

Letters to the Editor

Santa Barbara's Oil

GARRETT HARDIN's article "Finding Lemonade in Santa Barbara's Oil" [SR, May 10] offers provocative suggestions to the question of progress. Certainly his concern for what has happened in Santa Barbara is shared by all men—even those presumed to be "hardheaded."

The optimism he expresses is encouraging, and perhaps he has reason to be even more optimistic. The environmental conservation personnel in many companies of the petroleum industry have full authority to stop activity which does not come up to governmental or recognized community standards.

What then of the "belt tightening" in energy consumption of one-half of one per cent on the part of us all? Assuming energy companies could somehow control demand—an unworkable concept, since customers create demand—would this achieve the more serene "scale of living" the author suggests we return to?

For the affluent, the diminution would perhaps make little difference or work little hardship. But what of the less affluent? With less to begin with, and, hence less to give up, each reduction, no matter how slight, would be of a much greater order of magnitude for them. The easiest, most painless reduction in energy for the less affluent would not be in diet, home heating, or walking to work; the easiest route would simply be to turn out the lights. But, would New Yorkers agree that such is the solution to the problem?

PAUL H. DUDLEY, JR.,
Humble Oil & Refining Co.,
Houston, Tex.

GARRETT HARDIN provided a rather one-sided view of the term "conservation." While I agree that the oil company responsible for the damage should be condemned since it undoubtedly could have been more effective at the outset in preventing such an occurrence, I do not agree that the case as presented favors the conservationists over the so-called commercial "exploiters."

The main point apparently missed by Dr. Hardin is that conservation need not mean preservation. The "wise use" concept defining conservation of renewable resources, and generally accepted by naturalists today, can also be applied to the development of non-renewable resources. The fish and other wildlife affected by the oil will return, since it is doubtful that the environment was totally destroyed or permanently damaged. Yet, little has been said about the continuing and irretrievable loss of oil which, as a natural resource, also belongs to the people.

There is no doubt that at the very least a severe—albeit temporary—blow was accorded those who utilize the fish and wildlife, or enjoy the esthetic and recreational value of the ocean beaches. It would behoove both entities—the oil companies and the conservationists—to recognize and un-

derstand each other's problems and concepts, and work toward acceptable levels of interference.

HENRY O. WENDLER,
Olympia, Wash.

Efficiency and Equity

ALTHOUGH James M. Gavin's article "Can Industry Manufacture Social Solutions?" [SR, May 24] spells out the problems that face businesses at work on community problems for the underprivileged, I question the implications of his suggestion that tax incentives be used to induce corporate interest in these problems and their solutions.

As in all economic problems which deal with the question of whether public or private sector resources should be allocated to a specific problem or task in society, there are two fundamental criteria which must be applied in making the decision. These are efficiency and equity.

The question of efficiency is decided by determining who can best maximize the economic energy spent, or, negatively, who will perform the given programs with the least waste of economic resources. It has yet to be proved that private sector firms when dealing with public services are more efficient than the Government. Both are, as General Gavin points out, burdened with their own bureaucracies.

The second and more important question is that of equity. Is making it profitable for companies to engage in social

reform programs consistent with the general goal of income redistribution spelled out in our progressive (and already tax incentive top-heavy) income tax system? General Gavin's suggestion appears implicitly in the form of a regressive income tax, with those owning productive resources being encouraged by the Government to capitalize on poverty. By turning poverty into profit for corporations, dividends are returned to the suburbs rather than the ghettos.

