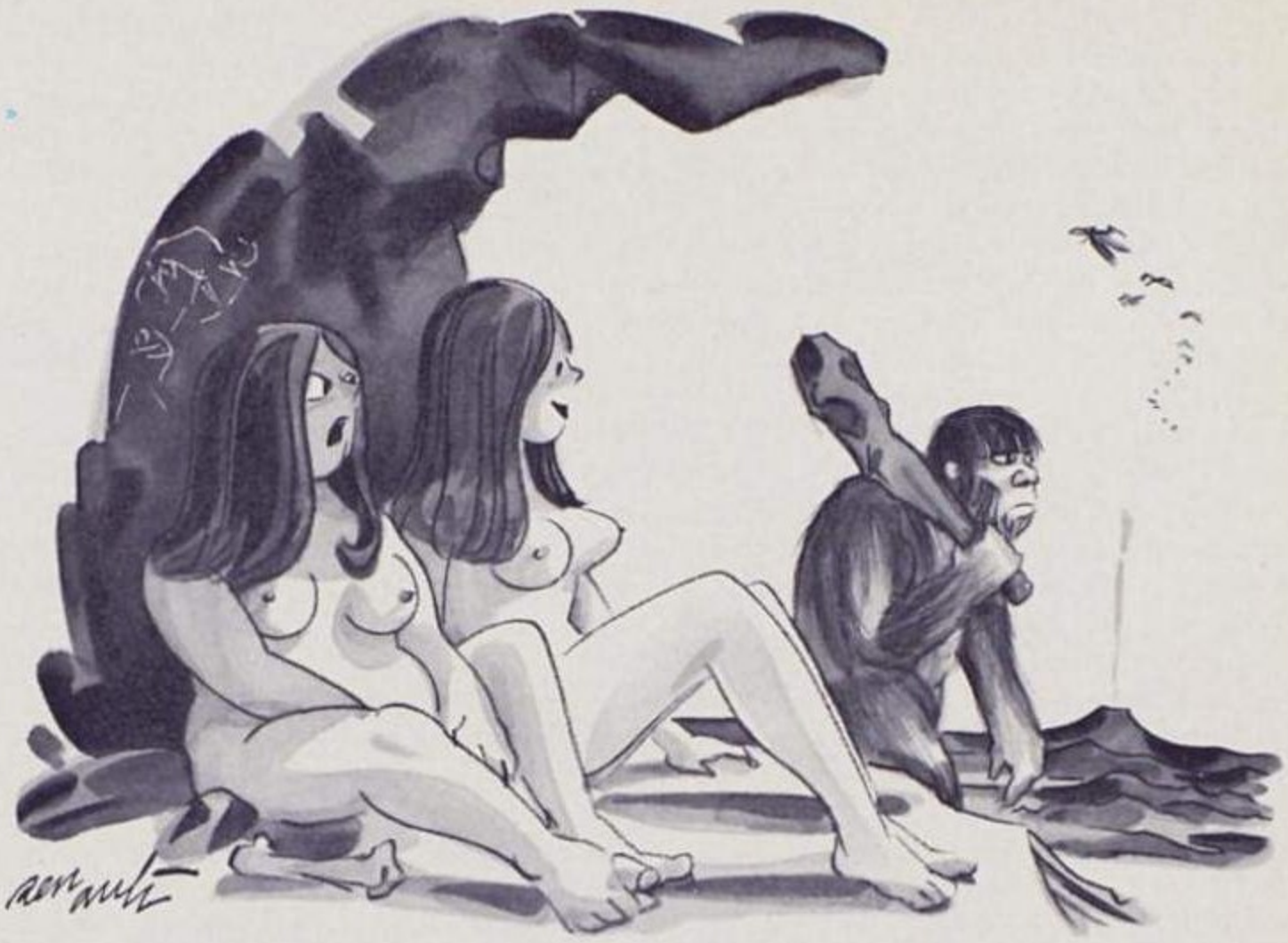
An eyewitness account has it that the young prince entered the bed, "kissed the princess three times, and lay beside her about three quarters of an hour in the presence of all the great lords and ladies. . . . When the king intimated it was time to retire to another chamber which had been prepared for his use, the prince bade adieu to his little bride, kissing her thrice." The contrasts of the 17th Century come vividly alive when one compares this with an on-the-scene account of another royal bedding that took place toward the end of the century. The groom was again a Prince of Orange, and his bride another Princess Mary, niece of the rowdy Restoration monarch, Charles II. The wedding took place at nine P.M. "At eleven o'clock they went to bed, and his Majesty came and drew the curtains and said to the prince, 'Now, nephew, to your worke!' "

Much of Charles II's unbuttoned bedroom behavior had been learned during his exile in France at the court of the bed-happy monarch, Louis XIV. Louis, it seems, sent beds to his friends as lesser mortals now send greeting cards and accumulated a stockpile that numbered more than 400 of 25 types and styles. As an additional distinction, beds were often named according to the pictorial subject matter of their tapestry hangings —usually an artfully woven combination of mythology and erotica designed to encourage the occupants of the bed to emulate the sexual abandon of the depicted nymphs and satyrs.

