Promiscuity is clearly rejected by the film. The director takes great pains to show Arlo refusing two women that offer themselves to him. The film distinguishes a love relationship from a casual one. Although the film is somewhat garbled, it is not difficult if not impossible. As Alice complains, she feels like the hillbilly boy who was trying to nurse at once, and Ray subconscious verges on mass consciousness in this book. The relation to sexuality acceptable is a cobbled collection of vocations... which is one sees it is.

Now pick up a copy of Dirty Pictures From the Prison by Earl M. Rauch (Dodd, $2.95) and read the first chapter carefully. Read the whole thing out loud several times. If the text begins to sound more like a garbled collection of vocations than it did on the first reading, then a) you did not read the chapter carefully the first time or b) your hearing is not what it used to be. Rauch seems to be dynamically driving at one thing—Great American Analytic Myth—and in turn dynamically drives as in the general direction of Socrates and Rembrandt. The hypothesis appears to be that life is not structured like a novel, nor are novels necessarily structured like life, or even, for that matter, as the critics would have them structured. Again, that this first work by Rauch (a junior at Dartmouth) is a colossal spoof—which is not at all obvious, given any particular character as a basis—the whole adventure begins to take on the proportions of a rumstack term paper in GA. It is no doubt that the book has plot; in fact, it has wing and tail structure and capes as well: but there is plenty of reason to doubt that said plot has any purpose other than to emphasize the absurdity of critical literary analysis. He seems to say that one neither lives by the return-to-the-womb desire, again graphically illustrated both in text and sketch, heavily overlaid with rather opaque philosophy and striking instances of deus viva. Furthermore, ah, the temptation to fall into the trap of analysis is overwhelming. Perhaps Mr. Rauch is still chuckling at the delayed-reaction puns and falsified fuses of wit that emerge when the book is properly read, but perhaps he is not aware of the valid analytical point he has produced—namely that even a farce if it repeats itself insistently enough, becomes a corpse.