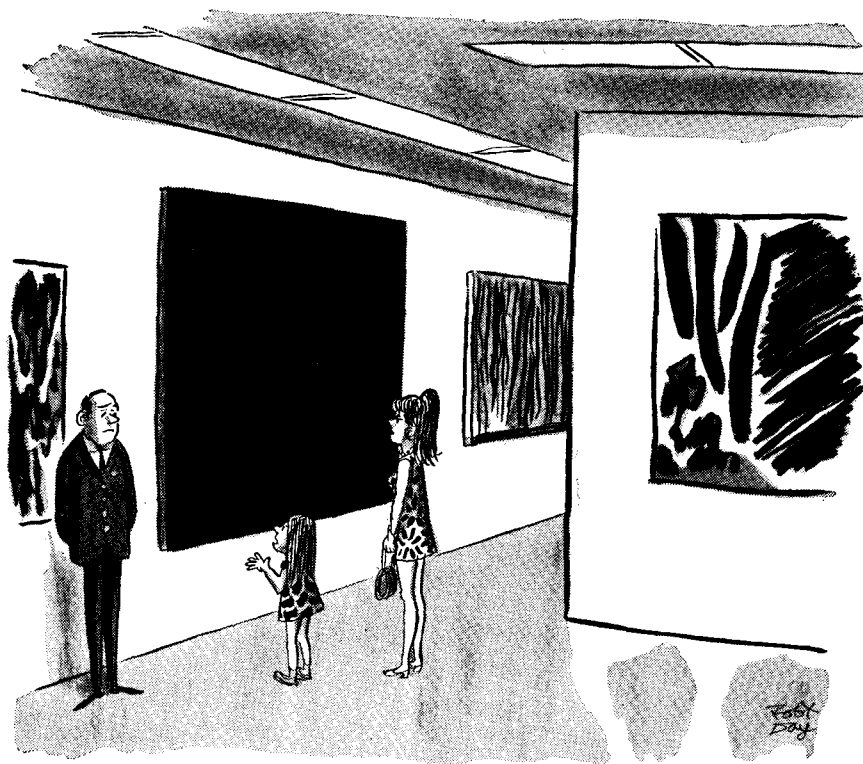
CARL J. SCHRAMM,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

Price, Preceded by Williams

IN PETER HERMAN ADLER's "Music: The Silent Stepchild" [SR, Apr. 26], he states, "Leontyne Price was featured as Tosca—the first time, I believe, that a Negro artist was cast in a romantic 'white' role on any American opera stage." It was the lovely soprano Camilla Williams, I believe, whose appearances as Mimi in *La Bohème* at New York City Center qualify as first in that category. Miss Williams is better known for her *Madama Butterfly* than for Mimi, but she appeared on the American operatic stage nearly a decade before Miss Price came on the scene.

PAUL L. DIGGS,
Vice Dean,
Howard University,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The emphasis would be on degree of prominence: others preceded Miss Williams, too, but she was perhaps the most conspicuous example prior to Miss Price.*



"What happened? Did it temporarily lose its picture?"

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Adult Education

DOGGEDLY, with firm if not stern determination, the cinema continues its program of public sex education. You will remember that *Goodbye, Columbus* frankly faced the problem of birth control by having its heroine, Brenda Patamkin, visit a gynecologist for a fitting. The visit occurred off sound stage. A new film, *That Cold Day in the Park*, starring the capable Sandy Dennis, doesn't bother with that between the lines sort of stuff. Miss Dennis, as a lonely spinster who is holding a young hippie captive in her Vancouver apartment, not only visits the gynecologist, but we are made privy to what transpires on such a visit.

For the purpose of spinning what in this case is a horrific plot, the clinical details (such as a rack of diaphragms from which the doctor selects the appropriate size) were hardly necessary, and extraneous, overheard dialogue throughout adds more sex information, as though the film is not only trying to tell a story but also to compete with