Louis, always the Grand Monarque, went a step further and ordered a wildly indecent *Triumph of Venus* painted on the underside of the canopy that covered the bed he shared with Mme. de Maintenon. The madam, with a rare show of piety, took exception to the overhead art that she had to face so often in the course of an average day and night and finally persuaded Louis to have it painted over with a scene depicting *The Sacrifice of Abraham*. The effect on Louis' libido is unknown, but the fad for naughty canopies spread among the French aristocracy and led to a vogue for overhead mirrors that enabled couples with a voyeuristic bent to enjoy their various bedtime bits as both spectators and performers. This narcissistic novelty was known as the *miroir indiscret* and—according to one account—literally "fell out of favor when the well-known voyeur, M. de Calonne, narrowly escaped vivisection as his mirror, too rudely shaken, dropped and shattered on the bed." But M. de Calonne's mishap merely sharpened the inventiveness of other upper-class visionaries, who had their mirrors securely fastened to the walls and ceilings of specially built *alcôves impures*, where the multiple reflections made it possible for a cavorting couple to appear as an erotic crowd scene and for a single act of intercourse to resemble an orgiastic precision drill by a team of sexual gymnasts.

During the period of the Puritan Commonwealth, English bedrooms tended to become as austere as those of the French were naughty. But with the restoration of Charles II, "mortifying" religious wall mottoes gave way to frisky mistresses and the most shameless bedside manners. Diarist John Evelyn visited Charles at court and observed that Charles delighted in using his own bedchamber as a kennel where his numerous spaniels slept, mated and whelped—"which rendered it very offensive and, indeed, made the whole court nasty and stinking." According to all accounts, however, Charles spent less time in his own doggy digs than he did in the scented chambers of his several mistresses—one favorite refuge being the mirror-lined bedroom of Nell Gwyn, whose solid-silver bed was ornamented with figures of cupids, crowns, eagles, the king's head and the likeness of a ropedancer.

Madcap mistresses notwithstanding, the liveliest bedmates of the Restoration were the bedbugs, lice and fleas that infested the mattresses of rich and poor alike. Nor were conditions any better on



"He doesn't grab me anymore!"

the Continent, where sleeping quarters were commonly shared with strangers, as in the Middle Ages. In one part of Switzerland, John Evelyn contracted smallpox while sleeping in a bed still warm from the body of his hostess' daughter. In another district, he speaks of going to bed "in cupboards so high from the floor that we climbed them by a ladder; we were covered by feathers; that is, we lay between two ticks stuffed with them, and all little enough to keep one warm."

It was just such cupboard beds that the Dutch colonists built into their homes in New Amsterdam. Known as a *betste*, the cupboard bed is to be distinguished from the Murphy type of folding bed that could be pushed up flat against the wall and concealed behind cupboard doors. This old Colonial favorite was known among the Dutch as a *sloep-banck*—a name that was later Americanized as slaw-bunk and, finally, as just plain bunk.

Used in the slang sense, the same name might apply to many of the Colonial four-posters that old New England families and antique dealers claim were brought over on the Mayflower. So numerous are these heirlooms that it has been estimated the little Pilgrim ship must have been loaded to the yardarms with bedframes and headboards. The ones that arrived intact were usually reserved for the head of the house, while other members of the family made do on trundle beds, straw pallets and hideaway types, which the New Englanders called turnups. Another popular space saver was the settle, or bench bed—a pull-out convenience that operated in a manner similar to our modern sofa-bed convertibles.

Regardless of type, Pilgrim beds were usually set up in the kitchen for purposes of warmth. But no combination of kitchen hearth, quilts and coverlets was quite so effective as the body heat of one or more bed companions. The sharing of beds by family members was naturally extended to include overnight visitors—and, thus, by frigid degrees, the Puritan mind was gradually conditioned to accept that typically New England form of courtship that Americans call bundling.

It is a matter of anthropological fact that many such forms of bed courtship have been practiced by peoples in widely scattered parts of the world—in the Middle East, in the far Pacific and in the New World with the boy-girl blanket parties of American Indians. Some have credited—or blamed—the Dutch settlers for its importation from Holland, where the cozy custom was known as *queesten*, or questing. Others have attributed such horizontal hugging and cooing to immigrant Welshmen, who had been dating in bed for centuries, calling it *caru yn y gwely*.

Scandalized reports of American bundling, written by visiting Englishmen, made the New England colonists sensitive to its numerous failures and defensive of its many virtues. In the decades preceding the Revolution, Yankee bed courtship increased to a degree that suggests a patriotic desire to bundle in defiance of Britain. Weighing the results almost a century later, Washington Irving credited bundling with the "amazing increase" in the population of Colonial New England: "For it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court records and parish registers, that whenever the practice of bundling prevailed there was an amazing number of sturdy brats annually born into the state without the license of law or the benefit of clergy."

These hardy offspring tended marvelously toward peopling the American frontier and proved remarkably good fighters in the War of Independence. But most early Americans were a sturdy breed, if only because their mattresses were often stuffed with cornhusks, wood shavings, seaweed, straw and dried pea pods. At War's end, most citizens of the new republic were as poorly and diversely bedded as before, and the old bundling controversy was revived by the Reverend Samuel Peters in his *General History of Connecticut*. "The women of Connecticut are strictly virtuous and to be compared with the prude rather than the polite European lady," he argued. And, indeed, in that same year, 1781, the polite ladies of London were animatedly discussing the aphrodisiac potential of Dr. Graham's celebrated Celestial Bed.

Installed in the quackish doctor's Temple of Health and of Hymen, the bed's "Genial and Prolific Influences" might be enjoyed by all who could pay the hefty £100 fee. "It is placed on the second floor, in a large and elegant hall," Graham wrote in his prospectus. "In a neighboring closet is placed a cylinder by which I communicate the celestial fire to the bedchamber . . . and those cherishing vapours and Oriental perfumes, which I convey thither by means of tubes of glass." The bed's invigorating effects, he declared, were chiefly due to the powerful "effluvium" produced by 1500 pounds of magnets. "These magnets . . . being pressed, give that charming springyness—that sweet undulating, tittulating, vibratory, soul-dissolving, marrow-melting motion; which, on certain critical and important occasions, is at once so necessary and so pleasing."

The complete treatment—which included mood music by an offstage orchestra—was ostensibly designed to promote fecundity in childless couples. But Graham hinted, "Neither I nor any of my people are entitled to ask who are the persons who rest in this chamber, which I have denominated the Holy of Holies." As a result, the Celestial Bed enjoyed a brief but profitable vogue among wealthy male *cognoscenti* and female "adepts," eager to experience new "refinements." But when the bed repeatedly failed to deliver the promised erotic charge, the Holy of Holies was soon exposed as London's fraud of frauds.

In the America of the early 1800s, both slugabeds and early risers still favored the genial and prolific influences of the old four-poster. Frontiersmen slept on pine boughs. Springy saplings were laid on a plain wooden frame to support the plump straw ticking of a farm bed. As late as 1827, the lively old custom of bundling still survived on Cape Cod; and 20 years later, English moralists were horrified when the Reverend William Jones belatedly discovered that *caru yn y gwely* was being practiced in Queen Victoria's own back yard—among the young people of Wales.

During Victoria's lengthy reign, it often seemed that bundling in bed was not to be considered decent, even after marriage. But the big brass or wooden bedstead was central to the Victorian home, and the queen's numerous brood of children was evidence that Victoria herself had repeatedly engaged in physical "conversation" with her beloved Prince Albert.

In America, as in Britain, the appeal of the Victorian brass bed lay partly in the fact that it offered a less kindly refuge for vermin. But buggy or vermin-free, the most talked-about beds in mid–19th Century America were those of Brigham Young's polygamous Mormons. To escape persecution in the monogamous East, Brother Brigham led his followers into Utah and founded Salt Lake City, where the Latter-day Saints were free to enjoy the rejuvenating benefits of religious bed rotation. "I would not be afraid to promise a man who is 60 years of age, if he will take counsel of Brother Brigham and his brethren, he will renew his age," Heber C. Kimball testified in 1857. "I have noticed that a man who has but one wife . . . soon begins to wither and dry up, while a man who goes into plurality looks fresh and young and sprightly."

Monogamists who survived the discomforts of the Civil War's collapsible camp cots were given a chance to avoid the withering effects of one wife by availing themselves of the plurality of choices offered by the newly patented Piano Bed—a versatile parlor upright with a pull-out bed, bureau, washbowl, pitcher, towels, flip-top desk and 88 keys. But the ingenuity of this do-it-yourself entertainment center had already been surpassed by a patented Alarum Bedstead displayed at the Leipzig fair. This ring-a-ding rig had a two-tone bell, a device that would snatch off a reluctant riser's nightcap and another that shot out a warning sign reading, TIME TO GET UP! If these were ignored, the bedspring rose up to a



"Yes, we do have a lot in common, Miss Freebish, but let's face it—where it really counts, we're really quite different . . . !"

sharp tilt and dumped Mr. Lazybones out onto the floor, whence he could reach up to a handy spigot and draw off a restorative cup of hot coffee from an urn built into the bed.

Almost as novel and twice as absurd, to the Victorian mind, was the idea of married couples sleeping in twin beds—a comparatively recent concept that most furniture historians date to the year 1743. Controversy between pro- and anti-twin bedders began almost immediately, with the pro-twin faction drawing most of its support from health faddists. Arguments were hurled back and forth for more than a century, with most Americans favoring the traditional double bed until well into the 1900s.