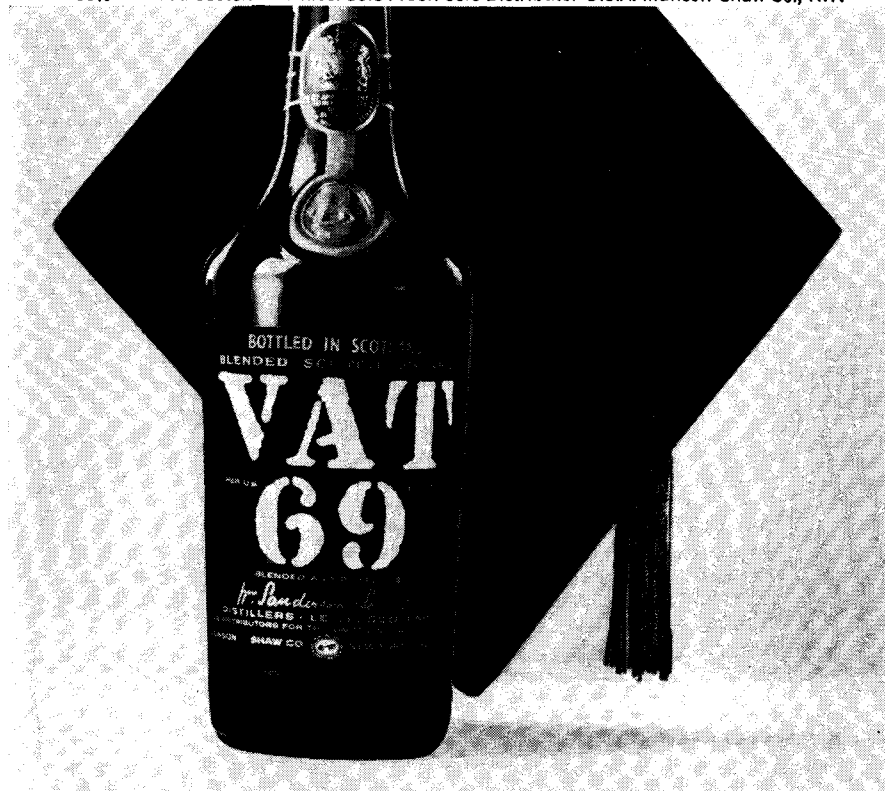
Oh, Calcutta. Thus, the young hippie, during a period when he is enjoying the hospitality of the spinster's luxurious quarters, is visited by his slightly older sister, who attempts to seduce him. In this way, the film is larded with perversions, or suggestions thereof, in addition to its main theme, which has to do with the spinster's growing and murderous insanity.

Robert Altman, the director, has not neglected "art" either. The apartment has several windows made up of blocks of opaque glass, and, in case we fail to note Miss Dennis's mental imbalance, the refractions of light from the windows make it quite clear. Eventually, it all becomes too much. There are some scary moments, but some that are unintentionally ludicrous, too, and we get the impression that everyone has tried much too hard to make a stylish, mature, sexy horror film—aimed at today's box office.

More sex education is available in *Life Love Death*, the new Claude Lelouch film. Here the problem is im-

potence; during the "hero's" struggle with his affliction, he murders three prostitutes. Lelouch unfolds his story by starting more or less in the middle, and he gets to the beginning just before the end. A psychiatrist, during the trial of the murderer, explains the man's impotence, so that he becomes more to be pitied than censured. Lelouch apparently either read or saw *In Cold Blood*, and he, too, winds up his grim case history with a strongly implied condemnation of capital punishment. However, using the medium for so blunt a message—particularly when the message seems an afterthought—gives the film, in spite of its hand-held camera expertise, a cooked-up quality. Another new film, *The Libertine*, is both less serious and more liberal with its treatment of sex, most of which comes from that ancient and now respectable source, *Psychopathia Sexualis*. A beautiful young widow (Catherine Spaak) finds that her husband had kept a secret apartment, furnished like a laboratory for Kraft-Ebbing. Much annoyed, she reads the above-mentioned book, and proceeds to practice what is unveiled therein, until Jean-Louis Trintignant, a radiologist (who, incidentally, allows us to see Miss Spaak through a fluoroscope), helps her return to relative sexual normality.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.



The class of '69—or any other year.

After the above examples of the new cinema, *The April Fools* seems so pleasantly old-fashioned that one is tempted to recommend it. Made by Cinema Center Films from the kind of script that used to be turned out every month by Universal, it stars Jack Lemmon and Catherine Deneuve, both (in the story) married to others. She's his boss's wife—a fact which he strangely does not discover for more than half the film—and he has the usual wife and kids in Darien, Connecticut. When they meet and fall in love, there are only two possible endings, and since this is the only suspenseful element in the film, I won't reveal the one chosen.

The fun is provided less by the two stars than by the subsidiary players: Peter Lawford, as Miss Deneuve's husband; Sally Kellerman, as Lemmon's wife; and Jack Weston and Harvey Korman, as two bibulous commuters. Miss Deneuve, beautiful as ever, is as yet unaccustomed to speaking English, and Jack Lemmon can't make much more than a cliché out of his by now typical asininity. The others try harder, and do much better. Very helpful, too, to the frothy nonsense is Stuart Rosenberg's canny direction, Michael Hugo's photography, and Richard Sylbert's production design. The craftsmanship throughout is admirable; the story seems to have been plucked from a pile of discarded old scripts.