No nation was more passionately anti-twin than France, where liberty, fraternity and proximity were the watchwords of *l'amour*. Defenders of the double bed included statesmen, artists, writers and bourgeois businessmen, together with their wives, mothers and mistresses. It could be argued, indeed, that the double bed had been the cradle of the modern French novel. From its tousled depths had sprung the real-life prototypes of such literary heroines as Camille, Sapho and Zola's Nana. At the peak of her amorous career, Nana had commissioned a Parisian designer to build her "a bed such as never before existed; it was to be a throne, an altar, whither Paris was to come in order to adore her sovereign nudity. It was to be all in gold and silverwork. . . . On the headboard a band of Loves should peep forth laughing from amid the flowers, as though they were watching the voluptuous dalliance within the shadow of the bed curtains."

In New York and other major cities around the turn of the century, touring actors and traveling salesmen noted an increasing number of patented turnup beds in hotels. Made by several manufacturers, the efficient hideaway beds were soon to be known by the name of only one—Murphy—and vaudeville teams made comic capital of the unlikely possibility that an occupant could be folded up into the wall while sleeping "in the arms of Murphy," a hazard that may or may not have influenced Sarah Bernhardt's decision to sleep in a coffin during her professional engagements in America.

In her Paris home, the divine Sarah's couch was "heaped with a mountain of cushions." The pelts of "polar bears, beaver, tiger and jaguar overflowed onto the floor, and up the walls among the mooseheads," the English bed historian Lawrence Wright reports, the total effect being that of "a bomb incident in the zoo." By confining herself to tigerskins, the heroine of Elinor Glyn's 1907 best seller, *Three Weeks*, succeeded in supplanting the zoo atmosphere with that of the jungle. A tigerskin became the heroine's bed, upon which she greeted her lover at full length, a rose clutched in her teeth. "My beautiful tiger!" she purred. As a final variation, Miss Glyn's fervent little fur fancier embraced her lover on a couch of rose petals, but it was the tigerskin episode that earned the author world-wide fame and inspired jokesters to inquire:

Would you rather sin
With Elinor Glyn
On a tigerskin,
Or would you prefer
To err with her
On some other kind of fur?

The choice of amorous millions was more mundane, however, as indicated by James Joyce's earthy Dublin siren, Molly Bloom, in her reveries concerning her double brass-bedding with Blazes Boylan on the afternoon of June 16, 1904: that "damned old bed too jingling like the dickens I suppose they could hear us away over the other side of the park till I suggested to put the quilt on the floor with the pillow under my bottom."

In spite of its embarrassing tendency to jingle and rattle under stress, the durable old brass bed was a familiar sight in American bedrooms until the late Twenties. On the eve of America's entrance into World War One, taste maker Elsie de Wolfe was pleased to announce that the "dreadful epidemic" of brass beds was all but over, and warned American women to confine the increasingly popular chaise longue to the bedroom and boudoir, "because the suggestion of intimacy" was inappropriate to other rooms of the house. When American doughboys arrived in France the following year, they found that a similar suggestion of intimacy surrounded all sorts of French beds—of which the chaise longue was perhaps the least suitable for amorous maneuvers. Indeed, the shortcomings of the long chair bed were such that England's Mrs. Pat Campbell had reportedly welcomed marriage by exclaiming, "Oh, for the deep, deep peace of the double bed, after the hurly-burly of the chaise longue!"

The chaise's association with intimacy was to continue on into the Thirties, when "modernistic" versions became the horizontal confessionals upon which an ever-increasing number of Americans bared their psyches to a growing population of Freudian analysts. Also increasing in numbers were the mass-produced innerspring mattresses, which began to win popular favor in the mid-Twenties. The box-shaped innerspring was ideally suited to the "futuristic" bed designs of



"Things didn't go well with my therapy group this session."

the late Jazz Age, when America's first gropings toward functionalism often resulted in a geometric hodgepodge of forbidding angles and chrome-plated pipe.

In the 20-odd years between World Wars One and Two, the bed became the no man's land of the Hollywood film industry. Love scenes, which in the early days of moviemaking might have been played on or in the immediate vicinity of a bed, were now played standing up in the living room or sitting on a porch glider. Official censors and self-appointed vigilantes saw to it that the bedroom was a place where character actors went to drag out a death scene and leading ladies to pack suitcases—preferably in a hurry and usually in a huff.

As if to compensate for the minor role that beds were playing on the screen, Hollywood press agents prodded the public's imagination with publicity releases describing the magnificence of the "real-life" beds of glamorous stars. Custom-built in a variety of shapes and roomy sizes, the Hollywood beds of the Thirties and Forties prepared the way for consumer acceptance of the king- and queen-size beds that would be mass-produced in round, oval, heart and U shapes in the Fifties and Sixties. Groucho Marx, whose cinematic bedroom antics were on such a high level of hilarity that no censor could snip at his flying coattails, made a witty 1930 plea for doughnut-shape beds for people who slept curled up in the fetal position, and Z-shape beds for "zigzag bedsmen."

"It isn't politics that makes strange bedfellows. It's matrimony," Groucho declared in his book on *Beds*. But even stranger bedfellows were made by the Depression, when families crammed into smaller quarters and jobless men overflowed municipal flophouses. World War Two reduced unemployment to a fraction, but American GIs found the average Army barracks to be a living museum of strange sleepers who mumbled, tossed, ground their teeth and snored in every imaginable key. Strange, too, were the bedding habits of most of the world's peoples—many of whom, the GI discovered, still slept on the bare ground. Overseas, the American soldier saw communal beds in which whole families huddled and beds of nails on which Indian fakirs lay begging for rupees. But most pleasing to the GI eye was the simplicity of the Japanese bedroom, with its sleeping pad placed directly on floor mats—a mode later adapted to the Stateside digs of early Beats who had seen service in Japan.

If any one generalization may be made regarding American beds of the Fifties and Sixties, it would be that the preference had been for wider and longer beds. As befitted a nation committed to freedom of choice, no one style of bed design was promoted to the exclusion of others. Canopied four-posters, Louis XVI *lits de repos*, frontier-style double-decker bunks and convertible sofa beds in contemporary "no style" were as available as the most chastely modern platform beds and push-button jobs with motorized head and foot elevators. And no matter what design or period one selected, the number of sleep aids and comfort-inducing gadgets available to Americans would have elicited the envy of the ancient Sybarites, who used to slumber on beds of rose petals.

When sag-resistant, long-wearing mattresses of foam rubber began to invade the market in the late Forties, innerspring manufacturers stepped up efforts to meet individual preferences of firmness and softness. Mattresses of the Fifties were advertised largely in terms of their orthopedic virtues—the theory being that the old Puritan-pioneer antipathy to comfort was still strong enough to prevent Americans from indulging in the luxury of a new mattress. In recent years, however, bed manufacturers have been angling their sales pitches at newlyweds and young marrieds, who are most desirous of obtaining a bed that will best serve their sexual needs. It was with such couples in mind, perhaps, that one New York company began promoting a custom-made Workbench Bed ("You can have it as you like it, in any length or width you desire").

Sex-angled advertising copy was also the specialty of the Norman Dine Sleep Center in New York, a shop devoted exclusively to the sale of "Dream gifts to tranquilize, to rejuvenate and to delight. Each one has been selected by noted sleep authority Norman Dine, who, in 30 years as America's Public Sandman, has solved a million sleep problems," the Sleep Center's catalog assured wide-awake readers. "He is the sleep wizard who created our famous king-size beds with their inspirational guarantee: *'NO WIFE HAS EVER LEFT OUR TRANQUILIZING BIG BED, DISQUIETED!'*" Bedtime wizardry was also suggested in the Sleep Center's ad for an automatic multiposition bedspring: "YOUR WIFE'S SECRET DESIRE. *Now You Can Grant Your Wife Her Fondest Wish!* OUR PUSH-BUTTON HEAVEN . . . 100 BLISSFUL POSITIONS!"

Along with such gadgets as sleep masks, earplugs and electrically heated bedsocks, the Sleep Center stocked a number of more sportive items, such as "Romantic Award" pillowcases with citations for "Distinguished Service" and a "Call of the Wild" bedside horn with which word-shy lovers could sound a variety of mood-charged mating calls. A similar concern for the legerdemain of love was evidenced by the buttock-comfy contours of the center's Angulation Pillow, designed to "provide comfortable angulation or elevation for any portion of the female body," while more than a pinch





bottoms up

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of pixy dust was scattered through its descriptions of Acrilan fur bed sheets ("Sinfully soft and luxurious, should be slept on without pajamas") and a pink "Swedish Massager" ("Slip the contoured Veltron Massager over your hand, flip the switch and feel those tensions ooze away. Your fingers now pulsate magically on your mate or yourself.").

While any bed of the Fifties could be equipped with vibrators, back rests, glare-free reading lamps, TV tuners, bedside stereo, lighting controls and satin sheets, none managed to surpass the sumptuously appointed Playboy Bed that burst upon the bedroom scene in late 1959. "Especially designed by PLAYBOY for the man who prizes luxurious lounging and sleeping," the custom-styled superposh *lit de Playboy* came equipped with everything except a push-button blonde. With its mattress area scaled to maximum dimensions, PLAYBOY's opulent land of Nod is bounded on the north by a low and handsome eight-foot-long headboard housing bookshelf, stereo speakers, adjustable brushed-brass lamps, a no-hands conference-type telephone and an automatic clock-timer "that gently awakens you in the morning and starts your coffee perking." In place of an automatic nightcap snatcher, the Playboy Bed provided a built-in bar, a compact refrigerator for drinks and food and a roomy pull-out armrest with wells for drinking glasses and a Formica snack surface. Two backrest units could be pulled out from the headboard and angled for drinking, thinking or watching TV on a foot-of-the-bed set suspended from the ceiling. In the unlikely event that these and all other bedtime activities failed to beguile, occupants could dictate their memoirs or sing duets to a voice-activated recording unit, or noodle around with a "touch-type electronic switch panel" offering "from-the-bed control of the entire apartment, opening or closing of windows and drapes, on-off controls for temperature and lighting, etc."

With the 1962 appearance of plans for a Playboy Town House, the Playboy Bed was presented in a new round version that could be electronically rotated on its 360-degree base, so that occupants could swivel around to face the bedroom fireplace or the ceiling-suspended TV or avail themselves of a skylight view of the starry heavens above. Combining the best of the celestial and the scientific, the rotating Playboy Bed achieved a kind of 20th Century ultimate in comfort and convenience, and left the historian to wonder, "Whither beds?" Since earthbound designs have attained a hitherto undreamed-of perfection, there appears to be little further opportunity for man to express his age-old urge for comfort, other than in the weightless bedchambers of outer space.

But even as space scientists work and plan to put a mattress on the moon, news bulletins attest to the fact that many of man's old attitudes and customs survive. In Yorkshire, England, where the necessity for communal beds could scarcely be said to exist, 50 students "proved they could all get in one bed," and the man on the bottom "was almost pressed to death." Earlier, in the Sixties, the ancient take-up-thy-bed-and-walk theme was revived in the form of a collegiate bed-pushing craze.

Other modern throwbacks may be found in the field of ladies' nighties, which have run the gamut of brevity and transparency through waltz-length gowns, baby-dolls and sleep bikinis to the most ancient of all fashions—that of going to bed (as the late Marilyn Monroe described it) with nothing on but Chanel No. 5. The colorful patterns of sheets and pillowcases are now blessed with descriptive titles—one stirring example being Three Cheers, a red, white and blue treatment of stars and stripes, upon which patriotic bedgoers can snooze and snuggle for Old Glory.

"NEW VERSIONS OF WALL BED INTRODUCED—THREE COMPANIES SHOW VARIETIES OF 'MURPHY,'" a home-furnishings headline declared, in announcing a revival of interest in the old Colonial turn-up, while trundle-type "rise-up" beds that pull out to "sleep two in the space of one" are now available everywhere in the nation. One model is currently being produced by the makers of the Workbench Bed. Presumably intended for precocious tots with extremely permissive parents, it is called—so help us—Lolita, the Children's Workbench! And a modern rival of the Piano Bed has been developed in the form of an office desk that converts into a roomy couch, so that the executive who finds himself overwhelmed by a 16th Century urge "to sleep after his meat" need no longer "stand and lean and sleep against a cupboard."

Footsore and eye-weary visitors to the 1964–'65 World's Fair in New York were offered the opportunity to enjoy a half-hour siesta in the Simmons Company's three-story hostel at the intersection of the Avenues of Enterprise and Invention. Plunking down a dollar admission fee to this Land of Enchantment, the fatigued fairgoer entered a "magic elevator" and was whisked upstairs, where he was greeted by a smiling young lady in blue, who murmured a dulcet, "Hello . . . I'm the Beautyrest lady. I'll show you to your alcove." At the mention of the word alcove, the historically informed bedsman would shed all drowsiness and snap awake in the expectation that the Beautyrest lady might, just possibly, usher him into an intimate little recess *d'amour* with scented silk hangings and a four-wall *miroir indiscret*. But the alcoves of this 20th Century Land of Enchantment proved to be nothing more than functional little cubicles boasting a push-button bed with paper sheets, a box of cleansing tissues, an air blower, two coat hangers and a one-way window offering an insomnia-conducive view of the fair.

With his allotted half hour relentlessly ticking away, the recumbent visitor experienced such wakefulness as is the nightly lot of more than 90,000,000 Americans —and this at a time when American beds are undoubtedly the most comfortable, commodious and bug-free in the world. To a somewhat lesser degree, perhaps, sleeplessness plagues untold millions in all the other nations and tribes of man, and had already reached epidemic proportions in 1621, when Robert Burton addressed himself to the problem. "Many cannot sleep for witches and fascinations, which are too familiar in some places," he wrote in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. "But the ordinary causes are heat and dryness, which must first be removed: a hot and dry brain never sleeps well; grief, fears, cares, expectations, anxieties, great business and all violent perturbations of the mind, must in some sort be qualified, before we can hope for any good repose."

In the absence of modern tranquilizers and sleeping pills, Burton recommended the soporific effects of pleasant reading, music and lying "near some floodgates, arches, falls of water . . . or some continuate noise which may benumb the senses." Having thus anticipated present-day "sound conditioners" that lull the senses with simulated sea sounds and other somniferous noises, he then put in a good word for a liquid nightcap of "nutmeg and ale, or a good draught of muscadine."

In so doing, Burton seconded Dr. Andrew Boorde's 400-year-old prescription for "a good draught of strong drink before one goes to bed." More important, and still as valid as the day the doctor wrote it in 1542, is that sagacious bit of advice with which this brief history of beds must draw to a wee-hour conclusion: "To bedward be you merry, or have merry company about you, so that to bedward no anger nor heaviness, sorrow nor pensiveness, do trouble or disquiet you."

"For doe but consider what an excellent thing sleepe is," Thomas Dekker added, some 65 years later. "It is so inestimable a Jewel, that, if a Tyrant would give his crowne for an houres slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautifull a shape is it, that though a man lye with an Empresse, his heart cannot be at quiet, till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other. . . . Who complains of want? of woundes? of cares? of great men's oppressions, of captivity whilest he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as Kings."

GIDEON BIBLE

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

A NEW MOVEMENT IS SWEEPING THE LAND. BY SHEDDING ALL OUTER GARMENTS AND REVEALING THEMSELVES TO OTHERS IN THEIR MOST NATURAL STATE, PEOPLE ARE LEARNING TO FREE THEIR PSYCHES AND ENJOY UNPRECEDENTED FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION. IT'S ALL HAPPENING TODAY IN UNIQUE WORKSHOPS. AND THESE WORKSHOPS ARE CALLED PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, 20TH CENTURY-FOX, AND THE BROADWAY STAGE.... BUT WE DIGRESS FROM OUR ADVENTURE —

JUST WHAT **KIND** OF WORK GOES ON IN THIS NUDE-THERAPY WORKSHOP, WANDA ?

JUST GET UN-DRESSED, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT, BABY.

SHAME IN NUDITY IS SOCIETY'S SEX HANG-UP, ANNIE ... **LOVE** IS WHAT BOB BUNDLE'S WORKSHOP IS ALL ABOUT ... NOT **SEX!**

COME, ANNIE FANNY ... DO NOT BE ASHAMED TO SHED YOUR GARMENTS. HERE AT THE WORKSHOP, WE HAVE **NO**THING TO HIDE.

SEE? HERE WE ARE, ALL TOGETHER, COMPLETELY NUDE. ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

YOU **DO** GET USED TO IT, WANDA... ESPECIALLY WHEN **EVERYONE'S** NUDE-

-AND **ESPE-CIALLY** WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE DOWN LOW-

-AND **ESPE-CIALLY** WHEN WE'RE IN A POOL WITH THE WATER UP TO OUR NECKS.

MY JERRY IS SHY.

OUR FIRST EXERCISE, CALLED EYEBALLING, WILL BE TO EXPRESS WHAT WE FEEL... NOT BY SPEAKING BUT BY LOOKING AND BY TOUCHING OUR PARTNERS.

-TOUCHING! GLORYOSKY! I'M GOING HOME!

IT, ISN'T **SEX,** BABY!

SINCE WE ARE TRYING TO ACHIEVE A HIGHER KIND OF TOUCHING THAN SEX TOUCHING, NO SEX TOUCHING IS ALLOWED. PUSHING IS OK... HITTING IS OK... BUT **NO** SEX TOUCHING.

REMEMBER, **NO** SEX TOUCHING!

HE'S HUG-GING!

HUGGING TOUCHING IS OK, AS LONG AS IT'S BUDDY-PAL HUGGING TOUCHING.

HE'S SHOV-ING!

SHOVING TOUCHING IS OK.

BUT HE'S **SMACKING!**

LET THEM GO!

SMACKING TOUCHING IS OK.

SEE? IT ISN'T SEX!

SOK!

IT IS! IT IS! SOME-ONE SMACK **ME!**

SMACKING-HITTING TOUCHING IS VERY GOOD! THE RELEASE OF PENT-UP EMOTIONS AND HOSTILITIES IS WHAT THE JOY WORKSHOP IS ALL ABOUT.

I THINK HE'S KILLING TOUCHING!

BEAU-TIFUL!

DON'T YOU FEEL RELIEVED? FOR YEARS YOU'VE NURTURED A DESIRE TO DROWN THE FATHER IMAGE, AND NOW THAT YOU'VE FULFILLED YOUR WISH, YOU'LL BE A BETTER PERSON.

AND IF DROWNING THE FATHER IMAGE DOES-N'T WORK?

THEN HE DROWNS THE FATHER.

SEE WHAT I MEAN, ANNIE? THIS ISN'T SEX!

IN ORDER TO GET YOU ALL USED TO THE IDEA OF TOUCHING AND BEING TOUCHED, WE WILL FORM TWO ROWS AND EACH PERSON, COMPLETELY RELAXED, WILL BE PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND BETWEEN THE ROWS! FIRST MR. GROSS-

BEAU-TIFUL!

YOUR TURN, MISS FLATT.

NOW YOUR TURN, MISS FANNY.

CAN WE HAVE AN ENCORE ON MISS FANNY? I DIDN'T GET TO TOUCH HER.

NEXT TIME DON'T APPLAUD!

YOUR TURN, MR. LETCH!

EEK! YOU SAID IT WASN'T SEX!


IN OUR NEXT EXERCISE ... A PLEASURE - PAIN EXERCISE, THE MEN WILL HOLD THE SUBJECT FAST, WHILE I PRESS HIS HEAD IN A CERTAIN WAY AS TO CREATE INTENSE PLEASURE AND PAIN.
I'LL FEEL THE PLEASURE ... HE'LL FEEL THE PAIN.
MY MOTHER IS AGAINST MY BATHING LIKE THIS-
- RIGHT AFTER A HEAVY MEAL.
YEEAH! GAAH! GYAAH!
AFTER THIS ... WHILE THE LADIES HUG, ROCK AND COMFORT THE SUBJECT, TO THE STRAINS OF SOOTHING MUSIC, WE'LL TAKE OUR NEXT VOLUNTEER.
THAT'S TERRIBLE! THAT'S AWFUL!
WHIMPER WHIMPER!
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO VOLUNTEER TO GO THROUGH THIS ORDEAL?
I VOLUNTEER TO GO THROUGH THIS ORDEAL!
I VOLUNTEER!
ME!
I!
NOT THE GIRLS! -JUST THE PAIN!
ME! ME!

TO MAKE HIS EXPERIENCE COMPLETE, ANNIE FANNY, YOU WILL GIVE HIM THIS, THUS TRANSPORTING HIM BACK TO HIS MOST SUBLIMELY PRIMITIVE STATE OF CONTENTMENT··· THAT OF THE FEEDING INFANT!

A BABY BOTTLE!

UNK! UNK! UNK!

YOU CERTAINLY ARE RIGHT, WANDA! THE BOB BUNDLE NUDE-THERAPY WORKSHOP OF JOY **ISN'T** SEX!

UNK! UNK! ··· UNK !??

UNK! UNK! UNK! UNK!

BEAU-TI-FUL!

LEAP-IN' LIZ-ARDS!!

LET HIM GO! HE'S REVERT-ING BACK TO THE PUREST CONDI-TION OF INFAN-CY!

GROOV-Y!

I'M BEGIN-NING TO REALIZE MY FULL POTEN-TIAL!

AH, YES! I'VE FOUND THE REAL ME!

UNK! UNK! UNK! UNK!

IT MAY NOT BE **SEX**, WANDA, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, I'M GETTING DRESSED AND GOING HOME!

URP!

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU AT LEAST UNDERSTAND! ··· AND WHILE YOU'RE GOING BACK, YOU MIGHT BRING ME THE LITTLE BOX IN MY CHANGE PURSE. I HAVEN'T TAKEN MY PILL YET! **-HURRY!**

?

YES! I FEEL IT!

END

PLAYBOY
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Gordon's.
It's how the English keep their gin up!



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"Gin-uinely dry, my good man," answered the Cricketer.

"Matter of fact...every bottle of Gordon's is *still* based on that original formula!" said the Admiral.

"Of course!" replied the Barrister. "Would you re-paint a Gainsborough?"

(All of England, America, the rest of the world has agreed for over 200 years that Mr. Gordon's wonderful discovery in 1769 is responsible for more Gin-uinely delicious drinks than any other.)

Gordon's Sour

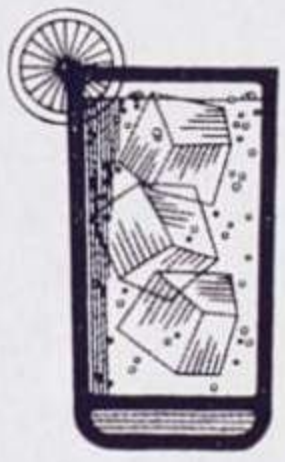
1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake well in shaker half filled with cracked ice.
Strain into Sour glass.
Add dash of soda water.
Decorate with orange slice and cherry.





Gordon's Collins

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
Pour into highball glass with ice cubes.
Fill with soda water.
Add a little powdered sugar.
Stir, decorate with orange slice.





Gordon's Dry Martini

4 or more parts Gordon's Dry Gin.
1 part Dry Vermouth.
Stir well in pitcher half filled with ice.
Strain into cocktail glass or serve on rocks.
Optional: add olive or twist of lemon peel.





Gordon's Old Fashioned

Muddle ½ lump sugar in dash of bitters.
Add 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin over ice cubes.
Add splash of soda water.
Serve in Old Fashioned glass.
Decorate with orange slice.





Gordon's & Tonic

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Pour into highball glass with ice cubes and fill with tonic water.
Add slice of lemon or lime.





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